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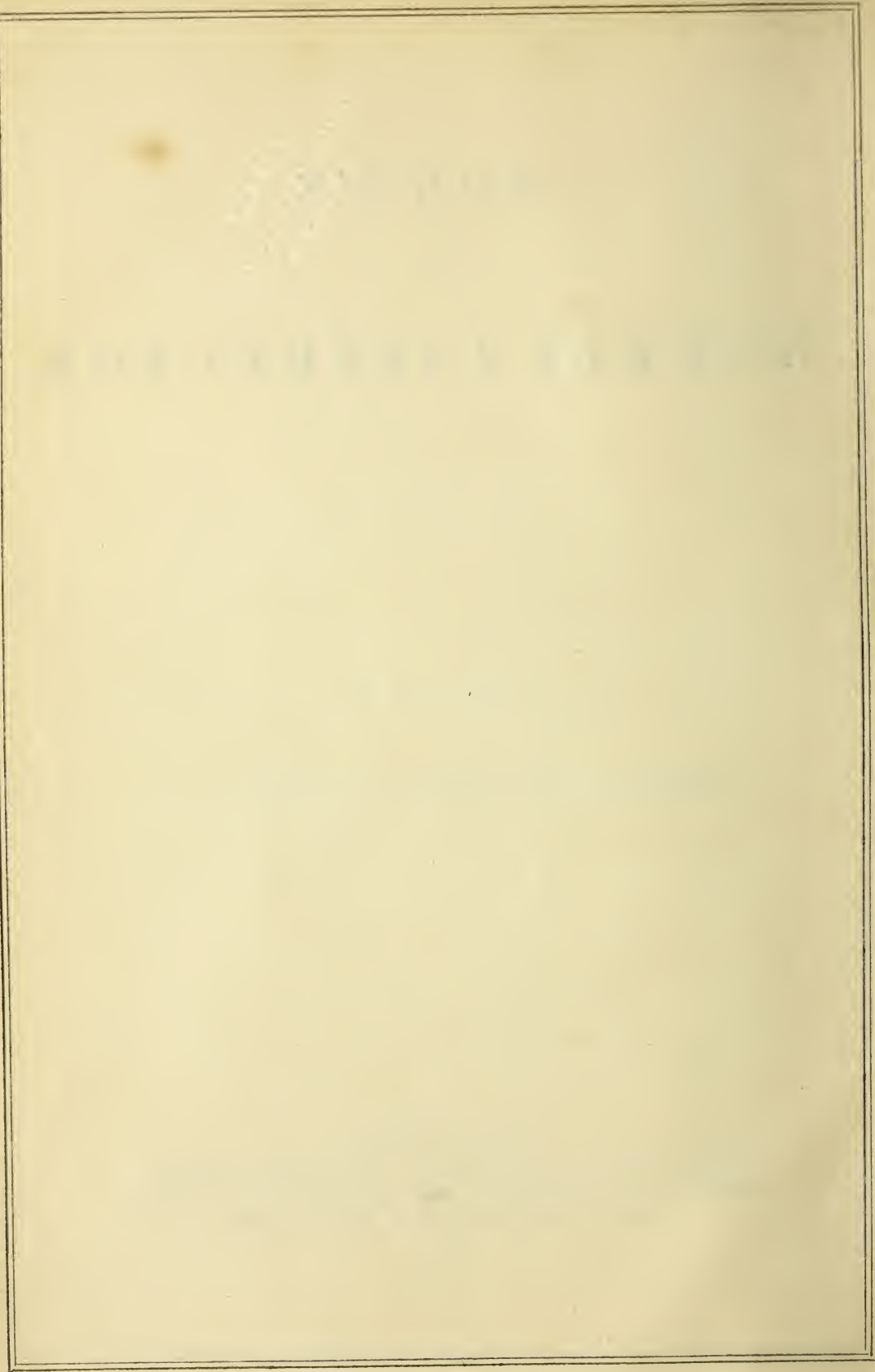
V O L U M E V I .

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E D I N B U R G H :

P U B L I S H E D B Y J A M E S H O G G , 122 N I C O L S O N S T R E E T ;
J A M E S M ' L E O D , G L A S G O W ; W . C U R R Y , J U N . & C O . , D U B L I N ;
A N D R . G R O O M B R I D G E & S O N S , L O N D O N .

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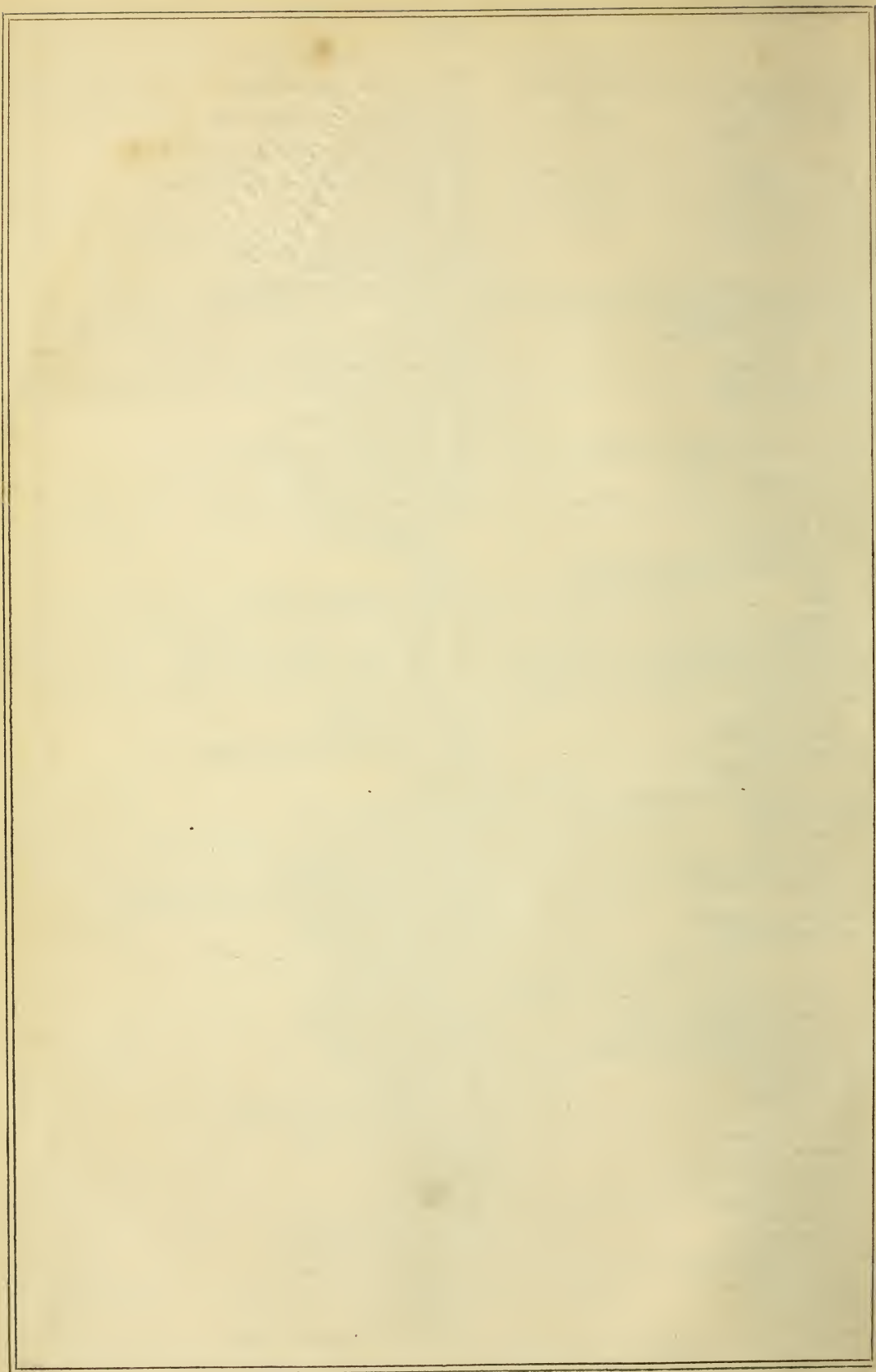
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REMINISCENCES OF A TOUR TO ENGLAND.—No. I.

BY THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

WE are not about to throw down before the public what Dr Clarke calls a 'cart-load of recollections.' We do not mean to empty out all the minutiae of our journal; to print, like some travellers, our lodging-house bills, our private opinions upon beds and bedding, or to bestow on them all the tediousness of our travels by land and sea. We have no hair-breadth escapes to recount; we were too late for the crash at Wolverton, we saw no antres vast nor deserts idle, we fell in with no new fossil or mineral, we discovered no mute inglorious Milton, nor did we even find any new idol to be added to our 'Gallery'—already thought by many too large—of heroes. But we did not travel precisely in the fashion of a fowl in a basket, or of an Orkney ox brought up to the shambles of London. We used our eyes. We were fortunate enough to see many beautiful scenes, to meet with some distinguished persons, and to traverse a very considerable breadth of 'merry England'—a country which was quite new, and seemed in its novelty

'A banner bright that was unfurled
Before us suddenly.'

The first spot of English ground on which we touched was the shore of Liverpool, and in the course of three weeks' sojourn we managed to see much of it and its neighbourhood, and to form certain tolerably distinct and decided impressions about both. Coming from Scotland, we were, of course, immediately struck with the points of dissimilarity between Liverpool and our great Scottish cities. Its vast windmills, carrying on their endless mimic warfare with the air; its tall black horses, with long sweeping tails, reminding you of that described by John, whose rider had 'a pair of balances in his hand,' hurrying hearses along the streets; its funerals, attended by women as well as men; its spired churches, so visibly and ostentatiously 'established'; its boys, beggars, ragga-muffins, policemen, and porters—all speaking out their glee, or wants, or wickedness, or coarse conceptions, or brutal fun, in English, in an accent and language we had been accustomed to associate with gentility and refinement—all contributed to throw a strange and foreign air about the place. The presence, too, of a great emporium was proclaimed perpetually, in its warehouses and stores, in its gigantic docks, in its teeming quays, in its multitudinous vessels, and in the strangers, principally from America, who crowd its streets, and make it, as even its inhabitants say, a 'half Yankee city.' It might move a Jonah or a Paul to see a city so wholly given to the wor-

ship of Mammon—the 'least erected spirit from heaven that fell,' and to whose honour this town is little else than a mighty shrine, for true, heartfelt, and unwearied homage.

Liverpool, sooth to say, is little of a literary or intellectual town. Antiquities it has few or none; it derives little grandeur from the past, little lustre from the genius of the present, and the only future to which it distinctly points is that of multiplied gain, and not of accelerated spiritual progress. Still, as a hive of busy humanity, as the link connecting us with that 'vast old world beyond the deep,' and as the love and mistress of the hoary Atlantic, it has around it far from a vulgar glory; and if earth, 'which proudly wears the parthenon as the best gem upon her zone,' can hardly be called proud, she is not entirely ashamed of this modern Tyre, this 'mart of nations,' and haven of ships. We propose to conduct our readers to some of the more prominent places we saw, and then to some of the more remarkable persons whom we met or heard in or about Liverpool.

We are bound first to say something of the Mechanics' Institution. This institution is certainly one of the redeeming features in the city. It is under excellent management, and seems in a very flourishing condition. Its numerous schools are under the care of able teachers of both sexes. Dr Hodgson, formerly editor of the 'Fife Herald,' and well known in Scotland as a lecturer on phrenology, is the president of the institute.* He still frequently lectures on his favourite topic and others, and, generally, his energy and zeal are the moving spring of the establishment. He is ably seconded by Mr Thomas Hogg, the secretary, who is also a Scotchman. Lectures are delivered in the Institution hall twice a-week, during part of autumn, all winter, and on till the middle of summer. Of these we saw and heard enough to be satisfied, in the first place, that they do not to any considerable degree reach the class for which they are professedly designed—they are attended more by the middle classes than by mechanics; and, secondly, to confirm us in an opinion we expressed long ago, that lecturing, as a source of intellectual advantage, is mightily overrated, and that, as a medium of communication between the higher minds of the age and the community, it is worthless, and ought forthwith to be abandoned by these to the glib declaimers, the impudent quacks, the needy literateurs, and—save the mark!—the ladies who are driving in it so brisk and profitable a trade. The reading even of a list of lecturers for a season in any public institution is enough to prove the thing a hollow

* Since our visit to Liverpool Dr Hodgson has received an invitation to another sphere of labour.

farce. Short courses on morals, metaphysics, economics, dietetics, anatomy, astronomy, literature, music, &c., delivered by a motley batch of professors, literateurs, maids, matrons, preachers, poets, realities and shams, to the same bewildered, stupefied audience of clerks, ladies, half-pay officers, idle and industrious apprentices, ignorant and well informed, constitute the history of a lecture session both here and in England. We need not mention the mortification of the lecturer at finding his best passages falling powerless, his worst hits applauded; encountering now the stare of stupid wonder, and now the silence of supreme indifference, and feeling at the close that he has degraded himself, his genius, his science, or his art, *in vain*. Thomas Carlyle has repeatedly told us, that the awkward position he found himself occupying—half a prophet and half a play-actor—between the tens who came really to hear him as a declarer of truth, and the hundreds who came to see him as a curiosity, to wonder or to sneer, drove him sometimes almost frantic. Lecture-rooms, indeed, furnish admirable centres of attraction for the frivolous, who would wish a little touch of literature to deepen to a proper degree the *rouge* of their affectation; for small incipient critics, resembling those specimens of the rising generation in 'Punch,' who agree, that 'as for that ere Shakspeare, he has been greatly overrated; for young men and maidens, carrying on active flirtations, and warning the nest-egg of matrimony; for cigarred and ringletted puppies, looking in on their way to a rout or the theatre, measuring the lecturer and scanning the ladies with their quizzing-glass, and with cool sneer turning away—besides being proper stages for the exhibition of every kind and variety of speaking 'wind-bag,' where there is no fear of any *Phineas* rising to pierce them; but as arenas of intellectual power, as platforms for the electric influence of genius, as halls of genuine science, as rooms in the august temple of truth—they are naught.

We saw, besides, most of the usual sights of Liverpool. Nelson's Monument struck us, as it does most people, as the grossest piece of affectation in stone we had ever seen; and affectation in sculpture, like affectation in the pulpit, is particularly offensive. It insults the severe and naked majesty of the art, and changes that pure and terrible tool, the chisel, into the toy of an ambitious child. As fitly almost conceive of the tongue of the lightning becoming a flatterer of greatness or the instrument of conceited conception as the point of the chisel! The Town-hall is a splendid edifice, and our fancy fired as it conceived the immense lustre suspended from its ceiling lighted up, and pouring a richer day upon the guests who are favoured at times to feast below it. In the Park we had a delicious walk on one of the last evenings of May, and the cool and silent water, the rich grassy fields, the strips of shrubbery and wood, the cheerful faces of the company, composed a scene from which the red, rayless sun seemed slowly and reluctantly to retire. Another very pleasant night was passed at the Zoological Gardens. These, though not equal, it is said, to the gardens in London, interested us much, who had never seen any similar sight before. We admired the sweet winding walks, did not inquire too severely into the pretensions of the gaily dressed throngs of ladies and gentlemen we met, paid due devoirs to the wolves, bears, lions, leopards, eagles, owls, &c., which were doing their best for the amusement of the company, and were particularly struck with the elephant—the largest we have yet seen, and which amazed us precisely as a Cockney is amazed at the first sight of a mountain. It seemed some huge dream of nightmare stalking across the view. We felt disposed to rub our eyes and then to go forward and test by touch its objective reality, till lo! the dream began to move and move towards us, and soon its crushing contact might have taught us that it was no mere vision. And then he looked like a half-animated mass, made not of the fiery dust, whence the tiger and lion are taken, but of the dough of nature; his eye seemed scarce awake, and his principal life concentrated in that 'serpent between his eyes'—the restless trunk, which moved as if impatient of confinement to such a lumpish frame. We were transported to the days

of Pyrrhus, and could easily figure the Roman soldier trembling through his mail at the sight of the tall towered monster, as though an Apennine were in motion. After asking at its keeper if they kept a *Pegasus* in these gardens, and being solemnly assured that they did not, we proceeded to the great show of the night—the fireworks; and there certainly we found a very pretty caricature of Pandemonium. We stood, as it were, in the midst of a whole world of tickled flame—of laughing gas, and wild was the mirth of the exploding rockets, the dancing lights, the showering shivering sparkles, and fantastic and fairy the forms that seemed self-assumed by the tipsy element; and great the glee of the crowd, delighted to see the object of their terror nodding and doing them courtesies, and becoming so tame, tractable, and amusing, as to brighten every eye, set off every fair face, convulse every chest with laughing wonder, without singeing one hair or burning one finger. And behind us, meanwhile, the evening star and Jupiter were shining. Was it in mild reproach at us for so admiring the aspiring cinders that were flashing into everlasting darkness all around? Be patient, we thought, ye bright tremblers; shine on in your courses, and, like great poets momentarily eclipsed by shallow rhymsters, say 'we bide our time.' Nor was that time long to come. The lights speedily paled, the mimic conflagrations burned out, the palace of the king of France sank like a dream, the last rocket came hissing down, and then again, not unnoticed even by that frivolous multitude, appeared, in their calm immortality, the 'street lamps in the city of God.' And yet the thought arose, are there not beings who, from their high vantage ground, see in those steadfast seeming stars only a flight of larger rockets, and in those heavens burning themselves out, the *true and only general conflagration already begun?* Pondering this speculation, we returned, pensive but much pleased, from that evening's entertainment. Next day we heard the painful tidings that a 'star had fallen'—that Chalmers was no more. And yet we use the word painful more in deference to popular parlance than as expressive of our feelings. We have long ceased grieving, in the common sense, for the death of any one, especially for one who has done his work and entered on his rest. We have been long convinced that the greater part of the grief expressed for public men is hollow hypocrisy, although not so altogether with the admiration and praise then elicited. Death uniformly casts a glare about the merits of the departed, and this new and vivid appreciation is confounded with sorrow. The greater, indeed, a man is, the more he has achieved, the more fully he has filled his sphere, the less occasion is there for tears. The proper expression for the proper feeling at the death of a man like Chalmers is in the words which came immediately to our thoughts, and we believe to others—'My father, my father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!' which was more, as first uttered by Elisha, the cry of recognition and admiration than of grief. It were mere pretence, therefore, to say that we grieved for Chalmers. We have felt more at the fall of an aged leaf, at the breaking of a hoary wave upon the shore, at the close of a summer's day—at any loss which seemed irreparable. But our minds, in rapid yet lingering review, went over the history of his life and the character of his mind, as of one living and in no wise lost. What was his meaning, and whence his power? were questions which now came upon us with strange urgency; and we felt that the following words exactly expressed our idea, and constituted the epitaph we should inscribe on his tombstone: 'Not a great theologian, though possessed of vivid ideas on theology—not a man of science, though widely acquainted with many branches of science—not a philosopher, though possessing much of the spirit of philosophy—not a man of genius, for such a subtle idealising faculty as that of Jeremy Taylor, for instance, or of any great poet, was wanting in him; but one whose high talent and energy inflamed through the force of their own motion, and burst out into the conflagrations of eloquence—a Christian orator of the highest class—one in whom *emotive sympathy* with the spirit of the age, with the Scottish

people, with the poor around him, with all that was lovely, and excellent, and of good report, was the ruling element—but for which all his varied powers and attainments would have only rendered him another Brougham, a younger and less agile brother of that prince of snatterers, but the possession of which made him the man of a country and of an age—made him gain great victories, and lead great hosts, and acquire for himself the most enviable of immortalities.

In the course of our sojourn in Liverpool we paid a visit to some of the more interesting spots in its neighbourhood. We crossed the Mersey to Birkenhead, and drove through its very beautiful park. This is a place begun to be built perhaps in a style too ambitious. In most towns the elegant and showy quarters are reared last; but here it is as if the New Town of Edinburgh had been erected before the Old—we have spacious though unfinished squares, elegant streets standing unsupported in a great measure by plain and solid buildings—we have the officers without the army; and although its inhabitants boast that by and by men will address their letters, not to Birkenhead by Liverpool, but to Liverpool by Birkenhead, yet we beg leave to demur, and to predict, that Birkenhead, no more than Babylon, will be built in a day.

On the bright and burning afternoon of a holiday in the town, in company with a gentleman, to whose unceasing attention and kindness we owed much of the pleasure we derived in Liverpool, we sailed up the river to Eastham. This is a favourite resort of the Liverpoolians on holidays. We liked the scene for its intensely English character. There was, close to the shore, an elegant inn; all its windows open, and all its rooms crowded with pleasant parties. Beside it were tea-gardens, looking so temptingly cool amid the heat of the day, and all fluttering with the gay dresses and lively motions of the citizens. Behind, through woods, you reached a wide rich common, commanding an extensive prospect of the interior of the country and of the river, from Liverpool to Runceorn. A female school, turned loose on the green to enjoy themselves, added a peculiar interest to the scene. A mile or two inwards lies the village of Eastham. On our way to it we met numerous *donkey* parties in high glee, whose merry shouts of laughter might have made old Giant Despair smile, even when his fits were on him. Eastham we found a very fair specimen of the southern village. We entered a little house in it, and had a tolerable tea for not above twice what it was worth. We then leaped the dyke of the churchyard, and delighted ourselves with peering into the windows of the church—a plain old edifice—with examining a large yew-tree literally mouldering before our eyes, and with studying the march of intellect and the state of 'British Literature' in the epitaphs on the tombstones. One or two we must really copy *verbatim et literatim*:

'Here underneath this stone doth lie a girl and a boy
Who where their parents only joy;
They once were beautiful and gay,
But now the moulder in the clay.'

Another was as follows:

'Thou art gone, sweet child, from this world of care,
To never fading bliss;
We could have wished you longer here,
To share with us the family kiss.' (!!)

A third, which we found afterwards in the churchyard of Hale, we may annex here—

'Life is an inn where all must bait
The waiter's time, the landlord's fate;
Death is a debt by all men due,
We have paid our shot and so must you.'

And thus, after another rest at the river-side, as we watched some merry parties engaged in the glorious old game of bowls, and a fine sail down the river, in the cooled evening air, up which the great red moon was riding, and seemed cooling too, closed our trip to Eastham.

Another day we drove to the village of Hale, a village which lies to the east of Liverpool. On our way we halted at Wavertree, once the abode of Mrs Hemans. Having all along had a deep interest in this beautiful writer, and hav-

ing so recently written on her merits, we could not choose but stop and see the spot where she had spent two or three years of her life. Her house stands at the west end, and somewhat apart from the village, and is marked and shaded by some large trees. A decent-looking elderly Englishwoman gave us a very cordial reception. She showed us the room where Mrs Hemans was wont to write her poetry. It has now become a snug comfortable kitchen, and, had time and tide permitted, we should have liked to have verified our conviction that the steaks now produced in it were quite as good in their way as the songs that had been. The spot is quiet and cool, but hardly retired enough for the purposes of a poetess. The hoarse *sough* of the city is too audible. To this place Mrs Hemans was allured by her intimacy with the family of Henry Park, Esq., then resident at Wavertree Lodge, and with Mrs Laurence of Wavertree Hall. Here she wrote her 'Songs of the Affections.' She left it in the spring of 1831 for Dublin, whence she was never destined to return. It is much visited, we were told, by Americans, who vent on Mrs Hemans a peculiar portion of their cheap *enthusiasm*. We ourselves 'felt, or deemed we felt, no common glow,' as we fancied the form of the dove-like poetess standing before the window, through which an afternoon sun, split by the trees into a thousand glorious fragments, was streaming in; or hurried, on the soft warm wind of her gentle affluat, into the inner apartments to record the thoughts or feelings which those intense atoms of brightness awakened in her mind. Why did not this accomplished, gifted, and flattered lady add to all her accomplishments and gifts the common accomplishment in her sex of happiness? Was she decked so splendidly as a victim? Did some superior power, as cruel as cunning, amuse himself with first forming the consummate crystal goblet and then striking through it the one fatal flaw? Surely no! Or was there, as we heard some Liverpoolians hint (probably from mistake or the usual desire to detract from home-merit), some defect of temper, some touch of what she would carefully have excluded from the 'Records of Woman?' We cannot tell. Alas, too often genius, especially female genius, is but the beauty of the hectic cheek! The face is flushed, the eye is shining with a light lovelier than the light of the evening star, while the heart within is breaking. Genius, if anything, is a consuming fire; and let all who have regard for woman pray it to keep far far from the female breast. Conceive the sensibility of woman added to the sensibility of genius, and then conceive both embittered by circumstances, and you have under that noble brow and that beautiful bosom a hell within a hell. On the other side of Wavertree we saw a church, where we fancied, and with considerable probability, that Mrs Hemans must have worshipped and imbibed her best consolation. And good it was for her that while poetry to her had its stings as well as its sweets, religion was apparently a source of unmixed enjoyment. To Cowper and to many others it is a beautiful and holy avenger, ready to devour its votary, as much a source of dread as of desire; Mrs Hemans lies down on her faith as on the lap of a mother, with reverent yet fearless love. Cowper's powerful but diseased intellect saw, and his nervous shrinking temperament felt, and did exceedingly fear and quake, on account of the tremendous difficulties and darkness connected with the theme. Mrs Hemans's more sanguine vision saw nothing in it but light and gladness.

Arrived at Hale, we said at once this answers at last to our full idea of a sweet English village. The wood and garden-embosomed cottages, the old church, the adjacent park of Hale Hall, the parsonage with its vine of 300 years old luxuriantly shading the west side, the children selling their little bunches of flowers along the streets, the inn with the huge Child of Hale standing as the sign, formed a fine whole, which yet to break into its separate parts we found only to increase the interest. We first inquired the history of the giant on the sign-post. He was born in 1578, and buried in Hale churchyard in 1623. We found his gravestone about the centre of the south side, like one of the tables of the 'fery law,' so large it seemed beside

the meaner stones around it. This personage is recorded to have been 9 feet 3 inches in height, his hand 17 inches long. He was taken to court in the time of King James I., where he wrestled with the king's wrestler and put out his thumb. He returned by Brazenose College, then full of Lancashire students, where his picture was taken, and is now to be seen in the college library. About eighty years ago his body was taken up, and the bones were for a time preserved in Hale Hall, but have since been re-interred in the churchyard. The thigh bone or *os femoris* reached from the hip of a common man to his foot. He could stand upright only in the centre of the cottage where he lived; and so they have set up his figure in the open air, where the people of Hale admire him as their only 'hero,' give him such sort of worship as they can, *i. e.* under his auspices drink their ale, till sometimes, we suppose, they deem themselves larger than he. By the way, as we are speaking of bodies being raised, why should we not in this way more frequently verify or correct the statements of history? Why is Mary Queen of Scots not thus called up, to say which of her pictures is the most correct, and what sort of organs of amateness, secretiveness, and destructiveness her skull possessed? And why does a stupid piece of doggerl verse, which Shakespeare can only have perpetrated when drunk, prevent men having a peep at what remains of his glorious brain? Had we the opportunity, we should willingly front and brave the poor and powerless curse which that doggerl imprecates upon the 'man that moves his bones.'

From the churchyard we entered the church, the tower of which is a fine old structure, and commands a wide prospect of the village and park of Hale, of the Mersey and its rich and winding shores, and of a large 'cantle' of inland country, level, sprinkled with woodland waving now in the gentle breeze and anon kissed into repose by the gushing sunshine. In the living green and glory of an English afternoon landscape, it formed one of those satisfying, eye-filling, heart-filling views from which you have to drag yourself away.

We repaired next to Hale Hall, where the most interesting object is the 'Sabal Blackburnia,' or Blackburne palm, said to be the largest of the kind in Europe. We could not, we must say, as Hazlitt has it, 'get up a sensation about it,' though, of course, it seemed very grand, and stately, and foreign, and conscious of its own superiority to the beggarly shrubs of the north.

Hale, we understood, answers admirably to its name, being famed for its salubrity and the longevity of its inhabitants. In the registry of deaths for the township (containing by the last census a population of 645 persons) not one death occurs between April 26, 1843, and January 30, 1844, a period of more than nine months. It is altogether such a place as would suit the learned friend of Joe Miller, who exclaimed, 'If I knew of a place where the people didn't die, I would go there and end my days.'

In the cool of the evening we returned to Liverpool, highly gratified with Hale. We passed on our way back the cottage where resides Mrs Sandbach, grand-daughter of Roscoe. She is herself an elegant poetess, and, still more, a profound sympathiser with poetry and all that is beautiful. We possessed a note of introduction to her, but owing to her absence at her estate in Wales could not avail ourselves of the advantage. We found her grandfather's name highly revered in Liverpool. He was precisely the man whom a commercial town delights to read as it runs its rapid way, and to honour after he has departed from it. It could appreciate him, and dire was its wrath when De Quincey, some years ago, in a manner more plain than pleasant, set himself to bleed down the atrophy of his reputation. We would like him, though for nothing else than for the fine spirits who have sprung from him, and as the author of the elegy on Burns, the best written since

'Heaven dropp'd its pitying veil,
To hide the poet's ardent eyes.'

On another occasion, along with a pleasant pic-nic party, including some of the principal literateurs of Liverpool

and Manchester, we repaired to Picks Hill, situated near the Sutton Works, which lie between these two cities, and which are under the admirable management of Charles Rawlins, Esq., well known as the secretary to the Liverpool branch of the Anti-Corn-Law League. This was a delightful day. After breakfasting at Sutton, and spending a few pleasant hours in chit-chat on the green sward before the mansion, we made for the hill. It was a day of great heat, and seemed designed to modify the contemptuous feeling with which we were perpetually tempted to exclaim, What things they call *hills* in England! what nine-pins! what turned-up work-baskets! and to make us thankful that we were not that day on Ben Lomond or Stuck-na-chroan. Arrived, the view was extensive and imposing. Measureless lawns, pasturages, and parks; trees planted so thick that they looked like a continuous forest; churches, spires, castles, villas, villages, and here and there a town; a vast veil of smoke to the west indicating Liverpool; the Mersey on the south; the 'stormy hills of Wales' shadowing and subliming the landscape on the south-west; a calm, grey, warm, but sunless sky mildly enclosing the whole; such was the prospect, and, of course, we admired it. But where were the frequent rivers, the gleaming lakes, the chains of mountains contending for supremacy, or the dark forests of Caledonia? We were struck, as everybody is, with the flatness, but still more the *smallness* of English scenery. It seemed that of a Lilliputian land. You could not *lose* yourself in any part of it. And so artificial, withal, a tailor might almost have shaped those petty fields and miniature woods. You cry out for but one cataract to scatter disturbance from his roaring tongue over that still monotony. And for the hills, you are disposed to kick them out of your road like the husks in a pine-wood, and to conclude that there are no such presumptuous puppies as those *English swells*. Nevertheless, Picks Hill was on that day a pleasant place. Beautiful were the real pasties, brisk the brown stout, imitable the rhubarb tarts, ~~past~~ speaking of the sherry cobbler, vast the appetites, and vaster the mirth of the party. Wordsworth speaks of forty feeding like one; here one fed like forty, and to the popping of the ginger-beer and lemonade corks, *puns*, thick, fast, furious, and generally sublimely bad, formed a stormy reply. And to disturb mirth an English landscape is the least adapted in the world. It has nothing solemn in it, at least till evening shadows it with religious hues belonging rather to the sky than the earth. But on a Scottish hill, here a forest blackens before you like a frown, and there a speck of snow speaks of winter, and there again a great glen of desolation casts up a gloom over your soul; and, hark, a lonely waterfall sings its sad monotone; and, hark again, the cry of the muirfowl or the bleat of the sheep are in your ears, and make you sigh in concert. No such looks or sounds interrupted our joyous and innocent entertainment, till at last the closing eye of evening warned us to return homewards.

Our last trip about Liverpool was to Lord Derby's aviary, reported to be the finest in Britain. It is at Knowsley Park, a seat lying a few miles to the north-east of Liverpool. The park itself is not remarkable, but the aviary (if we may use that beggarly and threadbare phrase) *beggars* description. It is a living 'Selby's Ornithology!' And would we had the pen which wrote in 'Maga' an article on that book—a pen surely dropped from an eagle's wing—to describe what we saw; to describe the eagles, their burning eyes shining more brightly in the western sun, whose beams fell in through the bars of their captivity as if taunting them with a memory of their ancient rocks and airy heritages beyond the Atlantic, where he was going down; the vultures, whose beaks seemed whetted on the scythe of death, and whose wings rested like the furled flags of destruction; the condor, at once a demon and a dandy, with black wide wing that once swept Cotopaxi, and a ruff round his neck pure as driven snow; the cranes, dreams of beauty, so tall, so graceful, so creamy in colour, in form and moving as express and admirable as high-bred ladies; the owls, so

wrapt in snow and silence; the storks, those ghosts of birds; the aquatic tribes swimming in their pool; the parrots, prettiest and periest of praters, bending their heads so elegantly, though only to crack a nut; the strange birds of the tropics, looking rather like paintings than works of nature, some set in silver, and others as if a shower of gold had descended on them as they slept in their warm and glimmering woods; the songsters of every clime, and those bright bits of birds which flash and flicker like sparks from the wheels of being. Let whoever would see this repair to Knowsley Aviary, and return admitting that the half had not been told him.

Why have not the birds of earth, in these days of testimonials, got up a great supper to the Earl of Derby, to be held in some valley of Himalaya or Andes, the oldest eagle extant in the chair, and, included in the invitation, Audubon, Professor Wilson, and his brother? Assuredly *he* is the greatest bird-fancier in the world, and in walking through his aviary you feel yourself in the centre of a family which he has gathered as a hen her chickens under her wing, and over which he watches with all a parent's kindness and care.

In our next paper we propose to introduce our readers to some of the more remarkable *persons* whom we saw, heard, or met in Liverpool.

SARAH MARTIN.

To whom has the world been hitherto accustomed to give honour, and from what particular class of individuals has society generally taken its tone? This is a very simple question, but there are thousands of stone, marble, and bronze answers to it. The physical and intellectual attributes of man, which a misdirected veneration has exalted into virtues, have been petrified and embodied into metallic symbols, and have been the world's idols for ages. Soldiers, sailors, and merely intellectual sages, have been rendered objects of veneration and admiration, and their effigies have been placed on pillars and in cathedral niches, and bowed to by the crowd from all recorded time. Men have so become slaves to a childish wonder, or have so habituated themselves to a debasing worship of brute power, that they appear to do homage instinctively to abstract might, without considering its moral or religious relations. We see monuments erected to the bloodthirsty warrior, to the cruel unfeeling desolator of the world's hearths and vineyards, to the orator, and to the sage, but to the true moral pioneer or benefactor we see neither tablet erected nor national homage paid. We know who it was that invaded Greece with his hosts of destroyers, and we also know who led his phalanxes against the descendants of those invading Persians. It has been recorded that 'burning Sappho loved and sung,' and that Joan of Arc led armies against the enemies of her country; but the doings of the philanthropist, of the kind, the beneficent, and good, have been passed by the historian as trivial or unworthy of record, and by the sculptor as no meet subject on which to expend his powers. The sublimely moral campaign of the Apostles through the then known world occupies but a passing and too often sneering notice on the tablets of ancient profane history, while the particular doings of a Nero, a Trajan, a Heliogabalus, or a Domitian, are recorded with the scrupulous minuteness of a miniature limner.

It is only within a short period that the moral nature and actions of man have become venerated in Britain. The warrior has been the first in the order of our national admiration, the philosopher next, and the philanthropist last and least. There is a change taking place in men's estimate of things, however. The recognition of the moral attributes of man, as superior to his intellectual powers, is becoming an element of the public mind; the old ideas of glory and dignity are giving way before the advent of Christian philosophy. Production and sustentation are attributes of God, which the starry spheres proclaim as they roll around the throne of his power, and which this earth illustrates in her luxuriant fruitfulness;

the spirit of destructiveness is the spirit of the devil. In yielding our homage to the Christian philanthropist, then, we insensibly recognise and honour an attribute of our Heavenly Father manifested in man, and this homage and recognition, we are happy to say, is becoming more extended and frequent every day. We have had some vivid illustrations, within these few years, of that strength and courage which, when buttressed by faith and love, are invincible, and which, when expended upon deeds of well-doing, are worthy of all acceptance; and none, we are sure, are worthier of a place in the history of the good and disinterested than the hero and heroines of the prisons, John Howard, Elizabeth Fry, and Sarah Martin. The cruelty and injustice practised in our prisons seem to have rendered them special objects of providential visitation. Persons untried, and therefore presumably innocent, are in many jails subjected to harsh treatment, and the young and comparatively virtuous are often confined amongst the hardened and incorrigible. In a work upon prison discipline by Mr Buxton, published in 1818, we have some fearful details of the system—of the harshness and physicalism that seemed to predominate over moral treatment. Irons were common agents of restraint in many prisons, and were buckled on individual limbs seemingly without a definite object. 'At Chelmsford or Newgate, all who were accused or convicted of felony were ironed. At Derby none but the *untried* were ironed. At Coldbathfields none but the untried and those sent for re-examination were ironed. At Winchester all before trial were ironed, and those sentenced to transportation after trial. The jails were filthy and badly constructed, the prisoners vicious and ignorant, and the means of gratifying their immoral propensities much more easily procurable than cleanliness, education, and religion.'

There has always been some instrument of providence, however, who has arisen, either to consummate the designs of heaven, or by giving men an example of energy and practicability, has led them into the path of progressive amelioration. Mrs Fry and Howard were eminent examples of such effective instrumentality in connexion with prisons, and, though less famous, the subject of this notice is not one jot the less deserving of honour than those venerated and honoured individuals. The early life of an humble sempstress can furnish few incidents of interest to the lovers of adventure or active and diversified events. It may be chiefly interesting to those who look below the surface of humanity, and love to trace from simple causes the formation of great and noble characters. Miss Martin's father was a village tradesman, and she was born in Yarmouth in 1791; she was an only child, and, being early bereft of both her parents, was brought up by a widowed grandmother. Her aged guardian seems to have been a kind and pious old woman, who took much pleasure in educating and informing her grandchild, and little Sarah apparently was much interested in her parent's instructions; as she grew up, however, she found the means of acquiring those works of imagination which were common before the era of Scott, and which excited the fancy with bombastic descriptions of life without in the least cultivating the heart. The indiscriminate perusal of those books created an appetite for the marvellous which she gratified until she became fairly sickened. She then read Shakspeare, Addison's Spectator, the Guardian, Johnson, and the British Poets. The very fact of a girl reading the latter works is no small compliment to her intellect. Her first course of reading was morally enervating from its falsehood to actual life, and destructive of mental energy from its literary inanity, and it argues no small amount of native vigour of mind in a girl to turn from love and murder travestied to healthful vigorous literature. She was young, and her mind was not controlled by one of superior information and vigour. She read these works indiscriminately, her studies being neither subordinate to order nor principle, until she gradually imbibed an antipathy to the perusal of pious works.

When fourteen years of age, she was sent by her grand-

mother to learn dressmaking, and the year following she prosecuted that calling for herself, pursuing it diligently and at the same time finding leisure to gratify her passion for light reading. She also became acquainted with an old gentleman whose principles had been perverted by the disguised sarcasms of Voltaire or the abstruse sophisms of Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke, and such an acquaintance was not likely to conduce to the establishment of humility and piety in a mind already predisposed to rebel against Scriptural authority. In her nineteenth year, however, she was powerfully awakened to a sense of her condition as a sinner. She had walked to the neighbouring town, Great Yarmouth, on the Lord's day, for pleasure, the weather being fine, and entered the church through mere curiosity. The text was in 2d Corinthians, v. 11. 'We persuade men,' and the effect upon her mind was very marked. Her reading now became directed to a different channel. She betook herself to the study of pious works and the Bible, and for a year reflected and read in doubt and fear until she became assured of the promise of grace and full of faith in God's mercy and love. In 1810, Miss Martin felt strongly disposed to visit the poor in the workhouse, and this desire was soon gratified. She was told of a young woman who was dying, and having obtained permission to call on her, she was requested by a number of old and sick women to continue to visit and read the Scriptures to them after the young woman had died. About this period she had occasion frequently to pass the jail, and the isolated forlorn condition of the poor sinful creatures who tenanted the dungeons often struck her heart with pity. She thought of them in their ignorance and debasement, and she felt a strong desire to devote some portion of her time to their instruction. After some difficulties, which in her estimation were very slight, she obtained admittance to the prison. In August, 1819, Miss Martin heard of a woman who had been confined for cruelly beating her child, and after asking permission to visit her was eventually admitted. The woman was surprised at the sight of a stranger, and burst into tears when informed of the disinterested motives of her visitor, who consoled her, tried to bring her to a correct appreciation of her guilt, and read to her from the Scriptures. For a few months, Miss Martin, at the beginning of her mission, only made short visits to read to the prisoners, but anxious to devote some time to instruct them in reading and writing, she wrought only five days a week at the profession by which she supported herself, and set apart the sixth work day for the benefit of the prisoners. Occasionally she would add another day to her regular number, and although her high principles taught her to look upon the sacrifice as small, those who labour for their bread, and depend solely on the proceeds of their individual toil for support, will fully appreciate her disinterested zeal. At this time there was no divine worship in the jail on the Lord's day, nor any respect paid to it, for when Miss Martin called one Sunday to see a female convict previous to her being transported, she found her making a bonnet. This circumstance impelled Miss Martin to consummate a design she had long entertained of forming a Sunday service. She recommended that one prisoner should read to the rest in lieu of a chaplain, and to encourage and watch over the permanency and regularity of the duty, she joined them every Sunday morning as a regular hearer. To cause the resumption of afternoon service, which being left to the prisoners themselves fell into desuetude, she attended on that portion of the day also, and after various changes of readers the grateful task devolved upon the humble voluntary missionary herself. Miss Martin continued the two Sunday services until 1831, when she was relieved of the afternoon attendance by a good minister, the Hon. and Rev. Mr Pellew, who was appointed chaplain to the corporation, and came to reside in Yarmouth; his services were purely voluntary. After three years, the unostentatious labours of Miss Martin were noticed by a lady, who proposed that she should devote an additional day to the prison at her expense; the humble sempstress

was averse to this plan at first, her natural delicacy shrinking from the idea of being paid for what had been the spontaneous desire of her heart, but her objections were combated by prospective benefits to the poor prisoners, and her personal scruples were overcome. Her sphere of usefulness became wider now, and her powers of ministering to the poor criminals more extensive. Her philanthropic labours became known to several persons, and a few subscriptions from them quarterly enabled her to purchase Bibles and other books for distribution amongst the prisoners. Monday was now devoted to the labours of the jail as well as her own gratuitous time, and she set apart two or three hours in each week to hear the boys and girls repeat the psalms, hymns, and verses which she had induced them to commit to memory. It must be recollected that this devoted young woman still continued her ministrations at the workhouse; her pure philanthropic spirit was devoted to good works, and, strong in hope and love, it could conquer selfishness and disgust, and lead her into the dens where the veriest outcasts from mankind were immured. Her health began to fail, however, for her body was not commensurate in strength with her zealous soul, and she was constrained to cease visiting the close sick rooms where the poor paupers languished for pure air and then died. She, however, induced the governor of the workhouse to give her a sleeping garret for a schoolroom, and at last the governor and overseers built a schoolhouse in the workhouse yard. These humble preliminary attempts at pauper instruction were conducted at first by old men, inmates of the workhouse, who could hardly read, and who had but very imperfect ideas of morality or religion. From instructing others they instructed themselves, however, and Miss Martin, who directed them chiefly, had the unspeakable happiness of influencing their hearts and enlightening their minds. She directed the education of these poor children till 1838, when a regular schoolmaster and female teacher were appointed, and then she devoted herself exclusively to the jail. In 1823, regular employment for the female prisoners had been provided, and Miss Martin having been presented with a small gratuity of one pound ten shillings, it occurred to her to expend it on materials for infant clothing, and these being manufactured by the prisoners, they were sold at a cheap rate to benevolent persons, who presented them to the poor. Shirts, coats, and other portions of wearing apparel were also made and disposed of in the same manner for charitable purposes, and the fruits of their labours were presented to the prisoners at their release. The little sum of one pound ten formed the nucleus of a fund which, from the profits, soon accumulated to seven guineas, and since its formation upwards of four hundred pounds worth of various articles have been sold for charity. This indefatigable woman presented some male prisoners with etchings, and encouraged them to copy them, and in this rational and pleasing design she also succeeded admirably.

The humble yet important and honourable labours of this exemplary woman, as may be anticipated, did not pass unnoticed, and several gentlemen expressed a wish to employ her whole energies in her Christian labours, and to assist her to do so proposed that she should be salaried as a regular functionary in the prison. It is easy to be charitable and kind when one has wealth and leisure and a heart pregnant with philanthropy, but to the poor, though glowing with the fire of celestial love, there is allowed little scope for aught except sympathetic wishes and the abstraction of a portion of their own sustenance. Individual assistance and her own exertions had enabled Miss Martin to devote herself to her holy calling hitherto, and she was averse to receive compensation for her labours lest they should become less acceptable; but the prison committee took the matter out of her hands altogether, and awarded to her the humble sum of twelve pounds per annum. From 1819 to 1843 Miss Martin had never been affected with a serious illness, but on the 17th of April, 1843, she became constrained from indisposition to quit her labours and confine herself to her home. In

her solitude and trouble she found abundant solace; her occupations were chiefly composing sacred poetry and other productions calculated to advance the moral and spiritual welfare of those to whose advancement in well-doing she had devoted herself for nearly twenty-four years. After much suffering and gradual sinking of the body, she died in August, 1843.

There are some pursuits which, independent of their intrinsic usefulness, have been rendered noble by prescription. Songs of triumph have greeted the hero, and triumphal plaudits have followed the glowing declamations of the orator, but the humble philanthropist pursues his or her heaven-directed vocation, and the world hardly knows that such individuals have lived. Miss Martin's name is scarcely known to the general reader, yet such as she have their reward from the gems in heaven's treasury, and we consider that such examples of disinterested benevolence in humble life are holy and humanising lessons to mankind, which, placed before their eyes, exalt and purify them. Miss Martin kept an everyday book, in which she entered the names of the prisoners, their crimes, and other particulars concerning them, and in this volume she noted their progress from day to day. Sometimes she was welcomed gratefully, at others the criminals would manifest utter neglect of her presence and precepts. She allowed them books to read and copies in which to write; these would sometimes be torn or secreted, and her questions concerning them met by sullen looks. Her mildness of temper and firmness of purpose almost invariably gained her the confidence of the poor outcasts in the end, and those who at their entrance to Yarmouth Jail would scoff and imprecate, at last would weep and pray. She did not lose sight of them when their terms of incarceration expired, but if they were young, assisted their parents and guardians in their reclamation, or if adults gave them, through her friends, effectual aid to establish themselves in honesty. To one man she purchased a donkey, to enable him to resume his calling of herring-selling, to others she gave clothes and found employment. Of course she could not prosecute her benevolent purposes without money, and as she collected her subscriptions in small donations of a sixpence or shilling each, this required time and trouble in addition to her regular vocations, but she considered no personal sacrifice too much in the service of philanthropy.

In the parliamentary report of Captain William J. Williams, inspector of prisons, drawn up in 1835, mention is thus made of Miss Martin:—'On Sunday, 29th November, I attended divine service in the morning at prison. The male prisoners only were assembled; a female resident in the town officiated; her voice was exceedingly melodious, her delivery emphatic, and her enunciation exceedingly distinct. The service was the liturgy of the Church of England; two psalms were sung by the whole of the prisoners and extremely well, much better than I have frequently heard in our best appointed churches. A written discourse of her own composition was read by her; it was of a purely moral tendency, involving no doctrinal points, and admirably suited to her hearers. This most estimable person has, for the long period of seventeen years, almost exclusively given up her time to bettering the wretched condition of the prisoners who are confined in the jail. She is generally there four or five times every week, and since her commencing these charitable labours she has never omitted being present a single Sabbath day. Many of the prisoners have been taught to read and write, of which very satisfactory examples were produced, and the men are instructed and employed in binding books and cutting out of bone stilettos, salt-spoons, wafer-stamps, and similar articles.' We cannot contemplate the character and labours of Miss Martin without feeling an elevation of sentiment and a belief that hidden springs of goodness are secretly operating for man's weal without his cognisance; that instruments of human amelioration are smoothing the excrescences of life and transforming our hitherto antagonistic natures into a holy unity. Here was a woman born in life's lowly

vale, nursed in poverty, and reared in obscurity, yet called to the performance of a work more glorious than all the achievements of him who rose through slaughter to an imperial throne. Of humble birth, if in birth there is aught exalted, but of true nobility, if purity and loftiness of sentiment constitute eminence, this woman, for nearly a quarter of a century, devoted herself to the works of humanity and mercy.

We cannot resist the temptation of closing our sketch with the following extract from a letter of Captain Williams, written in November, 1843, in answer to a communication concerning Miss Martin's decease:—'I thank you for the opportunity your communication here affords me of expressing how sincerely I valued her when living, and how deeply, in companionship with all who knew her, I deplore her loss now dead. Her simple, unostentatious, yet energetic devotion to the interests of the outcast and the destitute, her practical and useful benevolence, gentle disposition, her temper never irritated by disappointment, nor her charity straitened by ingratitude, present a combination of qualities which imagination sometimes portrays as the ideal of what is pure and beautiful, but which are rarely found embodied with humanity.'

THE NATIONAL MONUMENT.

IMMEDIATELY on the termination of the ever-eventful struggle on the plains of Waterloo in the year 1815, a strong desire was manifested to commemorate, on a scale of splendour and magnificence, the 'glorious achievements,' by sea and by land, of our naval and military forces. In an especial and public manner was a proposal to this effect brought forward at the meeting of the Highland Society, which met in the following year; and either then or speedily afterwards, a resolution was come to, to erect a National Monument, commemorative of British naval and military achievements, and the site chosen was the Calton Hill of the metropolis of Scotland.

For a period of six years the enthusiasm remained unabated. In course of that time it was decided that the Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva at Athens, should be adopted as the model of the intended architectural structure; and subscriptions to fully the amount of £15,000 were obtained. Large as was this sum, it was not only totally inadequate for the erection of such a costly edifice as that of the ancient Parthenon, but by no means such as would, in ordinary circumstances, have warranted the directors in proceeding with the monument. From the enthusiasm hitherto manifested, however, on the part of the public in behalf of the project, there was every reason to believe that, if the building was once proceeded with, there would be no fear of its successful completion. Add to this, that the directors were not without hope of obtaining government aid, and cogent reasons were not wanting for proceeding with the edifice, even with the comparatively paltry sum of £15,000 at their disposal.

His Majesty King George IV. allowed himself to be nominated as patron of the undertaking, which was regarded as another hopeful sign. It so happened, too, that in the year 1822 his Majesty was on a visit to Scotland, and, agreeably to the monarch's wishes, the foundation-stone of the classic structure was laid, with great eclat, by royal commission in that year. Without much delay, the building was busily proceeded with; and the dozen stately pillars on the Calton Hill, which now attract the notice of every visiter to the city, and have become a sort of anti-quarian curiosity, were in due time erected. These pillars form the intended western portico of the Parthenon, and the cost of their erection was little short of £14,000—only £1000 less than the sum originally subscribed. The enthusiasm of the public now began to lag. Government aid was not forthcoming; and, the supplies being stopped, what could the directors do but stop the building? And stopped it accordingly was.

It so happened that, in the year in which the foundation-stone of the edifice was laid, an act of parliament was obtained, incorporating the subscribers; and with some of

the provisions of that act many individuals were far from being satisfied. In the excitement of the time, little attention was paid to the requirements of the act; and it was only after reason began to assume her legitimate hold that intolerable blemishes were discovered in it; and until the bad features of the act were erased, the majority of the subscribers tacitly avowed their determination not to contribute another shilling towards the completion of the monument. It was, of course, a great pity that the provisions of the act of parliament were not minutely inquired into before being passed into law. Had they been, the act as it now stands would certainly never have passed, and in all probability any unfortunate delay in the completion of the monument would not likely have occurred.

Believing that the great mass of our readers have either seen or heard of the celebrated National Monument—or rather the fragment of a National Monument—which holds so conspicuous a place on the Calton Hill of our fair city, we do not suppose that some details as to the original design of that edifice, and certain recently proposed alterations in that design, will be wholly void of interest to them.

The act of incorporation was passed in the third year of the reign of his Majesty King George IV.; and as already hinted, it proceeds upon the preamble of its being expedient that a monument should be erected in Scotland, 'in testimony of national gratitude to Almighty God for the signal successes of the British arms by sea and land, in the late eventful war.' Now it is proposed, and very properly, to obtain such a modification of the act as shall render all allusion to 'the late eventful war,' or any war, either by sea or land, unnecessary. By a document before us, recently issued by the Directors of the Royal Association of Contributors to the National Monument of Scotland, we are glad to find that to restrict the object of the monument to naval and military achievements is considered very injudicious, and altogether at variance to the spirit of the times and the avowed wishes of the contributors. By the act, too, it is enjoined that the capital to be raised shall not exceed £50,000 (a sum ridiculously small), and that it be raised in shares of £25 each. The directors now propose that the sum to be raised shall not exceed £150,000, and (with a view to enlist the energies and aid of a vast body of the people who were excluded by the high price of shares from furthering the object contemplated) that a contributor to the amount of £5 shall be considered a shareholder. The propriety of this amendment in the act is self-evident. To retain the shares at £25 would virtually be to exclude 'the people' from all participation in the completion of the monument; and if 'the people' were excluded, it is difficult to see how the classic structure, even though completed, could be properly called a *national* one. If the proposed change is effected, there is no man, in even an ordinary rank of life, who may not enjoy the gratification of being a shareholder in such an honourable undertaking. There is likewise one very absurd clause in the 38th section of the act, which must be expunged altogether. It runs thus: 'Provided always, and be it enacted, that part of the said building or erection, buildings or erections, shall be appropriated as a church, or place for divine worship, to be maintained in all time coming by the said association.' It is not easy to conceive how such a clause found its way into the act. If the monument was destined to commemorate our success in arms, a *church* in connexion with such a structure seems somewhat incongruous. But before a single stone of the place for divine worship could be laid, the particular form of worship would have to be settled; and, the moment that it is settled, immediately the list of contributors to the edifice would be circumscribed; for few will give their aid to the erection of a place of worship where a form of church-government is to be maintained, and religious doctrines are to be promulgated of which they do not approve. No wonder, indeed, that the directors, at their recent convocation, looked upon the project of having a place of divine worship associated with the monument as 'inexpedient and incompatible, and a most serious barrier in the way of the advancement of the association,' and

therefore recommended the rescinding of the clause altogether. A clause, not one whit less preposterous than the preceding, is that which enacts that 'It shall be lawful to the said association, or their committee of management, to make and construct places of sepulture beneath or connected with the said church or place of worship, and to let or sell the same for the best rents or prices that can be had for the same, and such rents or prices shall be applied by the said association to the purposes of this undertaking.' Now, really, the money realised from any place of sepulture, in connexion with a National Monument, would be, to say the least of it, ill-gotten gain; but we do not suppose that any one would, now-a-days, seriously urge the carrying out of that portion of the act referred to. In the year 1822, when the proposal to have places of sepulture in connexion with the monument was made, there were in Edinburgh none of those beautiful resting-places of the dead which now adorn the city; and the causes which may have existed a quarter of a century ago for an additional burying-place are awaiting now, and therefore the objectionable clause in the act we have been considering ought unhesitatingly to be repealed; and we are glad to find that the directors have already given expression to that sentiment.

We have thus pointed out some of the more prominent objectionable features which it is proposed to have expunged from the act; and there cannot be a doubt that the presence of these has been the principal means of retarding the furtherance and completion of the monument. If these clauses are erased, and the act in its minor details amended so as to meet the wishes of the great body of the people of Scotland, we do not suppose there is a man living, from John o' Groat's to the Land's End, who would not gladly contribute his mite to aid so honourable an undertaking as the restoration of the ancient Parthenon upon so appropriate, so magnificent a site as the Calton Hill of Edinburgh. And, be it remembered, that we are not merely to have the Parthenon restored—not simply a structure remarkable for its classic beauty: we are to have a national building, which will prove a mighty incentive to the successful cultivation of national talent. The plans of the directors, both as to the interior and exterior of the edifice, will be best given in their own words, and with these we close the present paper:—

'The National Monument of Scotland, in its external architecture, to be a restoration of the Parthenon at Athens; the pediments and metopes, together with the friezes of the peristyle, to be decorated with national sculpture, and the interior with painting, illustrative of Scottish and British achievements, whether in fresco, encaustic, or oil, as may be decided upon. The interior of the monument to be laid out in such a manner as to answer the purpose of a Scottish Pantheon, or Gallery of Honour, for the reception of monumental busts and statues of great and distinguished men, whether statesmen, warriors, poets, men of literature, science, artists, &c., not limited to Scotland, or even Great Britain, but open to great men of all nations—it being understood that the cost of the busts and statues must be defrayed by those who vote them, the association reserving the power of selection and rejection; but, being once admitted, that they shall be permanent.'

TO A SMALL AUSTRALIAN FLOWER.

WRITTEN IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

(For the Instructor.)

Meant to soften scenes austere,
Or to speed the ling'ring hours,
Thou art blooming everywhere,
Fairest of Australian flowers!

Star of Hope! with spring appearing,
Prophet of bright coming days!
Wakener of benign emotions,
Happy thoughts, and grateful praise.

Now the wattles forth proudly
Hang their wreaths of paly gold,

Thee, e'en like a sportive fairy,
In my pathway I behold.

Lonely, in these forests pœnd'ring
On the distant and the dear,
With a smile of kindly welcome,
Me, a stranger, thou didst cheer.

And, with each returning season,
Round my footsteps thou dost rise,
To remind me that our Maker
Is munificent as wise.

Goodness ever from Him growing,
Solace 'midst the world's annoy:
Scatt'ring endlessly before us
Life, and love, and living joy!

Native art thou in this region—
Here alone hast birth and death,
Since God call'd thee in creation
Into beauty with a breath.

Centuries was thy presence cheering,
Whilst thy praise was yet unheard,
To thy woodland-wild companions,
Wildest man, and beast, and bird.

Now the white man's eyes regard thee
With a higher, holier aim—
Comprehends thy worth and graces,
Though he names thee by no name.

Well he knows thy life is blameless,
Spotless, or in blooms or buds;
Nor can be unknown or nameless
To dusk wand'ers of these woods.

To the sun they may ally thee,
Who art common as its light;
Or, for thy seraphic beauty,
To some star that studs the night.

E'en the rudest human creature,
With no kindness to spare,
When his wand'ring eyes rest on thee,
Must be conscious thou art fair.

And the sternest, thee beholding,
Must relax his features hard,
Softened by thy gentle aspect,
Ere thou fad'st from his regard.

Half the term of years, or longer,
To which human life extends
We were strangers; now faith stronger
Binds us than most common friends.

This I feel, thou lowly creature:
Thou hast served me many ways—
In some things hast been my teacher,
And therefore I sing thy praise.

Whatsoever is pure and graceful,
Unto joy allied, though lowly,
Serves the cause of highest natures,
Is God's servant, and is holy.

Therefore though thou of the many
Held be as a noteless thing,
I will prize thee in thy station,
And thy worth will boldly sing.

Long thy light was from me hidden—
Soon, will be no longer seen,
By the solid globe divided
As we heretofore have been.

Still for thy pure look benignant,
And for hours which thou dost cheer,
I, in that far land of beauty,
Fain would see thee, and revere.

Yet to see thee chill'd and drooping—
Hard return for solace given—
Were unmeet, and more so stooping,
Where the skylark sings to heaven.

RASH VOWS: OR, THE FAMILY RING.

It was a quiet, dark, solemn night at the close of autumn; one of those nights on which the minds of the young are more than usually impressed by the influence of darkness and silence. A mother and her daughter—the latter a little girl of eleven or twelve years—were sitting in a small snug chamber, in a large antique house, far removed from the bustle of the busier portion of the mansion. Outside there was the most perfect calm; not even the faintest breath of wind stirred the boughs of the surrounding chesnuts and larches into a murmur. Within the little chamber there was a corresponding stillness; and it seemed as if the two people who occupied it, touched by the profound quietude of outward nature, had unconsciously regulated their motions and their voices by the solemn index of the out-door stillness.

The lady was occupied with the re-arrangement of an old and curiously carved cabinet, and her daughter was watching the progress of her task with childish interest, and a subdued inquisitiveness which betokened an intelligence far in advance of her years. The cabinet was in itself an 'old curiosity shop.' It contained many articles of value and *vertù*—many whose intrinsic worth was enhanced by the circumstance that they were relics of love and friendship—and some which, though anything but beautiful or costly in themselves, were yet treasured as heir-looms, being connected with family traditions—some of them useful to sustain, and others to humble, the pride of the house amongst whose archives they were, with jealous care, preserved. Amongst these latter were the contents of a casket which the lady had been for some minutes examining with much attention—an old-fashioned half-corroded ring, set with a few brilliants, and a small, closely-written manuscript, to the binding of which the ring was affixed by a string of silken braid.

'Mamma,' said the little girl, 'why do you look so long at that ugly old ring and the little book which it is tied to? Can you tell me anything about them?'

'Yes, Laura,' said the lady, 'I can. When I was a little girl like you, my mother showed me this old ring, and read to me the story which is written in this little book, and which, as you may guess, concerns the ring to which you see it is fastened.'

'Oh, pray, mamma, read me that story!' said Laura, her eyes glistering with earnest expectation. 'But first let me look at the ring which is so important as to have a story written about it.'

The lady put the ring and the manuscript into the child's hands. The ring might have been made by a jeweller of the seventeenth century. The gold in which the stones were set had been so much alloyed that the action of time had discoloured it to such a degree as to render it anything but an object of interest, except for the diamonds with which it was studded, one of them, the centre one, being a very fine stone indeed. The manuscript, also, was written in a quaint, old-fashioned lady's hand, in the imperfect spelling and character of a previous century, and was considerably injured, and in some parts defaced by accident and age.

'I will read to you,' said the lady, 'the story which this little book contains. It was written by the mother of my father, as a lesson and a warning to her descendants against the indulgence of a failing which had made her and her mother miserable throughout the greater portion of their lifetime. The task was wisely undertaken. The lesson has had its due effect. The altered tone, manners, and education of modern society would doubtless have aided much in removing the hereditary moral taint from our family; but until such an influence was exerted, some record like this—some voice from the vaults of the ancestors—was required to act as a warning to the descendants.'

Laura nestled close to her mother's side, and prepared herself to hear the promised chapter of family romance; and the lady read the following narrative from the manuscript, modernising and simplifying as she went along the

language of the text, so as to suit it to the comprehension of her youthful but intelligent auditor:—

At fifteen years of age, I was the sole remaining daughter of parents who had inherited a proud name and an ample fortune. I had one brother who, some years previous, had entered the army, and was, at this time, gallantly serving his king in the Low Countries. I had been greatly petted during my childhood, without having my mind moulded by judicious training into habits of prudence, even-tempereness, or self-control. My father had been long an invalid. Over him I had unbounded influence. The silliest request I made of him was sure to be instantly granted. My mother, however, who was much younger and had a much more energetic character than my father, was not so easily managed. Several of her children had died in their spring-time of life; and their loss had afflicted her to such a degree as to cast a settled gloom over her mind. My father, who was at once a veteran soldier and statesman, had been denied, in the evening of his days, those honours which his loyalty and genius had entitled him to. Reverses of fortune followed, which compelled him to part with much of his patrimonial estate, and to endure the near neighbourhood of a vulgar and purse-proud purchaser, who retorted the old heritor's disdain by every small annoyance in his power to inflict. All this made my mother austere, gloomy, and rigid. Scrupulously exact herself in all her duties and engagements, she could not forgive the lapses of others; least of all was she disposed to extenuate the faults of a daughter, however trivial they might be, whom her own example had strengthened in perverseness, and who had imbibed the spirit of contradiction and stubbornness with her mother's milk.

Our family had left its aristocratic mansion in the west end of London to spend the summer months at the seashore. This was a change dictated not merely by motives of health and pleasure, but by those of prudence. We did not go to any fashionable watering-place. My mother selected a lonely village on the western coast, and engaged, for the season, a solitary but substantial house, built upon the edge of a low cliff, overhanging the beach. Hither we removed, with one or two servants and a second cousin of mine, Augustin Aylmer, a handsome, spirited lad of eighteen, a great favourite with my father, and, on that account only, tolerated by my mother; for he was but 'a poor relation,' the connecting link between my own proud family and the (to us) contemptible hordes who earned their living by the toils and the profits of trade.

The comparative meanness of our method of living, together with her many other afflictions and disappointments, had gradually so soured and irritated my mother's temper that the least trifle disconcerted her, and her frequent bursts of passion were sometimes frightful to witness. While my own education was utterly neglected, and the means denied me of forming my character and strengthening my naturally good impulses, I was subjected to continual chiding for the most trivial faults; and my early days were embittered by that worst of young afflictions—the want of a mother's judicious confidence, and, as it appeared to me, natural love. My only resource was in the undiminished affection of my ailing father, and in the company of my light-hearted and noble-spirited cousin.

One day Augustin and I were amusing ourselves with looking over the curiosities of my mother's cabinet, when we perceived a jewel-box lying accidentally open, and we forthwith proceeded to inspect its contents. Among other valuables, a curious ring attracted Augustin's notice, and he tried it on one of his fingers, which it exactly fitted. Shortly after, we resumed our usual occupations, and I did not perceive that the ring remained upon my cousin's hand. In an hour or two, we went up stairs to a window which looked out over the sea, to enjoy the prospect of the setting sun—a scene which we were used to contemplate with youthful rapture. As we were leaning out together, I perceived the ring upon Augustin's finger.

'Oh!' said I, 'we have forgotten to replace that ring in my mother's box. Give it me, and I will instantly go down and place it where we found it.'

Augustin hastily drew off the ring, but, in the act of taking it from him, I let it fall outside the window-sill. We saw it drop on a ledge of rock immediately beneath us, far below, and then spring off a few yards distant among the shingles of the beach. We hurried down instantly to commence our search for the ring, but, to our mortification and even terror, we could not find it. We passed an hour in the fruitless pursuit, and at last returned into the house, quailing with fear lest my mother should miss the jewel before we should recover it.

Next day we resumed our search, but in vain. The tide in the meantime had covered the whole ledge of rocks upon which the foundations of the house were laid. The chance of ever finding it grew desperate. Hour after hour, during the next day and the next, were alike consumed in the same thankless task. At length we gave up the search as hopeless.

My mother soon missed the ring. She summoned first the servants, who, of course, denied all knowledge of the lost jewel. Then came our turn. Augustin was about to speak, and bear the whole blame, but I interposed.

'Mother,' said I, 'I alone am to blame; I had the ring in my hand, when, by accident, I dropped it from one of the upper windows upon the rocks below.'

Augustin was striving to implicate himself as the chief offender, but I stopped his mouth with my hand, and prepared myself to meet the storm which I saw was coming.

'Do you know,' said my mother; 'do you know, Anne (she used to call me *Annie* in her tenderer moods), that I would sooner have parted with all the trinkets I possess—with almost all the good things left to me in the world—than with that ring? It was my dearest treasure—it was my father's dying gift—it was a traditional token in our family—it used to recall to me the most precious moments of my life! Now hear me, girl. Restore to me that ring, or never speak to me more; and when you *can* restore it, and not till then, ask of me any favour, any forgiveness, and I will grant it.'

Augustin again attempted to speak, and struggled in my arms with the vehemence of his desire to exculpate me; but my mother sternly ordered one of the servants, who had just entered the room, to force him away, and she retired to her chamber in a perfect frenzy of excitement.

That night, previous to going to bed, I entered my mother's chamber, bathed in tears. She was sitting alone, and her countenance wore a gloomy and abstracted air. She frowned darkly upon me as I entered, and anger blazed from her eyes, but she did not speak. 'Mamma,' said I, 'I cannot go to sleep without your forgiveness. I have done very wrong. I did not know that you had set so great a value upon that ring, or I should not have meddled with it. I cannot find it. I fear it is lost for ever; but, oh, mamma, I have a better—a far better—jewel to offer you instead!'

My mother looked at me with a sort of stern surprise.

'Yes, mamma, I offer you the repentance of an erring child. Oh, kiss me, mother, and say you forgive me!'

She waved her hand towards the door, still silent, and with a more darkly gathering gloom upon her features.

'Mamma, you *must* kiss me before I go to bed; you *must* pardon me. I cannot bear to think you have so hard a heart.'

Her lips quivered with passion. I did not perceive a trace of relenting feeling in her fixed and glassy eyes. But she grew suddenly death-pale, and trembled violently. I had forgotten that she had been for some days ill, and the thought struck me that perhaps her bodily sufferings had more than ordinarily disturbed and exacerbated her mind. I moved round to the back of her chair, and, quickly throwing my arms about her, I bent my face over her neck, letting my hot tears stream upon her bosom.

'Oh, mother! dearest mother! kiss me, and forgive me!'

But she had learned her notions of domestic government in the cold and sullen school of an almost semi-barbarous period. She *would not* be conquered by her daughter's pleading. She deemed (how erroneously!) that the grant-

ing of pardon would be tantamount to an admission of error on her side, and that her authority over her child would be the sacrifice of her yielding to the natural impulses of her heart. Grasping my wrists tightly with her hands, she slowly but decisively unwound my arms from about her; and, pushing me towards the door, again motioned me to leave the room. It was now *my* turn: the obstinacy I had inherited from her instantly took the place of my better feelings—expelled from my heart as they had been by the outrage I had received. My features assumed a sternness even more rigid than my mother's had exhibited. The fresh, and tender, and dewy, and flower-like expansions of my nature had been checked and blighted by a sudden frost, and nothing but the withered and bitter refuse remained.

'Mother,' said I, springing into the middle of the room, 'you have chosen your part in this matter. It is not for me to reproach you; you have alienated me, deliberately, from your love and confidence—you have spurned me from your heart—you have pushed me from your knees—you have banished me from your side, until I restore that paltry ring, which you hold of higher value than the heart of your only daughter. Hear *me* now. You have said that you will not extend your forgiveness to me, or grant me any favour, until I shall have restored that relic; I, on the contrary, say that I will neither beg your forgiveness, nor ask your favours, until I bring it back to you. I know not which of us may have the greater reason to deplore these sad and solemn vows, or on whom the heavier punishment is to fall, but as you have taken *your* course, so have I taken *mine*!' I moved slowly towards the door as I spoke, and retired with a mien as haughty and resolved as hers, but with an almost breaking heart.

This unnatural scene over, a dismal quiet reigned in our household for many weeks. My heart had received its first crushing blow; but I sustained myself with the consciousness that I was the victim of caprice and injustice, and with the determination of carrying out my own resolution to the full extent that my mother had threatened to fulfil hers. Events now rapidly succeeded, which had each a large share in fixing my destiny and forming my character. My kind and over-indulgent father, after several successive strokes of paralysis, at length paid the debt of nature. After his death, I felt that I had but two friends left in the world—my absent brother George, and my gentle cousin Augustin; but, alas! before the sods had grown green upon my father's grave, the intelligence arrived that my darling brother had fallen in battle in a distant country. This last affliction, instead of subduing and softening, had rather the effect of still further freezing the cold nature of my mother. It may appear to many incredible, but the dreadful fact was, that since the scene which I have described above had taken place, no syllable had been interchanged between myself and her! She had not, perhaps, originally intended to pursue this course, but she perceived that she had aroused in her daughter a dormant spirit of opposition quite as unyielding and as passionate as the energy which she thought it a virtue to cherish in herself. She would sit for hours together in her melancholy seat, either listlessly engaged in some study or task which required no bodily exertion, or wholly unoccupied, save with the dark thoughts which overshadowed her soul, like the settled cloud which steeps a single mountain's side in gloom amidst the surrounding radiance of a summer's day. Sometimes, as she regarded me while silently busied with my books or my embroidery, and affecting a listlessness against which my nature rebelled, I thought I could perceive a moistening of her lustre-losing eye, and a heaving of the bosom from which she had alienated me. At such moments I felt a sudden desire to fling myself at her feet, and crave again her blessing and forgiveness; but the recollection of my previous repulse—the fear of a second and more terrible exasperation of temper on both sides—and, more than all, the inevitable promptings of my own pride, which literally 'made the meat it fed upon,' checked me, and the holy impulse was curbed and chidden by myself within me. My mother, doubtless,

watched with guarded eagerness for the result of those struggles, and when she saw how they terminated, she withdrew herself into her former impassability, and the hardening process continued to accumulate upon our hearts its cold and heavy incrustations.

Now, in the course of this awful alienation from the natural love and confidence to which I was entitled, I had one sweet and never-failing consolation. My cousin Augustin was still an inmate of our little family. By what concurrence of circumstances I do not now remember, he had, though almost utterly portionless himself, a claim upon our care and protection which was not denied to him. The pride of my parents had at first revolted against the idea of bringing up, in the bosom of our family, the orphan of an unlucky speculator in commercial business; the fact was, however, that his claim was acknowledged, and that he had enjoyed, as far as our means permitted, the advantages of a superior education, and of such other accomplishments as, at the time, were considered necessary items in the credentials of a gentleman.

He was now no longer a boy. His education was fully completed. To himself had been left the choice of a profession; and the moment was fast arriving when he was to take his place amongst the multitudes of youths of a similar age, candidates for the honours which are considered prophetic announcements of future distinction.

Playmates in our infancy and fellow-students in our succeeding years, partners also in young afflictions and sharers of young hopes, it was little wonder that sympathy and friendship should ripen into love. We were ourselves unconscious of the dawning passion, until the death of my father and the unrelenting severity of my mother suggested to him the idea of becoming my protector, and to me the naturalness and necessity of looking upon him as such. Utterly thrown upon ourselves for mutual company and comfort, the ordinary forms of courtship were anticipated, and its period antedated. In short, we had formally and seriously promised ourselves to each other years before the possibility of our plighted union would have suggested itself to my mother. For many weeks, during that bright and joyful summer, it was our great delight to steal together to a chosen spot on the beach where the enamelled grass of the sloping meadows lost itself in an indistinct union with the silvery sand of a little bay, and here for hours would we talk of our future prospects, and weave a lot for our future experience, half romance and half reality, which, young as we were, only wanted immediate means and opportunity to force into a practical commencement. In one of these pleasant conferences we were surprised by my mother, who had overheard much of our exultant rhodomontade before we were aware of her presence. I shall never forget the peculiar glance with which she regarded us, as, like the Pythoness of old, she seemed to stand before us charged with a pregnant vaticination of our destiny.

She motioned me to return home by myself, and slowly followed with Augustin at her side, with whom she at once engaged in earnest conversation. It was no mere instinct of curiosity which tempted me, awe-struck and shame-smitten as I was, to look back from time to time towards my mother and my cousin, as they pursued the track upon which I was hastening before them. At first, they seemed to walk in cold and distant silence; then, as my mother accidentally stumbled over a loose stone among the sands of the beach, and as Augustin, with the instinctive reverence for infirmity and for womanhood by which one knows the true gentleman, hurried to support her, I could see her repulse him as she regained her footing. Then she began to speak. At the sound of her voice Augustin appeared to observe a respectful attention, but some remark of my mother's suddenly altered his mien, and he stood, almost confronting her, with an air of manly defiance, alone subdued by the deference due to the mother of his betrothed. When I again turned round, Augustin was walking beside her with faltering steps and down-looking countenance. His hands were clasped before him, and his whole attitude bespoke despair. On the next opportunity of meeting him, I learned the full meaning of the signs

which the acute forebodings of my heart had already translated into a vaguely-consistent prophecy of coming disaster. I had not misunderstood those signs. On the following day a conveyance was in readiness to take Augustin to London. My mother did not allow us even one parting embrace. I had just the opportunity to obtain from him the address to which I might direct a letter to him, when he was taken from my sight, as my mother thought, for ever.

But it was not, oh, it was not for ever that parting! After a term, I need not say how long, of dreadful suffering at home by me—after a term of honourable and ardent and successful pupilage in London by Augustin—he and I at length found an opportunity of meeting. Our plan was speedily arranged. I cared not for the dowry which it might have been my mother's intention to afford me, had I chosen a partner from among the suitors whom in her lingering pride of rank and station she would have considered eligible. Augustin had a home, a very humble one it is true, to offer me, and I had scarcely become a woman before I was a wife.

I did not flee from my mother's roof without self-reproach. The night upon which I left the house to join my expectant lover, I keenly felt the misery of being obliged to submit to a clandestine marriage. The idea of an *elopement* made my cheek burn whenever I thought of it; but I was even then casuist enough to discover many excuses for the procedure. I was a stranger in my own mother's house. I was already an exile from my mother's heart. Absence and distance, and a change of occupations, and, above all, the permanent re-opening of the gushing fountains of my heart, brimful as it was with love and hope, would lighten the wretchedness I endured, and palliate, at least to my own conscience, my error, if indeed it might be considered one.

But then my mother was still my *mother*. It seemed like sacrilege to leave her in her gloom, and loneliness, and sorrow. Might not my own pride, and wilfulness, and obstinacy have fostered, if they had not engendered, the austerity and unforgiveness which made my life a constant torture while I remained with her. If *she* were wrong in keeping her rash and unchristian vow, was not *I* also deeply to blame in keeping mine? Had I ever tried the experiment of softening her nature by previously softening mine? Alas, no! But now I had fixed my fate. I felt that we must part, perhaps for ever. Would I not, however, at least bid her farewell before I set out on my separate and untried destiny? Ah, yes! I would seek her chamber. I would tell her all, even my determination of marrying, against her will, the son of one who had died a bankrupt tradesman. I felt that, even after she had become aware of that determination, I was free to act as I pleased; I knew that she neither had the power, nor, if she had it, would exercise the power of staying my steps; and I yielded to the impulse of the moment.

It was almost midnight, and no sound was audible except the hoarse murmur of the waves as they beat against the rocks beneath the walls of our dwelling. I took a taper in my hand and approached my mother's apartment. Trembling like one who had arisen from a bed of sickness I opened the door. She was in her bed asleep. Her features wore the same sad composed expression which they ever wore during her moods of waking abstraction; but I fancied that her dreams (for she seemed to be dreaming) had touched them with a ray of unwonted kindness. Her face had the character of that of one who had just died after great bodily suffering, but whose last moments had been cheered by a blessed hope. I bent down my lips and kissed her. She suddenly awoke, with a pained and displeased countenance. She saw me equipped for travel, and instantly guessed the meaning of the unwonted sight. But she did not speak. I tried to kiss her again, but she violently resisted. The long-riven cord of natural love, which I had so nearly again united, again was snapped asunder, and I hurriedly retired. As I was closing the door, I thought—but it must have been only my fancy which whispered the angelic sound—I thought I heard

my name—not Anne, but *Annie*, lowly breathed from my mother's bedside in a tone of recalling tenderness; but my pride was re-established, and I flew to the carriage in which Augustin was waiting to bear me to the place where he was to make me his own for ever.

An interval of ten years has elapsed. My husband has grown wealthy beyond our most sanguine dreams of prosperity. I have become the happy mother of five lovely children. I am affluent not only in riches, but in the love and society of a crowd of friends—people of expanded intellects and cultivated minds, who have taught me the folly and sin of living in estrangement from my mother. But though I possess the wish to be reconciled to her, I do not, alas! possess the power.

Shortly after my marriage with Augustin my mother removed to London, and thence to Guernsey, where she had some remote connexions, and where she might reside in a style more suited to her diminished income than in any part of England. Here she spent upwards of eight years in profound seclusion, and with a self-denying austerity which won the respectful pity of her friends, with whom, without my mother's knowledge, I regularly corresponded. During those eight years, I was too proud to let my aged and erring parent know that I cared for her, or even knew of her abode. I was justly punished; for when by some accident she *did* at length learn that I had discovered her retreat, and had known it for years, *her* pride took at once the alarm, and she suddenly departed from the island, without leaving her friends the slightest clue to her future residence.

At the early commencement of the subsequent summer, Augustin and I, instead of making a tour on the Continent, as we had originally intended, agreed, for the sake of the children, to spend the season at one of the many delightful watering-places with which the southern and western coasts of England, even in our younger days abounded. I had selected Dover, when Augustin, with a tender smile on his intelligent countenance said,

'I know a dear spot further north along the shore, which I have often sighed to see since we left it ten years since—the scene of our first love'—

'And of our first sorrows,' said I; 'but I, too, have often desired to revisit C—; do you think that curious old house in which we lived is still standing?'

'If it is,' said Augustin, 'we will take it and repair it, if necessary, for our use.'

In a few days we were on our way to C—, having learned in the mean time that the old house was still standing and perfectly habitable. I will not describe the emotions I felt as I once more paced its ample floors, and stood in the chamber in which my father died, and where I had last seen the solemn face of my unforgiving mother. My melancholy, however, was soon dissipated when Augustin playfully reminded me of many childish incidents which more than atoned for all my sufferings, and when I heard the merry laughter of my boys and girls ringing through the now cheerful mansion, which was soon invested with all the comforts which our simple habits required in a country life.

We had not been more than a week settled in our new, or rather our old, abode when Augustin and I were leaning out of the same window on the upper staircase from which I had dropped my mother's ring in the heedlessness of girlish haste. It was a glorious summer noon. There was no cloud in the sky, and the sun shone down on the beach below, from which the tide had far receded, with a blaze of splendour. The recollection of the incident which had proved rather than created my poor mother's early dislike of me, rushed upon us both with a sudden shock. We did not speak of it, but I saw Augustin's eye fixed upon the rocks beneath with an excited glance, and though I was at first more disposed to weep than to smile, I could not refrain from being merry at the thought that he was entertaining the forlorn hope of recovering the lost jewel.

'Come, let us look for the ring,' said I, playfully.

But he scarcely heeded me. His gaze was still fastened

upon a single point amidst the rocks and sands of the beach. I too rivetted my gaze on the same spot, and I had scarcely done so when from the centre of a little patch of sand, which lay embedded as it were in a hollow of the rough granite from which the walls of our dwelling rose, a bright sparkling ray shot upwards—a point of purple light, intense as the radiance of a coloured star through the lens of an astronomer.

‘Do you see it?’ said Augustin.

‘Yes,’ said I, gasping with excitement. ‘Can it be possible that that is the ring?’

‘I am sure of it,’ he replied eagerly. ‘Nothing but a diamond could blaze with such a lustre as that!’

‘Oh, let us run down instantly,’ I cried; ‘I would give a thousand pounds to recover that ring!’

We hastened down accordingly, and were in a moment standing upon the spot from which we had seen the sparkle issuing; but to our grief and vexation no diamond-gleam flashed from the sand upon our disappointed eyes. For hours we paced the little circle of beach within which lay, as we hoped, the talisman of future reconciliation; but to no purpose. At length the tide gradually stole over the spot until it reached the highest mark upon the rocks. Ah, how bitterly did we chide those envious waves!

Still, our hope was not extinct, though we owned we might have been deceived by some object which, if our thoughts had not been fixed upon the ring, we should perhaps have never been curious enough to look after. Next day we went to the window, but the sun was clouded and did not illumine with a single glimmer even the distant sea. We again descended to the beach, and stood upon the well-marked spot.

Augustin struck his walking-cane into the sand, ‘There,’ said he, ‘to the quarter of an inch, was the precise spot from which the ray issued yesterday. How can the ring, for I am certain it should be there, have escaped us so long?’

As he spoke he drew the cane out of the sand, and with it, firmly fastened on the ferule, my mother’s long lost ring.

I laughed and cried with joy, alternately, as I took the jewel into my hand. I hugged it to my heart, and pressed it to my lips. It was sadly spoiled and corroded with the action of the salt damp for so many years, but the diamonds were as lustrous as ever, and its virtue, which was more precious than the diamonds to me, the power of restoring me to my mother’s bosom, was still as mighty within its narrow cirque as ever.

‘Oh, that I could now find my mother!’ I sobbed forth in a passion of tender tears.

‘Mamma,’ cried my eldest daughter, Clara, coming up to me at this moment, ‘see the beautiful present I have just been made!’ and she showed me a splendid bouquet of the rarest flowers of the season.

But my heart was too full to heed her. Augustin, however, questioned her as to the donor.

‘She is an old, old lady,’ said the child, ‘who has met us almost every day since we came to live here, while we walked with the nurse along the shore. The first day, she looked at us all so strangely, just as if she had known us long ago, and was striving to recollect us; the next day she asked us our names, and when I said, ‘William, and Clara, and Julius, and Annie, and Augustin,’ she looked still more strangely at us, especially when I came to Annie and Augustin.’

‘Well—and then?’ I cried, choking with emotion.

‘Well, mamma, then she asked if our other name was not Aylmer, and when I said it was, the old lady turned away her head and began to cry. Then she kissed us all round and went away.’

My husband and I looked steadfastly at each other for a moment. He saw me about to fall, and sprang to my side to support me. But I mastered my faintness and said, ‘Go on, Clara.’

‘Yesterday,’ said she, ‘we saw her walking along the path outside our garden, and she looked over the little wall at us while we were playing, and seemed wishing to

come in; but then somebody was coming from the house, and she went quickly away.’

‘And to-day? Those flowers?’

‘Oh, yes! to-day we met her on the beach, and she asked nurse and me to walk home with her, and she would show us her pretty little cottage. So we went, and a very charming place it is, and her garden is, oh, so full of the finest flowers! But, mamma, why does she kiss us so often, and why are her eyes always red with crying? And you, also, why do you cry, mamma?’

‘Come, Augustin, take me to her quickly,’ I murmured amidst my sobs. ‘Clara will guide us.’

Supported by my husband and daughter, I tottered along the winding road which led to the cottage described by Clara. Oh, how interminable seemed that little journey! Ten years before, a few minutes often brought me to the lovely secluded spot to which we were now proceeding. I had no need for Clara’s guidance. The place had been once familiar to me as the avenue to our own door. We approached the gateway of the little garden in front of the cottage. With faltering steps and beating heart I traversed the pathway which led to the open door. We entered the house. I took the old ring from my finger and held it in my hand. We opened the parlour door. At the further end of the room, reclining on a sofa, was the frail form of an aged woman. She raised herself as we approached. Our eyes met. ‘Mother, mother, mother!’ I cried, throwing myself on my knees at her feet, and holding up the ring before her in my shaking hands. ‘Forgive your Annie!’

My mother fell forward on my neck. She closed her hands over mine with a feeble grasp, and kissed my forehead with parched and fevered lips, while I felt scalding tears rolling down my shoulder. ‘Annie, Annie,’ said my mother, in a voice broken and tremulous with age and emotion, ‘I do forgive you, and oh, may God forgive us both!’

We were locked in each other’s embrace. It was then first I guessed what was a mother’s love—then first she felt what a treasure she spurned when she denied herself the love of a daughter. When at length our long embrace was relaxed, Augustin approached, and he too received my mother’s kiss. Then Clara, astonished at the scene, was caressed by her, and the reconciliation was complete. My mother became our inmate, and from that day to the hour of her death we more than recompensed ourselves for the long and bitter probation by which our hearts had been schooled by the holy love which we interchanged at last.

‘This is the story of the ring, my child,’ said the lady, as she closed the manuscript. ‘The jewel is, you see, valuable enough as an interesting family relic; but a thousand times more valuable for the lesson to mothers and daughters which its history teaches.’

SCOTTISH SCENES.

DOUNE—DEANSTON.

THE village of Doune is four miles west of the ancient episcopal city of Dunblane, and eight miles north-west of Stirling. It stands on the south-west border of the extensive and romantic county of Perth; and the parish, which goes by the name of Kilmadock, is partly lowland and partly highland. The road to Callander, now so famous as a summer retreat, passes through the village, and thence ascends the left bank of the Teith. Should the tourist, in leaving Stirling, follow the road close by the castle rock, and onwards by Crag Forth, Bridge of Drip, and Blair-Drummond Moss, he will not have a view of the village till he comes upon it. Having travelled seven miles, the last three of which have encircled the beautiful estate of Blair-Drummond, he comes to a point, richly wooded, where there is spread before him a scene possessed of varied and highly interesting features. There lies a strip of luxuriant vegetation, beyond which stretches the district called the ‘Brace o’ Doune,’ dotted over with

numerous farm-steadings, and diversified with fields under various cultivation; and, still beyond, the southern ridge of the noble Grampians raises its heathy front, and warns you that the region of cultivation is nearly traversed. No village is seen, and the only thing observed is the top of the church spire, or rather tower, rising solemnly above the ancient trees. Still you have the impression that you are approaching the dwellings of men.

'I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
Among the green elms, that a *village* was near;
And I said, if there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that is humble might hope for it here.'

Another half mile brings you within view of Deanston works, on the left, and the fine ruins of the Castle of Doune on the right. The river Teith is now crossed by an old substantial bridge, and in a few minutes you have reached the village. The road from Bridge-of-Allan to Doune is exceedingly interesting, and combines all the beauties of the former with others peculiarly its own. From the height to the north of the grounds of Keir, the view that bursts upon the traveller is exceedingly grand and imposing. He stands on the margin of an immense basin, in the centre of which are placed the villages of Doune and Deanston. The sides and bottom of this natural depression are clothed with the richest vegetation; while the pure waters of the Teith sparkle in the sun, as they sweep through their numerous windings. On either side, low ranges of rock, referred to in this and former papers, interpose their hard features, while the noble Benledi—the hill of God—stands on the opposite margin, rising sheer from the plain, and showing his height and proportions to the best advantage.

Doune, like all the old Scottish villages, is very irregular in its plan; indeed it seems to have been built without plan altogether. It consists of a double row of buildings, of various ages and shapes, between which passes the public road. In the centre of the village, where the street parts into two, stands the cross, surmounted by a rude figure in stone. There are, however, several good substantial houses, two or three respectable inns, and an elegant parish church. This building is of the Gothic style, and supports a massive tower. It is built of a fine durable red sandstone, and greatly adorns the village. Internally, everything is in keeping with the fine exterior. It is large, well finished, and contains a pulpit greatly admired for its beautiful workmanship and elegance, behind which there is a fine Gothic window. It was erected some years ago by the Earl of Moray, chief heritor and patron. The old parish church, the remains of which yet exist in the centre of a graveyard still in use by the older families in the district, stood about a mile farther up the river, in a most romantic situation. The manse occupied by the present incumbent overlooks the stream in the immediate neighbourhood of the ruin. Formerly, this place was famed for its manufacture of Highland pistols, introduced some two centuries ago by Thomas Cadell, who was acknowledged the first pistol-maker in Britain. The pistols manufactured here were of great repute; many of the Highland chiefs made presents of them to their friends in other countries. There are great changes since the time of Thomas Cadell. The trade in warlike instruments has now ceased, and the inhabitants busy themselves in more peaceful occupations. Their attention is divided between the labours of the field and the spinning of cotton. All the young people in the village are employed in connexion with the cotton-works at Deanston. There are several markets or fairs held in Doune during the year; the months in which they occur are February, May, November, and December. That held in November extends over three successive days, and is largely attended. The supply of sheep, horses, and especially black cattle, is always very large, and the prices obtained here have no little influence in regulating those of succeeding markets, though held in other and distant places.

The object of prime interest to the intelligent tourist, in this district, is the massive walls of the old Castle of Doune. The situation of this interesting ruin is exceed-

ingly well chosen, and would be easily defended against a host of enemies in those times when the art of war was more practised but less understood than it is now. It occupies a sharp peninsula formed by the junction of the rapid running Ardoch and the silvery Teith, and many feet above the surface of the streams. The origin of the castle is doubtful; for while tradition ascribes its foundation to Murdoch Duke of Albany, some antiquarians are of opinion that its origin is considerably earlier. It belongs to the first-rate order of Scottish fortresses. The castle faced the north, and at either end there rises a tower, square and strongly built. That on the east is the principal one, and is the highest portion of the ruin as it was of the building when entire. The great hall or state chamber, seventy feet long, and the chapel, were situated between the towers. In the towers themselves there were numerous apartments, used for various purposes. If we may judge from the dimensions of the kitchen and its huge fire-place, the noble proprietors of this stronghold daily feasted a large company of retainers. What scenes of revelry might it not witness! The barbarous mirth of the olden times would frequently grow loud and boisterous, and the song and dance would chain the fair dames and gallant squires to the ball-room till the returning beams of the sun chased the dark shades of night from the summit of the Ochils. Beneath those apartments, to which reference has been made, there is a range of dark damp cells, some of which were used as places of confinement. One fearful dungeon is pointed out to the visiter, with no other entrance than a square hole in the stone roof. No light could visit and enliven this gloomy abode, except what struggled through this narrow aperture. By the same opening was dropped the scanty fare allowed to the unfortunate prisoners. How often have these walls echoed with the groans of the wounded and the dying! and how often, too, have they reverberated with the uncouth curses of the writhing, mangled, but unsubdued clansman! Behind the main building there is a large court, surrounded with a wall of great height and thickness. Into this place of safety, it is said, the cattle belonging to the neighbourhood were driven on the appearance of an enemy.

The ancient history of the castle, so far as authenticated, may be summed up in few words. Duke Murdoch, who is popularly believed to have been its founder, seems to have made it occasionally the place of his residence. In September, 1419, he succeeded his father Albany, brother of Robert III., as regent during the captivity of James I. in England; and his period of power, distinguished by many acts of violence and incapacity, was terminated in four years by the return of that monarch to his native kingdom. The unhappy regent was immediately charged with high treason, and the result was, that he and several of his sons and relatives were taken, carried to Stirling, and there beheaded. Isabella, the unhappy wife of the unfortunate Murdoch, was at this time residing at Doune Castle, whence she was carried to Tantallon, a strong fortress in East Lothian. In accordance with the barbarous spirit of the age, the heads of her husband and relatives were sent her in prison, with the intention of overcoming her fortitude in the time of her severe trial, so that she might be led to reveal the supposed treason. Though wrung with intense grief, this noble-minded lady kept the secret, if indeed there was treason at all, and replied to all their entreaties with these words—'If the crimes wherewith they were charged be true, then hath the king done justly and according to law.' Sir James Stewart of Beath, the ancestor of the Moray family, and the present proprietor of this castle, was appointed its constable in the reign of James V. His son obtained a charter, under the great seal, of certain lands to be called the barony of Doune. Queen Margaret, and her unfortunate grand-daughter Mary, are said to have frequently resided here. In 1745, this fortress fell into the hands of Prince Charles Stuart, and was held for him by M'Gregor of Glengyle, a nephew of Rob Roy. It continued in the hands of the prince till after the battle of Falkirk. The prisoners taken at that battle were conveyed to this castle

and confined in a large room in the higher portion of the building. Among these was Home, the author of 'Douglas,' who at that time had entered the royal army as a volunteer. In his 'History of the Rebellion,' he gives a minute account of his escape. He and a few others were confined together, and had a sturdy Highlandman for their sentinel. They were allowed the liberty of taking air on the battlement. This suggested to their minds the idea of attempting to escape. They set to work, and in a short time had constructed a thick rope of the blankets belonging to their beds, sufficiently long to reach from the battlement to the ground, a depth of about seventy feet. A point was fixed upon where there was no sentinel posted, and the very night the rope was finished they determined to carry their plan into execution. There were six in all in the secret, and four got down safely, one of whom was Home. With the last of the four the rope had broken twenty feet from the ground. The next in order was now warned not to descend; but he was determined, and swung himself upon it to the no small danger of his life. His friends below placed themselves so as to break his fall, and he escaped with a sprained ankle and some broken ribs. The last of the number was so much injured by his fall that he died in a few days. Those who had got down without injury took with them the person who had received the sprained foot and broken ribs, and managed to make their escape. Sometimes they carried him, and sometimes he hopped along, being supported by the arms. At length they reached a house, and, being thoroughly exhausted, resolved to apply for aid to whatever party the inmates might belong. As good luck would have it, the person whose house they had approached was a royalist. He supplied them with a horse, which enabled them to make much greater speed in their flight, so that they reached Alloa in safety, and were joyfully received on board the 'Vulture' sloop of war. What a strange position for a young clergyman to occupy; and what a rich subject for a sketch, the author of 'Douglas,' spinning a rope of blankets!

The view from the top of the tower is very extensive, and most delightful. The height is such that one feels elevated quite above the surrounding objects, and looks down upon the gorgeous picture. There are some very fine views from various points close by the castle. Between the village and the bridge that crosses the Teith, there is one of the sweetest and most complete views perhaps to be found anywhere. There was a painting of it in the Exhibition in this city, some two or three years ago, we have forgot by whom. The view from the Bridge-of-Teith, too, both up and down the river, is very fine. We must have a word about the good old bridge. It is now over three hundred years since it was erected by 'Robert Spittle, tailor to our sovereign lady, Queen Margaret.' A stone placed over the middle pier—it has two arches—bears an inscription to that effect. Some years ago, on the three hundredth anniversary of its existence, a facsimile of the inscription was taken, under the auspices of the brethren of the Mason Lodge, and widely circulated among those interested in antiquities in general, and this old bridge in particular.

The village of Deanston stands about a mile up the river from Doune, and on the south or opposite side. It is entirely devoted to the manufacture of cotton, partly into thread, but principally into cloth of various fabrics. It does not come under the plan of this article to insert here a description of the works.* Our purpose is to afford some idea of the village and the beautiful site it occupies. It is, without exception, the best arranged, the best kept, and the neatest village in Scotland. It consists of five divisions or extensive lands of houses, four of which stand in a line, on the bank of the mill-dam, with a spacious street and strip of grass between. There is a high and strong rail erected by the water's edge, with flights of steps at regular intervals down into the water for the accommo-

dation of the families. The water of the river is exceedingly pure; but in addition there are several wells distributed through the village. It is one of the most interesting and animating sights one can look upon—this open space filled with happy, healthy children when the shades of evening are gently and sweetly approaching. Blithe-some little creatures! may you have all the happiness that we wish you, in this world and in the next! Each division contains a number of houses of two rooms each. The uniform width of the building is two good-sized rooms; in height two stories, with attics. In every room with a fireplace there is a soil-pipe. The sewerage is complete. The level is such that, by means of a sluice, water from the dam can be let in, and cleanse the drains from one end to the other. Each division has its number placed in large capitals on every corner. The outer or common doors are marked with the letters of the alphabet; the inner or family doors are distinguished by the numerals. The walls are whitewashed; and the lintels and side-posts of doors and windows, and the chimney-tops of several of the divisions, are of hewn stone. Behind and beyond the village stretch innumerable patches of garden ground, each one dressed according to the taste or caprice of the owner. There is an officer appointed by the company, whose exclusive duty it is to attend to the affairs of the village. When one approaches it, the impress of order and cleanliness is so quickly perceived, and the beauty of the site is so readily appreciated—the rising ground on the south being sprinkled over with fine old trees, and the river banks on the north being beautifully wooded opposite the village—that one cannot wonder that visitors hail it with delight, and that every summer draws to it numerous pleasure parties from the neighbouring watering-places. An intelligent friend of ours, on the first view of it, exclaimed, 'This is the poetry of a manufacturing village.'

We must reserve our observations on the river Teith till we accompany the tourist to the lakes, or lochs, as they are called in Scotland, whence it takes its rise. All we say at present is, that in this part of its course it is uncommonly beautiful. In this district there are several beautiful country-seats. Blair-Drummond House, the residence of H. H. Drummond, Esq., M.P., is embosomed in some of the finest old wood in Scotland, on the right bank of the Teith. Cambus Wallace, a residence of the Earl of Moray, is situated on the left bank, a mile to the west of Doune. Lanrick Castle, formerly the property of the McGregors, now belonging to Andrew Jardine, Esq., overhangs the stream at one of its romantic windings; and the substantial mansion-house of Newton, some time the residence of Sir Walter Scott in early life, stands in the immediate vicinity of the castle. His acquaintance with the locality, and the interest he felt in the castle ruins, doubtless prompted the great novelist to bring the English hero in 'Waverley,' when under the charge of his Highland captors, to this fortress.

DEATH OF A REMARKABLE CHARACTER.

On Sunday the 21st April, 1847, at the age of 100 years, died Ann Murray, in her well-known cave, at Red Bay, on the north-eastern coast of the county Antrim. At the base of that lofty headland, called Lourg Eden, which forms the northern boundary of Glenariff, and which runs down to the coast road immediately adjoining the sea, are two natural cavities—one of these is occupied as a smith's forge, and the other has long been used as a human habitation. Few tourists to the Causeway have passed by these caves without paying a visit to Nanny, who, in her personal appearance, and in the originality of her manners, was as great a curiosity as the cave itself. To those who have never seen the interior of Nanny's Cave, it would be impossible to give anything like an accurate description—cold, damp, and dreary, extending about twenty feet into the rock, and not more than six feet from the ground to the roof in the highest part, with perpetual drops of water oozing out of the upper stratum, and so dark as to require, even at noon-day, the light of a candle, in order to explore it; with no vent for

* In a subsequent number we shall give an account of these interesting works, drawn from the most authentic sources.

the smoke except the mouth of the cave, which was protected from the violence of the storm, in the winter season, by a small wicker. Yet in this cave, where to have spent twenty-four hours would have taken the life of any ordinary being, this remarkable woman passed a solitary existence of fifty years, destitute of every human comfort, but in the enjoyment of excellent health, which she retained until a short period before her death. Although living in such a miserable habitation, Nanny has received more distinguished company than many who dwell in the most splendid palaces. The greater part of the nobility and aristocracy of the three kingdoms have called to see her, and she could boast of having received presents from some of the first families in Europe. Her only means of support were the voluntary offerings of the curious, who were attracted to her cell, and whose liberality she invariably continued to call forth, by her simple and unostentatious hospitality, as she insisted on every one who paid her a visit to partake of a small quantity of the best 'mountain dew' the country could afford. The deceased was the original from which Banim in his historical novel of 'Boyne Water' drew one of his characters—Onagh of the Cavern. In the first volume she is described as 'a creature without friend or relation, fortune or home, except what the charitable or credulous administer to her wants; and that this sea cave, whence she has lately expelled the owls and bats, affords her a chilly shelter. What she thinks of herself, and what others concur in thinking her, it would not be for her safety to declare; but for my own part I sometimes think her mad, although more close observation banishes the idea. Perhaps to extreme ignorance her mind joins much enthusiasm and more cunning, and hence is she able to impress the character she generally bears. In age she was about twenty-five, in height rather tall, in person slight, in features spare and pallid; her back hair was uncovered, and over the vulgar female dress, that scarce ever varies in any time or country, fell the old Irish mantle, heavily hooded, and of a dark colour. Having stood before the young man, her flaming hand held up, she asked him, in Irish, to bid God save her.' In this work, however, Banim endows his Onagh with certain mysterious and supernatural qualities, to which the real Nanny could lay no claim. Mrs B. Hall, in her description of the northern coast, gives an accurate account of the cave and of Nanny, as she was, and narrates, in pathetic terms, a story which Nanny herself had told her, how she saved the life of a child, on the occasion of a shipwreck, near her cavern, and with what feelings of pleasure, in her old days, she remembered that event. In all the 'Guides' to the Causeway, Nanny and her cave have been regularly worked into a chapter. Be it therefore known that Nanny is no more. Her remains have been interred in the neat little graveyard at the entrance to the beautiful valley of Glenariff. But although Nanny is gone, the cave remains in all its pristine originality, and has even already received a new occupant; so the curious traveller and the admirer of the beautiful and the wonderful in nature will still have an opportunity of exploring this celebrated human abode—Nanny's Cave.—*Belfast Vindicator*.

NATURAL THEOLOGY.

The forms of the bones and joints, and the tendons or cords which play over them, afford a variety of instances of the most perfect mechanical adjustment. Sometimes the power is sacrificed for rapidity of motion, and sometimes rapidity is sacrificed for power. Our knee-pan, or patella, throws off the tendon which is attached to it from the centre of motion, and therefore adds to the power of the muscles of the thigh, which enable us to rise or leap. We have a mechanism of precisely the same kind in the lesser joints, where the bones, answering the purposes of the patella, are formed of a diminutive size. In the toes of the ostrich the material is different, but the mechanism is the same. An elastic cushion is placed between the tendon and the joint, which, whilst it throws off the tendon from the centre of motion, and, therefore, adds to the power

of the flexor muscle, gives elasticity to the bottom of the foot; and we recognise the intention of this when we remember that this bird does not fly, but runs with great swiftness, and that the whole weight rests upon the foot, which has but little relaxative breadth; these elastic cushions serving in some degree the same office as the elastic frog of the horse's hoof, or the cushion in the bottom of the camel's foot. The web-foot of a water-fowl is an imitable paddle; and all the ingenuity of the present day exerted to improve our steam-boats makes nothing to approach it. The flexor tendon of the toes of the duck is so directed over the heads of the bones of the thigh and leg, that it is made tight when the creature bends its leg, and is relaxed when the leg is stretched out. When the bird draws its foot up, the toes are drawn together, in consequence of the bent position of the bones of the leg pressing on the tendon; when, on the contrary, it pushes the leg out straight, in making the stroke the tendons are relieved from the pressure of the heel-bone, and the toes are permitted to be fully extended, and at the same time expanded, so that the web between them meets the resistance of a large volume of water. In another class of birds, those which roost upon the branch of a tree, the same mechanism answers another purpose. The great length of the toes of these birds enables them to grasp the branch; yet, were they supported by voluntary effort alone, and were there no other provision made, their grasp would relax in sleep. But, on the contrary, we know that they roost upon one foot, and maintain a firm attitude. Borelli has taken pains to explain how this is. The muscle which bends the toes lies on the fore part of the thigh, and runs over the joint which corresponds with our knee-joint; from the fore part its tendon passes to the back part of the leg, and over the joint equivalent to our heel-bone; it then splits and extends in the bottom of the foot to the toes. The consequence of this singular course of the tendon is, that when the mere weight of the bird causes these two joints to bend under it, the tendon is stretched, or would be stretched, were it not that its divided extremities, inserted into the last bones of the toes, draw these toes, so that they contract, and grasp the branch on which the bird roosts, without any effort whatever on its part.—*Lord Brougham*.

THE GOOD CHILDREN.

A mother, who was in the habit of asking her children, before they retired at night, what they had done through the day to *make others happy*, found her young twin-daughters silent. The elder one spoke modestly of deeds and dispositions, founded on the golden rule, 'Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you.' Still those little bright faces were bowed down in serious silence. The question was repeated. 'I can remember nothing good all this day, dear mother—only, one of my schoolmates was happy because she had gained the head of the class, and I smiled on her, and ran to kiss her, so she said I was good. This is all, dear mother.' The other spoke still more timidly: 'A little girl who sat by me, on the bench at school, had lost a little brother. I saw that while she studied her lesson, she hid her face in the book and wept. I felt sorry, and laid my face on the same book and wept with her. Then she looked up and was comforted, and put her arms round my neck. But I do not know why she said that I had done her good.' 'Come to my arms, beloved ones,' said the mother, 'to rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with those who weep, is to obey our blessed Redeemer.'—*Moral and Religious Anecdotes*.

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LIMNINGS OF SOCIAL LIFE.

MATTHEW MUNN: OR THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS.

'She speaks daggers, and every word stabs; if her breath were as terrible as her terminations there were no living near her; she would infect the north star.'—*Much Ado About Nothing*.

'BETTY, Betty,' screamed the shrill sharp voice of Mrs Munn over the bannisters, 'do you hear me?'

'Yes, mem, comin', jist comin',' echoed another voice from the area, and directly the peculiar clatter of a pair of large loose slippers was heard ascending the stairs.

'Look smart, can't you, and not crawl along like a snail that way,' urged again Mrs Munn, retreating into a room.

Betty came clambering along, panting and perspiring, and tugging with her a huge scuttle of coals. Coming into sight, she seemed the very *genius loci* of the area. A cap of questionable hue stuck on her crown, with two strings fluttering behind; her hair, in little fuzzy patches and elflocks, sticking out and twisting together all round a visage of that peculiar colour recognised by artists as neutral tint; her red arms bared to the elbows, and her half-hooked gown revealing at the shoulders and back a considerable mass of stays and no trifle of cordage, completed the *tout ensemble* of Betty. She reached the landing with her load, and staggered into the room after her mistress, who immediately turned round, exclaiming,

'Do you see *that*, you careless slut you? The second time this morning, I declare, that fire's been kindled, and it's clean black out! My goodness, I wonder what's the use of you in a house at all! I might just as well have no servant; two rooms not cleaned out yet; breakfast dishes not washed; knives not scoured; and the fire not kindled; and yourself as dirty as a blackamoor!'

'I'll get it done, mem, in twa or three minutes; the kitchen fire's been carried a' awa' for kenlin's for the ither rooms, but whane'er it breaks up'—

'Hold your peace, will you, and not speak back to me. It's your own business to see that the kitchen fire does not go out, and it's no excuse at all if it does. You've been up since four o'clock this morning, and I wonder what you've had to do that you're so far behind. But it's not this morning alone, but every morning. You just trifle and idle away your time in the kitchen, and gossip and talk with other servants. Don't contradict me, I heard you; and your work's never done, never half done. I declare I never was so plagued with any servant all my life.'

This last assertion was hardly true, or if true, Mrs Munn must have been awfully plagued indeed; for, married ten years, she had told the same thing to upwards of twenty servants during that period. Pausing to recover

wind, she continued: 'My very life's worried and worn out of me with your continual negligence. The whole day I get doing nothing but following at your heels mending your blunders. But I'm not going to put up with it any longer. Don't think it. I give you notice to look out for another place as soon's you please, miss.' Mrs Munn tossed her head, and flouncing towards the fire-place seized the poker and sent it into the heart of the black heap with a great crash. Then turning quickly round to the subject of her morning homily, exclaimed anew: 'What do you stand gaping there for like a stupid? Can't you go and get a kindling for the fire? I suppose you don't see it's out, don't you?'

As you have seen a man leap aside to avoid a suspicious-looking dog coming careering down the street, or an unpopular actor or hustings orator perform the same evolution when a rotten turnip or apple was shied at him, so did Betty make an extraordinary bolt towards the door, leaving one of her big slippers behind her in her haste to be out of the way, and was directly heard shuffling with the other foot down stairs.

Mrs Munn's vision, sharpened by long keen practice, like an attorney's wit, immediately detected the slipper, and catching it up indignantly with the tongs she pitched it down stairs after its proprietor, accompanied with the desire that Betty would take her dirty shoes along with her.

'Really, my dear,' said a dapper little man, previously unnoticed, who was seated by the window perusing the morning paper, turning a half imploring look to Mrs Munn; 'really you are too hard upon the poor creature; just consider'—

'Don't my dear me, Mr Munn,' retorted the lady; 'I know what you're going to say, and you needn't. It's all very well, let me tell you, for you to speak that knows nothing about it, and can't feel what I do.'

'I do know something about it though, and I see that you are extremely unreasonable and unnecessarily harsh towards that girl. You should remember that gentle treatment will gain you the goodwill and ready obedience of your servants, while harshness can alone'—

'I wonder to hear you talk, Mr M. Harshness! Goodness me! I've treated that Betty like a mother more than like a mistress; but what does she care, what can she feel, filthy, dirty, negligent, slovenly creature as she is? I might as well take a viper into my bosom, I might, as show kindness to her and expect any return. So don't preach to me again, who knows a great deal better, Mr Munn.'

'Very well,' replied her lesser half, quietly; 'all I can say is, you'll never get a servant in the world who'll do

your work well, till you try another mode of treating them.'

'Ah! Yes! Ah! A deal you know about what I've suffered and endured with these wretches, and how they should be managed. I haven't been ten years your wife, Mr Munn, without learning something, let me tell you. Oh, you needn't sneer now! I would like to know, too, Mr M., what business of yours it is how I manage my servants? I suppose you're become mistress of the house, are you? But it's just like you. You come in here, day after day, and get everything comfortable and to your mind.'

Mr Munn was about to say 'if *that* ever happened it was only when his wife was from home,' but he checked himself and continued reading the paper.

'Yes, and you care no more about me, about the tear and wear I undergo, when your own selfish ends are answered, than—than—*that*,' said she, snapping her thumb and middle finger together, for lack of a simile.

'I beg your pardon, Mrs Munn, but this is quite unbearable on your part, as well as false in the extreme,' said the helpmate, rising off his seat angrily. 'You have not even a shadow of a reason for supposing that I act selfishly towards you.'

'I wish I hadn't, that's all,' urged Mrs M., with the air of an injured female.

'Pray explain yourself; be a little explicit, if you please.'

'Not for you, sir. I don't please. So just go about your own business.'

'Whenever I'm ready, Mrs Munn,' retorted he, rather bitterly.

'Oh, just so; all of a piece! It's a pity, since you're so fond of meddling, I can't get something for you to do in the house. I'm going to wash to-day. Perhaps you'd count the clothes and take a note of them before they go out,' pursued the good woman, unwilling to give up. 'Or, may be, you'd prefer being down stairs looking after Petty, whom you take so much interest in.' Mrs M. emphasised the last part of the sentence.

'Go on! anything else ma'am?'

'I'll get an apron for you, and a duster, and Betty will show you where the broom lies.'

It is hard to bear scorn, worse detraction, and smile under the lash, but ridicule, to an angry man, next to impossible. Mr Munn possessed an ordinary degree of patience, but superadded to it a considerable measure of self-conceit. His *chère amie* had hit him on the tender point. She knew it from experience.

'Madam!' shouted he, starting up, and pitching the paper to the other end of the room, 'is this language to a husband? I'll not put up with it. Unless you alter your tone of speaking to me, you or I must shift quarters. Remember *that*. I'm not to be insulted in my own house, and especially by you.'

Mrs Munn did not flinch. True to her woman's nature, she retorted. 'Language to a husband! You a husband? You're a tyrant, sir!—a mean, low, paltry, pitiful, contemptible tyrant you are, and would be more if you could, but you can't. Heaven knows how you've used me since I became your wife. It was a black day I married you on. You're nothing but a persecutor, you; you're not worth the name of a husband. Ay, sneer away, you worthless creature you! A pretty husband you've made; and going to shift quarters, too; separate you mean, I suppose. The sooner the better then, I say, for there's no peace or pleasure in a house with you, you nasty, abominable, jealous, meddling tyrant. Oh, it's enough to drive one mad the way you go on! If people just knew how you treated your wife; but they shall know, I'm determined. I'll be revenged, I will. I'm not going to be trampled on longer. My—oh—wretch—oh!' and Mrs M. was sprawling back in a chair in a fit of hysterics.

Most unchristianlike, Matthew bolted out of the room so soon as he saw the result, clapped on his hat, and made off for his counting-house. But perhaps, as intimacy with vice sears the sensibilities of the virtuous, on the same principle might Matthew's callousness be accounted for.

Such scenes were by no means rarities, nor their results uncommon. Matthew had undergone a moral martyrdom, dating as far back as three months after marriage, nine years previously. Eels may get used with skinning, according to a popular tradition, not so Matthew. He winced under each new infliction of his fleshly thorn, and albeit he had originally been a quiet and pacifically inclined member of society; his daily sufferings had changed considerably his nature; the daily dropping of gall into his cup had embittered his spirit. As iron often heated becomes brittle, so had Matthew Munn's temper, exposed to the fire of his wife's tongue, lost its flexibility. He had originally loved his wife, and it was hard to say he did not still love her, or rather would have done so had she allowed of it. But this was out of the question. The magnetic influence was wanting to attract his heart towards her. Mrs M., though not hating her husband, we believe, beyond an average extent, and otherwise a prudent economical wife enough, was quite unlovable, and was becoming so much of a virago that poor Matthew had seriously resolved upon the disagreeable alternative of a separation—a decision cemented by that morning's chafing.

In office, and alone, Matthew moodily paced up and down his room. Aught but pleasant were his thoughts, rather comminglings, with the spirit of bitterness. His yet unopened letters, lying on the desk, betrayed how much his mind was engrossed with other business, and the contraction of his brows how disagreeable it was.

'I'm determined on it,' said he, seating himself; 'a separation must and shall take place. There's no living with that woman. She'd rout the patience of a very Job. Day after day, these nine years (and Matthew heaved a sigh), it's been getting worse and worse. I cannot call my house my home now, and dare hardly lift my breath in it without being snubbed and scolded. A man's house is called his castle. It's always been my prison, I know. Nor is it of any use revolting. I've tried it repeatedly. I've got no authority, and my attempts to obtain it are futile; completely ruled and kept down by that woman. But, thank heaven, it won't be so longer. I'll go down to my friend Lettuce, the attorney, and order him to prepare a deed of separation at once.'

Though so firm in his resolution, Matthew did not experience that comfort flowing from it which might have been expected. A weight of woful perplexity still harassed him and kept him hesitating. The subject was a painful as well as a difficult one to manage, and, like an intricate metaphysical question, the longer Matthew revolved it in his own mind the more dense and indistinct did the truth appear, and the more difficult of adoption. All forenoon he was nervous and irritable; reviled the clerks, called them lazy good-for-nothing fellows; ran out and in; turned over papers in heaps and piled them up again; gave orders and immediately contradicted them; wound himself up into a fit of downright anger, and at four o'clock took a cab to Mr Lettuce's chambers.

Lawyer Lettuce was a shrewd keen-witted man of the world, what the Scotch call pawky. His philosophy was of a practical cast, and perhaps, therefore, a profitable one. Yet, though versed in Coke and Littleton, and more so in the quips, cranks, bully, and bluster of his craft, he was not deficient in kindly feeling and a gentle palliation of and sufferance for the sins and weaknesses of mankind. He had studied in the school of the world, but studied it in both lights; did not believe it all wickedness nor all good, but an admixture of the two. And he furthermore believed that

'Evil was wrought from want of thought
As well as from want of heart;'

and that in six cases out of ten the miseries of human life arose from misconduct, ill advised practice, more than from downright inherent wickedness.

When Matthew entered he found Lettuce alone, seated amid a heap of titles, which he was carefully plodding through, taking notes of their contents on a slip of paper lying before him. The lawyer looked up, shook hands

with him, and making a few commonplace remarks, led him to a seat.

'I'm come to you on rather a disagreeable errand, Mr Lettuce, one which I would willingly have avoided if possible,' said Matthew, approaching the *questio vexata* by a bypath.

'Sorry to hear that, my friend,' said Lettuce, taking a pinch and surveying his box; 'but I hope you come to be helped out of it.'

'Yes; but the remedy, the only one, is almost as bad as the disease; like cutting a limb off to get rid of a troublesome foot,' and Matthew smiled wanly at the simile.

'Ah! indeed! but perhaps there may be a difference of opinion as to the cure. Doctors disagree, you know. Let me hear the case.'

'Shortly, then, I wish you to prepare a deed of separation betwixt Mrs Munn and self. We're agreed on that, and the sooner done the better. You can allow her a hundred a-year. I take the children.'

Lettuce uttered a low 'whew!' then checking himself, looked queerly at his friend and client a moment. 'My dear sir,' said he, 'I'm really sorry to hear this. I do not wish to intrude on family matters, but my long acquaintance may warrant my asking the reason of your taking such a step. Is Mrs M. faithless?'

'No,' said Matthew, sullenly.

'Is she—um—addicted to any particular—uin—vice—fond of the bottle, perhaps?'

Matthew shook his head.

'What then?'

'Her temper—her temper—the evil lies there. It's unbearable. I've endured it ten years nearly now, growing worse every day, but I'll bear no longer. She's a very—a very —. I can't express it.'

'Xantippe,' suggested Lettuce.

'Worse,' sighed Matthew, 'far worse. Fury, rather say.'

'And you have tried every means of curing her disposition, and found all unavailing.'

'Endured, rather, always in hope of amendment; what could I try?'

'True,' said Lettuce, thoughtfully; 'and this is Mrs Munn's only fault?'

'Only fault!' echoed Matthew. 'It's the worst, if possible, of all faults; no virtues can shine through it.'

'Sit down a minute, and listen to me patiently,' said the attorney. 'I wish to counsel you as a friend, not as a lawyer.' He paused a moment, took a pinch, and resumed. 'You know, our old alchemists spent their fortunes and wasted their lives often in search of the fabled philosopher's stone, with what result I need not tell you. They discovered, however, in the course of their toiling and research, that two metals could mingle together so as to form an apparently new one. This they termed an amalgam, and conceived, in their ignorance of natural laws, that ingredients thus once fairly fused into each other could not be separated. You could not take the silver from the tin, or the tin from the silver, without destroying one or both. The bad and good formed an indissoluble compound, not reducible to first elements. But later philosophy teaches us the contrary. We know now that every amalgamation can be restored to its first condition—the ingredients separated. The brass and gold, though combined, may be disunited; the pure metal retained, and the alloy destroyed if you choose.'

'But what is the moral of all this?' inquired Matthew, testily.

'The analogy may hold good betwixt mind and matter,' pursued Lettuce, unobservant of the remark. 'Human passions, chiefly errors of judgment, do not form any indissoluble link with the mind's constitution. They are the result of habit, of education, of circumstance, or rather their tendencies are. Evil cannot be removed out of the heart, but it may be suppressed, may be modified; and this end is to be best gained by an influence of an opposite character, as for instance, in a simple way, to destroy an acid we would employ an alkali.'

'You may stop, Lettuce, I see your drift now.'

'Your judgment sees it, I hope, alright,' said Lettuce, smiling. 'You have owned, Matthew, you never have done more towards reforming Mrs M. than endure; that you have tried no remedy. In your own conscience, my friend, can you find justification then for taking the course you propose. You cannot. I speak seriously. I ask you, with a view of your duties before you, of your responsibilities, of your position in society, of your own peace and welfare, if you can lay your hand on your heart and say, 'I have done all I could to make my domestic hearth a happy one.' Do not be offended.'

'I am not offended, my dear sir,' said Matthew, almost awed by the solemn tone of the lawyer; 'but what could I do; what can I do?'

'Anything, everything, if you have the will. Is Mrs Munn sulky, be good-humoured. Is she bitter, be gentle. Is she abusive, love her. Is she unruly, speak calmly, kindly to her. Is she turbulent, drop oil upon strife with honied words. Do all to humour, to please her. Show yourself willing to sacrifice for her sake. Do everything manly and firmly. Let her heart feel the efforts you make. In a word, use the milk of human kindness, and shame her out of ill-nature.'

'Easily advised,' said Matthew, shaking his head.

'As easily done,' replied the other. 'Take the plan, try it perseveringly for a month or two. If it don't succeed, then separate. There now, go home and practise it to-day. You have my best advice. Good by.'

'Good day,' echoed Matthew, as with a sigh he left the office.

Meanwhile, at home, Mrs Munn, whom we left in a fit of hysterics, real or assumed, had duly recovered and resumed her daily duties, 'nursing her wrath to keep it warm' for the return of her husband, and breaking out in occasional tornados upon Betty. The threat of Matthew to separate had taken hold of her mind, and although she had no immediate wish or intention of having it fulfilled, she resolved 'to let him hear of it before she was done with him.' Evil thoughts are seldom without counsellors, and wicked designs can always find encouragement. As Mrs M. was thus revolving projects of revenge in her own heart, who should fortunately make her appearance but her dear friend Mrs Maw, on a forenoon call.

'My dear Mrs Maw, I'm so delighted to see you; how well you look,' said Mrs Munn, kissing and shaking hands with her visitor. 'There, take off your bonnet and shawl, and give me all the news; that's a good creature, do.'

Mrs Maw was one of those pleasant talkative people recognised by old authors as busy-bodies. A wholesale collector and retailer of all the gossip, scandal, and abuse of the neighbourhood; 'going about from house to house,' and dispensing in the one what she heard in the other; a stirrer up of strife, and the cause of endless heart-burnings and mischief to her neighbours. There are many Mrs Maws in society.

'Sit down now,' pursued Mrs Munn, 'take a glass of wine and a biscuit. What can you have been doing with yourself this long time?'

'Oh, I was on a visit to Sir Charles Barnet! You've seen his lady. She visited me last winter to spend a week with them, so I thought I'd go over in spring. And, most unfortunately, during my stay, the poor lady's *accouchement* happened. I never thought of that, or I wouldn't have gone, I'm sure. As it was, everybody was so busy, and so much to do, that Lady Barnet asked me to stay a month with them and superintend matters, which she was sure would go all wrong during her illness. I just staid to oblige her; but such a house you never saw. It was really high life below stairs. The servants cared no more for authority than they did for the man in the moon, and Sir Charles never interfered with them. Once I spoke to him, just to let him know their doings, and, would you think it, he got quite angry, and had the audacity to ask what business I had with the servants. I told him smartly, however, that my business was none of his; and was it not for poor Lady Barnet's sake I should not stay

in the house with him, since he didn't even know how to speak to a lady. The ungrateful wretch just laughed in my face, and said Lady Barnet was certainly much obliged to me.'

'Oh, the wicked creature!' exclaimed Mrs Munn, lifting up her hands in astonishment. 'Who'd have thought it?'

'That's excellent sherry; just a thimbleful then, since you will insist. By-the-by, speaking of *that*, did you hear anything of young Mrs Shillet at the foot of the row?'

'No; did you say?'

'Something about—um—found yesterday morning lying with a bottle of brandy on the room floor. Not a word about it for your life now.'

'Impossible! Oh, shameless creature she must be!' exclaimed Mrs Munn, virtuously indignant.

'It's just rumoured, you know. Time will clear all up.'

'Really, I hope it's not true. Poor Shillet, just six months married! I do pity him.'

'Indeed, you ought to be very thankful, my dear, that you have got a good husband yourself—attentive and kind to you.'

Mrs Maw knew very well of the domestic tiffs between poor Matthew and his spouse. She practised a slight *ruse* to extract a little information regarding present movements.

'Ah!' sighed Mrs Munn, 'I wish such really was the case.'

'You don't tell me so. I am quite surprised. Has he been?'

'An odious tyrant,' murmured Mrs Munn.

'Surely not! What has he been doing? Unbosom yourself to your dear friend. I felt sure there was something preying on your mind, you are such a picture of suffering. Confide in me, I never breathe such matters to living flesh,' said the toady, coaxingly.

Mrs Munn forthwith did unbosom herself of all Matthew's real or supposed acts of cruelty, and wound up the whole with his threat of a separation that morning, during which her comforter drank in every word with delightful avidity, making such occasional interjectional comments as the text required.

'I do think,' said she, as Mrs Munn had finished, 'you have been shamefully treated, love. Were Mr Munn my husband, he would have another story to tell, I rather think. I would let him see that he shouldn't tyrannise over me as he pleased.'

'How could you do that?'

'Oh, you have a great deal in your power, if you choose to exercise it, to teach him what your position is as well as his own! Suppose, for instance, Mr Munn likes some particular dinner best—most husbands do—don't give it him; give him what you know he hates. If he likes strong tea, make it weak. Let his slippers be forgotten and not warmed. Ask him always to serve you or assist you in the presence of your servants; he can't refuse. Give him no account of any money you get. Insist on his coming home at particular hours, and on your going out with him wherever he goes at night. And always, when he gets angry and scolds, just laugh at him. In fact, there are a thousand ways of bringing him to his position when one just thinks of them.'

'But I fear I would drive him from the house altogether.'

'No fear of him, Mrs Munn; you know you can yield a little now and then to please him when you want anything; but always let him know that he is obliged to you.'

'Really, I must try something of that kind to cure him,' sighed Mrs Munn, 'and, when I think of it, your advice seems a very good one. But are you going already my dear? Such a short stay you've made.'

In fact, now that Mrs Maw had coaxed out the secret of her sweet friend's sorrows, she longed to carry the tidings confidentially—the real object of her visit. Her tongue itched with desire to retail the news; a longer stay would have been downright punishment; therefore perpetrating

a host of excuses, apologies, and promises of speedy return, she departed.

When Matthew returned home to dinner that day he was considerably later than usual; nor were his footsteps in any measure expedited by prospect of a pleasant reception. On entering the house he found his spouse hard at work on a piece of embroidery. Mrs Munn was always diligent at needlework when inclined to the disagreeable. She never turned her eyes from the seam, or noticed her husband's arrival, but continued stitching away as if for bare subsistence bound to toil.

'Well, my dear,' said Matthew, after sitting a short time, 'shall I ring for dinner?'

'As you please, sir,' retorted she without lifting her eyes.

Matthew did please, and forthwith the table was covered.

'Take a seat, my love,' said he helping her to a chair.

This was rather unusual. She looked up this time.

If there was one thing Matthew disliked more than another it was salt fish. He had a sort of mortal antipathy to them ever since, when on a business trip to Newfoundland, he had been obliged to subsist eight days, owing to the vessel running short of provisions, on little else save that article with stagnant water as the accompanying beverage or sauce. That day he was doomed to dine off salted cod. More than once he felt his choler rising, but magnanimously repressed the inclination to rebel.

'These are fine fish,' said he, complacently, 'where did you purchase them, my dear?'

She looked at him again. Was he in earnest? Sulkily she answered the inquiry, and was told to order some more of them.

After dinner Matthew took a paper from his pocket, and drawing his seat in towards the fire, like a man bent on comfort, inquired, 'Will you read the news, Mrs M., or shall I read them?'

The goodwife had resumed her embroidery. She snappishly replied, 'Don't bother me with your nasty papers, you see I'm busy.'

'Very well, Mary, I won't interrupt you.'

'And keep your feet off that fender; you're never done spoiling the furniture. I wonder who gets the blame of it.'

Tea-time came and passed quietly over. Matthew was attentive. Mrs Munn spent an hour or two afterwards enforcing the practice of domestic obedience on Betty. But no interference occurred from her husband. At supper he helped her to everything he knew she liked best. Mrs Munn wondered, but her ill-nature increased as her ends seemed frustrated. She scolded once or twice, Matthew humbly apologised. She pouted, Matthew became cheerful. She sulked, he hummed a tune.

'Stop that odious singing, can't you, you brute! You don't know what a headache I've got,' said his pleasant friend.

Matthew resumed his paper, merely observing he was sorry, and hoped she would feel better soon.

Bed-time arrived. Both retired: the goodwoman reflecting—'Well, I've failed to-day; but my time's coming;' Matthew—'The scheme has not prospered much yet, but I'll try a little longer.'

Morning came smiling and happy; not refusing its brightness because there were wicked hearts and bad tempers in the world, nor unwilling to stream, like love, into the darkest and dreariest corners; but seeking an entrance and a home where man had almost built him out, that their poor hearts might feel his gladdening influences. But all its glowing beaming beauty did not inspire a smile of happiness on the face of Mrs Munn. She had been thwarted overnight, and a woman can ill brook failure, whether in love or war. In her morning wrapper, she hastened down stairs to relieve her mind on Betty. Through the house, up from the area to the garret, her voice resounded. You heard it at times in a far off corner, silent again for a little, then breaking forth unexpectedly almost close at hand, and progressing away to some other quarter. Matthew came down to breakfast. Mrs Munn had finished hers half an hour earlier than usual, but still she presided

at the table. 'It's a pretty thing you can't come down in time—keeping people waiting till everything is cold by your laziness. I declare I never get my meals in season.'

Matthew didn't get his in season that morning. He drank a cup of cold coffee, eat a musty egg, and said he hoped to return so that Mrs M. would not have reason to complain at dinner. He rather prided himself on his personal appearance. Matthew's organ of order was largely developed; he could not endure untidiness; anything *dérangé* made him quite unhappy. That morning he got a shirt minus two buttons, and his boots were not brushed. With a sigh, he pulled the latter on and departed.

Mrs Munn fumed and fretted away the hours intervening betwixt her husband's departure and dinner-time. She felt miserable enough, in all conscience—a misery arising not from any direct cause, but merely from ungratified spleen. She had resolved on being dissatisfied with everything around her, and, if possible, on imparting to everything a measure of her own feelings; but, having failed in this, her own unhappiness was only enlarged. How often do we find people discontented because they cannot make others miserable! She sincerely wished her dear friend, Mrs Maw, would again call and tender her advice; for, having failed in her first attempt at bringing Matthew to his senses, she felt puzzled what tactics next to pursue. That day, however, the salted cod was again prepared for dinner.

Bland and cheerful, Matthew appeared a little before the usual hour. He carried a brown paper parcel beneath his arm, which carefully depositing on the sideboard, he observed—'I trust, my dear, you won't complain of being kept waiting to-day; I have tried to be in time.'

Mrs Munn said nothing. She looked up from her seam to the parcel, and speculated on its contents.

The dinner was soon over; for little as Matthew liked the viands, equally little did his wife care for them. She punished herself to punish him. They had resumed their seats again.

'Will you hand me over that parcel, Mary, if you please?' said the husband.

'Help yourself, sir,' replied the wife, though she was within arm's reach of it, and with feminine curiosity longed to know its contents.

Matthew hesitated, but arose, and cutting the strings on the paper, unfolded to view a beautiful Parisian shawl. 'I've often heard you admire this pattern,' said he, 'and wish for one of them. Passing by Blonde's shop to-day, this one caught my fancy, and, if I am not mistaken, you alluded to it a few days ago as a very beautiful article; so I brought it with me. Is it not a splendid shawl? and how well you look in it,' added he, throwing it around his wife's shoulders.

Gratified and angry—but her anger was that of shame—felt Mrs Munn. She could have torn the shawl to pieces, out of pure vexation, or cried, for relief to her feelings. Merely glancing at it, she observed it was very pretty indeed.

'I'm so glad you're pleased with it,' observed her spouse.

All that evening and night the woman felt, we can hardly describe how; but her whole anger was turned against herself—she experienced a sort of burning remorseful shame. As Matthew went to bed, he thought—'No medicine can work an instantaneous cure; we must persevere and hope.'

Next day, remembering the efficacy of yesterday's present, Matthew bethought him of a similar *ruse*; a beautiful silk scarf was the purchase. On bringing it home, he duly exhibited it to Mary after dinner, which was not of salt cod that day. 'Now, what do you think of it, my dear?' said he, holding the article up to the light. 'Will it not suit admirably with your peach-blossom gown?'

Inwardly, Mrs Munn thought it a love of a scarf, but chagrin led her to curl her brow and mutter—'I think a lady should be allowed to choose her own wardrobe, and not be compelled to wear every odious thing her husband may consider proper.'

'I am very sorry that it does not please you, Mary;

but it is not worth disputing about. There, that will put it out of the way, and we'll hear no more of it,' said he, rolling it up and laying it across the fire.

This he did so calmly, yet firmly withal, that Mrs Munn could only gaze in silent astonishment. She felt the reproof the act conveyed, and could not answer. Matthew saw a tear glisten in her eye. He hailed it gladly, as the harbinger of something better. This was the most valuable practical lesson which he had yet taught of firmness and gentleness—his own position retained and Mrs Munn reprov'd. It prevented Matthew from being henpecked probably, and taught his wife to respect him.

It were needless to detail all the proceedings Matthew—who now saw the charm in operation—adopted. Gradually his spouse awakened to a consciousness of her own undutifulness; her own temper became her own tormentor; she felt ashamed of herself, as a knowledge of her ingratitude and errors dawned upon her vision. Each new act of kindness from her husband conveyed a sting to her heart; the coals of fire heaped on her head burned within her. Doubtless, she was still unhappy, but it was unhappiness arising from conscious demerit; and this is one of the best feelings of our nature. Nor was Matthew yet aware to what extent his spouse was reformed, for, though less noisy, she seemed to him still equally gloomy.

An adventitious incident occurred soon after—an unexpected one and a disagreeable one, but the crowning one of Matthew's scheme. It happened thus. Mrs Munn had one day been making some purchases in a draper's shop where she was not in the habit of dealing. While engaged in it, she could not help observing that the young man who served her eyed her often askance, and assisted her with a degree of embarrassed impertinence unusual in such places. The others also seemed to regard her with curious significant glances, and one lad left the shop immediately on her arrival. After turning over unnecessarily, as ladies are wont to do, a large quantity of articles which she did not require, she at length fixed on what she did require, and purchased accordingly. The assistant inquired, with a slightly supercilious sneer, if he should send the things home to her address. She preferred to take them with her, she said, and they were made up into a parcel. While turning round to depart, the corner fringe of her shawl caught a piece of lace and swept it off the counter. Accidentally she noticed it, and turned round, hesitating whether to lift and replace it, but was quite astonished at the universal grin pervading the countenances of the shopmen now. She wondered if there was anything odd about her they were laughing at, and, feeling insulted, hastened out of the place. Past the door she had not gone a few paces, when a Bow Street runner, in company with the lad who had left the shop on her entrance, arrested her—'I'm verry sorry ma'am—disagreeable dooty—hope it'll turn out a mistake; but must come with me, ma'am.'

'What do you mean, sir?' said Mrs Munn, thoroughly alarmed.

'Oh! you don't know I s'pose—so verry green, ha! Come, come, that's all gammon. Better be quiet, or I'll put on the darbies,' added he, as the lady was violently pushing past him.

'You must be under some mistake; I'm not the person you seek. Allow me to go home,' persisted she.

'That chaff vont catchy, you know; I'm too old. You'd better come along quietly.'

Mrs Munn felt ready to faint for shame. A crowd was already beginning to collect from unknown sources, and indulging in the heartless banter crowds are apt to enjoy at any unfortunate's expense. Still convinced of a mistake, she pled to be informed on what ground she had thus been arrested, and submitted to insult on the street.

'Never fear; you'll learn in good time, my precious von,' was the oracular response.

'Better call a cab,' said the youth accompanying the officer, beginning to feel some compunction for the situation of the lady.

One was immediately at their side, and Mrs M. was

handed in by No. 304 amid such comments from the lively crowd, as—'She's a spanker, Jem;' 'Knows a trick or two, I warrant;' and, 'No better than she should be,' from the more charitable female onlookers. They drove off to the nearest station-house, and she was carried in, almost fainting, to the presence of the magistrate. Here the draper stated, that twice formerly she had visited his shop, and that after her departure articles of considerable value had been missed. The last time she thus honoured him she had managed to evade a constable who was sent after her. It seemed she was an experienced hand at the trade, for in the *Times* a description had been published of her by another sufferer, cautioning shopkeepers against dealing with her. This description the policeman read, and it fitted Mrs M. pretty correctly on the whole. Then other two of the shopmen were called in, who deposed to the truth of her former visits, and to her apparent design of carrying off the lace to-day. During this she had sat perfectly paralysed with terror and astonishment, unable to utter a word, but gazing at her accusers.

'What have you got to say to this, woman?' inquired the magistrate, turning towards her.

She looked at him a moment; then a consciousness of her position awoke in her mind. She burst into a flood of tears, and, wringing her hands, exclaimed—'It's all a lie—all a mistake, your honour. I'm not what they take me for; I never was in that man's shop before to-day.'

'Give an account of yourself. Who are you?'

Mrs M. muttered her husband's name and profession. A smile of incredulity gathered on the faces around her, for most present knew Matthew by reputation, if not by sight. She added, 'Oh, sir! send for him if you doubt me.'

Two messengers were dispatched immediately, who in a few minutes returned, bringing the husband along with them, in a high state of perturbation.

'Is this your wife, Mr Munn?' inquired the magistrate.

'She is, my lord,' said Matthew. 'I cannot understand why she should occupy such a position. Pray, allow me to hear the charge against her.'

The draper came forward, and said it was evident some mistake must have occurred. He did not wish to prosecute the case further, and begged to apologise to the lady for the annoyance she had sustained.

'The case must be prosecuted through,' said the magistrate; 'you cannot quit it thus. I insist, in justice to the laws of the country, as well as to the present parties, it be proceeded with. Can you swear to the identity of this lady, as being the party who entered your shop previously, and abstracted your goods feloniously?' continued he.

One said he could, the others hesitated—they thought they were right in their suspicion, but would not swear.

'Car you specify the particular date when she visited your shop?' inquired Matthew, a gleam of hope occurring to him.

'Yes—the 12th and 21st of last month.'

'Are you sure of that—sure you are correct?'

'Quite certain.'

'Then you are under a positive mistake as to her identity, for Mrs Munn was from home at that period. My lord, I undertake to prove an alibi,' said Matthew, smilingly.

Bail was immediately accepted for Mrs M. and she and her husband drove off. He left her at home without saying anything, and returned to his office, meditating the practicability of improving the present incident to his own and wife's advantage. Upon his re-appearance at home, by word or look no allusion was made to the affair. He asked no questions, nor exhibited the slightest curiosity to learn any particulars. Mrs Munn felt surprised at this, and at the same time humbled, suspecting that her husband would put the worst possible construction on the matter, and yet not allow her an opportunity of vindicating her innocence. She would have given anything to know his thoughts, but dreaded to introduce the subject. Next morning, on taking up the papers, she almost fainted on

observing the following paragraph, which a morbid curiosity compelled her to read through—'*Suspicious Circumstance*.—A lady of genteel appearance, the wife of a well known merchant, whose residence is not a hundred miles distant from — Row, was brought up yesterday before Mr Rawlinson, on a charge of shoplifting. Several distinct acts were preferred against her, and her identity sworn to by some of the witnesses, but owing to a legal defect in the evidence, she was admitted to bail. We shall watch the result of the case.' The newspaper dropped from her fingers; she sank back in her chair overwhelmed with the most poignant shame and indignation. She felt her character ruined—gone; herself stamped as a thief. What would society think—what would it say? and her husband—? Matthew had gone an hour ago to the city. How shall we tell the misery of that forenoon—how speak of the heart-burning sense of wrong—wrong she could not vindicate—and stinging disgrace and humiliation, Mrs Munn experienced? She tremblingly awaited Matthew's return. When he did return, she dared hardly speak to him—dared hardly look in his face; was restless and unhappy, thinking she detected a lurking smile of triumph in his features. But she was wrong.

At night Matthew said, 'My dear Mary, you were talking some time since of going to Brighton. Have you arranged for the trip? You would be much the better of a month or two at the coast. I shall be able to accompany you to-morrow; will it suit?'

Mrs Munn looked her husband full in the face. The delicacy, tact, and kindness of his proposal flashed upon her heart. She felt her undeservedness of it—keenly felt now to the full how she had wronged her husband. She could not speak; she burst into a flood of tears, and flinging her arms about his neck, exclaimed, 'Oh, my husband!'

'What's the matter, my dear Mary?' soothingly inquired he.

'Oh, forgive me, forgive me! I have been unkind, unjust to you, Matthew. I cannot bear it longer. You are too good, too kind to me. Say that you don't hate me for my wicked sinful temper; that you don't despise me; that you love me. I shall try, Heaven knows how willingly, to be a better wife to you than I have been. Oh, Matthew, Matthew!'

'Come, come, Mary dearest, dry your tears; I don't despise or hate you, but love you as much as ever I did. Keep your resolution and I shall love you still more. You'll go to Brighton—will you?'

Two months later Matthew's friend Lettuce accosted him on the street. 'Are you wishing the deed prepared still?' said he. 'I was to have had an answer by this time.'

'Oh, no, no, my dear friend!' replied Matthew. 'I have been very foolish. Pray, don't tell anybody of it. Mrs Munn is the best wife in London. Come and dine with us to-morrow.'

HERALDRY.

ONE would hardly suppose, as he casually observes the emblazoned monstrosities upon the panels of our street vehicles, that he beholds in these armorial devices the modern application of one of the most elaborate, universal, and dignified sciences of antiquity. Heraldry, or the science of precedence, dignity, and armorial bearings, amongst the aristocracy, was the most esteemed and exalted species of abstract knowledge during the middle or chivalric ages. In truth it was only second in the ranks of knighthood to the practical acquirements of antagonism; and the steel-clad, feather and iron-headed men, who hardly knew the difference between their neighbours' property and their own, would have been ashamed to have acknowledged themselves ignorant of their cognisance and its quarterings. Heraldry bears internal evidence of a rude and distant origin, and we find it in its dawn amongst the savage tribes of America. Warriors adopted the names of certain animals, to which they no doubt bore some

affinity in character, and either wearing their stuffed effigies upon some portion of their person, or drawing their rude outlines upon their bodices or shields, became known and recognised by the titles of their adoption. Heraldry is the written poetry of war, it is the symbolical record of the crude semi-chaotic ideality and wonder which characterised the fierce and energetic mind of the middle ages, containing, like the ancient mythologies, amidst much that is fancifully beautiful, an amount of absurdity and childishness that is pitiable and disgusting. The fierce and indomitable soldiers of old paid lip homage to Christianity; they knelt at its shrines, and wore with mystic awe what they deemed the symbols of their faith; they religiously subscribed an abstraction which the hierarchy covered with a veil more impenetrable than that of Mokanna; but they realised and worshipped with practical devotion the monsters of their martial metempsychosis.

Colleges of heralds were instituted throughout what seems in mockery to have been termed Christendom, and these interpreters of the mind and aspirations of the period were invested with the dignities and privileges which were latterly awarded to the professors of universities. It was a mortal offence for one knight to wear upon his shield the cognisance of another; and all armorial dignities were registered in the archives of the heralds, whose duty it was to settle the disputes which often arose amongst the various branches of a family concerning the particular emblazonry which they had a right to bear upon their banners or coats. As the martial idealism of the past gradually became centralised in the aristocracies of nations, as commerce began to rear her peaceful head with a sense of her true dignity, and as labour became emancipated from the shackles of feudalism, the colleges of heralds dwindled into insignificance; the finiselled tabard became threadbare and antiquated, and the mercetricious dignity of a misdirected ideality took refuge in 'Lion-offices' and 'Herald-offices,' to watch that modern lieges did not seal their letters with a device, nor paint without a license unicorns and fiery griffins upon their carriage-doors.

Heraldry was cultivated to a greater extent upon the Continent than in Britain, and the nations beyond seas had elaborated and refined the art to a greater degree and earlier than did our island progenitors. 'It was looked upon as the science of gentlemen, and was taught as such in the academies.' Even so lately as the end of the seventeenth century, a learned advocate of Bourges, in France, had acquired a European fame for his skill in this art. Its antiquity had however involved its relations in a species of obscurity about this period, for a commentator informs us 'that some treated the science as mere law, without understanding the practice of blazoning, as Bartolus, Chassaneus, and others; while some handled it like a part of the civil law, as Guilim, Menestrier, Colombier, and others, without being bred to the law, which requires a whole man and his whole age.' It is amusing to reflect upon learned disputes regarding the abstract relations of the following nonsense: 'Azur in chief, three spur revells argent,' to 'Dalmahoy of that ilk;' verily, if anything is calculated to make us laugh at the wisdom of our ancestors, it assuredly is the seriousness with which they regarded the absurdities of heraldry; but as we can never note the progress of men unless we know the phases of their growing intelligence, even a recapitulation of their follies may be viewed in a didactic sense.

To talk of heraldry as our ancestors would have talked of it, we may define it as the science which teaches us to give or know arms suitable to the dignity of the bearer. Arms were marks of hereditary honour given by some superior power to reward or gratify the bearer. The Romans bore them under the names of *Insignia* or *Tituli*. The Germans called them *Wappen*, or *Clenodia*; the Italians *Carmas*; the French *Armoires*; and the Scotch and English *Arms*. Some of the credulous and curious in heraldry have attributed its origin to Jacob, alleging that his sons were each awarded a particular cognisance by their father, as, for example, that of Judah was a lion.

Some suppose the science to have sprung from Germany, some from China; others allege it to have been developed by Charles Martel and a host of others, every additional allegation only increasing the obscurity of its origin, and demonstrating the impossibility of assigning it a definite source. The alleged uses of the science were to distinguish men for their actions, to perpetuate their fame, and to individualise and mark out a warrior in battle. These may be termed the incipient uses of heraldry, for we find the same characteristics attached to the insignia of the savage nations of the present day. The next step in advance involved a double idea, the science becoming referential in so far as it marked out the original profession and country of the bearers, and also perpetuated the memory of the particular action for which the arms were granted. As it advanced in complexity it necessarily embraced a more extensive field of illustration, and involved the origin of surnames, the commingling of families by intermarriage, and the descent of septs from a parent stock. For example, a leader wore his crest upon his helmet, and all his followers had an identical cognisance on their caps to distinguish them from enemies in the *melée*. This crest was perhaps a lion rampant, a falcon with outspread wings, or a hand bearing a dagger, and was only worn by a chief; while the common cognisance usually consisted of some well known plant, as the heath of the Stuarts, the buckberry of the M'Nabs, or the privet of the Campbells. The crest and cognisance were simply egotistical; they were expressive of a unity which was confined to a single person or a single family, and symbolised nothing beyond either. Again, the Pringles and others bear *escapots* to show their devotional character in having made pilgrimages to the Holy Land, these shells being the badges of pilgrims. The Ramsays and Maxwells bear the eagle, to show that they came from Germany; and the Ruthvens assume the arms of Portugal, from the king of which country they claim to be descended. This may be termed the second stage of heraldry, for it leads us beyond the individual to something else, and connects two distinct ideas in one symbol.

The third or complex stage of heraldry consists of quarterings, that is the junction of one family's arms with those of another in a single emblazonry, to show their connexion by marriage, as, for example, the Randolphins were long ago extinct, but they quartered their arms with those of Dunbar, and were longer kept in memory by that means; and Wishart, earl of Brechin, would have been forgotten but for his quarterings with the Marquis of Douglas, who married his heretrix. Homer, Virgil, and Sappho live, however, and Achilles only exists in the pages of the deathless poet; but they would have been forgotten long ago had the only vehicle of transmission been heraldry. There are a multiplicity of absurdities connected with this subject, involving the forms of shields and their coverings; some being round, triangular, square, and multiform; and being covered with furs or skins of animals, such as ermine, hair, and bull-hide, like the shields of the knights of Bretagne and the targets of the Highlanders, and all being regarded of importance by the votaries of heraldry, but which belong too much to the minutiae of the subject to be noticed in a general view of it.

When heraldry had passed from its incipient state into a more distinct and ornate existence, men received arms and devices illustrative of their characters and actions, and these were generally worn during war. Strength, promptitude, daring, and devotion seemed to have been the heritage of certain families, for their arms bore particular reference to certain of these qualities, and the heirs of their fathers' swords and shields cultivated their fathers' characteristics. Different nations also possessed some leading feature in their arms. The Spaniards, who invested their wars with the Moors and Saracens with a religious character, assumed themselves to be peculiarly called upon, as devout Christians, to fill their shields with *Ave Marias*, I. H. S., and such other devout characters; the Italians delighted in emblems and witty hieroglyphics; the proud and vain German, who viewed a long descent as the acme of honour,

delighted in a multiplicity of coats to show his pedigree; the French arms are illustrative of the fanciful and artistic aptitude of that people; and the Scotch and English are as monstrous and rude as the characters of the men who adopted and bore them.

Of old, emperors or senates could alone confer arms, but as the business became complicated and troublesome, the work was delegated to heralds, the chief of whom was termed in Scotland, Lord-lyon-King-at-Arms, and the fees were divided or allocated according as those in authority directed.

The lyon-king-at-arms had power delegated to him by the reigning monarch to confer all the honours of heraldry; but that power was merely nominal, as arms, crest, crown, and supporters were and are given either by command or specified in letters patent.

Amongst the strongest of the desires of the human mind is that to ascend. Some strive to rise by their native energy, and some are satisfied with mere adventitious distinctions. This principle of our nature operated strongly upon the rude characters of our forefathers, and developed itself chiefly in the passion for armorial bearings. Wealth was esteemed of comparatively little account, unless wedded to a glowing escutcheon; and consequently the ignoble rich seldom scrupled to adopt arms for themselves—an arrogant assumption, which the high-born indignantly resented, and an invasion of privilege which they repelled by vigorous enactments. All common sorts of people were inhibited from wearing arms, and were commanded not to presume to take upon hand or wear them, under the pain of escheating of their goods and gear, so often as the same should be found graven or painted. These goods and gear were appropriated to the use of the 'sovereign lord the king,' and an additional fine of one hundred pounds was levied, to be divided between the 'lyon and heralds,' failing the payment of which the persons of the offenders were to be incarcerated in the nearest prison-house during the pleasure of the 'lyon;' while he who assumed his prince's arms lost his head.

The privilege of bearing arms, it will be seen, was purely aristocratic; inflated wealth, self-assumed dignity, and intrinsic worth or virtue, had no true symbol in all the memorials of heraldic glory. An accident was the constitutional basis of nobility, and a peaceful or constructive disposition in a man of high pedigree was the most inept evidence of his rank. The right of bearing arms was immediately lost upon penniless peers with long pedigrees exercising mean trades—'*viles et mechanicas artes*;' but when they ceased to so degrade themselves, and returned once more to ease and dignity, they were at liberty to resume their armorial bearings. Merchants were also deemed unworthy to be recognised as gentlemen; but the advocates who pleaded for the mail-clad burglars of antiquity, or the physicians who sewed up and dressed their gashes, were reckoned of gentle account, and worthy of having their furniture painted and graven with ideal crudities.

It is painful to cast a reflective eye over the pages of a book of heraldry, and to behold the wretched caricatures of nature which the leaders of mankind venerated in days of old. They are the symbols of the brute force of the past. Its spirituality was cloistered and confined with the monks, and letters were cultivated only by gloomy recluses. But the destructive genius of old required a medium of interpretation, and lions, tigers, wolves, bears, eagles, hawks, daggers, spears, swords, and spurs enter largely into the coloured vocabulary of war. They are the gods of a worship as disgusting and debasing as was that of ancient Egypt, and more animally extensive, though even less harmless, than that of Hindostan.

The spirit of this now inane and humbled science still possesses a globule of its old exclusive virus, and even very lately sought to infuse it into the body politic, by seeking to fine persons who sealed their letters with a cognisance.

A lyon-office still exists in Scotland, and some similar affair is still extant in England, but 'Othello's occupation's gone;' the heralds may don their tabards and strut

about in their parti-coloured garments on high field-days, when those who have little else to give them effect, seek it in this way; but they shall no more shout the onset at tilt or tourney, nor gather up the gold that wont to be showered about them at the cry of *Largesse*!

There has certainly been a revolution going on in the world's opinions, though that revolution may not be demonstrable by the world's actions. The men of heraldic glory are few—very few—even amongst the proud aristocracy of Britain; and since that quiet but indomitable scribe Mr Pen began to erow over Captain Sabre, the merchant and handicraftsman are beginning to be accounted less vile. Indeed, the spade, plough, and shuttle, the printing-press and loom, the ship of commerce and the hand that bears a hammer, are gradually and certainly displacing the symbols and weapons of destructiveness, and those who seek the honours of the new order of heraldry must build up and constructure; for to produce and sustain are the motives which will guide the future hosts of men, and 'all for the good of all' will be their watchword.

A SUMMER EVENING STROLL.

'To know
That which before us lies in daily life
Is the prime wisdom.'

EACH season of the year has its own peculiar beauties: every garb of nature which the hand of providence clothes it with in the revolving months has its own specific and definite appearance, yet all of them beautiful, even in their variety possessing so many urgent claims on our favour that we can hardly give preference to either. Thus marvellously well ordered are the arrangements of Heaven; for if summer has its charms and spring its poetry for us, autumn its mellow beauty and ripe fruits, winter, cheerless though it be, hath also its gladdening influences, its invigorating frosts, and fireside comforts; all of them are necessary, and, rightly considered, all of them equally advantageous to our welfare. Taken in whole, we may find particular seasons more fashioned to our individual tastes than others, perhaps because associated with pleasant reminiscences, or because congenial to some favourite pursuit or relaxation. Thus, by the sportsman, the harvest months are longed for; by the fashionable world, the winter, with its routs, theatres, and soirees; by the dust-begrimmed and toiling eit, the summer, when he may rusticate or enjoy the sea-side a few weeks; and by the humbler artisan or clerk, the long days of June or July, when he may stroll in the cool evening through the shady green lane, the fields, or wayside. To us there is no hour so teeming with pleasant influences as a summer's eve—no hour so full of beauty, so refreshing to body and spirit, so fragrant, soothing, so incentive to the awakening of the best and noblest feelings of the human heart, and inductive to the softening down of its rough asperities, contracted by commingling in the world's hard ways. If the gentle Elia shed tears in the motley strand 'for feeling of joy at so much life,' how much more calculated to call forth the tear of gratitude, the rejoicings of all nature, the incense of the flowers, the melody of the feathered songsters, the glorious sunshine irradiating the forest leaves, clothing the mountain-tops with a purple halo, and gilding the lake and stream with a burnished brightness!

Escaped fairly from the houses, the hum of the many-voiced human family, the clang of hammers, and roar of machinery, into the open country—whether amid the shady hedgerows of England, or on the hillside or dell of Scotland—the first thing that greets the senses is the refreshing fragrance of the green fields, the fresh and balmy air laden with the mingled sweets of a thousand flowers. Here we approach a field of fresh-mown hay. What associations of the past does it not recall? How willingly could we exchange positions an hour with one of those happy children, rolling and tumbling amidst the yet ungathered heaps, laughing, shouting, screaming, in the very exuberance of innocent enjoyment? how willingly banish care

and its grim attendant sprites, and, heart and soul, take a retrospective leap for one hour of childhood—one hour of that happy time

'When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled, unsung?'

Yet we doubt if the joys of childhood, however poetic they may be, are so deep and genuine as those of maturer life. Though the heart is apt to look back and see no sunshine so bright as the past—no joy so unalloyed as that of youth, yet when we closely consider it, mirage-like it dispels. It wants the reality of the sobered happiness of maturer existence. It is more of a purely negative character, possessing no heightening zest from any experience of sorrow or pain. Gambol on, ye merry group! unwillingly would we mar or impair the hey-day of your existence! No wish have we to see you pent up in the gloomy factory, or stealing shiveringly forth with pallid, care-stamped features from the mill. Less wish still have we to place old heads on your shoulders, for, above all things hateful to us in this wide earth, is the sight of a precocious saddened child. And, oh! how many of them do our narrow streets and filthy courts exhibit—half-clad urchins, diminutive and pinched in stature, yet old in cunning and deceit; unlearned in letters, yet deeply versed in life's worst philosophy?

How exhilarating and pungent the smell of yonder bean-field, now clad with snowy blossoms, richer than the spices of Arabia or the perfume of Indus, stealing over our senses, as, borne on the breeze like a dream of fairyland, it half recalls our early notions of the fabled Gardens of Delight, coned over in schoolboy days in the 'Thousand and One Tales' which we used to smuggle into school, and, with some kindred spirit, read beneath the desk to the infinite neglect of Sallust or Horace! We can almost comprehend the feelings that smell awakens in the seaman's bosom—the first he feels on nearing land—after a long voyage. What associations of home, of love, of friends, it rekindles, and what deep strong delight and hope it wafts from his fatherland across the ocean to him—more suggestive, more expressive, than a hundred letters from absent ones! And, hark! how loud and joyously the lark 'at heaven's gate sings!' Scorning all lowly themes, it mounts to heaven, like the poet, for its inspiration, and there showers down its notes of fire upon the world. How meetly Shelly apostrophises it—

'Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire,
The blue deep thou wingest;
And, singing still, dost soar, and, soaring, ever singest.'

And can we help remembering Hogg's exquisite song:—

'Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where on the dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.'

In fact, almost all our poets, from Chaucer, who calls it 'the messenger of day,' down to Tennyson, have made profitable use of the sweet songster of the heavens. Alas! that in some countries, like poetic talent, it should meet with such an unmerited and unmusical fate. In Leipsic alone, we are told, nearly nine hundred pounds sterling is annually expended on the sweet minstrels of the skies—for what? To cage him and confine him in the boudoirs of gentle city fraus and frauiliens, that there he may droop and pine, and his wild melody cease? Oh, no! far worse. Our ink almost blushes as we write—that German epicures may tickle their palates with him. In France also—*la belle France* of conventionality and empty hollow mannerism—the proper dressing of a lark is no unimportant qualification of a cook. We hope such barbarism will never be practised within the coasts of Albion. Louder, yet more mellow, are the voices of the blackbird and thrush from the copse and tree-top, pouring forth their hymns of rapture; while the cuckoo, from his hidden retreat, bespeaks attention to his plaintive strain. The oldest Eng-

lish distich we possess introduces this bird as one of the signs of summer:—

'Summer is icumen in,
Loud sings cucu.'

His soporific tendencies during eight months of the year still finds belief and many advocates. Not long since we heard of an individual who had, in the month of January, caught such a bird in the hollow trunk of a beech-tree, comfortably enjoying his winter nap; but, after travelling a considerable distance to obtain a sight of this authentic newspaper *lusus nature*, it proved entirely apocryphal. The list of sleepers, as devoutly believed in once as the almanac, and which formed a favourite nursery chant, combining the *utile* and *dulce*, natural history and rhyme, has dwindled down, under the schoolmaster and cheap literature, to three out of the seven:—

'Seven sleepers there be—
The bat, the bee, the butterfly,
The corn-craik, the heather-snake,
The cuckoo, and the swallow.'

It certainly is with a pang of regret we quit the pleasant myths of youth for the sober, matter-of-fact truths of age. Nor less enlivening, and far more musical than the cuckoo's notes, are the warblings of the linnet from the spray, the twitter of the goldfinch, the lively sonnet of the chaffinch, the redbreast's slow, measured notes from the bough, or the wail of the yellowhammer from the hedge. Curious the contrast between these two last birds in respect of the feelings entertained towards them by mankind. Both are equally beautiful in plumage; the robin with his red waistcoat and dark large glistening eyes, and the yellowhammer, with his gorgeous brilliant yellow bosom, brown wings, and tufted crown. How different their dispositions! The robin is an anchorite, solitary, and malicious, always embroiled in domestic or civil warfare. You may tame him, but he must be kept as the favourite; not even another of his own species dare be introduced to the house with safety to life and limb. Once, in our juvenility, we remember a practical illustration of this that cost us many tears. We had a large box, containing about a dozen birds, the result of much nest-pilfering and many truant school-hours. One of almost every species of seed-bird had we, save a robin, and he was ultimately seduced into our trap with a little red worsted, and placed in our aviary. Guess our grief and astonishment when, two days later, we found, one morning, our whole collection in *articulo mortis*, and redbreast sullenly stalking about, minus one eye, and his scalp hanging over the other. The yellowling is a gregarious bird, easily tamed, and affectionate; the robin is always on the look-out for quarrels. That peculiar chuck you hear him uttering at the roots of hedges and trees is a note of defiance, or mode of throwing the gauntlet to some other redbreast. He is an audacious beggar in winter, and most thankless recipient in summer. But the redbreast sings, while the other, in his efforts at melody, seems

'To wail
His little nestlings torn.'

The robin is respected, loved, and cherished. The school-boy, the most reckless and hardened of all bipeds, deems it little short of sacrilege to cast a stone or fire his rusty pistol at him; while the memory of the yeldring has been execrated and stigmatised, from time immemorial, in dog-grel verse:—

'Yellow, yellow vorling,
Drink a drop o' dei's blude,
Every Monday morning.'

and his person persecuted and disliked. The origin of this prejudice we cannot account for, unless it be created in favour of the redbreast by that delightful mythological romance of childhood, the 'Babes in the Wood,' or the mournful tender ditty of the 'Death of Cock-Robin,' both of which, in every boy and girl, from how remote a period we cannot tell, have had the effect of forming opinions or creating prejudices. How deep, how lasting these first impressions, and how important that they be of a proper character!

Here, by the dykeside, springing up amid the moss and

fern, half-hid in its own leaves, is the violet, the favourite of the poets and old naturalists, rearing its modest head in strange society. Indeed, what flower, saving the daisy, forms a more sweet type of modest, inartificial beauty than that sweet violet, whose fragrance reaches you before its leaves catch the eye. Herrick, in his quaint fashion, thus apostrophises them:—

'Welcome, sweet maids of honour,
You do bring
In the spring,
And wait upon her.
She has virgins many,
Fresh and fair;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.'

And side by side with it rise the no less poetic 'primrose wan and harebell mildly blue;' while, springing up out of the crevices of the stones, the forget-me-not, taking its colour from the sky, awakens pleasant thoughts. Flowers! what a host of them enamel the green carpet of earth! their very name is legion—the hyacinth, sorrel, anemone, foxglove, the yellow broom, thyme, marigold, and woodbine twining up the hedge, all fragrant and beautiful, dyed with brighter hues than ever adorned the robes of state, more gay than the fairest dame, more magnificent than even the proudest king, 'for even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these;' like jewels sparkling on earth's fair bosom,

'As if the rainbows of the fresh wild spring
Had blossom'd where they fell.'

It may not be our faith with Wordsworth's,

'That every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes;'

yet the utterances of nature ought ever to have our ear, her voice our heart. Does she not sweetly speak to us in flowers, and teach us many lessons through these silent monitors of the woodland glade, dell, and wayside? Gratitude! is it not the first of these lessons? He who adorned the bright and glowing bowers of paradise has strewn so many traces of his love on this accursed earth—so much to gratify the senses of his creatures:—

'God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree
Without a flower at all.'

'Then wherefore were they made?' prettily continues the same sweet songstress:—

'To comfort man—to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith grows dim;
That whose careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him.'

Aught else? They speak of the transitory nature of beauty; withered leaves, colourless and sear, supplant the peachy bloom of early life. They typify the decay of existence; they tell how the hours and seasons pass:—

'Thus in each flower and simple bell,
That in our path betrodden lie,
Are sweet remembrancers who tell
How fast their winged moments fly.'

Any other moral? Yet still one—one calculated to dispel the dreary awe of death, the withered flower suggests, and to afford us a glimpse of something bright beyond its silence and gloom. Mrs Charlotte Smith, a poetess undeservedly little known, lamenting the decay of spring, exclaims—

'Another May new buds and flowers shall bring;
Ah! why has happiness no second spring?'

It has a second spring, an unfading one, which no searing autumn blast or biting frost shall succeed. This, then, be the moral:—

'The wayside flower
Shall revive in its season,
And bloom its brief hour;
That again we shall blossom
In beauty and power,
Where the foot never falls
On the wayside flower.'

One thought more. They look to heaven for their dew and

sunshine, for beauty and strength. The Christian surely will find his duty pictured here.

Let us now cross this bit of waste moorland. How beautiful are the golden tassels of the broom, and how strong and pungent its fragrance. Linked in the heart of every Scot is the yellow broom; with his own hill-sides and sweet associations inseparably linked. Like the thistle and the heather, it is a national property, enshrined in emphatic enthusiasm in Scotland's song, and deeper still enshrined in the hearts of her absent sons. Would that we had the pen of the immortal Christopher, 'that old man eloquent,' to do justice to the poetry of the Scottish broom!

Babbling here across our path is the burn, with its sedgy sides and willowy banks. Humming above it are myriads of midges, and the solitary dragonfly darts rapidly amongst the rushes; while, sailing down its bosom, are the ephemera of the evening, doomed to destruction in the rapacious maws of yellowfins, as may be well foretold from the circles breaking out on yonder pool. But now the evening gale

'Begins to wave the wood and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn;'

the shadows of night are creeping over the landscape; the purple of the hill-tops is gone; the wildflower is closing its chalice; the land-rail and partridge setting up their cry from the cornfield; and the bat whirring closely by our ear; the rolling fogs are skimming along the meadows and streams. Time then for us to quit our moralising and return homewards, for

'Dark shadows creep on earth. Night now hath cast
Her pall around an empire strange and vast.'

One word ere we are done. We hope the time is at hand when our artizans, released from the smoke and din of the workshop or factory, our drapers and shopmen from the counter, and clerks from the desk, will be enabled to enjoy the summer evening hour apart from the crowded, smoky city, that, in the green fields, in the shady path, listening to the voice of nature or admiring its handiwork, their hearts may be refreshed and purified, and they may be better fitted, by communion with it, for the duties of life. Let us not hear the pitiful objection again, that this would be wiling away time, or that men so occupied would be more profitably engaged educating themselves or at work. Educating themselves! There is other education to be had than that of books—brighter letters to con than black ink. There is the book of nature, with lessons for the eye and for the heart, standing invitingly open, free to all, having no crabbed hard logic to speculate on, or knotty unprofitable controversy sulling its page, and nothing bitter to say against the human family, but replete with wisdom and truth for each and all. Teaching such lessons, as it does, of love and peace, surely its perusal is no misspent time. All success to the early closing movement that such an end may be gained!

LASSOING IN CALIFORNIA.

EVERY man, both honest and dishonest, in California has his own horse, as a very good-looking, active one can be purchased, tamed to carry the saddle and rider, from the Indians for four or five dollars; so that every one, I may add, of both sexes, ride in California. No one walks far but the hunter, and he is carried in a canoe a long way up the river before he strikes into the forest after the animals he is in pursuit of. This last class of men are the most wild, daring, yet friendly and honest, of the lower class of the white population of California. Well, as the robber as well as the honest man are equally mounted, sometimes a very interesting steeple-chase ensues, ground rough, not being previously chosen, occasionally leaping over pools of water, large stones, and fallen trees. The Indians, who use the lasso, generally keep the lead, to strive and throw the noose over either the man or horse they are pursuing. It is made of thongs of bullock hide twisted into a small rope, about thirty or forty feet long, with a noose formed by a running knot at the end of it. One end of this lasso is fastened to the

back of the saddle: the entire length of it is kept in a coil on the right hand, and, after two or three swings of it over their heads, they will throw it with such accuracy, that the smallest object will come within the noose. Thus, then, if an equestrian traveller does not keep a good look-out as he is passing by a bush or thicket, one of these lassos may be thrown out, the noose, falling over his head, will be jerked tight round his body, and, in the twinkling of an eye, he will be dragged off his horse, and away into the bush to be stripped of everything he has. By all the accounts I have heard, and from what I have seen, the robbers of California are the most active in the world. The end of the dangerous lasso being firmly fastened to the saddle, enables the rider, as soon as his victim, either man or animal, is noosed, to wheel round his horse and dash off like an Arab, dragging whatever he has fast after him. There is one method of averting the fall of the lasso noose over the body of a man either on foot or horseback. If he holds (as he always ought) either sword or gun in his right hand, when he sees the lasso coming, let him instantly raise either his arm in a horizontal position, and if the noose does fall true, it cannot run further down, being stopped by the sword, gun, or extended arm; then fling it off quick, or it may be jerked tight round the neck. I have known this subterfuge save many a man from robbers, and perhaps murderers. I once hunted for three months in company with a hunter well known in California. In idea, he was wild and imaginative in the extreme; but, in his acts of daring, &c., the most cool and philosophic fellow I ever knew. A *comerciante*, or merchant, at St Francisco, on whose veracity I know from experience I can depend, told me the following story of this man, which will at once illustrate his general character. This hunter was, some months before I had fallen in with him, making the best of his way down the valley of the Tule Lakes from the interior, with a heavy pack of furs on his back, his never-erring rifle in his hand, and his two dogs by his side. He was joined at the northernmost end of the valley by the merchant I have spoken of, who was armed only with sword and pistols. They had scarcely cleared the valley when a party of robbers galloped out before them. There were four whites fully armed, and two Indians with the lassos coiled up in their right hands 'ready for a throw.' The hunter told the merchant, who was on horseback, to dismount instantly 'and to cover.' Fortunately for them, there was a good deal of thicket, and trunks of large trees that had fallen were strewn about in a very desirable manner. Behind these logs the merchant and the hunter quickly took up their position, and as they were in the act of doing so, two or three shots were fired after them without effect. The hunter coolly untied the pack of furs from his back and laid them beside him. 'It's my opinion, merchant,' said he, 'that them varmint there wants either your saddle-bags or my pack, but I reckon they'll get neither.' So he took up his rifle, fired, and the foremost Indian, lasso in hand, rolled off his horse. Another discharge from the rifle and the second Indian fell, whilst in the act of throwing his lasso at the head and shoulders of the hunter as he raised himself from behind the log to fire. 'Now,' said the hunter, as he reloaded, laying on his back to avoid the shots of the robbers, 'that's what I call the best of the schrimmage, to get them brown thieves with their lasso out of the way first. See them rascally whites now jumping over the logs to charge us in our cover.' They were fast advancing, when the rifle again spoke out and the foremost fell; they still came on to within about thirty yards, another fell, and the remaining two made a desperate charge up close to the log. The hunter, from long practice, was dexterous in reloading his gun. 'Now, merchant,' said he, 'is the time for your pop-guns (meaning the pistols), and don't be at all nervous; keep a steady hand, and drop either man or horse. A man of them shan't escape.' The two remaining robbers were now up with the log, and fired each a pistol-shot at the hunter, which he escaped by dodging behind a tree close to, from which he fired with

effect. As only one robber was left, he wheeled round his horse with the intention of galloping off, when the pistol-bullets of the merchant shot the horse from under him. 'Well done, merchant,' said the hunter, 'you've stopped that fellow's gallop.' As soon as the robber could disentangle himself from the fallen horse, he took to his heels and ran down a sloping ground as fast as he could. The hunter drew his tomahawk from his belt, and gave chase after him. As he was more of an equestrian than a pedestrian, the nimbleness of the hunter soon shortened the distance between them, and the last of the robbers fell. Thus perished this dangerous gang of six, by the single hand of this brave hunter, and, as the '*comerciante*' informed me, he acted as coolly and deliberately as if he were shooting tame bullocks for the market. The affair was rather advantageous to the hunter, for, on searching the saddle-bags and pockets of the robbers, he pulled forth some doubloons, and a few dollars, with other valuables they had, no doubt, a short time previously, taken from some traveller; the saddle-bags, arms, and accoutrements of the four white men were packed up, and made fast on the saddles of the two horses, the hunter mounted a third, the merchant mounted another, his horse being shot, and thus they left the scene of action, the bodies of the robbers to the wolves, who were howling about them, and entered St Francisco in triumph.—*Dr Coulter's Adventures.*

PHYSICAL EVILS.

PHYSICAL evils arise mainly from moral causes, either direct or indirect, proximate or remote. The respective forces and influences of the natural and moral world have been so adjusted and balanced as mutually to aid and abet each other; and hence vice leads not only to mental, but usually, in the end, to physical suffering. If there were no moral there would be comparatively little bodily evil. This will appear, if we suppose the bodies of men to be inhabited by the spirits of just men made perfect, and without supposing any other change to take place in the present order and course of things. In such a case the animal misery induced by fretfulness of temper and the morbid play of the passions—by gluttony, drunkenness, impurity, and excess of every kind, whether moral, physical, or intellectual—would wholly disappear. We name intellectual among the rest, for an over-wrought brain, as well as an over-wrought body, would be felt and shunned as an infringement of natural law, and therefore of moral duty. What an amount of personal, relative, and hereditary distress would thus be evaded! The evils, also, of poverty—its harassing anxieties, disease, and unsatisfied longings—would equally be dismissed. Every one would labour to the just extent of his ability, and, if needful, provide against the wants of old age; and industry would forestall and prevent the distempers and unhappiness which arise from idleness. Where idiocy or bodily impotence occurred (which would be rare in such a state), the charity which enters into the very nature of holiness and of Christianity, would readily and cheerfully meet the contingency. Universal diligence, sobriety, and benevolence, and an adequate knowledge of the laws and capabilities of nature which a sense of duty would ensure, would thus administer to the wants of every one. Food, raiment, and shelter, simple but substantial, would be the common lot of all, for the earth is capable of yielding not only the strict necessities but the proper comforts of life to many times its present population; and these, in turn, would protect against inclemency of season, the pestilence that follows famine, and ward off or meliorate epidemics, fevers, and plague. The cumbrous and expensive machinery of governments would be laid aside, or only their simpler and least expensive forms preserved, for every man, in the best sense, would be a law to himself; the sword of the magistrate and the musket of the soldier would be turned into implements of husbandry; war would cease; slavery would be abolished; unjust dealing and over-reaching of every kind, as well as assaults upon person and property, would be unknown; and courts of

law, therefore, and prisons, penitentiaries, and penal settlements, would be swept away. If misunderstandings arose, either between individuals or communities, unbought and unbiassed arbitration would speedily effect an adjustment, and lead those to be of one mind who were of one heart, and whose only regret would be that they should have differed at all.

The amount of physical, not to speak of other suffering, which would be avoided or removed by these and similar causes, would necessarily be very great; what remained would be light in comparison. Variableness of harvests, extremes of heat and cold, tempests, thunder-storms, and floods, would still exist, but they could be greatly modified, if not, in the main, neutralised, by the resources which knowledge, industry, and benevolence would place within the reach of every one. Unhealthy climates, too, and regions of periodical earthquake and volcanic visitation, could be abandoned and dispensed with at the sacrifice of a partial and temporary disadvantage. The dangers and disasters of navigation, in like manner, would be lessened, by firmer ships and steadier hands, and a more careful calculation and choice of times and seasons, which the absence of a keen and selfish competition would permit, and which Christian feeling would demand. It would follow that accidents by land and sea, which principally arise from culpable ignorance, negligence, rashness, avarice, or intemperance, would be mightily diminished; and whatever of bodily suffering remained, and arose from the operation of laws that could not in all cases be guarded against or avoided—such as the pangs of parturition and the diseases of infancy, the sudden approach of the whirlwind, the stroke of the sun, the unexpected descent of the water-spout, and the interchangings of the lightning—the suffering or bereavement which arose from these and kindred sources would be tempered and soothed, and almost done away, by a spirit of patience and resignation, and by the hopes and consolations of piety, and a full and unwavering confidence in the arrangements and dispositions of a wise and beneficent Providence. The natural decay of the body, too, and its collateral infirmities, would be gradual and gentle, and would be alleviated by the animating hope that the door of heaven was at hand; and death itself would be hailed as a welcome messenger, and his hand be felt as the approach of a pleasing and needful sleep: survivors would say, 'He has gone home,' and their tears would be fuller of joy than of grief. Such a state, indeed, would want little of heaven but its perpetual youth, and have nothing of earth but its physical instrumentality for the moral chastisement of an erring race, which perfect holiness would render nearly harmless.

On the supposition, again, that the bodies of men were not inhabited by the spirits of just men made perfect, but by renewed though imperfect natures, such as Paul's, after conversion, then the amount of physical suffering would be greater in this than in the former case, by so much as there was remaining moral imperfection, and less than in the actual condition of human affairs, in proportion to the greater degree of moral purity which had been attained. Again, were all men Christians, sincerely and truly so, though wanting for the most part in the high-toned Christianity of the apostle of the Gentiles, the sum of physical suffering (apart from purposes of moral regeneration) that would be removed from among men would be very great, and would be still lessening as they receded from sin and approached unto holiness.

Holiness then, other things being equal, is the measure of happiness on earth, as well as in heaven; and vice the standard of suffering here, as well as in hell. It may be expected, then, as the general law in the case (abating the irregularities to which the present mixed and distempered state of the social system gives rise), that as virtue advances misery will retire, and as vice predominates suffering will prevail—that is, duty and interest are convertible terms, and vice is its own punishment and virtue its own reward. But as these are the arrangements of God, they show that he hates sin and loves righteousness, inasmuch as he punishes the one and rewards the other.

SIR JAMES ROSS'S VOYAGES TO THE SOUTHERN SEAS.*

In the year 1838, at a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the attention of the physical section of that body was directed to the number and importance of desiderata in that great practical branch of science called Terrestrial Magnetism, and a committee was appointed, consisting of Sir John Herschel and other celebrated philosophers, to present to her Majesty's Government a series of resolutions adopted by the British Association, exhibiting an outline of objects sought to be attained in the investigation of the science, the chief of which was an improvement in practical navigation, from simultaneous observations, at different places on the globe, of the dip and variations of the needle by magnetic action. The committee laid the resolutions before the government, who referred them to the Royal Society, the advisers of the government on all scientific questions, and the council of that celebrated body of scientific men being very strongly impressed with the number and importance of the desiderata in physical and meteorological science, especially in terrestrial magnetism, recommended to her Majesty's government an Antarctic expedition for scientific objects. Her Majesty's ships Erebus and Terror, under the command of Captain Ross, of Polar region celebrity, were accordingly well equipped, and dispatched upon the expedition, from Chatham, on the 19th September, 1839. The stout and gallant ships were soon bounding over the blue waves of the ocean, 'fairly embarked in the enterprise; and the daily, almost hourly, observations of various kinds, from which so large a measure of useful and important results were expected, were now reduced into a practical system, and immediately entered upon with eager zeal and diligence by the officers of the expedition.'

At daylight on the 20th October, the ships reached Madeira, and anchored in Funchal Roads, where the chronometers were rated, and various observations taken of the magnetic desiderata of dip, variation, and intensity. During the stay of the expedition at Madeira they witnessed a most beautiful meteorological phenomenon, which the people of the island viewed with considerable alarm, some believing it to be the reflection of a new volcano, others the light from a ship burning at sea. From a comparison of the observations of the Terror and Erebus, which were fully 200 miles distant from each other at the time of its appearance, it must have been considerably beyond the limits of our atmosphere. The magnetic and other observations were only just completed, when indications of a coming storm obliged the expedition to leave Madeira on the 31st October and to continue their course.

On the 29th November, Captain Ross arrived off a most remarkable reef of rocks, situated in lat. 0 deg. 56 min. north, and long. 29 deg. 20 min. west, called St Paul's Rocks. 'They are more than 500 miles distant from any continent, appear to have been raised from the bed of the ocean by volcanic agency, are not in any part exceeding seventy feet above its surface, and present the form of an oblong crater, the longer axis lying in a north-east and south-west direction. A number of sea birds of the *Pelecanus sula* and *Sterna stolidus* species, together with some fierce and active crabs, which wage war against their eggs, are the only living things upon this remarkable spot in the ocean; and not a vestige of vegetation is to be seen, save a solitary species of *conferva* scantily distributed on the rocks, near the surface of the sea, with which the *noëdies* and *boobies* build their nests. The rocks are composite, the two prevailing kinds of which are hornstone and a singular looking rock of a white colour and meagre earthy feel—adhering slightly to the tongue, resembling *kaolin*, or decomposed felspar, beautifully streaked with

* A Voyage of Discovery and Research in the Southern and Antarctic Regions, during 1839-43. By Captain Sir JAMES CLARK ROSS, R.N., Knt., D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. London: J. Murray. 1847.

thin veins of what appears to be serpentine, hard and vitreous as glassy felspar. At low water, the sea-face of the rocks presents a band of pale red, the work of the coral insects, against which the surf is continually breaking.

This was one of the stations appointed by the Lords of the Admiralty, at which observations on the magnetic dip were to be made; and here one of the party, while attempting to wade across a narrow channel, was taken off his feet, and was for some time in imminent peril, from the strength of the receding surf and the sharks which sported about the cove; he, however, got upon the rocks much exhausted but unhurt.

The Erebus and Terror crossed the equator on the 3d December, in long. 30 deg. west, when the usual jollity attending the ceremony of 'shaving' was gone through with much good-natured fun. 'The Magellhanic clouds and the beautiful constellation of the Southern Cross now became apparent, which, increasing night after night in altitude, was henceforth to be the pole-star that was to guide the expedition throughout their researches to the utmost navigable limits of the Antarctic Ocean.' On the 7th December they approached the magnetic equator, or line of no dip, the geographical position of which, where they crossed it, was lat. 13 deg. 45 min. south, long. 30 deg. 41 min. west, and here they may be said to have entered upon the true theatre of their observations. The scientific observations on the rapid change of the needles, and their equipoise between the northern and southern magnetic systems, were made with much precision by both ships, and were most satisfactory at the precise moment of crossing the magnetic equator; and Captain Ross, when he saw the south pole of the needle beginning to point below the horizon, hoped soon to see it assume a vertical position, which phenomenon he had already seen at the north magnetic pole.

On the 31st January, 1840, they anchored in St Helena Roads, and, in accordance with their instructions, founded a permanent magnetic observatory with all the necessary instruments, and left Lieutenant Lefroy, of the Royal Artillery, and his party, as its managers. St Helena, like all volcanic islands, is not so well adapted for magnetic as meteorological observations.

Still pursuing their course together, the ships proceeded on their voyage, but the mists and stormy character of the weather eventually parted them. Captain Ross had appointed Possession Island as a rendezvous, however, and the Erebus reached that mass of volcanic formation on the 30th April, 1840. But the gale and current drove her far to leeward, and so hard was the wind, and so dense the fog, that it was only during a partial clearing, and, when within four miles of Dark Head, that the numerous islands of which Possession Island is one, were distinctly seen. They are the resort of numerous sealing parties, and Captain Ross, wishing to attract the attention of some of those isolated daring men, to learn if they had seen the Terror, fired several guns, which had the effect of causing them to light a fire, and hoist a flag indicating their location, but 'it was found impossible to communicate with them till the gale partially abated, on the 1st May, when the remarkable 'Red Crag,' near which the flag had been displayed on the day previous, came in sight, and guided the Erebus to America Bay, where the party on the beach were seen launching their boat. Mr Hickley, their leader, came on board, and he, as well as his boat's crew, looked more like Esquimaux than civilised beings, but filthier far in their dress and persons than any that the Captain had hitherto seen. Their clothes were literally soaked in oil, and smelt most offensively; they wore boots of penguins' skins, with the feathers turned inwards. They said that the weather had been so tempestuous, that, until yesterday, they had not been able to launch a boat for five weeks; they had therefore been very unsuccessful at the sea-elephant fishery, and were disappointed to find that they were not to be removed to Pig Island for the winter, which they described as being so overrun with these animals, that, to use their own words, you can

hardly land for them. The breed was left there by Captain Distance in 1834, and, in less than six years, have increased in an almost incredible manner, although great numbers are every year killed by the sealers, not only for present subsistence, but salted down for supplies on their voyages to and from the Cape. Some goats had been landed from an American ship some years ago on Possession Island, and were also thriving on the long coarse grass with which it abounds, but still maintained their domestic state under the protection of the sealers. The party consisted in all of eleven men, one of whom had been on the island for three years; they seemed to have no wish to return to the Cape of Good Hope, and were quite contented, having plenty of food. The tongue, flippers, and part of the carcass of the sea-elephant are eaten by them, and they get a great abundance of a species of rock-fish about the size of a small haddock with a very large head, which they preserve by drying upon the rocks. The eggs of sea-birds, in the breeding season, may be collected in boat loads, and are said to be excellent food, particularly that of the albatross, which averages about a pound in weight; and the young birds, when first taken from the nest, are described by them as being quite delicious. It is possible, however, that they may have acquired the Esquimaux taste as well as their habits. They described the soil as being good, but they have never planted potatoes or other vegetables, although they have no doubt of their thriving here as the temperature is never very low. Wild ducks are so numerous in a lake on the top of the Red Crag, that dogs, trained for the purpose, get any number whenever they are wanted. They had no plan of the island, and their information on this subject was vague and unsatisfactory; they stated it to be twenty miles long and ten broad, having three bays on its east side, in which ships may anchor, but the western coast is quite unapproachable by ships of any size on account of the heavy swell that constantly rolls in upon its shores. A boat belonging to this party and all the crew were lately lost there, whilst in search of sea-elephants. Like the rest of the group, Possession Island is evidently of igneous origin; near the tops of some of the hills could be perceived short basaltic columns, and two or three appearances of extinct craters. The coast is high and precipitous at the north end, and singularly stratified; along its eastern shore it is more broken into small bays, and we observed several cataracts issuing from the more extensive green patches upon the hill-sides, and dashing over the black cliffs into the sea beneath. The group is situated about the 46th parallel south, and between the longitudes 51 deg. 53 min. east, and 52 deg. 14 min. east.

Leaving Possession Island and its interesting solitary half savage sealers on the 1st May, the Erebus encountered the first harbinger of Antarctic ice on the 3d, when in lat. 47 deg. 17 min. south, long. 58 deg. 50 min. east. Numerous petrels and Cape pigeons flitted round the ship now, contrasting pleasantly with the unvarying stillness of the tropical seas, through which she had so lately passed. Sperm whales were also seen in shoals sporting about in the ocean, and sea-weed floated on its breast, over which the aquatic birds hovered.

On the 12th, the Erebus reached Kerguelen Island, and anchored in a remarkably beautiful natural harbour, called Christmas Harbour; and, on the morning of the 13th, she was joined by the Terror. Kerguelen Island was discovered in 1772 by M. Kerguelen, a lieutenant of the French navy, and was visited by Captain Cook on Christmas day 1774; and, not knowing that the French discoverer had given to the natural basin in which he anchored the name of Baie de l'Oiseau, he called it Christmas Harbour. Captain Cook made an accurate survey of the harbour, and a general examination of the eastern coast of the island, from Cape Francois on the north to Cape George near its southern extremity. The northern part of Kerguelen Island, which was visited by Captain Ross, is entirely of volcanic origin; and, from its mountain ranges and conical shaped hills, its vast accu-

mulations of debris rising to the height of 200 and 300 feet, its deep indentations of bays and inlets, and its mountain torrents forming in many places foaming cascades, presents a bold and extremely picturesque appearance. The vegetation is scanty, stunted, and decidedly Antarctic. A narrow belt of green grass runs along the quiet shores of the harbour, mixed with and succeeded by large rounded masses of a dirty green or rusty brown colour, due to the predominance of a curious umbelliferous plant allied to the *balax* or 'balsam bog' of the Falkland Islands. Higher on the hills vegetation only exists in scattered tufts, the plants being the same as inhabit a lower level, and it almost ceases at an elevation of 1000 feet. The observatories were placed in convenient sites, on a level beach at the head of the harbour, in time to make simultaneous observations, according to the previously agreed terms, with the magnetometers in Toronto, in Canada, and other stations in various parts of the globe. The observations were made on the 29th and 30th May in all the foreign and British observatories that constitute the great system of magnetic co-operation. It happened to be a time of unusual magnetic disturbance, so that the first day's simultaneous observatories proved the vast extent and instantaneous effect of the disturbing power, whatever it might be, affecting the magnetometers at Toronto, in Canada, and at Kerguelen Island, nearly antipodal to each other, simultaneously and similarly, in all their strange oscillations and irregular movements; and thus immediately afforded one of the most important facts that the still hidden cause of magnetic phenomena has yet presented.

The ships again parted company in stormy weather on the 29th July; and the next day the boatswain of the *Erebus* fell overboard and was drowned, despite of the most intrepid exertions of the officers and crew to save him. The fate of the worthy seaman threw a gloom over the spirits of the ship's company, and the detention caused by the efforts to rescue him destroyed the prospect of the ships joining for some time.

The South Seas are teeming with whales, seals, and other polar amphibii, and the penguins and other birds occupy the islands in countless thousands. Perhaps the frequency of squalls and severe storms may render it more safe for these creatures than for whalers who attempt to fish for or catch them. The ruins of huts, graves, painted posts, boards inscribed in the several languages of those who have erected them, papers preserved in bottles, and other memorials of wrecked and solitary men who had lived and died in the cold barren islands of the Antarctic Ocean, were sometimes met by the expedition; and notices of vessels having previously touched at certain places and landed animals where they had a probability of propagating were also seen. The *Erebus* arrived at Hobart Town on the 16th August, the *Terror* having been in a day before her. Here they also established an observatory, for the purpose of carrying out the abstractly scientific object of their mission, and then they set out again on their voyage of discovery.

On the 20th November, they reached the Auckland Isles, situated in lat. 50 deg. 48 min. south, long. 166 deg. 42 min. east, discovered in 1806 by Abraham Bristow, commander of the ship *Ocean*. These islands, which were for the time being a magnetometer station, abound in various vegetable productions, and afforded a pretty extensive theatre for the labours of the botanist and zoologist, of which the scientific gentlemen of that department of the expedition availed themselves considerably. Steering to the south they next visited Campbell Island, whose hills abound with numberless penguins, and whose great guano formations must yet be of immense advantage to the agriculturists of Australia.

On the 21st December, Midsummer-day in the southern regions, the thermometer was not above 40 degrees, and it gradually declined as the ships approached towards the south. Gales of winds and snow-storms frequently beat upon the adventurous mariners until they entered amongst icebergs and great shoals of whales in lat. 63 deg. 20 min.

south. Unlike the icebergs of the arctic seas, those of the south presented very little variety of form, but were generally of large size and of very solid appearance, bounded by perpendicular cliffs on all sides. Their tabular summits varied from 120 to 180 feet in height, and several of them were more than two miles in circumference.

The navigation became more intricate and dangerous as the vessels approached the south pole, the masses of floating ice increasing in number, and the greatest care being requisite to save the ships from collision with the bergs. At noon of the 5th January, 1841, they were in lat. 66 deg. 55 min. south, and long. 174 deg. 34 min. east. 'The clear sky was no longer discernible from the mast-heads; with nothing but ice around, and fortunately a clear sky above, they pursued their way through the pack, choosing the clearest 'leads' and forcing the interposing barriers as they occurred. The way continued if not to open before, still sufficiently so to enable them to navigate freely amongst the ice without danger or difficulty, at times sustaining violent shocks, which only ships so strengthened could have withstood. A remarkable appearance of land was reported in the evening, and continued for many hours without any alteration of figure. Several of the officers imagined it was really land they saw, assuming the appearance of many pointed hills perfectly covered with snow, and so calculated to deceive the inexperienced eye, that had the adventurers been prevented proceeding further, they would doubtless have asserted on their return to England that they had discovered land in this position. This appearance of land was, however, nothing more than the upper part of a cloud, marking, by a well defined but irregular line, the limit to which vapour can ascend in these latitudes. Below is vapour in every degree of condensation; above, the clear cold space which vapour can never attain. It is always near the margin of the ice that these appearances of land are most remarkable and deceptive. It proved a useful lesson to some of the new hands, who could not be persuaded it was not land until they had actually passed over the place of their baseless mountains. Many seals were seen basking on the ice, and also several penguins, which strange birds followed the ships, answering the call of the sailors, who imitated their cry, until, from this cause, quite a flock of them were scrambling over the ice and rolling about the ships like porpoises, while the elegant white petrel flew about the mast-heads.'

Captain Ross discovered an active volcano almost at the most extreme point south to which he penetrated. This mountain he named Mount Erebus. Lava, smoke, and flame were seen to issue from its crater, and to invest the rugged polar scenery with a singular glow.

The expedition arrived at the great polar barrier on the 2d February, 1841, in lat. 78 deg. 15 min. 3 sec.; and within 160 miles from the south pole on the 17th, the nearest point attained. The south polar barrier is a wall of perpendicular ice, varying from 150 to 1000 feet thick, and 450 miles in length. No station could be found for the ships wintering in safety, and the adventurous navigator had to forego the fondly cherished anticipation of planting the British flag on both of the magnetic poles, and to turn his rudder to the north for a season. He determined, however, to make as accurate examinations as possible of this southern region, and, before doing so, penetrated the pack—that is, the broken icy sea immediately to the north of the polar barrier—to within ten miles of the low coast line, when the thickly packed ice prevented further progress; and he and his companions could only look with longing eyes upon the proximate mountains, which shut them out as if it were from the land of their ambition and hope. 'The range of mountains in the extreme west, which, if they be of an equal elevation with Mount Erebus, were not less than fifty leagues distant, and therefore undoubtedly the seat of the southern magnetic pole, was distinguished by the name of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, who had been graciously pleased to express a warm interest in the success of the

expedition. The whole of the great southern land which had been discovered, and whose continuity had been traced from the seventieth to the seventy-ninth degree of latitude, received the name of our Most Gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria, as being the earliest and most remote southern discovery since her Majesty's accession to the throne.' As soon as all the necessary observations at this interesting spot had been completed, the laborious work of retracing their way through the pack to the eastward was commenced; but the young ice had so greatly increased in thickness, that this was a measure of great difficulty, and for a long time great doubts were entertained whether it would not prove too strong for them, and that in spite of their utmost exertions they might be frozen fast; for when they got clear of the heavy pack, the whole surface of the sea presented to view one continuous sheet of ice, through which, when the breeze freshened, they made some way, but were sometimes more than an hour in getting a few yards; the boats were lowered down, and hauled out upon each bow; and breaking up the young ice by rowing them, they found the most effectual means; for although it was sufficiently strong to prevent the ships sailing through it, yet it was not strong enough to bear the weight of a party of men to cut a passage with saws. The whole night was passed in this fatiguing work; and it was not until ten o'clock the next morning that they regained the clear water and were enabled to bear away to the northward.

The constellations in the northern hemisphere are more numerous and beautiful than those in the southern, and the meteorological phenomena of the latter are also inferior to those of the former. The brightly varied aurora borealis has but a feeble counterpart in the aurora australis, which appeared in bright but colourless corruscations. 'It was different from those exhibitions seen of it in the Arctic regions, in the greater length of the vertical beams and the frequency and suddenness of its appearances and disappearances—more like flashes of light. It was again also perfectly colourless, had considerable lateral flitting motion, and formed an irregular arch about thirty degrees high, whose centre bore west (magnetic). From this it would seem that, as in the northern regions, the principal seat of the aurora is not in the higher latitudes; and probably in the latitude of 68 deg. south, it will be found principally to obtain.'

On 2d March new land was discovered, approximately situated in lat. 67 deg. 28 min. south, and long. 165 deg. 30 min. east. It had the appearance of two islands nearly joining, and the whole subtended an angle of seventeen degrees, of great height and very distant: the centre of the northern island terminated in a high peak. It was named Russell Peak. Although these islands are believed, by Captain Ross, to form a part of the group discovered by Belleny in February, 1839, yet it is not improbable that they may prove to be the tops of the mountains of a more extensive land.

It has been asserted by Lieutenant Wilkes of the American explorative expedition of 1840, that an immense Antarctic continent lies around the south pole, and that he is the discoverer thereof. Captain Ross had no evidence during his cruise in 1841 that such a continent existed; but, supposing future discoverers to establish the fact, he claims the palm of priority for Britain, Captain Belleny having discovered land in 1839 in the exact bearings of Lieutenant Wilkes's land of 1840. The discovery of this disputed territory is also claimed by M. D'Urville of France; and these various claims have led to rather jealous feelings and angry discussions on the part of the different navigators. Captain Ross takes a calm and dispassionate survey of the whole expeditions, and after an examination of the observations and charts of all, and from his own ample observation and experience, declares that 'there do not appear to be sufficient grounds to justify the assertion that the various patches of land recently discovered by the American, French, and English navigators on the verge of the Antarctic circle unite to form a great southern continent. The continuity of the

largest of these 'terre adélie' of M. D'Urville has not been traced more than three hundred miles, Enderby's Land not exceeding two hundred miles: the others being mostly of inconsiderable extent, of somewhat uncertain determination, and with wide channels between them, would lead rather to the conclusion that they form a chain of islands. Let each nation therefore be contented with its due share, and lay claim only to the discovery of those portions which they were the first to behold. But if future navigators should prove those conjectures about a continent to be correct, then the discoveries of Mr Biscoe in the Brig Tula, in January 1831, and those of Belleny in 1839, to which I have so fully referred, will set at rest all dispute as to which nation the honour justly belongs of the priority of discovery of any such continent between the meridians of 47 and 163 deg. of east longitude, and those of our immortal Cook in the meridian of 107 deg. west, in January 1774; for I confidently believe with M. D'Urville, that the enormous mass of ice which bounded his view when at his extreme south latitude, was a range of mountainous land covered with snow.' To strengthen this position, assumed by Captain Ross against Lieutenant Wilkes's theory of a continent, he declares that he sailed over ocean in the latitudes which Lieutenant Wilkes had marked on his chart as land, and while he cheerfully awards to the distinguished American and French navigators all the praise which their perseverance, zeal, and really important discoveries deserve, he believes them to be merely discoverers of isolated parts of a chain of islands.

The ships concluded their first voyage on the 6th April, 1841, when they entered Storm Bay. The light at the entrance of the Derwent was seen soon after midnight, and at nine the next morning the pilot came on board. The vessels were moored in their former berths off the government gardens, convenient to the Rossbank Observatory, after an absence of five months, during which time the execution of the hazardous and important services of the expedition had been all but unattended by casualty, calamity, or sickness of any kind. The healthy state of the crew had been of infinite advantage in a double sense to the successful termination of the first season's observations, for while it preserved an unbroken power ready for the execution of all the physical exertion necessary to guide the vessels through the dangerous polar seas, it allowed the surgeons to give their undivided attention to scientific pursuits; and through the zeal and activity of those talented gentlemen, several additions were made to the known flora of the southern hemisphere, and some important observations were also made on its coral insects and formations. M. Ehrenberg, the celebrated German philosopher, whose studies have been chiefly directed to the classification and nature of animalcules, received from Captain Ross the materials from which he deduced seven new genera and seventy-one new species. 'Captain Ross's Antarctic voyage in 1841-1843,' says he, 'has materially advanced our knowledge of those minute forms of organic life which are invisible to the naked eye. By the scientific zeal of Dr Hooker (son of the well known botanist), who was one of the voyagers on board the Erebus, a large collection has been formed and preserved, and forty small packets and three glasses of water from different parts of the ocean, from Cape Horn to Victoria Land, have been transmitted to me. It may be remarked in general, that those materials are very rich in wholly new typical forms, particularly so in new genera, with sometimes numerous species forming generally the whole of the mass, though sometimes mixed with a little mud and fragments of small crustacea. The astromorphali are quite peculiar and very beautiful stellated forms.'

The success which had hitherto attended the operations of those engaged in the expedition conduced to raise their hopes and expectations of extending their discoveries on a second visit to the south, but as it would yet be several months before the period of re-embarkation should arrive, there was abundance of time to repair any damages the ships might have sustained. Upon examining the vessels,

they were much gratified to find the injuries they had received amongst the southern ice to be very inconsiderable, and placed so little below the line of flotation of the ships, as to be got at without rendering the operation of heaving them down necessary; the repairs were also within the reach of their own resources. 'The medical officers of the expedition, whose judicious measures had been so successful in preventing even the least appearance of disease in any of the crew, having fortunately no professional calls upon their time, visited the more distant parts of the colony, collecting information and specimens of the geological character of the country as well as its other natural productions. Amongst the more interesting of these, and which claims the earliest attention of geologists visiting Van Diemen's Land, is the valley of fossil trees, many of which are beautifully and perfectly opalised, and are found imbedded in porous and scoriaceous basalt, and of which Count Strzelecki takes notice in his admirable physical description of this country. Nowhere is the aspect of fossil wood more magnificent than in the Derwent Valley, and nowhere is the original structure of the tree better preserved; while the outside presents a homogeneous and hard glossy surface, variegated with coloured strips like a barked pine, the interior, composed of distinct concentric layers, apparently compact and homogeneous, may be nevertheless separated into longitudinal fibres, which are susceptible of subdivision into almost hair-like filaments.' Sir James also visited the very curious remains of a former forest, in company with his Excellency Sir John Franklin, and was conducted to the more remarkable spots by Mr Barker, the proprietor of the estate of Rose Garland, where they were discovered by him, and by whose care they have been in some measure preserved from the destructive hammers of wandering geologists. The most beautiful of them has, however, been much disfigured, and a great portion of it carried away. The botanical and zoological observations of Van Diemen's Land were considerably extended by the scientific gentlemen, during the period previous to their embarkation for their second adventurous journey to the polar regions.

In our next we will present our readers with an account of the final voyage and close of this interesting expedition.

HOW TO LEAD MANKIND.

If masters fully understood the influence which even the slightest personal attention produces on the minds of their workmen, they would be more lavish than they are of a simple act of justice which can cost them so little, and would profit them so much. It is the severest trial an acute mind can undergo, to be compelled to hear the upbraidings and revilings of his fellow-man, without the privilege to answer—to hear the scorner, yet dare not to reply—to submit to the arrogance and presumption of, perhaps, a meaner intellect, and be denied the opportunity to wither him into his nothingness—to see before him, while his blood is boiling with a volcanic swell, the assistant superior in his haughtiest mood, and to hear from his supercilious lip the unfair or false deductions of ignorance as to his conduct, and yet to have no power of speech, but only stand like a guilty creeping thing, because his children's bread depends upon his silence. This is, indeed, the cruellest trial the progressing intellect can suffer; and yet how often is it inflicted merely because it hurts and offends the most! Yet, wretched as the sufferer is, low as he falls in his own estimation, mean as he becomes in the estimation of his fellows, there is a lower and meaner being than him—the man who, without cause, inflicts the injury on him. Treat a man like a friend, and you soon make him one; treat him like a rogue, and his honesty must be much greater than your wisdom, if he do not seem to justify your suspicions. In no way are men so easily led—often, it is true, so blindly led—as through the affections. Every man comes into the world surrounded by objects of affection. The filial and parental tie is one which binds rich and poor

alike; and is often the stronger in the poor, because it is almost the only domestic blessing which they can truly call their own. Hence it is, that men who are quite inaccessible to reason are easily led by the affections; and no wise man will neglect to use, especially when it is for the mutual benefit of all, this powerful and universally prevailing instrument. The next stage to the tie of parent and child, in the progress of society, is that of master and servant; and it is for the interest of both to carry into their relations with each other as much as possible of the kindly feeling which has been nursed in the bosom, in childhood, by the domestic fireside.

VERSES

(For the Instructor)

SUGGESTED BY THE FOLLOWING LINE IN WORDSWORTH'S 'ALBERT ODE':

'War is mercy, glory, fame.'

War is mercy!—Ask the son
Who mourneth for a slaughter'd sire—
Ask the heart-sore widow'd one
Who weeps beside a lone hearth-fire.

War is mercy!—Ask the wretch
Who bleedeth on the field of battle:
His first reply would be a curse,
His second, death's convulsive rattle.

War is glory!—Is it then
A glorious thing to slay our neighbours—
To send our whizzing balls through men,
And drench in woman's blood our sabres?

War is glory!—Glorious he
Who sacks the town and burns the village—
Who reaps the fields with fire and sword,
And revels in the robber pillage!

War is fame!—Then boast no more
The names of Clarkson and of Howard:
Who slays his fellow-men is great;
Who saves them an ignoble coward!

Then draw the sword, and bind thy brows
With laurel wreaths all red and gory!
Go, deluge earth with blood and tears,
For 'war is mercy! fame! and glory!'

PURITY NECESSARY TO THE TRIUMPHS OF TRUTH.

To take away from truth the smallest portion of itself, is paving the way for its utter loss and annihilation. In this respect, truth resembles the insect which is said to die if deprived of one of its antennæ. Truth requires to be entire and perfect in all its members, in order to the manifestation of that power by which it is able to gain wide and salutary victories, and extend its triumphs to future ages. Blending a little error with truth, is like casting a grain of poison into a full dish; that grain suffices to change the quality of the food, and death, slow but certain, is the result. The defenders of the doctrine of Christ against the attack of its adversaries, guard its advanced outworks as jealously as the citadel itself, for the enemy once in possession of the least important of these posts, is not far removed from conquest.—*D'Aubigne.*

DESTRUCTION OF BUGS.

A simple method of effectually destroying these obnoxious vermin has been discovered by a gentleman at Melbourne, whose house was rendered almost uninhabitable by those anything but agreeable tenants. The room which you are desirous of purifying being secured as well as possible from the admission of air, put a small quantity of musk in a tobacco pipe, light it, and blow through the key-hole of the door. A very few whiffs will effectually settle the bloodthirsty inmates.—*Sidney Chronicle.*

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REMINISCENCES OF A TOUR TO ENGLAND.—No. II.

BY THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

LET people talk as they please, places exert but a poor charm when compared to persons. Nay, when we proceed to analyse the interest of interesting places, we find it generally resolving itself into the glory which eminent persons leave as their legacy to them, or radiate forth upon them, ere they have left them for ever. Any city may be large, but no city can be great except through the presence or the memory of good or great inhabitants. Any country may be prosperous, wealthy, populous, or powerful, and yet continue a vast insipidity, a 'continent of mud,' if valour, or intellect, or patriotism, or genius of some notable kind, has not smiled upon its mountains and its vales. This constitutes the difference between Pekin and London, between Holland and Scotland, between Edinburgh and Liverpool. Pekin is supposed to be larger than London, but one street of the latter involves more historic interest than all that huge capital of China, which to us resembles the fantastic piles which moonrise paints upon the clouds, as vague, half-formed, and far withdrawn. Holland is a smoother and richer country than Scotland, but has drained away her genius as well as dyked off her sea-water, and the few names of distinction which her annals contain look less from being seen on such a dead flat and in such poor relief; the fame of one Scott or one Burns drowns them all, and their country with them, as in a spring-tide, just as one thought of 'stately Edinborough, throned on crags,' with its innumerable associations, sinks all the windmills, spires, and docks of Liverpool into comparative insignificance. Indeed, some glorious countries of the world are greatly overlooked from the want of the consecration which must come either from the facts of a noble history or from the fictions of genius. These appear like monarchs as yet uncrowned or even unacknowledged. Such a country is that surrounding and including the Himalayan Hills, which as yet has no diadem over its magnificent and varied beauty save that of its eternal snow. And how much need has Iceland of its poet, to bring out more fully its moonlike scenery of craters, caverns, wastes, and wildernesses, all burned and blasted into characters of the severest beauty and terror which earth reveals, as if Creation had begun and left Chaos to finish the prodigious work.

More instructive, therefore, as well as pleasing, it is to write of persons than of places, *i. e.* if there be persons of whom it is worth while writing at all. And although Liverpool, as a large bustling utilitarian city, be not the proper soil for rearing rare and exotic plants, yet it has

connected with it several names of very considerable interest. Of Roscoe and Mrs Sandbach we have spoken in our former paper. Everybody remembers Washington Irving's graceful paper on Roscoe. His was the first name that occurred to him on landing from America—that large city seemed only the house where Roscoe dwelt. Such ever is the power of genius; it lights up a whole city as with a finer gas, and its abode, be it great or little, magnificent or mean, in the suburbs or in the heart, is the real centre, the true cross, of the town. Were we in Sheffield, its every dirty lane would be an avenue leading up to or down from the house of Ebenezer Elliott. Were we in Bristol, it would seem just a dim, dull, clumsy setting to the chapel of Robert Hall. Were we going to Nottingham, our first question (which likely few could answer) would be, where is Forest Side, where Bailey of Festus resides? And were we touching the pier at New York, we should cry out, even there, straightway for the nearest way to Concord, Massachusetts, where Emerson gloriously vegetates (for the man is an inspired tree, his veins seem full of sap not blood, and you take up his recent volume of poems, clad as it is in green, and smell to it as to a fresh leaf), he to us being almost the literature of America. And there have been periods in earth's history when, had a curious angel touched upon it, he would have gone immediately to some one dwelling, where lived its greatest or its best man; to the tent which Paul of Tarsus had built for himself with his own hard hand; or at another time, to the village of Stratford-upon-Avon, where the largest soul that ever existed on earth was resting a little while ere death released it from its immortal labours; or, at a third, to the abode, neglected and perhaps filthy, where the blind wreck of an old schoolmaster was sitting, friendless and alone, and yet not alone, for the Father was with him, and into that blindness, as Noah into the ark of old, the '*Lord had shut him in.*' For why? The angel had heard of earth as Paul's seed-field; or he had heard of it as Shakspeare's earth, mirrored in his mind as in a map; or he had heard of it as Milton's prisonhouse, the dungeon of a spirit only a little lower than the angels, and soon to join their company. Where *now* would such a visiter repair to find our age's greatest man? We have a notion, but without indicating it, suffice it to say, that we do not believe it would be either to the Universities of Oxford or of Edinburgh, still less to the House of Commons or to the House of Lords.

By the way, speaking of Washington Irving, this delightful writer passed, we were told, not long ago through Liverpool, on his way home from Spain. He wished to remain *incog.* but could not be hid. He was recognised, and as there was no time for a public demonstration, a

few of his admirers entertained him privately, saw him on board his vessel, and gave him three cheers, as the first breath of a favourable breeze to waft him across the Atlantic. A gentleman, one of this favoured few, gave us a most flattering picture of their guest's manners, appearance, and *tout ensemble*. We liked to hear it, for he is one of the recollections of our early childhood. We were permitted to read his 'Sketch Book' and his 'Salmagundi,' as amiable equivoques between the essay and the novel, at a time when the Waverley tales, which were considered as little else than splendid sins, were sternly denied us. We liked even then, raw earthworms as we were, his peeps into American society and superstitions better than his imitations of Goldsmith and Addison, and we are apt to think and speak of Rip Van Winkle, Ichabod Crane, and the Little Man of Black, as old village cronies. We remember introducing his writings to an enthusiastic angler, who, smacking his lips as he was wont when he had captured a salmon of thirty pounds weight, said—it was his highest form of compliment—'How I wad like to gae a day's fishing wi' him.' Upon us they dropped like the cherries which fall about the mouth of a boy reclining under a tree in a hot summer afternoon. A year afterwards we snatched a more delicious but more fearful joy, while perusing, by stealth and in snatches and gulps, some of the Waverley series; the 'Monastery' (the first we read, counted by many the worst, but not to us the least dear, for we love that lone valley of Glendearg, and that deeper and more haunted solitude of Corri-nao-shian), 'Guy Mannering,' 'Nigel,' 'Waverley,' and 'Ivanhoe.'

Roscoe, to return, was by no means a great man; had Liverpool been a more highly intellectual town, he had never left such a unique impression upon it, but, as it was, he gave it an impulse which it has not yet altogether lost. Liverpool ranks also among its literary lights such names as James Riddell Wood (a cousin of Henry Kirke White), for some time editor of the 'European,' author also of a poem entitled 'Angel Visits,' and represented to us as a man of great and varied ability; Mrs Sherwood, the authoress of 'Henry Milner,' the Rev. George Aspinall, author of 'Florence Ray,' Mrs Hugo Reid, authoress of the 'Rights of Women,' Mrs Hodgson (wife of Dr Hodgson of the Mechanics' Institution); and, till of late, when he removed to London, the Rev. John Tod Brown, author of a poem on 'Union among Christians,' which, though hurriedly written and hurriedly brought out, discovers decided poetic ability, competent for much better things. There is, besides, Dr Chapman—Homeric Homœopath, as we may call him, for he practises homœopathy and translates Homer. A translation of the 'Frogs and Mice,' from his pen, appeared in 'Blackwood.' He is unquestionably a clever man, but perhaps hardly qualified, least of all on his own principle of 'like to like,' for practising on Homer.

We must pause somewhat longer at the name of Martineau, brother of Harriet, and author of some well known works. We were unlucky enough neither to see nor hear him, although ample means of introduction were within our reach. This we regret, as we find that, whether a prophet or not, he has at any rate as much honour in his own country as anywhere else. All accounts (including that of his countenance, about which there can be no mistake: it represents, in the engraving at least, a mild intellectual person, perhaps not very powerful, perhaps with no new eyesight outwards into nature or man, perhaps somewhat finical and fastidious, but polished, accomplished, and true) describe him as a man worth seeing and worth going to see, worth hearing and worth going to hear. We can only judge of him from his book entitled 'Endeavours after the Christian Life.' And certainly it is a very clever, in parts a very beautiful, and altogether a very sincere book. But if such be the strongest endeavours, the profoundest sighs, after the Christian life, in the present day, its attainment is hopeless. What a want of life, of force, of virility, of blood-warmth, in these discourses! What a monotonous flow of evenly exact and perfectly balanced periods, till you cry out for a coarse expression or even for

a comprehensive sentence, as for a pearl of price! How perpetually is the hope of eloquence renewed to be disappointed, and disappointed to be renewed! How provoking, to be led so long to an elegant and powerful-looking electrical apparatus, which yet will not or cannot electrify! You pass your soul across the finest passages, as you do your hand before a pictured flame, and it returns cold. And much as you may sympathise with the design of the author, and much as you must admire his abilities and accomplishments, you get at last angry, and are disposed to say, 'Speak as well as shine, tell us something, though it were a sturdy falsehood, instead of those vague, impalpable, glimmering, prettinesses, which seem at once to be and not to be true—which promise perpetually to be and yet are not eloquence—which bring us to the verge of abysses, and seem to seek to radiate light upon them, and yet in reality only dart down new darkness, as though *mist* could explain and enlighten *midnight*.' One page of Channing, or one sentence of Emerson, says more than all those 'Endeavours after the Christian Life,' which, compared to genuine struggles, are as stairs of sand to Jacob's ladder, and which, if meant to show the life that is in Unitarianism, show in reality only

'The mortal and the marble still at strife,
And timidly expanding into life.'

And yet we heard Martineau compared to Carlyle! As well compare the dextrous fabricator of a pretty tent for the use of a pic-nic party on a summer's day to an Attila, a 'scourge of God,' commissioned and destined to overturn and abolish oldest, widest, most august structures, which, after all, are not real ones, and who may even, if it come in his way, condescend to toss the pretty tent to pieces before him too! Mr Martineau resides in a large mansion in the neighbourhood of the Park of Liverpool, where, we understand, he keeps an educational establishment. As a man and citizen, and as possessed of very uncommon accomplishments and talents, no one is more respected in the city, and whatever we may think of his 'Endeavours' as guides to others, his own life is a useful and a beautiful one.

A more singular person, and perhaps a man of more mental energy than Martineau, is the Rev. David Thom. This gentleman's history must be familiar to many of our readers. He was originally connected with the Church of Scotland, but was thrust out of her pale on account of some peculiarities of religious opinion. He has now for many years preached to a separate congregation. This is not the place to expound his religious opinions, which he has himself recorded in many able and singular publications. Those who would wish to see them developed in a poetic form may consult 'Festus.' Mr Thom himself is far more interesting to us than his creed. He is a man of restless activity of mind, of much logical acumen and ingenuity, and of great warmth and energy. In conversation he never flags an instant, and the quickness of his utterance, the instability of his eye, and the almost transparent workings of the brain through the brow, constitute him a unique. His manner, with more warmth and cordiality, nevertheless reminded us somewhat of that of the moderate Scotch minister of twenty years since. When we called we found him in his study, which was literally littered with letters, books, and papers. He carries on an extensive correspondence with distinguished or eccentric men in every quarter of the globe. He spoke with much affection of his brother Robert, whose claims, as connected with the Chinese war, were so recently before Parliament, and who appears to have been a man of the highest order of statesmanlike intellect—made to govern men. Poor fellow! he died prematurely, for his own fame and for his country, but lives in the grateful esteem of all who knew him, and at full length in the large heart of his brother. It is impossible to give our readers any idea of the rapidity of Mr Thom's utterance, the light, hurrying, yet masterly manner in which he touches the vast variety of subjects which comes before him, or the clear though dry light in which he shows his peculiar views. You cannot listen to him, whatever be your own views, without acknowledging,

in the first place, that the man is quite sincere, and, in the second place, that his opinions, however erroneous, so far from being a crude chaos (as they were represented to us) are a rounded, total, and distinct system, founded too on prodigious thought, reading, and investigation. We now and then had to banish an idea which obtruded itself as we listened to Mr Thom. 'What a barrister this gentleman had made, far away from theology, of which the principles and laws lie in such short compass, and are so strict, definite, and commanding. Has he not lost the woollack, and gained what many think no more a pulpit than was the tub of Diogenes? And yet we cannot but admire his talent and respect his earnestness.' Can our readers conceive about what this active, strenuous, wrestling intellect is at present engaged? It is on a long elaborate treatise anent that grand prophetic puzzle, the 'name and number of the beast!' In his forthcoming volume on that subject he has amassed a collection of all the opinions ever propounded, from the days of Ireneus to those of Elliott, each fairly stated and formally though briefly confuted, along with a theory of his own, which dawned on him, he says, in an instant, and in an instant appeared to dart a light not only on the particular passage but on the entire book, of whose black arch it is, according to him, the keystone. This theory, of course, he would not explain, nor are we so sanguine as he of its being the last and only explication of a depth which so many prophets and righteous men have desired in vain to see; but it *may* be this, ingenious it *must* be, and his volume will at least fill up the desideratum long felt by the student of prophecy of a complete *vade mecum* of all the views which learned men have, we humbly think, wasted their time in framing, concerning what has little or no practical value, unless it can be proved to do for the intricacies of the Apocalypse what the simplicity of Newton's system did for the confused vortices in which the heavens were supposed to revolve. But against this there are various antecedent probabilities, for, in the first place, so far as we dare speak on such a subject, the difficulty connected with the number of the beast seems rather to be one outstanding from the scheme of the book than the key of it all; because the difficulty connected with the supposition of this being the key is enhanced by its own inherent and threefold obscurity; and because there are many probabilities against the supposition of one key turning so many locks as the complicated structure of the Revelation includes. But we speak in the dark; we have great faith in Mr Thom's ingenuity, and much impatience for its finished result, only wondering somewhat at the subject which a reasoner so acute and with such a strong tendency to *moral* themes has selected.

We enjoyed a very favourable opportunity of hearing Dr Hugh Macneil, the *lion* of Liverpool, in the scene of his glory, the Amphitheatre, where he had often before and was once again to triumph over his most formidable foes, even when they included common sense, common justice, and common humanity. And not only was the place stimulating, as suggestive of memories of his former triumphs, but the subject and the audience were both in keeping. The subject involved, in our judgment, an unblushing clatrap. A picture of the trial of the seven bishops had been long exhibiting in the town, and had attracted great attention. To collect into one all the little groups which had witnessed that picture, to instruct them in its history and to draw from the picture certain solid no-popery *electioneering* inferences was, in the first place, very necessary, for from numerous evidences we were morally certain that a very large portion of that immense multitude had never heard of the Seven Bishops till as the subject of the picture, and even after seeing it continued shamefully ignorant of their history; and again it was likely to be exceedingly useful to the doctor's cause on the eve of a general election, and gave him still farther an opportunity of displaying, in an imposing style, those peculiar powers of matter, voice, and manner, which constitute him perhaps the best *mimetic minister* of the day. Having with great difficulty procured a ticket, and with

more difficulty a seat, we set ourselves, ere the lecturer appeared, to analyse and classify the audience. It was manifestly a most motley throng, on the whole odd and paltry in its component parts, and yet, as often happens, magnificent in its whole result. No great mass of human beings can be aught but sublime—as sublime, perhaps, though composed of the meanest materials, as if it were an assembly of heroes. Why is this? What is the reason that an Irish mob in certain circumstances, and in certain moods, moving to such a performer say as O'Connell, rises to the *ne plus ultra* of grandeur? Why would an assembly of angels hardly more impress us? Because in the one case surprise becomes sublime—the surprise of finding the mean multiplied as by mere arithmetic into the magnificent—in the other, sublimity, by a similar process, would cease to be surprising; because in the one case the parts are easily and cheerfully lost in the conception of the whole, while in the other they would not so readily consent to resign their individual worth and excellence; because a certain pity and pathos adheres to the sight of all combined insignificance, and because over all multitudes of men there hangs, consciously or unconsciously, the grandeur of the idea of death, and, consequently, the shadow of eternity. Over what meeting of demigods, however frequent and full, could Xerxes have wept the tears he wept, or uttered the exclamation he used, as he looked at his five millions and remembered that in a hundred years they were to be no more? It was but a field of thick grass on which he gazed, but it shone and glittered into glory in the lustre of the scythe of death! In one word, the imagination has more scope in a congregation of the mean than of the lofty; and on the same principle it is that moors and mountains, composed of materials in themselves uninteresting, expand and brighten into meaning and beauty, which no wilderness of sweets, no mountains of myrrh or valleys of frankincense, could ever yield. Thus pondering and perspiring, amid a mingled mass of men, children, and 'old women' of both sexes, of Macneil's friends, foes, and neutrals, we waited for the hero of the hour. In at last he stepped, preceded, attended, succeeded, and almost buried, among the Orange elite of the city. Chin-deep he stood in flatterers, as the martyrs of old in flames. Emerging from this, he came forth really a sturdy confessor, a tall, erect, strong, elderly man. He trode the platform with the air of one perfectly at home, and whose truest home was in such scenes. There was no swagger, nor was there any *affected* modesty (any more than any *real*), no embarrassment, and no gathering up of himself for a great effort. It was the calm step of the master approaching his favourite instrument. What an opportunity, we thought, has he here of uttering truth! high, pure, ennobling, unsectarian truth! Were but one bright pinpoint of truth to drop from his lips, it would be heard to the extremity of this vast assembly! An angel, sent to announce some new development in the history of the God-head, or an 'orator of the human race,' commissioned to accuse some stupendous criminal, could scarce wish a larger audience. Thousands are watching his lips, as if their opening were the opening of the portals of the palace of truth. And yet we suspect he will *here* do nothing more than give a rapid and vivid sketch of his subject; he will interpose frequent bits of badinage, of wit, and of cajolery; he will exhibit a masterly command of his body, of his gesture, of his voice, and of his soul; he will press in every successful point into a party focus; he will be often highly effective, sometimes eloquent, never great; and he will coin cheers as plentiful, as cheap, and valuable as farthings. And so it came to pass. On that vast, vulgar, piebald, howling horse, which he had got beneath him, he rode with perfect mastery. We just wished, 'Try him a little more—get a little more out of him—let us see the *utmost* extent of your power over him—let us see at what point the patient brute will rear against you his rider.' But far sooner, we began to suspect, would he turn round and rend us, his irreverend critics. For when making in a whisper (too audible it seems) some rather free remarks on the address to a friend, we were amused at the looks of abso-

lute horror, hatred, and disgust wherewith we were regarded by one or two devoted admirers of the orator who sat near. Had we spit on a pagan idol in his own temple we could not have attracted fiercer or more impotent fury. Some time after we left the meeting, saying internally, 'These be thy gods, O Israel! In the city of Martineau, and the two Thoms, and Kelly, is this thought the leading and master mind?'

To do Macneil, however, justice, he is undoubtedly a man of popular power; a forcible and manly speaker; as an actor, one of a thousand; as a minister, unwearied; and as a man, highly esteemed. With such qualities, as with a shield, he has long successfully defended himself against the host of enemies whom his public conduct has provoked, and fortified himself in his position so strongly, that even those who wonder at, are hopeless of overturning it, and disposed rather to blame and pity the idolators, than angrily to quarrel with the graven image whom they have set up. In this same oration on the bishops there were striking popular points, as when, for instance, describing the rejoicings at their acquittal, he spoke of the very rockets exploding to the words—'not guilty;' and it contained at least one stroke of genuine humour. In making a statement—we forget exactly what—he introduced it with the words, 'Gentlemen, *between ourselves*.' Was ever a secret so betrayed to 3000 people before? It was worthy of O'Connell; it was more than worthy of Macneil.

We were not fortunate enough to hear him preach, but we heard his former curate, Mr Folloon, who enjoys a singular and very enviable popularity in the place. It is a popularity founded upon goodness, benevolence, and activity, rather than on the repute of great abilities. He preaches the gospel especially to the poor, by whom he is adored. We attended his prayer-meeting, which, in curious contrast to all Scottish specimens of the sort, was nearly full, on a week-day evening. Mr F. is a simple conversationalist, but interesting preacher. His preaching is a mincing down of minced meat—a subdivision of fragments—but is admirably adapted for the 'babes' among whom he ministers; and he delivers with a quiet impressive earnestness which is very effective. We like, we must say, some points in the English service. After the solemn, and, if you will, pompous ceremonial of address to the Deity is over, all is simplicity in the appeals to man. No large Bible is opened, as if there was life in large text, and spirituality in the size of volume, and as if the gilded binding were the golden feathering of the Dove of Heaven. No high attitudes are taken;

'No pulpit drum ecclesiastic
Is beat with fist instead of a stick;'

but the preacher, taking out a small pocket-bible, and leaning over the pulpit, commences a quiet, earnest, and impressive conversation, or almost, as we say in Scotland, a *crack* with his hearers on some important topic. Thus, we imagine, is the true idea of preaching. The public is losing patience with elaborate harangues; with those finished insipidities or impertinences called regular compositions; with heavy theological discussions or critical inquiries, which are just *diplomas* taken out and flourished in the face of the audience. All this, they say, we can get in books; what we want is a man—the abler and more enlightened the better, the more conversant with the particular subject the better—to strip himself of all fanfaronade, to waive the conventional vantage-ground of a high and holy tub, and, as if across the table, to talk to us—the more ably and eloquently the better—about the matters of our eternity. This is rapidly becoming the demand of the day; and our best preachers, such as Guthrie in Edinburgh, and Binney in London, are those who comply with it.

Very different, yet excellent in its way, is the preaching of Mr Kelly, the Independent. His is a decided specimen of the Scottish school. It is able, clear, critical, and searching, but without ease and without imagination. Mr K. is a robust, middle-sized, middle-aged person, preaches to a very respectable, but rather thin, audience, and stands deservedly high in his body. We were struck with the intellectual aspect of his congregation. Large heads and

foreheads, brows knitted in profound attention, eyes fixed with piercing glance, upon the speaker, and hands ever ready to turn up the Scriptures at his quotations, gave us the assurance of an assembly of men, not of fashionable fribbles, or weak-minded enthusiasts. It seemed such an assembly as Hall would have wished to address; and we felt morally certain that it could not have been in this chapel, where, according to his own statement, when in Liverpool, he 'preached like a pig to a parcel of pigs.' There was much in Mr Kelly and in his audience to remind us of Dr Russell of Dundee, though *he* is more conversational and practical in his style of preaching.

We did not seek after Dr Raffles or his chapel. We had heard him years before in Scotland, and had no profound or overpowering desire to hear him again. He struck us then as a master in a kind of vulgar though showy effectiveness, and his delivery and appearance abounded in pompous swagger. It seemed the common figure of John Bull clapped into a pulpit. His matter was roll-about commonplace. It was butter, dyed, and done into fantastic shapes of fancied elegance, and sometimes so *well* done that you had to touch it ere you perceived that it was but butter after all. Altogether, his unbounded popularity in Liverpool, together with that of Macneil, and even that of Thomas Spenser (who was manifestly a very ordinary person, with fine sympathies, and fine elocution), do not say much for the intellect or the taste of the city. A 'Liverpool giant' may by and by become synonymous with Tom Thumb.

While in this city, we had handsomely presented us, from the author, the completed copy of Edwin Atherstone's 'Fall of Nineveh'—a poem which, seven years ago, attracted much notice, was honoured with a niche in the 'Edinburgh Review,' and elicited from Christopher North one of his most savage *con amore* cuttings up. With a great deal of poetry in it, and much command of imagery and language, it labours under one defect—it wants interest; it can only be read in passages and pages; a tame line of story, traversing interminable and magnificent wildernesses; and the work altogether seems too carefully modelled on one of the author's friend, John Martin's pictures, where the scenery is that of Brobdingnag, and the figures those of Lilliput; in those 'Deluge' you wonder at the trouble the giant billows are taking to drown such 'small infantry;' and see the poet's paradox realised—

'Whole ocean into tempest toss'd,
To waft a feather or to drown a fly;'

and whose very devil bears no more proportion to his infernal palace, than an eel crawling on the floor of St Peter's does to the structure; whose men are mannikins, whose women are dolls, whose demons are imps, and whose angels are butterflies. Sameness is the fault of the 'Fall of Nineveh;' the whole work is but an echo of the first thunder-burst, which, in spite of Christopher, we think truly sublime:—

'The vision comes upon me. To my soul
The days of old return. I breathe the air
Of the young world. I see her giant sons,
Like to a gorgeous pageant in the sky
Of summer's evening, cloud on fiery cloud,
Thronging appeared. Before me rise the walls
Of the Titanic city; brazen gates,
Towers, temples, palaces, enormous piled—
Imperial Nineveh—the earthly Queen!
In all her golden pomp I see her now:
Her swarming streets, her splendid festivals;
Her sprightly damsels, to the timbrel's sound,
Airily bounding, and their anklets chime;
I see her halls, sunbright at midnight shine;
I hear the music of her banquetings,
I hear the laugh, the whisper, and the sigh.
A sound of stately treading toward me comes—
A silken wafting on the cedar floor—
As from Arabia's flow'ring groves, an air
Delicious breathes around. Tall, lofty brow'd,
Pale, and majestically beautiful,
In vesture gorgeous as the clouds of morn,
With slow proud step her glorious dames sweep by.'

This passage itself proves that 'Edwin is no vulgar boy'—a genuine poet—although it bears witness also to that undue warmth of colouring, and florid excess of language, which have hitherto marred his power and popularity.

In Liverpool, we heard much of Philip James Bailey, the author of 'Festus,' and, while in London, had the pleasure of a kind communication from him, enclosing a part of the third edition, which is now in the press, corrected and improved. We have already expressed our opinion of this poem, which is not indeed quite so high as that of an eloquent and acute friend, who, judging from his critique in 'Macphail,' is absolutely Festus-fey, and regards it rather as would an amorous author than a sober critic. One could fancy that he had it presented to him by his betrothed! It is certainly an astonishing production, and we accept it as we do a great expressive head and face—rough, unshorn, as it is, maybe carbuncles, grim pockpits, and all. It lies before us, like one of the monsters of the Egyptian waste, colossal, unearthly, and with a giant thought buried below, and struggling up from beneath it. Conduct, character, dramatic interest, propriety, decorum, or circumspection, in it there are none, but, instead, *thought*, in its stark naked saturnalia; and the seething heat of imagery and language is as if the author were drunk with the sunshine of the planet Mercury. Few, few, can bare their heads scathless below such a torrid blaze! And its real reader will soon have occasion for the mystic caution of Coleridge:

'Weave a circle round him thrice,
That all may cry, beware! beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair;
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drank the milk of Paradise.'

Its author, we were told, is a quiet, modest, ingenuous person; totally guiltless, in conversation, of the sin of poetry, and whose sole soul-escapee is an occasional pun; always, however, good, and sometimes exquisite. What a curious contrast! Now a master of artillery, conducting the cannonade of a Saragossa, and now a boy firing off crackers on a birth-day night! now describing the formation of a sun, as though he had stood by at its birth, and now trimming, with pains, a farthing candle!

Bailey is from our own much-loved *alma mater*, the university of Glasgow. There his genius was well known. He studied for the English bar. He has lately assumed the literary editorship of a paper in Nottingham—his native place. In the third edition he has considerably polished the rough stick, round which he had trailed, rather than trained, his flowers and 'bugle blooms divine.' We could have wished had he severed the glorious masses of poetry which his book contains from connexion with a moral and theological system; but this now, we fear, is impossible. Tennyson has recently testified to the author his warm approval of the work.

In our next paper, we propose to conduct our readers to London, and some of its leading lions.

SIR JAMES ROSS'S VOYAGES TO THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

ON the 7th July, 1841, all the necessary arrangements having been completed, the Erebus and Terror sailed from Hobart Town on their second voyage of research. Their return to the polar regions was not productive of any great addition to the knowledge already acquired of those southern icy wilds. The same cold and barren scenes met the gaze of the mariners when they entered the extreme southern latitudes, the same blocks of ice impeded their path; the petrel, the albatross, and penguin companioned them; again the seal and whale sported around them, and they recognised some of the icebergs that they had seen on the former year. To us, however, this, although it may be termed less novel, is the more interesting voyage of the two, being more varied in its details and more extensive in its range.

On the 17th August, Captain Ross arrived at New Zealand, and anchored in the river Kawa-Kawa, off Kororarika; here a magnetometer was established, as at St Paul's Rocks, Kerguelen Islands, and Hobart Town; and the researches and incidents connected with the ex-

pedition during its stay in this infant and then unsettled colony are most interesting. 'The increasing round of hourly observations was soon brought into operation, and provided full occupation for all the executive officers of both ships, except only the senior lieutenants, who remained in charge of the vessels. The medical officers, in their turn, made short excursions into the interior for the purpose of increasing our collections of natural history; but the natives at the time of our visit were beginning to feel deeply, and to express in terms of severe bitterness, their great disappointment at the effects of the treaty of Waitangi, so that I did not consider it advisable to permit those officers to extend their researches to any considerable distance from the position we had taken up; and although it was necessary to dispatch boats several miles up the river, for the purpose of obtaining the spars we required, to replace those that had been carried away during our run from Sydney, as well as to increase our store, yet I thought it proper that they should be well armed, and prepared to resist any attack, which the natives seemed well disposed to make whenever it could be done with any certainty of success, and also to intrust the conduct of those parties to one of the senior lieutenants; indeed, so strong was the impression upon my mind of the readiness of the natives to seize any favourable opportunity of regaining possession of their lands, and driving the Europeans out of the country, that I always felt much anxiety during the absence of our people, although I could fully rely on the prudence and judgment of Lieutenant Bird, by whom they were chiefly conducted. No spars of the size and kind we wanted were to be had near to our anchorage: the demands of the numbers of whalers that in former years used to resort to this port to refit had completely exhausted the forests of the immediate neighbourhood; and Lieutenant Bird found it necessary to proceed to a considerable distance up the river before he could procure any. There he was obliged to purchase some from a chief named Awara, who was quite prepared to resist their being cut down, as in former years, for only a trifling payment. But now muskets, and these only, were required for the trees, and without them we should not have been able to have obtained a single spar, except by force, which, in the then temper of mind of the 'Maories,' would have led to serious results. As soon as Awara found his demand of two muskets for the spars was agreed to, he became more civil and obliging, pointing out the best trees and most easy mode of getting them to the water; for although, of course, our carpenters were of the party, the chief proved that his selection of the trees as they were growing was invariably better than theirs after being cut down. He returned with Lieutenant Bird to the ships to receive the promised payment, when it appeared that his two muskets meant a double-barrelled gun, which they all seemed most desirous to possess; but as those we had on board were the private property of the officers, who, of course, were most unwilling to part with them, Awara was at length well satisfied with two rifles and a complete suit of lieutenant's uniform, which he immediately put on, to the amusement of the sailors and his great delight.'

Captain Ross's descriptions of several of the New Zealand chiefs are very graphic, and sometimes very entertaining. It is amusing to reflect upon their assumption of equality with the sovereigns of civilised nations; and it is somewhat curious to think that in mere abstract rank they are their equals. They are sovereigns amongst their savage subjects, commanding them to fight and bleed, and leading them on to the theatre of war as their more civilised compeers do; the true distinction between them is that which men with toil and in contumely have advanced—intelligence. The monarch with the carved club and he who sways a sceptre are one in mere adventitious rank—education alone renders them antipodal, and this the savages seem perfectly to know; they feel their position in relation to their people to be somewhat similar to that of every other king they hear about; and sometimes travellers have amusing illustrations of the

kingly dignity and vanity. Pomare, a chief who acted a very questionable, if not very traitorous, part in the recent warlike transactions in the colony of New Zealand, 'also visited the ships to obtain his customary present of gun-powder and fire-arms, and especially rum, to which he had so lately become addicted as seldom to be seen sober. He had, however, been on all former occasions very friendly to Europeans, and was of material assistance to Governor Hobson on his first arrival in the colony for the purpose of taking formal possession of it in the name of Queen Victoria, and was not only the first to sign the treaty of Waitangi, but was mainly instrumental in inducing many other chiefs of far greater importance than himself to do so. He was, therefore, entitled to more than ordinary consideration, and was received on board our ships with all due formality when he paid his first visit of ceremony. He did not appear in his usual state; the war-canoe and war-dance were laid aside on this occasion, and he had evidently drunk more rum than was consistent with his assumed gravity and dignity. His favourite wife also seemed to have shared his libations, and was therefore equally unfit to sustain the queenly part she endeavoured to perform. In one of her unguarded moments, whilst giving way to her extreme delight on looking over some glittering toys that I had selected as a present for her, she recognised a portrait of our most gracious queen which was in my cabin, and immediately, resuming a most ridiculous air of dignity, walked up to it, and, holding out her copper-coloured hand, said, 'Yes—all same as me—Victoria, she queen—me queen too!'

The frequent collisions which take place between the settlers and aborigines are almost always the result of bad faith or design on the part of the former. The mere desire to gain the land from the natives is generally stronger with colonial companies than the desire to do so conscientiously, and such seems to be the fact as regards New Zealand. They make indefinite treaties, and they do not care to explain very clearly their provisions until they gain sufficient physical force to defy the entrapped savages. 'Pomare complained in strong terms of the treaty to which he had been so instrumental in getting his countrymen to become parties. He had not supposed that it was intended to deprive him of the power of selling his land to whoever he pleased; and although they all clearly understood that the treaty of Waitangi bound them to give the British government the first offer of any portion of their lands they wished to sell, yet he expressed himself highly indignant at the thought that, if his offer were declined by the governor, no private individual could become the legal owner of it; thus, in fact, depriving him of the independent use of his own property. Those also who had sold much of their land years ago for a comparatively trifling consideration bitterly repented their having done so now, when they perceived how greatly it had increased in value; and, although fully acknowledging the just right of the present possessors, yet they would no doubt be glad of any pretext to join any party they thought strong enough to drive the Europeans out of the land, and thus regain possession of it by right of conquest. The introduction of custom-house and other dues, which had been the means of preventing the southern whalers from refitting in the Bay of Islands and trading with the natives, was considered a great grievance by those living in the neighbourhood of the bay, as it deprived them of their best customers. The whale-ships that were accustomed to get all their supplies in the harbours of New Zealand, so much more convenient to them from being so near to their principal fishing-places, are now obliged to seek refreshments and supply all their wants at some of the islands of the Polynesian group.'

The New Zealanders, as might have been anticipated from their resistance to the British, are of comparatively superior intelligence, and can be more readily moulded to civilised habits than any other race in the Australasian islands; many of them are already found working for the colonists as indefatigably and patiently as if they had

been hereditary labourers, and their tempers are not at all the morose and savage ones that would lead to a conviction of cannibalism. 'The natives we met on the road generally greeted us with the friendly and cheerful salutation of the country, 'Tene-ra-ka-koa,' the equivalent to 'How do you do?' or 'Good morning,' and seemed greatly pleased at our imperfect pronunciation of the word. In most cases they had a kind look and hearty shake of the hand ready for us; indeed this latter practice seems to have entirely taken the place of their former method of greeting by touching noses, as is still practised by the Esquimaux of the Arctic regions.' Heki, the celebrated chief, who has been so active and powerful an enemy to British extension and settlement in New Zealand, is not, we find, a mere fighting physical force savage; he possesses other attributes, which render him a more dangerous enemy to the settlers than even his high qualifications as a military leader. 'He had been converted to Christianity several years ago, is well acquainted with the precious truths of the Gospel, and exemplary in the discharge of all religious duties. He has ever lived on good terms with the missionaries, although he has never concealed his growing hatred to the invaders of his country. He is a turbulent courageous man, possessing a remarkable mixture of cunning and frankness, all of which characters are occasionally expressed in his countenance, notwithstanding the tattooing which disfigures his features.'

The Erebus and Terror were just departing from New Zealand, on the 22d of November, 1841, when intimation was brought to Captain Ross of one of those dreadful catastrophes which sometimes occur through the unbridled fierceness of savage passions. 'Mrs Robertson, the widow of a Captain Robertson, was a Sydney lady, and resided on one of the numerous islands from which the Bay of Islands derives its name. It had belonged to her husband, and at this time she and her family were the only occupants. She had employed a young Maori chief, who was a remarkably powerful lad, although only sixteen years of age, to assist her white man-servant, Thomas Bull, in some of her farming operations, and Thomas having told Mrs Robertson that the Maori was a lazy fellow, he watched the opportunity when Thomas was asleep to split his skull open with an axe. Mrs Robertson having accidentally happened to come upon him when in the act of doing so, he judged it advisable to dispatch her also with the same instrument, and then two female children who dwelt with her. Mrs Robertson's son, seeing what was going on, fled to a mountain close by, but the monster overtook him and threw him headlong over the rock, two hundred feet high, so that he was literally dashed to pieces. One of the children was the grand-daughter of Nene, the great chief of the Ngaphui tribe, which principally inhabits Kororarika, and her murder led to hostilities between Nene and the notorious Heki.' The boy murderer was given up to the British authorities by his father, and was tried, condemned, and hanged on 7th March, 1842, with great formality!! being the first who exemplified upon a rope in New Zealand the majesty of British law.

Leaving this rising colony, with its fierce and jealous natives, its impolitic or rather scarcely honest authorities, and directing their rudders towards the stormy southern ocean, the ships bore away to the south-east. Captain Ross crossed the Antarctic circle on the anniversary of the day upon which he had done so on his last voyage, and on the 1st January, 1842, he was in lat. 66 deg. 32 min. south, longitude 156 deg. 28 min. west, about 1400 miles eastward from the position of the same date on the previous year. 'A complete suit of warm clothing was issued to the crews, as a new year's gift, and the customary double allowance of provisions and spirits was served out to them. As the state of the ice prevented any attempt from being made to proceed, the ships remained moored to a large floe piece, and the people spent the day in the enjoyment of various amusing games on the ice, which their ingenuity invented, and which was finally

wound up by a grand fancy ball, of a novel character, in which all the officers bore a part, and added much to the merriment and fun, which all seemed greatly to enjoy.'

The merriment and enjoyment of the dance on the 1st January were exchanged on the 19th for the danger and turmoil of a storm. 'The sea quickly rising to a fearful height, and breaking over the loftiest bergs, the ships were unable any longer to hold their ground, but were driven into the heavy pack under our lee. Soon after midnight they were involved in an ocean of rolling fragments of ice, hard as floating rocks of granite, that were dashed against them by the waves with so much violence that their masts quivered as if they would fall at every successive blow, and the destruction of the ships seemed inevitable from the tremendous shocks they received. By backing and filling the sails, we endeavoured to avoid collision with the larger masses, but this was not always possible; in the early part of the storm the rudder of the Erebus was so much damaged as to be no longer of any use, and about the same time the Terror's was completely destroyed, and nearly torn away from the stern-post. Hour passed away after hour, without the least mitigation of the awful circumstances in which the vessels and those on board of them were placed. Indeed there seemed to be little probability of the ships holding together much longer, so frequent and violent were the shocks they sustained. The loud crashing noise of the straining and working of the timbers and decks, as she was driven against some of the heavier pieces, which all the activity and exertions of our people could not prevent, was sufficient to fill the stoutest heart with dismay that was not supported by trust in Him who controls all events. . . . Although we had been forced many miles deeper into the pack, we could not perceive that the swell had at all subsided, our ships still rolling and groaning amidst the heavy fragments of crashing bergs over which the ocean rolled its mountainous waves, throwing huge masses one upon another and then again burying them deep beneath its foaming waters, dashing and grinding them together with fearful violence. The awful grandeur of such a scene can neither be imagined nor described, far less can the feelings of those who witnessed it be understood; each man secured his hold, waiting the issue with resignation to the will of Him who alone could preserve us and bring us safely through this extreme danger, watching with breathless anxiety the effect of each succeeding collision, and the vibrations of the tottering masts, expecting every moment to see them give way without our having the power to make an effort to save them.'

The admirable courage and steadiness of the men, and the strong construction of the ships, were the means under God of preserving the lives of all engaged in the expedition; for had one act of insubordination occurred, or had not the utmost alacrity and exertion been manifested by the seamen during this awful storm, the polar explorations of Sir James Ross would have there terminated. The gale moderated, however, and the heavy swell and rolling of the icebergs consequently ceased; the ships were speedily repaired, and still keeping to the south, reached to within a mile and a half of the face of the polar barrier. 'The point at which we had approached it was on the east side of a bay between eight and nine miles deep, so filled with ice that we were unable to get farther into it; its outline was much more broken and indented than we had found it to be last year farther to the westward, and its perpendicular cliffs had dwindled down to less than half the elevation of those which are attached to Cape Crozier at the foot of Mount Terror.' A higher southern latitude had been attained than on the preceding voyage, however, and this was some cause of self-gratulation to the hardy mariners, although they were constrained, by the rapid freezing of the pack, to steer again towards the north. On the 12th March, thick fogs and indications of bergs being close upon them induced the navigators to make preparations for avoiding collision with any of those dangerous masses of ice—the topsails were close reefed, and every arrangement made for round-

ing to till daylight. 'These operations were hardly completed when a large berg was seen ahead, and quite close to the Erebus; the ship was immediately hauled to the wind on the port tack, with the expectation of being able to weather it; but just at this moment the Terror was observed running down upon her under her topsails and foresail, and as it was impossible for her to clear both the berg and the Erebus, collision was inevitable. We instantly hove all aback to diminish the violence of the shock; but the concussion, when she struck, was such as to throw almost every one off his feet; the bowsprit, fore-topmast, and other smaller spars were carried away, and the ships hanging together entangled by their rigging, and dashing against each other with fearful violence, were falling down upon the lofty berg under our lee, against which the waves were breaking and foaming to near the summit of its perpendicular cliffs. Sometimes she rose high above us, almost exposing her keel to view, and again descended, as we in turn rose to the top of the wave, threatening to bury us beneath her, whilst the crashing of the breaking upper-works and boats increased the horror of the scene. Provisionally they gradually forged past each other and separated before we drifted down amongst the foaming breakers, and we had the gratification of seeing her clear the end of the berg and of feeling that she was safe.'

On the 6th of April, after riding out the heavy gales and escaping the shoals of ice and the rolling bergs of the southern ocean, the Erebus and Terror arrived at the Falkland Isles, where the scientific researches were proceeded with, and the more adventurous of the expedition engaged in hunting the wild cattle, which are very abundant in these islands. 'I may give an outline of the general features of a cattle-hunt, as pursued by our seamen in the Falkland Isles, which differs considerably from that of the Gauchos (or native hunters), and most prominently, in not involving those revolting cruelties which the latter practise, sometimes heedlessly, but oftener to gratify a childish revenge for the toil incident on a hard hour's or day's work, and not seldom out of mere wanton wickedness. Horses and lassos we never used, strong dogs and nimble feet being all that are absolutely required, though a couple of rifles are generally necessary, for the bulls attain a size and ferocity of which we had previously little idea, and they sometimes gallantly defend the herd. The dogs were of no particular breed; they were powerfully built and fleet, all were very courageous. It is very seldom that they will attack a full-grown bull, which is not wonderful, for the old Falkland Islands 'tauro' is the largest of its race; its neck is short and of prodigious depth, the skin of one we killed was upwards of two inches in thickness, and its head is half as large again as that of an ordinary bull; they are generally black, have a noble carriage, and are possessed of indomitable courage and untameable ferocity. Specimens of these dimensions are however rare, and do not mix with the other cattle, though sometimes attending them. More frequently they are seen solitary on the hills, with erect crests and distended nostrils, looking defiance at the passing traveller, and sometimes flying at him unprovoked, when he must betake himself to a bog, a 'stream of stones,' or cliffs. Should no such refuge be nigh, the last resource is to drop suddenly on the ground, when the bull starts aside from the unwanted obstacle in its path and pursues its onward course. When provoked and infuriated on open ground, there is no escape even thus. The brave gunner of the Erebus was struck down, and the turf torn up in furrows on each side of his body, by the diverging horns of a wounded and maddened bull. The plan of attack is very simple; the object is to take as many animals out of the herd as possible. We had only dogs enough to hold one cow at a time, which is dispatched by the hunter before the same dogs are free to follow the herd and detain another. Hence speed is the first requisite for this kind of chase. Shooting forms no part of the hunter's duty, as it is evident that he must be wholly disencumbered for running.'

The Falkland Islands abound with beautiful mosses and flowering plants; the grasses are abundant; and shrubs and little fruit-trees give the landscape in many places a most luxuriantly verdant appearance. The expedition remained during the winter in these interesting islands of the South Atlantic Ocean, and on the 17th December set sail once more for the Antarctic regions, 'not one individual in either ship feeling the smallest regret on leaving the Falkland Islands; every one rather rejoicing in the prospect before us of again resuming the more important business of the voyage.' Steering south by east, the explorers discovered land on the 25th December. It presented many varied appearances, its mountains being rugged and pyramidal shaped, while the lower outlines seemed indented and broken into creeks and harbours. 'We observed also a very great number of the largest-sized black whales, so tame that they allowed the ship almost to touch them before they would get out of the way, so that any number of ships might procure a cargo of oil in a short time. Thus, within ten days after leaving the Falkland Islands, we had discovered not only new land, but a valuable whale fishery, well worthy the attention of our enterprising merchants, less than 600 miles from one of our possessions.' Keeping still to the south-east, the ships bore along the impenetrable barrier of ice which guards the enchanted polar land, and on new year's day discovered 'a small island of a deep brown colour, and of great elevation for its size, with a rock resembling a watch-tower on its north point, and a high volcanic crater-like peak on its south end. Being perfectly clear of snow, it formed a striking contrast to the mainland. It was named Cockburn Island, after Admiral Sir George Cockburn.' Islands and icebergs were seen of various heights and dimensions as the vessels sailed along, but nothing like that continuity of land insisted on by Wilkes. The polar barrier of ice still presented itself, however, like an impenetrable wall, and the pack, with its broken masses of the same substance, presented the same bleak dull appearance. All that could be expected from their indefatigable and hazardous labours had at last been attained by those engaged in the expedition, and Captain Ross now determined to return home by the Cape of Good Hope.

'The shores of Old England came into view on the afternoon of the 2d September, and we anchored off Folkestone at midnight of the 4th. Observations were made during the course of the expedition, which will elucidate several points of importance and interest in science, while they present others for examination, and afford a basis of comparison should that sound mode of prosecuting inquiry be adopted.' The geographical researches will be deemed to have contributed their share to the extension of our knowledge of the more remote southern regions of the earth. A few days after his arrival in London, Sir James Ross received the 'Founder's Medal,' awarded by the council of the Royal Geographers' Society of London, and also a gold medal from the Royal Geographers' Society, Paris. Most interesting and elaborate accounts of the geology and botany of the various islands which they visited are interspersed through the volumes which contain an account of the Antarctic expedition of the Erebus and the Terror; and minute observations on the temperature of the ocean, and on the magnetic variations and action, are also carefully recorded. The southern polar regions were but recently unknown, but now, thanks to the activity and honourable ambition of American, French, and British navigators, we are nearly as intimate with their broken rugged shores as with the plains and promontories of the north. The whales have almost left the northern seas of our globe, and now we find that the south polar seas are teeming with those creatures, and numerous others which are considered of value to civilised nations. There seems to be a great disparity between the northern and southern extremes of the globe, and that disparity is much to the advantage of the former in every respect, save in the number of birds and other animals inhabiting their isles and waters. Our northern regions have all the advantages of stellar and meteorological

beauty, and they are peopled with human beings and some superior orders of the lower creation; the south is cold, icy, and sterile, with nothing superior to seals, whales, and penguins, together with several other species of birds, to give life and animation to its otherwise solitary scenes.

REMINISCENCES OF DR CHALMERS.

BY AN OLD FRIEND.

THAT Dr Chalmers,* during the first eight or ten years of his ministry, was very unpopular is an undoubted fact, of which, however, no notice is taken in any of the accounts of him that I have seen. During those years his sermons were destitute of that earnestness, energy, and evangelical unction which afterwards rendered him the most popular preacher in Scotland. What took place on the two following occasions will show the little estimation in which his ministry was held before it underwent that extraordinary change which rendered it so attractive. Several years before I was personally acquainted with him, I was travelling to Dundee from Cupar-Fife, where I resided, and passing through the village of Kilmarnock, of which the doctor was the minister, I halted at an inn there. Observing a church standing in the middle of a cemetery, I asked the landlord if it was the parish church of the village. He replied in the affirmative. I then inquired who the minister was? To which he very dryly answered, 'It's ane Chalmers.'—'And how do the people like him?' I asked. 'Indeed no sair,' was the reply; which in Fife phraseology means not much, or very indifferently. 'Your church, then, is not likely to be overcrowded?' I said. 'It is,' he answered, 'very poorly attended.' When the doctor, some years afterwards, had burst like the sun from behind a cloud, he was preaching in the parish church of Cupar to an overflowing audience. When the service was ended, I expressed to one of the elders of that church, who was sitting beside me, my admiration of the talents which the preacher had displayed. 'You would have thought very differently of him,' he said, 'had you heard him some years ago, which I have often done, when he came to assist at our sacramental occasions. So little was he then esteemed, that he was no sooner seen going up to the pulpit than a considerable number of the audience rose from their seats and walked out of the church.' The truth is, that the light from heaven, with which, like the apostle Paul, he had now been visited, and which produced so remarkable a change in the mode of his preaching, had not, at the period referred to by the elder, dawned on his mind.

God works by means, and of those by which the change alluded to in the case of Dr Chalmers was effected, the account given is as follows:—When the 'Edinburgh Encyclopedia' was projected, Dr Chalmers was requested to furnish the article on the Evidences of the Truth of the Christian Religion. With this request he complied, and it was while employed in the elaborate investigation of this subject that his eyes were opened to see a beauty, a harmony, a sublimity, and an importance in divine truth that he had never before perceived. Thus commenced a new epoch in the life of Dr Chalmers. On this solid foundation was built the beautiful superstructure of his subsequent career, and henceforward all the energies of his great mind were employed in planning and executing those undertakings which had for their object the temporal and spiritual welfare of his fellow-creatures. His congregation were now astonished at a style of preaching to which they had hitherto been altogether unaccustomed; and the whole country rang with the fame of a minister who was considered a kind of theological prodigy.

My first interview with Dr Chalmers took place in the churchyard of Kilmarnock. When the congregation were

* At the time of which I write, the title of D.D. had not been conferred on Mr Chalmers. As, however, he is universally known only as Dr Chalmers, this I deem sufficient to warrant any one engaged in the sketching of his character to apply the title of Doctor throughout.

passing through it from the church, after the forenoon's service, I received a smart slap on the shoulder from behind, and turning round found it had proceeded from Dr Chalmers, who, accosting me by my name, asked how I did? I thanked him, but expressed my surprise at the recognition, as I had believed myself entirely unknown to him. 'I have heard of you,' he said, 'and see you sometimes come to our church; I am at present going to assist a brother minister at the dispensation of the sacrament, but will be glad to see you at the manse the first time you come again to Kilmany.' I said I would be happy to wait on him, and on the following Sabbath having gone to Kilmany, the doctor, when the services were over, escorted me, as he did on all my subsequent visits, to the manse, where, to say nothing of its hospitality which was always very liberally manifested, I generally spent about two hours with him. The conversation, as may be supposed, was of an edifying description, and a good deal of it turned upon Bible and Missionary Societies, for which he was often requested to preach in the neighbouring towns, and for the success of whose exertions he burned with apostolic zeal. 'How gratifying is it,' he said to me one evening, 'to hear that our ministers of state are lending their countenance to Bible Societies, and even occasionally presiding at their meetings!' I asked who the ministers he referred to were? He replied, Lord Castlereagh and Mr Canning. As neither of these statesmen were great favourites of mine, I was not ill pleased at the opportunity afforded me of getting a fling at them, and as they had lately fought a duel, in which Lord Castlereagh was wounded, I said I did not think their support would confer much credit on Bible Societies. I added that I hoped they would in future guard against the crime forbidden in the sixth commandment, as it could not be supposed that the man who harboured a murderous intention against any of his fellow-creatures could, from pure motives, advocate the cause of Bible Societies. The doctor said, that certainly nothing could be more strongly opposed to the meekness, humility, and forbearance, which it is the design of Christianity to inspire, than those false notions of honour which prevail among the upper classes of society.

There never perhaps was a man more free from anything like pretension, or less emulous of colloquial distinction, than Dr Chalmers. In all my long and frequent conversations with him I never could detect the slightest indication of a desire to shine or to say smart things. The modesty, I may almost say the humility, of his manner, would have almost tempted one to suspect that a man may possess a gigantic intellect without being conscious of its existence. Judging merely, however, of the doctor from a private interview, you would not have rated him much higher than an ordinary man. His remarks, though always judicious, neither surprised by their novelty nor captivated with their eloquence. It was only in the pulpit that the full extent of his power was developed; there he exhibited striking proofs of the *mens divinator* which nature had so lavishly bestowed on him; there you found the dwarf magnified into a colossus. In conversation he shone like a star. In the pulpit he blazed like a sun. His conversation might be compared to the soft murmurs of a gently flowing stream—his preaching to the sublime spectacle of the thundering Niagara. He was not an orator, in the sense in which that term is generally understood. But if, as I think, speaking impressively constitutes oratory, there can be no hesitation in ranking him among the first class of orators. I have no faith in Lord Chesterfield's dogma, that the manner of a speaker is of more importance than the matter; which is about as ridiculous as to say that the value of a portrait should be estimated not so much by its resemblance to the original as by the beauty of the frame in which it is placed. I have little confidence in the efficacy of the machinery employed to manufacture accomplished speakers, and cannot help thinking that *nascitur non fit* is as applicable to the orator as to the poet.

Dr Chalmers never trusted to his extemporaneous powers. His sermons were the fruit of laborious prepara-

tion; for though the soil was rich it would not yield its fruit without assiduous cultivation. At the commencement of the sermon he spoke very deliberately and without animation, but kindling as he proceeded, to the tameness of his exordium, in which there was not often anything particularly striking, succeeded those bursts of nervous and argumentative eloquence for which he was so pre-eminently distinguished, and of which the effect was heightened by the rapidity and animation with which they were delivered. His sermons rarely occupied more than three-quarters of an hour; nor did he exhaust the patience of his hearers with such long prayers as we are now accustomed to hear in almost every place of worship. Virtue itself has its boundaries, which, if not observed, it ceases to be virtue. How much is it to be wished that, with the zeal of those clergymen who prolong their prayers sometimes to the duration of half an hour, were combined that prudence by which it should always be regulated and governed. Were this the case, we would not painfully witness those indecorous symptoms of listlessness and weariness which a congregation presents when the minister has protracted his prayers beyond those reasonable limits which good sense and propriety prescribe. That the efficacy of prayer depends on the length of time to which it is extended, is a notion which receives no countenance from any part of the word of God.

As mankind have always felt a curiosity to know how great men have thought and acted, not only in private but also in public life, not only on important but also on ordinary, yea, even on trifling occasions, I will subjoin a few anecdotes of Dr Chalmers, which are not otherwise important but in so far as they have for their subject one of the most distinguished men of his age. What a rich treat would the lives of Shakspeare and Milton have been had they been written *more Boswelliano*!

On entering Kilmany one Sabbath morning, I was informed that Mrs Chalmers had, during the preceding night, presented the doctor with his first child. On meeting with him I adverted to the circumstance, and inquired how Mrs Chalmers and the child were getting on? He replied, 'They are as well as could be expected, but I could not have conceived that an event of this kind would have occasioned such a stir; that so many persons would have been employed about it; that there would have been such a running up and down stairs and from one apartment to another; and all this bustle about bringing into the world a creature not *three* feet long.' I observed that no bustle would be more cheerfully submitted to than that which takes place at the birth of a child, whose utter helplessness makes so irresistible an appeal to our sympathy and tenderness. And as to the child not being three feet long, we must estimate its value as we do that of a young tree, not by the smallness of its dimensions but by the size that we expect it to attain. 'There may be some truth in that,' said the doctor, smiling, 'but really such a bustle as the house was thrown into by this affair I was quite unprepared to expect.'

Dr Chalmers had preached for a missionary society in Dundee, a sermon which was published at the request of those who had heard it, and an acquaintance of mine, a student of divinity in the Secession denomination, had written a critique on what he considered the solecisms of its composition. This critique, which he showed to me, I thought quite hypercritical; and on his expressing an intention of sending it to the doctor, I said, that to pounce upon a few trivial slips in so excellent a discourse would show a very captious and illiberal disposition. He, however, sent it to the doctor, alleging as his reason that the Established Church ministers looked upon those of the Dissenters as far inferior to them in learning, and he wanted to show that the latter were not afraid to enter the lists with the former, in so far at least as related to the art of composition. A few days afterwards, I was surprised at being told by an acquaintance from Kilmany, that I had given much offence to the doctor's friends by sending to him a communication condemnatory of his discourse. Feeling hurt at being considered the writer of an

article of which I had disapproved, I introduced the subject to the doctor at our next meeting, and asked him if it were true that I was suspected of having written the article in question? 'Everybody,' he replied, 'who has heard anything about the matter believes it to have proceeded from your pen.' I said that I never could have acted so disingenuous a part as to write anonymously to him on any subject, to whom I had so many opportunities of expressing what I wanted to communicate *via voce*; that my only connexion with the critique was having seen it, and disapproving of it. 'Then you perhaps know,' said the doctor, 'who the writer is?' I said I did, and had obtained his permission to tell his name should it be asked. 'Who is he?' inquired the doctor. 'He is,' I replied, 'a Mr S., a teacher, and expects shortly to become a licentiate in the Secession Church.' 'Since he has not found,' said the doctor, 'the sentiments of the discourse assailable, he might have spared the diction, though he had not found it altogether invulnerable; but it is not, I think, doing him any injustice to say, that his remarks are hypercritical, and afford much less evidence of critical ability than of an ambition to be thought possessed of it—an infirmity, alas! too common, and one against which the wisest and best among us would need to be on our guard.'

The doctor, I believe, was the first that introduced gas into Fifehire. He lighted up the manse with it, and when the inhabitants of Kilmany, who had scarcely ever heard of gas, flocked to see the wonder, they were amazed at finding that from an invisible substance such a brilliant illumination could proceed. Nor were there wanting some among them, who shook their heads and said, 'Is not this a' tegither contrary to the course of nature, and as much aboon the power of man as the pranks which the witches used to play langsyne? We wish a' may be richt here.'

Of the bewilderment to which contemplative persons are liable, the doctor exhibited a ludicrous instance, by coming on one occasion from Kilmany to Cupar, with a pair of stockings, of which the one was of a quite different pattern from that of the other. The person on whom he had called, and from whom I had the anecdote, pointed out to the astonished doctor the mistake he had committed.

Dr Chalmers's toilet was soon dispatched. To the advantage which dress gives to the external appearance he was remarkably indifferent. He might have been seen walking about Kilmany in such faded habiliments as would have made a person, who did not know him, suppose that his condition was a large remove beneath that of a clergyman. On one occasion, when walking to Cupar, accompanied by my brother, I encountered the doctor on the Kilmany road, and stopped a few minutes to converse with him. When I overtook my brother, who had gone forward, he said that he wondered how I had become acquainted with the beadle of the parish. 'The beadle!' I exclaimed. 'Don't judge by the outward appearance. He is the minister of the parish, the celebrated Dr Chalmers, with whom any one, however exalted his rank, might be proud to be acquainted.'

A specimen of caligraphy so difficult to decipher as that of Dr Chalmers I believe it would not be easy to find. His letters were so shapeless, so unlike those they were designed to represent, that you would have been almost tempted to think that he intended to mystify his meaning and perplex his correspondent. I once received a letter from him, which nobody to whom I showed it could read, and which I believe would have baffled all my attempts to do so, had I not been previously acquainted with the subject to which it referred.

Studious persons are sometimes surprisingly ignorant how to act on ordinary occasions. Dr Chalmers came home one evening on horseback, and as neither the man who had the charge of his horse nor the key of the stable could be found, he was for some time not a little puzzled where to find a temporary residence for the animal. At last he fixed on the garden, as the fittest place he could think of for the purpose; and having led the horse thither, he placed it on the garden-walk. When his sister, who had also been from home, returned, and was told that the key of the stable could not be found, she inquired what

had been done with the horse. 'I took it to the garden,' said the doctor. 'To the garden!' she exclaimed; 'then all our flower and vegetable beds will be destroyed. 'Don't be afraid of that,' said the doctor, 'for I took particular care to place the horse on the garden-walk.' 'And did you really imagine,' rejoined his sister, 'that he would remain there?' 'I have no doubt of it,' said the doctor; 'for so sagacious an animal as the horse could not but be aware of the propriety of refraining from injuring the products of the garden.' 'I am afraid,' said Miss Chalmers, 'that you will think less favourably of the discretion of the horse when you have seen the garden.' To decide the controversy, by an appeal to facts, they went to the garden, and found, from the ruthless devastation which the trampling and rolling of the animal had spread over every part of it, that the natural philosophy of the horse was a subject with which the lady was far more accurately acquainted than her learned brother. 'I never could have imagined,' said the doctor, 'that horses were such senseless animals.'

I was very sorry when, in consequence of his transference from Kilmany to Glasgow, I was deprived of the society of a man, who to an intellect of the first order united a most amiable disposition and a heart glowing with every kindly affection. I knew not whether more to admire his condescension in admitting me—immeasurably his inferior—to familiar intercourse with him, or the kindness with which he kept in check his mental superiority, which, had it been fully let out, might have restrained that freedom of conversation in which he always encouraged me to indulge. There was an artless suavity in Dr Chalmers's manner which won upon you at first sight. The moment after you were introduced to him you felt as much at ease as though you had been acquainted with him for years, and he must have been a dull physiognomist who did not read in the bland expression of his countenance the benevolence of his heart.

MRS BELL'S BALL:

A CHAPTER FROM 'LEVY LAWRENCE'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.'

In Graham's Philadelphia Magazine.

It was about this time (meaning the time I began to realise that if silver and gold could do everything, brass could do much), and shortly after my return to P——, I received an invitation to attend a ball, to be given by the lady of a gallant naval officer, at a public hall, the only one with which the town of P—— was blessed. To one who had absented himself from such gaieties for some time, and who was particularly fond of them, the thought of a ball was exciting, to say the least—and such a ball! I knew very well what it would be, given by Mrs Bell, in a fine large hall. Nothing sham. No; Mrs Bell had too much pride, and so had Mr Bell, to have anything to do with an entertainment that was not of the very first order; and Mrs Bell was too ambitious, and so was Mr Bell, not to make some endeavour to go a little beyond any of their neighbours. 'I will go to this ball,' said I, and immediately confirmed my determination by writing an acceptance; 'I will go; I will rust no longer. Why should I suffer myself to grow mouldy, and hide my light under a bushel, when I might illumine, perhaps dazzle, the gay world with my brightness?' I said this, being in a particularly self-satisfied mood, for that morning I had made one dollar, and had the money, the hard specie, in my pocket. Any young man, who is beginning to make his own living, will appreciate my self-satisfaction, for he well knows the pleasure—how great it is—which is experienced from the first fruits of his own exertion, however small they may be.

The ball was to take place in a week, and in the interim, wherever I went, I heard nothing else talked of. Everybody was going—and everybody was full of it. How glad was I that I had accepted! Everybody seemed determined on making an impression, for everybody was planning and arranging, and their lives, for that week, were bound up in the ball—the ball was the end to which their whole

present existence was directed. Never since my childhood, on the occasion of an annual visit to the theatre, had I looked forward to anything with such delightful anticipations as to this ball. What blessings did I not invoke upon the united heads of Mrs and Mr Bell, as I heard of some new contrivance for the pleasure of those who were to be their guests on this great occasion. To think that I was going, was happiness enough. I am afraid I did not pay so much attention as I ought to my business. I may have neglected it, but I could not help it.

The week passed. The day of the ball came. The evening—almost the hour. People were beginning to prepare themselves. Not more than time enough remained for me to make my toilet. Many a lady was by this time fully arrayed, and doubtless many a gentleman. Then it was that I experienced one of those dreadful revulsions of feeling which no words can describe, and which only those who possess an extraordinary share of moral courage can bear up under. If the sun had gone out at noonday, I should not have been more overwhelmed. I had no clothes to wear! The moment which brought me to the verge of an earthly elysium, which was to be introductory to an age of delights, had arrived, and not a decent coat, not a passable pair of pants, not even a respectable pair of boots! I might have known it all before. O fool! fool! I should have wept if I had had any tears to shed; but I had none. My excess of feeling was beyond tears. I sat down like one dumb and stricken. I had clean shirts, and though they had often served me in good stead, they would do me no good now. What could have possessed me, that on this occasion, when I needed it so much, I should have neglected to provide myself with proper attire? I might as well be in Patagonia without any clothes, as here with my shabby ones.

The clock struck nine. The ball must have begun; and I fancied the gay music, the bright throng, and the sound of dancing feet, and almost smiled as I fancied, the fancy was so pleasant. I tried to reason with myself. Supposing I had not forgotten the clothes, how could I have paid for a new suit, with but one dollar in my pocket? (I hadn't earned a cent since the day I received the invitation.) Oh! approved credit was as good as money. I had been on tick before now, and might do so again. It was no comfort to think what I might have done. What could be done now? Buying was out of the question; all the money in the world could not in a moment have procured me a new suit. Borrowing? That was out of the question. Whose coats would fit me, and who was there to borrow from? Everybody had gone—gone to the ball.

To the melancholy conclusions of my reasoning succeeded what would, in a child, have been called a temper-fit; and it was no more or less in me. I wilfully, intentionally, and maliciously kicked over a table, thereby doing serious detriment to its contents, for a glass lamp being broken by the fall, they, together with the carpet, were covered with a plentiful sprinkling of oil. I nearly put the fire out by giving it a severe poking, broke a pen-knife by energetic use, and if there had been a bell-rope (I didn't enjoy the luxury of a bell), I should have broken that. Then came a calm; a calm which proceeded from a resolution I had suddenly taken—to go, at any rate. When Cinderella stood by the magnificent equipage which was to take her to the king's palace, she reflected upon the inconsistency of her mean apparel with the gorgeousness before her, and that she was about to encounter. 'What,' sighed she, 'and must I go thither in these dirty, nasty rags?' Scarcely had she spoken, when her godmother, who was a fairy, touched her with her wand, and in an instant her rags were changed into the most beautiful robes ever beheld by mortal woman. No gilded chariot waited before me. I had no godmother, with one stroke to put nap upon a thread-bare coat, and make worn-out boots new. There was no magic to be employed upon me, but that of an unflinching spirit, a brazen face, and the little that might be effected by brushes and Day & Martin.

Having dressed with as much care as if I had been

putting on regal robes, I started to walk—no such extravagance as a carriage for me—flattering myself that perhaps the hall might not be very well lighted, and in the crowd I should escape critical observation. I fortunately found a drygoods shop open, where I stopped to purchase gloves. I paid that dollar for a pair of a light straw colour, and felt elegantly dressed when I had encased my left hand in one. Alas! the right hand glove, as right hand gloves often do, tore when I gave it the final pull. This additional ill-luck did not trouble me—my mind was steeled. My hope of a twilight apartment was born, like all other hopes, but 'to fade and die.' When I entered, my eyes were blinded with the glare from six dozen solar burners.

I will pass over my entree, my compliments to the hostess, to a corner where I found myself ensconced, back to the wall with P., Mrs Bell's cousin. Mrs Bell was a charming woman, and her cousin P. was another, and so was her cousin Mary. Three more charming cousins could not be found, if you searched that numerous class of relations through. Cousin P. was the woman I delighted in above all others; she had fascinated me in my early youth, and I had maintained a sort of attachment, though time had separated us, married her, and brought me into love with fifty other cousins. I cannot tell how our conversation in the corner commenced, but very soon, almost too soon to be natural, it turned upon *dress*, and gentlemen's dress in particular. I remarked that I considered him a fool who said 'clothes make the man'—it was no such thing, the man makes the clothes. I cited instances of great geniuses who were very slovenly in their dress. P. seemed much amused; perhaps she thought I wanted to pass myself off for a genius. Ah me! my attempt to look well dressed was too palpable. Being in rather a jocose mood, I asked her how she liked my coat; and the smile with which she replied assured me that she was not insensible to its shabbiness, and saw all its defects as plainly as myself. So I made a clean breast of it, and told her the whole story, and described in a graphic manner the scene I had lately enacted at my room. She was delighted, and thought it the best joke in the world, at the same time expressing a wish that I should exhibit myself to the company. A waltz had just commenced, so what could I do but waltz? P. and I took our places. I knew that the attention of several people was attracted toward us, and two young ladies were seen to exchange glances which said louder than words, 'Coat.'

It is astonishing how well navy officers always waltz, also ladies who have been under their training. I liked to watch their short, quick steps, taken with a precision and exactness truly enviable. But though I had been accounted an indifferent waltzer, I now had something new to teach them. I had a relative in Europe, and they had not, or if they had, what use was he, since he made them no communications on the subject of waltzing? My relative had lately sent me valuable advice on the subject. 'Take very long steps,' wrote he, 'and never lift your feet from the floor; slide along, but on no account jump.' These hints I had acted on, though my opportunities for practice had been limited to an occasional evening with a friend, or a few turns with some brother companion, in the small circle of my own apartment. Now had my hour arrived. I communicated my style to P.; and thank fortune she was not unprepared for it. The three cousins were fresh from a visit to the metropolis, where this change had already been adopted. Now we would make a trial; with such brilliant music, and such a glorious smooth spring-floor, who could fail? Down we swept, the whole length of the hall, and all around it, not confining ourselves to the more contracted circle with which the navy and people in general were satisfied. Down, up, round again—all eyes upon us, as we rounded our rapid way. My coat did not look quite so shabby now. All the young ladies were breathless, the navy stood aghast—they didn't know what it meant. But how much wider did their eyes open, and their mouths, too, when I took another partner, cousin Mary, and repeated the performance. How can I express their mingled wonder and in-

dignation when I advanced with Mrs Bell, for a third waltz. What assurance in shabby coat! But shabby coat is not to be daunted by trifles. Navy, stand back. They did stand back, and we had the floor all to ourselves; for the few who had commenced to waltz soon stopped, and fell back among the crowd of lookers-on. Shabby coat and Mrs Bell were by this time half round. It was a tug—a tug, no other word will express it. Mrs Bell was more than slightly inclined to embonpoint; but, thanks to my strength of arm, I was able to sustain her. Just as we passed the orchestra, I heard a young middy give an order to the leader of the band, 'Faster, faster.' Faster played the waltz, and faster, faster waltzed shabby and Mrs Bell. I was in good time, and could not be got out of it. Our course was exciting—it was tremendous. I look to nature for a comparison, and the great whirlpool on the coast of Norway roars with a mighty rushing sound in my ear. Shabby coat had done it. Shabby? It was no longer shabby, not even threadbare; a new nap had extended over its surface, at least it seemed so to the eyes of envying young ladies. What were my boots? Better than Hobb's best. Coat, boots, and all, were forgotten, to think only of the genius that could achieve such wonders. No more glances of scorn, but glances of desire from ladies, both married and single. The navy scowled malignantly, and many a lieutenant, and many a midly thought of pistols and challenges. I surveyed with a calm smile of satisfaction the revolution I had accomplished. The navy was down, had become at once old-fashioned, and several rather advanced belles boldly talked of their 'minnikin diddling steps.'

My triumph was not yet completed. Supper had to be gone through—and such a supper! When I am bidden to a feast, I go and make the most of it. So I did here, and found myself one of the lingerers who still have another glass of champagne, and another glass of sherry to take before the cravings of their stomachs will be satisfied. I was interrupted in my discussion of another delicate bit of quail, by the music of a Strauss waltz. I had engaged P. for the German quadrille, and it was soon to begin. I reeled down stairs into the dancing-hall, and was luckily enabled, by immense ocular exertion, to distinguish the tall figure and blue head-dress of P., amid the blur of sizes and colours which was before me. Soon was I at her side, and soon the dance began. I followed my friend's advice, to keep my heels to the floor and not jump; but certainly never was so light a pair of heels kept down. It may have been that the head they carried bore the same proportion to them as corks do to feathers; sure it is, that winged Mercury never glided over the earth with a lightness that surpassed mine, as I glided over that ball-room floor. We waltzed several figures of the German quadrille, till we came to that one where a chair is placed in the centre of the circle, in which each lady in turn sits, and has the opportunity of refusing or accepting every gentleman in the set as a partner in a waltz. It was here the crown was put upon my glory of that evening. Every gentleman was refused but me, and by every lady too. The unfortunate rejected ones stood in a long row behind the chair, while I, shabby, was the only favoured one. As for the real state of my dress and appearance, it was as much worse as possible than when I first entered the hall and was sniffed at—for I had become very much heated by my exertions; my hair was flying in every direction, and my dickey, which in the earlier part of the evening had stood with a dignified erectness, now hung wet and flabby, as when it dangled the previous Monday morning from my washerwoman's line.

Shall I tell of my dreams that night? I had none, for I slept too sound.

SCOTTISH MANUFACTURES.

DEANSTON COTTON-WORKS.

THE pretty village of Deanston, the property of James Finlay & Co., Glasgow, is situated, as we formerly stated (No. 131), on the sweet banks of the Teith, about eight miles north-

west from Stirling. The extensive cotton-works are in the immediate neighbourhood of the village, the inhabitants of which find there constant employment. The works consist of a new and an old mill and extensive weaving-shed. The old portion is built on a less magnificent scale than the new, but is a substantial building, kept in excellent repair, and exceedingly clean. The new mill is not only substantial but elegant, and forms a fourth part only of the entire building, according to the original plan. Proceeding from the Bridge-of-Teith along the beautiful road that skirts the river and leads to the works and village, you are at once struck with the order and cleanliness that prevail. The massive walls of the new mill, the corners of which are of hewn stone of a brick-red, and whose numerous windows are all surrounded with the same workmanship, present a wonderful contrast to many works of a similar description, which appear so slim and unsubstantial that one wonders they stand the storm so long. The works are open to visitors; the officer whose station is at the gate acts as guide, and if you fail to derive that amount of pleasure you anticipate, we pledge you the blame will not be laid at his door.

The first thing the visiter is shown is the *wheel-house*; for you must know that the Deanston works are not moved by steam but by water-power. This is a square building, occupying the centre of the grand square in the plan drawn out for the erection of the new mill; and, had the original intention been carried out, they would have been by far the most complete and extensive cotton-works in the world. When you enter this building you are confronted immediately with two stupendous water-wheels, each 36 feet in diameter and 12 wide. Beyond and opposite these, other two of the same size are plying. Each wheel has the power of 80 horses! The house is large enough to admit of the erection of four additional wheels of the same dimensions and power. The water by which they are moved is drawn off from the Teith about a mile above the works. By this means a fall of above 30 feet is obtained from a stream whose flow is remarkably steady. The continuation of the mill course is an enormous iron trough, supported on metal pillars. Along each side of this trough there are four apertures, which can be opened or closed at pleasure. The faces of the wheels are placed to the openings; and, the sluices being withdrawn, the water falls into the boxes and weighs them down. As box after box fills and empties, the motion is communicated, and as the supply is equable so is the speed. The power possessed by each wheel is communicated to a point by means of spur-gearing. From this point it is distributed all over the works by means of numerous shafts and wheels. Everything about the wheel-house is complete: it is unquestionably the best thing of the kind in Europe.

We are next taken to a large ground flat, called the cotton-room. Here the raw material, in square compact masses or bales, is heaped together in great quantities, just in the state in which it is purchased. In this room there is a small but neat machine, called the *willow*, or cotton-opener, through which the material is passed. This is the first process to which it is subjected. From this room it is removed to another, and made to pass through a second machine, which has received the name of *scutcher*. By this process it is cleansed of much of the refuse that adheres to it in its natural state. It is taken from the scutchers in large rolls, and conveyed to the *carding*-machines, in which it is subjected to further cleansing, and laying of the fibre of the cotton. From the cards it is received on a comb by a very simple device, and from the latter it descends into cans in the shape of threads about three inches broad. In this state it is carried to machines called *drawing-frames*. Here it is destined to undergo further intermingling and change. A number of these threads are placed together, and made to pass under rollers, by which process the fibre is drawn into a still finer thread. When this doubling and drawing process is accomplished, it is taken to the *roving-frame*, where it is still another time doubled and drawn into a finer thread. This is indeed a beautiful machine, but of such a nature as cannot be de-

scribed without the use of diagrams. Through all these machines must the cotton pass before it is fit to be put into the hands of the spinners. It must be opened, and teased, and winnowed, by the willow, and scutcher, and card, and it must be doubled and drawn at least twice over in the drawing and roving frames. By this time it has got reduced to the compass of a fine worsted thread, and in this state is taken to the spinning.

Hitherto we have confined our remarks to what we examined in the new mill. We must for a moment refer to some things connected with the older portion of the work. This part has been lately replenished with the most modern machinery, introduced by the manager, Mr Noton, and arranged under his immediate superintendence. We were much pleased with a new drawing-machine, on which he had worked some interesting and useful improvements. It is so neatly adjusted in all its parts that when one of the fibres breaks, immediately the machinery stands still. This result is secured by the following ingenious plan: The fibres, in passing from the cans to the rollers, by which two or three are drawn into one, stretch over a space between two rods of about an inch and a half. A small circular weight, highly polished, just sufficient to fall through this opening when the cotton is absent, is placed edgewise on the broad fibre. Its weight does not in the slightest prevent the steady progress of the cotton thread from the can to the roller; but the moment the fibre breaks, which it occasionally does, the weight, being unsupported, falls down between the rods, and is received on a board below. This board communicates by a crank with the power-wheel of the machine, and, in virtue of the weight added to it, it works a delicate lever, and in an instant throws off the belt from the power to the fly-wheel. This ingenious device contributes both to the saving of time and the securing of more perfect work.

We now go to the *spinning*. There are three kinds of it in this work. First, there is the common *throstles*. There is every reason to believe that some of the best throstles now in operation are to be met with here. The same machines in the old mill are constructed on an improved principle. Secondly, the *damforths*. We understand that this kind of spinning is not much in practice, except in this work, and a few other places. Thirdly, the *self-acting jennies*. Those now in use here embrace all the improvements introduced by Mr Smith (formerly manager in Deanston), and for which he still holds a patent. This machine is exceedingly interesting. It pulls out the thread to the requisite fineness; and when the moving part has receded about four or five feet, the motion is changed, and it returns to the fixture. Meanwhile, the thread is being wound up as fast as the machine travels back. All this reeling and returning, this stretching of fibre and coiling of it up, with the utmost precision, is effected by machinery alone. From the spinning-flats the yarn is carried to the *winding-room*, where it is put on large bobbins and prepared for the *warping*. This process consists in inserting numerous bobbins into a *bank*, or creel, when the yarn is wound round a large pirn called a beam. The warper prepares the yarn for the dresser. In the process of *dressing*, it receives paste to stiffen and prepare it for the weaver. The paste is in ordinary machines in a liquid state, and is applied by brushes attached to a revolving cylinder; the yarn is then exposed to a current of air, and passes round a cylinder containing steam, when it is perfectly dried, and wound again on the beams. In a new machine, introduced by Mr Noton, the paste is kept perpetually in a boiling state. The beams are now taken to the *heddling* and *reading*, by which process the yarn is made ready for the weaver. In the *weaving* department, by a beautiful and well known process, the yarn is manufactured into cloth of the various fabrics required. It ought to be observed, that the Deanston weaving-shed, one of the finest in Europe, has been lately furnished with new looms, containing all the modern improvements, including a recent patent, obtained by Mr Noton for an improved taking-up motion, by which light and heavy cloths can be very evenly woven. Mr N.'s improvement is thus described in the 'London Journal of Arts, Sciences, and

Manufactures,' which also contains a beautiful and detailed drawing:—'This invention consists in taking up the cloth, and winding it upon the cloth-beam of power-looms, by means of a pair of parallel plates or discs at the end of the beam, which discs act by friction, to produce the rotation of the cloth-beam.' When the webs are removed from the looms, they are conveyed to the office of the cloth-inspector, where they undergo a searching scrutiny, and are afterwards folded and baled for the market.

This sketch would be incomplete without a brief reference to some other points connected with the works. The company have an extensive foundry and mechanical establishment, in which the castings, &c., required for the works are produced. Formerly, machinery was made here on a large scale; but this department was dropped several years ago. The gas-work connected with this establishment was one of the first erected in Scotland. Two years ago the old apparatus was removed, and a new one introduced, containing all the modern improvements in common use, and some advantages peculiar to itself, especially in the purifying process. The gas made here is equal to any in the country. Mr Noton was kind enough to point out to us some ingenious improvements, also of his own introducing, in connexion with the boiler-house, by which the smoke is consumed, and a great saving of coal is effected. There is a commodious school-room attached to the works, at which, during certain hours in the day, the young people connected with the mill have education free. In the evening, too, all under a certain age have the same privilege. It is gratifying to know that a large number avail themselves of the opportunity. Lately, there has been established a class for sewing, for the accommodation of the elder mill-girls, and others who have a wish to attend. The schoolmaster, having a salary from the company, is thereby enabled to afford education to children not connected with the works on more reasonable terms. From all we could learn, the instruction communicated is of a superior order. Associated with the school is a library, containing a number of volumes on various subjects suited to the young. The committee of the library have also established a series of lectures, during the winter months, on science, literature, education, &c. This order, and cleanliness, and arrangements for the liberal instruction of the young, has not failed to produce beneficial consequences upon the people, which are obvious to a greater or less extent to every intelligent visitor.

THE GOOD CHRISTEL.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

ON the afternoon of a beautiful summer holiday, the children of the village went to the church to learn their catechism. Christel, the shepherd's stepchild, a little girl of seven years old, was among them, and when the pastor said, 'Every one, however little his ability may be, must do good, if he would be approved of by God,' the good child wept. Christel was very poor, and in her simplicity thought she could not show love or do good to any one, not even to a dove or a sheep, for she had neither.

She came out of the church quite sorrowful with the thought that the kind God had no joy in her, because in her opinion she had never done any good; and as she did not wish to show the redness of her eyes at home, she went away into a field, and lay down under a wild rose-bush. There she observed that its leaves hung down sapless and shrivelled, the red rosebuds appeared quite dry and faded, for there had been no rain for a long time. She hastened to a brook that flowed past at no great distance, lifted up water with her joined hands, for she had no vessel, and carried it very carefully to the almost withered bush, so that on the same day it again stood fresh and strong, and the little roses bloomed beautifully, and sent forth a pleasant fragrance. Then the good Christel went back to the little brook as it glided along the meadow, and she told the silver waves that they had done good to the rosebush; but it never came into her mind that she had done any good herself.

As she was going along a little farther, there lay a great stone in the bed of the brook, and the water only flowed slowly, and almost drop by drop under it, so that all its pleasant murmuring was lost. This the good Christel was sorry for. She sprung with her bare feet into the brook, moved up the heavy stone, and the little brook flowed gaily on. The sparkling wave seemed to thank the good child. And farther went the good Christel, for no one at home inquired after her. Her stepfather disliked her, and her mother loved her younger children better. This grieved the poor little girl. Farther on her way she at last came back to the village, and was still always reproaching herself that she had done nobody any good. There lay in a little garden at the first cottage in the village a sick child whose mother had gone to the fields to glean. She had given the child a toy to play with, a little windmill of thin wood, that the time might pass more quickly; but the sick child lay on the green turf under the yellow marigolds and wept, for the little wings of the mill were not moving, as no wind came in among the trees. Immediately the good Christel stepped over the low garden-hedge, and in doing so tore a hole in her only Sunday frock; she kneeled down before the little mill, and blew with all her might on its light wings till they began to move, and then turned quickly round. Then the sick child smiled and clapped his hands, and Christel did not grow weary of moving the toy with her breath. At last the child fell asleep, overcome with the joy which the little mill caused him; and as it was now evening, Christel proceeded home—hunger compelled her, for she had eaten nothing since midday.

On coming home she heard her stepfather raging and quarrelling. He had just returned from the alehouse, where he had got himself intoxicated. When she stepped into the room and he observed her torn frock, he stumbled up to her and struck the weak child a blow on the face with his powerful hand. Then Christel bowed her head like the withered rosebud in the field, for the blow had laid her prostrate. The mother sprang to her side with cries of grief, and even the hardhearted and passionate man was suddenly sobered by terror. They both wept and mourned over the good child, laid her in a bed, strewing it with all kinds of flowers, marigolds, poppies, and green twigs; but the little maiden seemed dead. After the parents had reproached themselves greatly for their cruelty to the good child, and the stepfather's conscience had smitten him, water was brought from the little purling brook into the quiet chamber to bathe the mouth and eyes of the little Christel. She raised the closed eyelids again, and the cool drops flowed into her veins, and set the blood again in motion. The water seemed to her to say, 'The removal of the stone from the bed of the brook has been the means of reviving thy drooping spirit; we will now proceed in our course, and refresh the parched earth.' Then came the wind and kissed the lips and face of the pale child, and breathed its fresh air into her breast. Her heart began to beat, and she grasped the yellow flowers, and rejoiced over them. The sickly child whispered in her ear, 'I restore to you the breath which you spent in making me happy.' Then Christel smiled, full of joy. Not long after came the pastor, holding in his hand a nosegay of fresh fragrant roses. These he laid on the cheeks of the pale child, saying to her, 'Thou hast done good according to thy ability, therefore thou shalt have even a double blessing.'

From that time Christel became quite healthy and lively; and the most beautiful red came into her cheeks, so that she was now only called Little Rose-cheek. Her mother opened her heart to her in warm love, and even the hard stepfather became friendly and kind to the child, who now grew up the joy of her parents, and of the whole village.

KARA GEORGE AND WELIKO, THE SERVIAN PATRIOTS.

THE history of no empire records so rapid a growth in physical constitution as that of the Turkish, nor shows so

rapid a decay of power and grandeur. A mere handful of warriors, they usurped the Saracenic sway in Asia Minor, and spreading east and west, like devouring flames, scorched or subjugated every state into which they carried their crescent and Koran. But John Sobieski stayed the westward tide of Moslem aggression; and the fiery energy that had borne the scimitar and the shout of 'Allah-il-Allah' into the heart of many a Christian land, seemed at once to be checked, and rapidly to become extinguished, until now the Turkish empire occupies one of the most politically humiliating positions among the nations, as her people are the most remarkable for phlegmatic indolence. We behold in the decadence of the Turkish empire the result of that spirit which Mahomedan fatalism has engendered in the people who have received its blighting, energy-destroying dogmas. In the reactionary struggles of Greece, the Ionian Isles, Wallachia, Bulgaria, Bosnia, and Servia, we see a manifestation of at least the genius of Christianity if not of its spirit. We see the progressive impulse illustrated, if we do not behold the attributes of love and forgiveness of enemies. From the fall of Constantinople, the mountain ranges of Turkey in Europe (the Hemus or Balkan mountains) afforded an asylum to bands of men who scorned the Moslem yoke, and who at the same time redeemed the produce of the land from which they had been driven with the sword. They swept down upon the plains, and repaid the Turkish tyrants their cruelties, with a surcharge of vengeance. They, however, kept the spirit of independence alive, and were the source whence sprung the reaction which resulted in Greek and Servian liberty. These men were called Palikares in Greece; in Servia they were named Heyduks.

From Ranke's interesting 'History of Servia and the Servian Revolution,' recently translated by Mrs Alexander Kerr, and published by Mr Murray, London, we extract the following sketch of the two most distinguished men in the annals of that period. They were both Heyduks, and their characters are at once interesting and original. Kara George and Weliko are striking types of their bold and primitive race; and the character of the former is especially interesting as that of the founder of a dynasty which is perhaps destined to exercise a decisive influence over the affairs of the East.

'George Petrowitsch, called Kara, or *Zrni*, the black, was born between the years 1760 and 1770, in the village of Wischewzi, in the district of Kragujewaz. He was the son of a peasant named Petroni; and in his early youth he went with his parents higher up into the mountain to Topola. In the very first commotion of the country—which was in the year 1787, when an invasion by the Austrians was expected—he took a part that decided the character of his future life. He saw himself compelled to flee; and not wishing to leave his father behind, amongst the Turks, he took him also, with all his moveable property and cattle. Thus he proceeded towards the Save, but the nearer they approached that river, the more alarmed became his father, who, from the first, would have preferred surrendering, as many others had done, and often advised him to return. Once again, and in the most urgent manner, when they already beheld the Save before them, 'Let us humble ourselves,' the old man said, 'and we shall obtain pardon. Do not go to Germany, my son: as surely as my bread may prosper thee, do not go.' But George remained inexorable. His father was at last equally resolved; 'Go, then, over alone,' he said: 'I remain in this country.' 'How!' replied Kara George, 'shall I live to see thee slowly tortured to death by the Turks! It is better that I should kill thee myself on the spot!' Then seizing a pistol, he instantly shot his father, and ordered one of his companions to give the death-blow to the old man, who was writhing in agony. In the next village, Kara said to the people, 'Get the old man who lies yonder buried for me, and drink also for his soul at a funeral feast.' For that purpose he made them a present of the cattle which he had with him, and then crossed the Save. This deed, which was the first indication of his character, threw him out of the common course. He returned to his

own district, with the rank of serjeant in the corps of volunteers; but, believing himself unjustly passed over at a distribution of medals, he retired into the mountains as a Heyduk. However, he became reconciled in this matter with his colonel, Mihaljewitsch, went with him, after the peace, to Austria, and was made 'forest-keeper' in the cloister of Kruschedel. But he did not rest satisfied in Austria; and as, under Hadschi Mustafa, he had nothing to fear in Serbia, he returned thither, and from that time followed his business—that of a dealer in swine. The outrages of the Dahis hurried him into the movements in which he was destined to perform so important a part. Kara George was a very extraordinary man. He would sit for days together without uttering a word, biting his nails. At times, when addressed, he would turn his head aside and not answer. When he had taken wine he became talkative; and if in a cheerful mood, he would perhaps lead off a Kolo-dance. Splendour and magnificence he despised. In the days of his greatest success, he was always seen in his old blue trousers, in his worn-out short pelt, and his well-known black cap. His daughter, even whilst her father was in the exercise of princely authority, was seen to carry her water-vessel, like other girls in the village. Yet, strange to say, he was not insensible to the charms of gold. In Topola, he might have been taken for a peasant. With his Momkes, he would clear a piece of forest-land, or conduct water to a mill; and then they would fish together in the brook Jasenitz. He ploughed and tilled the ground; and spoiled the insignia of the Russian Order with which he had been decorated, whilst putting a hoop on a cask. It was in battle only that he appeared a warrior. When the Servians saw him approach, surrounded by his Momkes, they took fresh courage. Of lofty stature, spare, and broad-shouldered, his face seamed with a large scar, and enlivened with sparkling deep-set eyes, he could not fail to be instantly recognised. He would spring from his horse, for he preferred fighting on foot; and though his right hand had been disabled from a wound received when a Heyduk, he contrived to use his rifle most skillfully. Wherever he appeared, the Turks became panic-stricken; for victory was believed to be invariably his companion.

An anecdote is recorded of him when a boy, indicative of the future decisive fierce character of the man. Being commanded by a Turk to stand aside if he did not wish his brains blown out, the Heyduk boy drew forth his pistols and coolly shot the Mussulman dead.

When the murderous bands of the Dahis advanced into the country, the Servians 'determined not to wait till they should have to suffer death, chained by the hangman and grooms of the Dahis, but seek it boldly as free men. They were joined by numbers—all men who counted it a sin to die without taking an enemy with them. Their unanimous determination was, to sell life for life. The Heyduks also eagerly joined them. The most noted of these were Gla-wasch and Weliko. Weliko had served during the winter as herdsman, and as such had taken a wife. Now he resumed his arms and his Heyduk's dress. 'Wo is me!' exclaimed his wife, as she saw him thus equipped, 'I have married a robber!' He consoled her by replying that, 'now every man had become a robber,' and departed to seek his companions. A numerous and resolute band of Heyduks and fugitives, at the commencement of hostilities, attacked the village of Sibnitz, in the district of Belgrade, of which Katisch and Tscharapitsch were natives. They fired the house of the Subascha, killed and plundered the Turks whom they found, and carried off with them all the Servians capable of bearing arms. Couriers were dispatched in all directions; every one who could carry a gun was ordered to join one of the armed bands; the houses of the Subasches were to be destroyed; the women and children were to be brought into the barricades on the mountains. And this was done. Any man who was unwilling to join them was forcibly compelled. At this news, the country on the further side of the Kolubara also rose. Jacob Nenadowitsch—of whom a song records that his brother Alexa had in his dying moments charged him to revenge his

death—most distinguished himself. Luke Lasarewitsch, brother of Ranko, regardless that he was a priest and wore a beard, took up arms. Of the Heyduks in this district none was so dreaded as Kjurtschia. He was a most expert marksman. The first shot which he had ever fired hit the target—a feat which many a Turk had fruitlessly essayed. For this superiority, the Turks conceived such a hatred against him, that they attempted to kill him, and obliged him to flee into the mountains. Now he came down, and carried the standard before Jacob, who for the first time took the field.

The whole population had risen in arms simultaneously, and having driven the Turks out of their country, or to the shelter of their fortifications, they elected Kara George their commander-in-chief. Our readers have seen in what manner Weliko left his home for the seat of war, the following shows how he deported himself when arrived there. When the emancipation of his country was all but completed, the unsettled Heyduk 'begged only for a banner, and general permission to assemble volunteers: he required nothing else,' he said, 'to conquer back his native country, Zrnareka.' Aware that he would not remain quiet unless his request was granted, the Servians gave him all he asked. He very soon made himself heard of. Although the force which he brought together at first was small, he ventured to besiege a Beg in Podgoraz: by piling up one upon another a number of barrels filled with straw, and then setting them on fire, so that the flames reached up to the fort, he forced him to surrender. He gave the Beg safe-conduct to Widdin; but first exchanged dresses and horses with him, and took from him all the money in his possession. He then assembled his men; and though himself a commander of inferior rank, he appointed standard-bearers, Buljuckbaschas, and even a Bimbascha. One half of the booty he distributed, the other he sent to Belgrade; and as, instead of demanding money, like others, he contributed some, his presumption was allowed to pass unrebuked. It was sufficient if he succeeded in holding his ground. When the Turks from Widdin came against him, with a force incomparably superior to his own, he was not in any degree daunted. He was able, by a bold stroke, to keep them off. During the night, he, with his Momkes, stole his way into the midst of their camp, calling out in Turkish—'Weliko is here and conquering;' at the same instant he attacked the half-awakened and terrified soldiers, and drove them before him all in different directions. Such exploits he considered to be sufficient grounds for investing himself with a legitimate authority; and from that time he ruled as Gospodar at Zrnareka.

The Turks were too pertinacious and too strong, however, not to make attempts to recover their lost ascendancy, and in these invasions the tide of fortune was various. The Servians, however, indomitably maintained the unequal war, and in their determined struggles Weliko, though greatly inferior in intellect, divided the palm of glory with Kara George.

In 1803, the Turks renewed their war of aggressive atrocity with a large force, and Weliko raised his bands to meet and oppose them. We extract the record of the manner of his death. Whilst waiting the approach of the enemy he scoured the country for many miles around his camp. 'He drove many thousand head of cattle into his citadel of Negotin, and ventured as far as the gates of Widdin, where he was seen, on his Arabian steed, in the plain before the fortress. Near Buckowtscha he put to flight the first Turkish troops which appeared on the Timok; but when the Turks arrived 18,000 strong, he was obliged to shut himself up in Negotin. It was then his delight to make sallies, day after day, and night after night, and thus to keep the besiegers constantly in a state of alarm. Compared with the losses which he caused them, his own were trivial—though he lost better soldiers, and each diminution of his numbers could not but be seriously felt. At last both parties were obliged to solicit aid; the Turks from the Grand Vizier, and Weliko from Kara George and the Senate. The Turks were not long unsatisfied. Retschep Aga, the Wallachian Prince Karadschia,

and the Grand Vizier himself, led on a reinforcement. They made their way, under cover of the night and by mining, nearer and nearer to the fortifications. They battered down with their cannon one tower of Negotin after another; and lastly the highest, which was the residence of Weliko himself. Still he lost not his courage, but went down and lived in the vault. Everything of lead or tin which could be found in the place he melted into balls, not excepting even spoons and lamps; and one day, when all metal else was exhausted, he ordered his men to load their guns with pieces of money instead of bullets, and thus successfully kept off the enemy. If he could but have received assistance! On receiving Weliko's request for aid, Kara George, whose corps of reserve had never been brought into a state of efficiency, sent to Mladen. But Mladen's answer was—'He may help himself. His praise is sung to him at his table by ten singers, *mine* is not; let him then keep his ground—the hero!' The Senate—to whom Weliko had written, in the most severe terms, saying that 'at Christmas he would inquire in what manner the country was governed,' at length sent a vessel to him with ammunition; but it arrived too late. One morning, as Weliko, according to custom, was going his rounds, and just when ordering the repair of a redoubt which had been damaged by the enemy, he was recognised—for the combatants were very near to each other—by a Turkish artilleryman, who aimed at him. The aim was true. Uttering the words, 'Stand firm!' (*Držite se!*) Weliko fell to the ground—his body lay torn asunder!

This was a most disastrous campaign for Servia. The Turks completely overwhelmed the patriots, compelling Smederewo and Belgrade to submit at their approach, and Kara George to flee into Austria. The defection of these cities rendered the designs of Milosch Obrenowitsch to constitute himself leader of the Servians practicable; and his pretensions being favoured by the Porte, he at once became Servian chief and Turkish tool. Kara George secretly returned to his native country a short time subsequently, for the purpose of organising a revolution, when Milosch caused him to be assassinated, and continued to maintain his meanly secondary position. In 1838, however, he was compelled to abdicate and flee into exile, in consequence of his monopolies and tyrannies; and his imbecile son being elevated into his place was emancipated from its cares and duties, for which he was unfitted, by a speedy death. A second son succeeded his incompetent brother, and his reign also was short, a popular revolution in 1842 driving him into Austrian exile. The people now directed their eyes towards Alexander Georgewitsch, the son of Kara George, and elected him as their prince. He was born in 1806, during a wild struggle for liberty, and by birth and descent was associated with the strongest and proudest recollections and affections of the Servians. He still reigns over his primitive mountainous people, whose developing energies mark them out as one of the most important future elements of eastern politics.

CHRISTIAN FORBEARANCE.

When Abraham sat at his tent-door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was one hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but, observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven? The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he threw the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called upon Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied, 'I thrust him away because he would not worship Thee.' God answered him, 'I have suffered him these hundred years, though he dishonoured

me, and wouldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble?' Upon which, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and instruction. Go then, and do likewise, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE STATUE IN THE SNOW.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Numb and chill the Savoyard wander'd
By the banks of frozen Seine,
Oft, to cheer his sinking spirit,
Singing low some mountain strain.
But, beside the wintry river,
Rose the songs of green Savoy,
Sadder than 'mid Alpine valleys,
Sung by many a shepherd boy.
From the bleak and distant Vosges
Swept the snowy whirlwind down,
Flinging wide its shifting mantle
Over slope and meadow brown.
Like a corpse, the silent landscape
Lay all stark and icy there,
And a chill and ghostly terror
Seem'd to load the leaden air.
Still that shiv'ring boy went forward,
Though his heart within him died,
When the dreary night was closing
Dull around the desert wide.
Sobbing wild in lonely sorrow,
On his numb cheek froze the tear
And his footstep, faint and weary,
Heeded not the gath'ring fear!
Through the desolate northern twilight,
To his home-sick pining, rose
Visions of the flashing glaciers,
Lifted in sublime repose.
Horns of Alp-herds rang in welcome,
And his mother kiss'd her boy!—
Back his bounding heart was hurried
From the vales of dear Savoy!
For, amid the sinking darkness,
Colder, chillier, blew the snows,
Till but faint and moaning whispers
From his stiff'ning lips arose.
Then beside the pathway kneeling,
Folded he his freezing hands,
While the blinding snows were drifted
Like the desert's lifted sands.
As in many an old cathedral,
Curtain'd round with solemn gloom,
One may see a marble cherub
Kneeling on a marble tomb,
With his face to heaven upturning,
For the dead he seems to pray,
While the organ o'er him thunders,
And the incense curls away—
Thus he knelt, all pale and icy,
When the storm at midnight pass'd,
And the silver lamps of heaven
Burn'd above the pausing blast.
In that starry-roof'd cathedral
Knelt the cherub form in prayer,
While the smoke from snowy censers
Drifted upward through the air.
Though no organ's grand vibration
Shook the winds that linger'd near,
Think ye not the hymns of angels
Trembled on his dying ear?

A BEAUTIFUL IMAGE.

A deaf and dumb person being asked to give his idea of forgiveness, took a pencil and wrote—'It is the sweetness which flowers yield when trampled upon.'

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SUNDAY IN COLOGNE.

COLOGNE has been styled with truth the *Rome* of Germany. In the very first century of the Christian era, a Roman legion, under Marcus Aurelius, here pitched its camp and founded a colony; hence its name *Cologne*, derived from the Latin *colonia*. Here too did the Roman military influence maintain its ground until the empire was overthrown, and a new power succeeded. But though the sceptre passed from the Roman emperors, it was still wielded by other and no less powerful Roman hands. The Popes of Rome succeeded, and to this day the papal influence governs as absolutely the minds of the people of Cologne as at any preceding era in its history. This city is still the seat of the Roman power in Germany. It still wears the Italian yoke, though the Italian eagles have fled away. Never has Protestantism obtained a footing in Cologne; it has ever been, and now is, intensely devoted to the Roman see.

As you pass along its streets, you see the signs of Roman influence in every one of them at every corner. Look up, that statue of the Virgin that meets the public gaze, that emblem of the crucified Saviour at the next turning, before which yonder devout passers-by kneel and cross themselves, tell you that the moral power of Rome is still here and still governs. A procession meets you. Preceded by a troop of girls dressed in white and a chorus of singers, a priest robed in ecclesiastical drapery, and chanting from a book he holds before him, walks along shaded by a canopy held aloft over his head by four bearers—the women and children strewing flowers and laurel leaves along their path. They halt at some sacred niche, and then a service is said amidst a crowd of awe-struck devotees, then the incense is wafted about, and the water is sprinkled, and the procession proceeds on its way. Turn into another quiet street, and you meet another priest in black garb, a broad hat on his head, walking hastily on. A clerical attendant carries a lantern before him. He is on his way to some dying penitent, to administer the last rites of the church. All uncover as he passes, and many kneel in the street and cross themselves devoutly. Here are the unmistakable signs of the influence of Roman power in Cologne at the present day.

A Sunday in Cologne is calculated powerfully to strengthen this impression. High mass is to be performed in the morning in the great Dom Kerche or Cathedral, and the archbishop is to be present in person. We wend our way thither with the multitude which presses into the mighty building from all sides. But first let us take a glance at that magnificent remnant (*ex pede Herculem*) of the noblest creation of mediæval architecture, the grand

Cathedral of Cologne. Through the ancient scaffolding which surrounds it on all sides, and which has stood there for ages—a kind of pledge that the incomplete work would in the fulness of time be completed—through that network of wood you discern the beautiful proportions of the towers and arches of the cathedral, rising out of a forest of piers and pinnacles attached to the main building by gigantic rows of flying buttresses—the magnificent choir towering up from amid its clustering group of seven chapels, grim and grotesque pipe-heads protruding themselves in all directions in the form of dragons, monkeys, demons, and monstrosities of all kinds and shapes.

Beautifully ornate—bold in grouping and design—elaborate yet massive—vigorous in outline and yet almost embroidered with ornament and tracery—this building, though not yet half finished, stands the proudest and noblest monument of the cathedral architecture of Germany. Six hundred years have passed since its foundation-stone was laid. The erection proceeded at intervals during two centuries; and then the Reformation, which convulsed the minds of all nations and plunged Germany into revolutions and war, completely interrupted the work; and there it stood, scarce half finished, for four hundred years, but with its cranes and scaffolding still about it, ready to proceed when the age of convulsion had passed away. By accident, the original design of the building was discovered some thirty years ago—the principal portion of it among the mass of objects of art carried to Paris from all parts of the continent during the wars of the French Revolution, and another portion of it was found by a sign-painter, nailed to some boards to make a floor for drying beans. Public attention was drawn to the subject, and plans were discussed for the completion of the building according to its original plan. The people of all Germany—Catholics, Protestants, and Rationalists—at once took up the question with interest, and heartily combined for the common purpose of completing this unfinished monument of their forefathers. In 1842, the Protestant King of Prussia laid the new foundation-stone of the building, in the presence of Queen Victoria of England and many of the crowned princes of Europe; and a subscription was entered into which enabled the work to be recommenced with the fair prospect of being brought to a successful completion in our own time.

Now, let us enter this magnificent building, which we do by a door at the side of the choir. We are struck by the loftiness of the arches, springing lightly and gracefully from the floor to an immense height overhead; the airy and beautiful design reminding us of Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey, but on a greatly more enlarged scale. The fine stained glass of the window let in a 'dim

religious light,' which harmonised well with the character of the building. There was, however, no time nor space for solemn meditation; for a vast crowd already filled the cathedral, and pressed on towards the high altar, where service was going forward. The chanting of the priests was followed by the occasional bursts of the immense organ, aided by a chorus of at least a hundred singers, and a powerful instrumental orchestra, combining wind, stringed, and brass instruments—flutes, clarionets, bassoons, violins, double basses, trumpets, trombones, and kettle-drums. The effect on the senses was overpowering. Then succeeded the chanting of the priests, and the tinkling of a little silver bell, when the immense congregation dropped on their knees, and the writer stood alone, almost awestruck at his isolation in the midst of that vast and kneeling crowd. But each was too intently engaged in his or her own vocations to attend to the solitary stranger, and he was unseen; for Catholics are not curious about the attitudes of others around them, each seeming altogether absorbed by the ceremony of the time. Then came another *Gloria in excelsis*, which reawoke the echoes of the vaulted roof, the crowd rose, there was crossing and bowing, then a grand procession of the archbishop, followed by the bishops and priests, around the cathedral, amidst the wafting of incense and the sprinkling of water, and the imposing ceremony of the morning was over, though it occupied much more time than has here been taken to describe it.

But service was not over, only one preliminary stage of it was performed; for in every crypt you passed a priest was observed engaged with a congregation round him, now kneeling, now listening in reverent admiration. For the greater part of the forenoon this goes on, some around the priests, others around the 'sacred relics,' with which this cathedral is filled more than any other religious building in Germany. What dense crowd is this that presses towards that niche immediately under the great east window of the cathedral? It is assembled round the famous shrine of 'the three kings of Cologne,' the traditional three wise men who came from the east to worship the infant Jesus. You see their three jet-black skulls stuck up there, and around their brows are inscribed their several names, Gaspar, Melchior, and Belthazzar. The lamps, with which the shrine is lit up, enable you to see that it is decorated with gold and precious stones, said to be of the value of about a quarter of a million sterling. The summary manner, however, in which the French soldiers stripped this and other shrines, on their occupation of Cologne about the end of last century, renders it probable that the value of these costly ornaments is very much exaggerated. To this tomb pilgrims resort from all parts of Germany, and you will rarely pass it that you do not find some devotees kneeling at the shrine. There are numerous other 'holy relics' in the other crypts, to which pilgrimages are also made, but none enjoy the extensive celebrity of the Tomb of the Three Magi.

Emerging from the cathedral, we pass on to the church of St Peter, where Rubens, a native of Cologne, was baptised; and here is to be seen one of his masterpieces, the crucifixion of St Peter. The church was crowded, and we passed through the ranks of persons kneeling even to the doors. A Swiss Catholic, from Geneva, who accompanied us, took occasion to dip his fingers into every pewter dish we passed and sprinkled himself devoutly. Then we went on to the church of St Andrew, to the church of the Jesuits, to St John's kerche, to St Jerome's, to the church of St Ursula (where an immense number of skulls, said to be those of English virgins, are shown), to the church of St Mary or the church of the Capital, founded by the mother of Charles Martel, the conqueror of the Saracen. They were all crowded; and at each and every of them the Swiss still piously sprinkled himself.

Passing from one of these churches to another, we came upon a funeral procession. First went four boys in wide dresses of black and white, one carrying a representation of the Saviour on the cross, the others carrying black flags with white crosses emblazoned on them. Next followed a

large body of boys and girls, singing hymns in parts beautifully. Then three boys, two bearing wax candles, the centre one a crucifix; then men chanting prayers; and following them were the priests in their mitral caps. After them followed the hearse containing the dead body, and then two or three carriages with the friends and relations. In the adjoining square we passed a superb military band, discoursing to a considerable crowd the beauties of Bellini and Donizetti.

In the afternoon we had an opportunity of witnessing a religious procession of a more superb kind, such as is to be seen almost every fine Sunday passing through the streets of Cologne. It was composed of an immense number of boys and girls (for the youthful population are early imbued with a taste for these *spectacles*), men, singers, and instrumental musicians, and priests of all orders. The singers carried with them music-books, from which they sung their parts. The priests also chanted the prayers from the books they carried open before them. Immense numbers of wax candles were carried along the procession, and lighted, though the sun was shining overpoweringly. There were also numerous gaudy banners, emblazoned with crosses, crucifixes, images of Christ and the Virgin, branches of trees, and beautiful flowers. The streets through which the procession passed were strewn with flowers and green leaves. Almost every window was similarly decorated, and contained wax tapers lit, images of the crucifixion, crosses, and similar emblems. Crowds of gazers looked on admiringly, and kneeled as the priests passed by. Under a gaily gilded and decorated awning, the chief officiating priest walked along—obese and oily—barcheaded, yet perspiring at every pore, for a most frying sun looked on. The scene was really gorgeous—the singing and instrumental performances were very fine—the graceful little girls dressed in white, and decorated with flowers, contributing to give a charming effect to the scene. Occasionally the procession halted, and opposite some image of the Virgin at a street corner, the priests said prayers and chanted, amidst the waving of the censer and the sprinkling of the water. And thus it went on from street to street amidst the admiration of the multitude.

Evening came on; the religious processions were brought to a close; and the casinos, music-gardens, and dancing-houses commenced their busy and noisy proceedings, in which the population which had been so devout in the morning and afternoon seemed to take an equal if not a still more absorbing interest. As the shades of night were falling on the city, our steps were again attracted to the gorgeous cathedral, and entering, the sound of a distant voice reached us. Making towards it, we found a simple-looking priest, evidently one of the 'working class,' engaged in the midst of a small audience, chiefly aged women poorly dressed, exhorting them in a serious tone and manner, which held their anxious attention. His clear voice echoed through the long and now empty aisles, and though the scene had none of the splendour, it seemed to us there was more of heart and soul in it than in all the pompous decorations and musical magnificence of the morning.

THE OLD LEITH SMACK.

THERE is a singularly mixed emotion in the mind of a man when he looks back upon the past—a kind of tender regard for the joyous days of his youth, not inconsistent, however, with a feeling of contentment that they should never be repeated. This same sort of mixed emotion is sometimes entertained with regard to modern improvements. Our reason, our interest, our comfort, our convenience, all repose, and even rejoice, in the wonders of modern art and invention; yet we look back with something like tenderness upon the comparative 'make-shifts' of days gone by. We rejoice—who does not?—at the power of entering a carriage and getting to our journey's end in a brace of whistles; we congratulate ourselves deeply upon the possibility of taking up our temporary abode in a floating palace, and going on, on, on to our des-

tionation, reckless of wind or tide—careless of sea or sky; to know that while we sleep and when we wake—while we eat, and drink, and laugh, and gossip, those ponderous wheels are incessantly churning the waters—those huge cylinders, those mighty levers, are unweariedly at work on our behalf. We are not alternately drifting idly about or darting impetuously on, like an unsteady man at the mercy of external circumstances; we are rather like one inspired with the spirit of independence—urged by some internal principle of powerful energy. Yes, the poet's line ought to have been addressed to a steam-boat, though it might have been called bathos, for of a steam-boat we may truly say—

'She walks the water like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.'

She seems to possess life in herself, and not to borrow her life from the winds of heaven; and we know that when a sailing vessel 'dared the elements to strife,' she often came by the worst of it, until she was fain to turn tail, and wisely run away from the contest. And yet, with all the reasonable rejoicing in these things, which is as natural as it is proper, who does not look back upon the locomotion of the past with an eye of interest—an interest almost as deep as the delightful conviction that we shall never be condemned to such 'shifts' again. We serve, then, a double purpose in poring over some of these things; pleasing ourselves with the reminiscences of the past; pleasing ourselves still more with congratulations in the present—anticipations of the future. It is quite refreshing to think of the perils, by flood and field, to which we were formerly exposed. Not greater perils, some folks will say, as they lift up their hands at the recital of a railway accident; but that is all they know about the matter; they are misled by the sort of wholesale dealing in death and destruction that one of these events sometimes exhibits, and forget the everlasting retail trade that went on among mail-coaches and other means of transit. Yes; we are persuaded that where steam slays its tens horses slew their hundreds. But we have wandered. Present pleasure, everybody knows, may be estimated in an inverse ratio to past pain. So it is always pleasant to look back upon disagreeables endured and difficulties encountered. Not that it was all difficult or even disagreeable. There was often much of *character* and *incident*, as you shall see. It was just that combination of light and shade which makes a picture charming. So we are going to condense a little of our experience of an old Leith smack, to refresh the reminiscences of those who were wont to endure it, and to inform and amuse those who have now little chance to enjoy it.

It was a pleasant sight to see the wonder and excitement with which we shoregoing subjects regarded the early mysteries of sailor craft. What a transition! to be transported from the glare of gas-lights—the brilliance of the shops—to the murky region of the Leith and Berwick or the 'palpable obscure' of Miller's Wharf. For, you see, the old smack sails with the early tide, and we must be aboard to-night. True, we have not particularly heeded that brilliance, for as the lumbering old hackney-coach has been conveying us through six or seven miles of bricks and mortar, we have been frequently calculating, both mentally and digitally, how many boxes, packages, and portmanteaus we ought to have, and wondering where in the world they are all to be found. But we have reached the vessel; a strange spectacle it is to land-used eyes, especially in the dim light by which it is now revealed; and such a scene of mysterious inexplicable confusion! We can almost fancy that the pulling of one of those half seen ropes, stretching away somewhere up above, would bring about such a catastrophe over head, such changes and transmogrifications, as the pulling of the rope behind a pantomime trick, which changes perhaps a wheel-barrow into a water-carr. How funny the smack looks! the men with a lantern down in the hold seeming to be at work below the bed of the river; and then the thin stream of radiance darting up from the dead-lights, showing the face of that deck-pacer as he passes them. But our eyes are getting accustomed to it now, and we love to gaze upon

the bristling tide as it runs gurgling and rippling against the counter of the old sloop.

And now that we find all our own baggage safe, we have leisure to amuse ourselves with the misery of our fellow-passengers, who are arriving in a state of mental excitement from which our own brow is cool and dry again. Candidly, we do not think we are ill-natured; but we really could not help smiling at the transient troubles of our fellow-passengers, the more so that we knew they were as brief as they were bitter. It is a curious propensity of human nature that leads a man to take a species of pleasure in seeing others in the sort of scrape that he has just escaped. We do not really wish to see a man in the mire, but we are certainly not the worse pleased that we are out because he is in. Now, let us take a peep below. The cabin is as uncomfortable a place as one could wish to poke one's nose into. It is at present littered with stray luggage, which has not yet found its way into the snug holes and corners to which it is ultimately destined. It is not properly lighted either to-night, and one old fellow is reading a newspaper by a tallow candle with a wart on its wick as big as a mushroom. The passengers are sitting in silence, eyeing one another askance, and every one wondering what sort of people all the rest are. 'Tis of little consequence in these days. Steamboats are proverbially unsociable, and trains allow you little time and less opportunity to talk; but when you were to be caged up for an indefinite period with a few people, it was a matter of some moment to know what sort of people they were. There is one young mother with a young infant, and the ladies are making anxious inquiries whether she is to sleep in the ladies'-cabin. Some of the passengers are making the most ostentatious preparations for the voyage. Going to sea is no joke to them, and they are arraying themselves in the most out-of-the-way amphibious-looking costume you can conceive. Youngsters especially, who have not got over their years of vanity, are making themselves the greatest frights imaginable, ensconcing their heads in the queerest combinations of seal-skin and leather and fur, and thrusting their arms into the wildest congeries of wool and cotton, and swathing their throats in impenetrable shawls, until their eyes seem ready to start out of their heads with the exertion of buttoning up to the whiskers. In short, as they doff their fine shore-going garments to save them from the salt sea, and don their nautical attire, it seems, as Shakespeare says, as if

'Nothing of them that can fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something new and strange.'

Two very young men, we particularly observed, who were busy in this transformation. They could not quite make up their mind to part with all their land-loved finery, yet there was something seductive in nautical costume, so they came out in a 'garb heteroclit,' which was most impressive. It was a kind of civic-sailor-military-marine breed, with a slight cross of the sportsman. At a fancy ball, you would have puzzled your head all night to make out what they meant themselves for. But we shall beg your further acquaintance for these youngsters anon. They were now going to light a cigar and pace the deck, to the infinite horror of sleepy passengers below, who might be trying to repose with their nose a few inches under the youngsters' heels. They had, however, somehow acquired a notion, by no means uncommon among very young men, an idea that the working of the ship was an utter impossibility without their countenance and co-operation. So these very young men go and get in everybody's way, and stumble over coils of rope, and ask foolish questions, and bring down upon their own devoted heads the heaviest anathemas of the pestered seamen, while they think themselves the most important and interesting fellows in the universe.

We have found our berth now. It is in a small state-room containing two. Alick, the boy, has disencumbered our nest. Having pulled out some hat-cases and umbrellas, carpet-bags and camp-stools, we discover that there is something like a bed (though to our eyes it is more

like a child's crib) behind that fine faded crimson drapery. Giving us some useful hints as to the way of inserting ourself into the said bed he retires, and we are next caught in an undignified attempt to read the name on the scrap of paper pinned to the bed above. It proves to be that of the old fellow who was reading the paper. He is to be our fellow-lodger, and the next state-room is occupied by the young mother and her babe. The latter had just begun to tune its shrill treble, and the poor young thing was making such distressing attempts to smother or appease it as showed that she was in an agony of apprehension. The old gentleman tapped at the partition. Could he have the heart to scold? 'Never mind, never mind, my dear!' he cried, 'I have got little children myself!' Glorious old fellow, we will set our camp-stool beside thee all the way to Leith, though it should be the worst place in the cabin. The worst of it was (we had almost inadvertently said the best) it was a lie. Yes; we subsequently ascertained that he was an old bachelor, accustomed to every comfort, never troubled with little children in his life, but such as his amiable old heart had created to soothe the young mother. We have now got insinuated into the bed, making our body a kind of sandwich (like a great overgrown anchovy) between two slices of sheet and blanket. The old gentleman's sacking is a foot or two above our nose, and every time he turns we make a rough calculation of his avoidpous, thinking of the bare possibility of his being too heavy for that creaking matting, and wondering what in the world would become of us if he should prove to be so.

The best part of the night was spent in tossing and tumbling, and the early morning in getting under weigh, but, restless and feverish, we arose at an early hour and went on deck. And is this the scene of yesternight's confusion? Everything is stowed away and snug now. The deck is newly washed. Not a rope out of its place. We have been dropping down the noble Thames with the tide; but now the sweet breath of the summer morning is freshening, and we are beginning to move more freely. A momentary lull does sometimes occur, and then the great mainsail of the fine sloop gives one ponderous flap, and the reefing points patter like hail upon its distending disc. The sail is full again and we are gliding on, casting off such a gentle ripple, in proportion to our bulk, as the swan bears back from its downy chest when he gives a powerful stroke with his broad muscular feet. The Thames is anything but a romantic river. It has no mountain-glens like the Clyde, no hanging woods and shaggy rocks like the Wye, no vineyards, crucifixes, and ruins like the Rhine. The acmé of its character is pleasantness—that pleasantness which is the most specific feature of merry England. Exquisitely pleasant, however, it is upon a fine sunny summer morning. We are opening the longer reaches of the river, and gazing upon the sparkling water as it dances in the sun, and drinking in the delicious morning air as it comes fresh from the Kentish hills, drinking it in with the relish of a man who takes a draught of *nice* medicine, something that at once pleases his palate and does him good. Ah! this is better than inhaling ether, even though the latter should make it an amusement to have your leg amputated. The Kentish shore, with its rich swelling hills, is on one side of us, and the low Essex land, dotted with innumerable head of cattle, on the other. Then comes old Erith Church, nestling under its coverlet of ivy and canopy of trees, and Gravesend, with its hills, and mills, and masts, and vessels; while, on the other side, Tilbury Fort displays its quaint old gateway, without a tree to hide it from the sun or a hedge to break the monotony of the new-mown meadows, which lie parched and brown beside it. Forts, indeed, are out of fashion, and those same cannon that poke their noses so impertinently out of the embrasures, look like the cumbrous things of other days; one could almost wish them pensioned off, for they never do any but the invalid duty of firing a salute.

Breakfast has been laid out in the cabin now, and we have got ensconced beside the old gentleman, and the baby having been discovered to be an extraordinarily

quiet one, is in high honour and glory, passing from hand to hand, but always, like a bad shilling, coming back to the right owner at last. There are vestiges of sorrow upon the features of that young mother. One can fancy the traces of tears upon her face, and by degrees it comes out that misfortune after misfortune has pressed heavily upon her husband. He has been obliged to quit her to join a rich relation who has got rich plantations and what not in the West Indies, and she is going home to her friends in Scotland, who have never seen her since her marriage.

'Could not her husband have taken her with him?'

'No; his cousin would not consent. He had only offered the situation on condition of his coming alone.'

'Indeed! why so?'

'He could not be bothered with brats.'

The old gentleman muttered something which, openly uttered, might, by the laws of England, have cost him five shillings. 'And how could your husband go and leave this beautiful boy?' quoth he.

'He has never seen him, sir. He was obliged to go before Freddy was born. Freddy has never seen his father—never will, perhaps,' she added, in an undertone, and stooping over the child to conceal her emotion. But it was not to be concealed, for the tear-drop sparkled through a ray of the sun as it fell upon the child's face, baptising him with the holy water of a mother's blessing.

The very young men left the table; the mere mention of babies makes some very young men sick—we suppose they are afraid of being thought babies themselves. We soon followed to the deck to enjoy the smiling summer morn. The sweet breeze had freshened a little, and we were getting on gaily. The tide had run out now, and we began to meet great ships coming up against us; and while the larger vessels wended their sober way along, the lighter craft were darting about, like winged things, upon the silver surface of the Thames. But as the sun got high in heaven, the breeze began to lull. The man at the helm cast many a dubious glance at the truck, and the passengers came beside him and followed his eye, looking amazingly knowing—especially the two very young men, who glanced at the binnacle, compared the compass with the pennon, then looked the helmsman full in the face as they heard the little, low, mysterious whistle which seemed to come involuntarily from his pursed-up lips.

The result of the man's experience was soon seen. The bright red streamer, that looked like a flash of fire against the brighter blue sky, began to betray an unequivocal tendency to droop and dangle, the mainsail to shiver, and the reefing points to patter. In short, the wind was dying away; and though it was pleasant to lie on your back upon the warm deck and gaze into the high arch of the heavens, now mottled with little fine fleecy clouds, and think what a way heaven was off, yet it was with the consciousness that neither the mountain nor Mahomet were approaching—we mean, that you were not drawing much nearer to Scotland nor Scotland to you. So passed the summer day—the wind now freshening, and anon lulling again. The setting sun lighted up the great red lanterns of the Nore as we passed them—for we had got no farther by sunset—and as we sat down to a late tea, a heavy, rumbling, rattling sound was closed by a jerk, that made the tea-cups jingle on the board, and frightened one finicking miss into the utterance of a faint scream, while the old gentleman, scratching his whiskers with great vehemence, exclaimed, 'Bless me! there goes the anchor.' We must say we all looked a little blank at this intelligence, but one of the very young men, who volunteered to instruct us in the mysteries of the sea, bade us be under no alarm, but he 'sposed the infernal wind had got to the nor'ard.' His companion added, that it was enough to make a fellow savage; whereat the old gentleman remarked, that when fellows became savage, they were not fit for civilised society; and a little Quakeress told us in an under tone, that if they spoke of the wind in that profane way, she should be under the necessity of quitting the ship. The *savage* young fellow, sitting astride upon his camp-stool, writhed his arms

upon his breast, like military men upon the stage, and gazed upon the old gentleman with an eyeball glaring with such fiery indignation, that it is a wonder that the old gentleman's spectacles were not melted or his whiskers scorched, but, curiously enough, that eccentric individual went on sipping his tea and buttering his toast, as if nothing extraordinary was transpiring, much less that torturing and withering look which ought to have petrified the marrow in his bones; and the youngster, after unfolding his arms, and drawing in a draught of breath through his teeth, after the most approved melo-dramatic method of expressing high-minded indignation, drew on his gloves with the air of a hero, crushed his cap over his eyes, and went up to see if the sailors were doing their duty.

The captain, now coming to his tea, informed us that, with the baffling wind then blowing, he could not venture through the narrow channels of the Goodwin Sands in the dark, but he hoped to trip his anchor with the dawn. Thus were we condemned to a very quiet evening, enlivened only by the heroic youngster practising the flute, as he sat with his legs dangling out of the long-boat on deck. He was trying to play the 'Legacy,' but, as he could only get out the first 'too too tootle tee,' it was rather sedative than animating. The sailors, who had gathered in groups about him, dispersed by degrees. Indeed, we heard one of them say, that he was blessed if one good fiddle warn't worth fifty of *that*; and our old gentleman declared to me, as he mounted to his berth, that it was like a cuckoo with a cold in its head.

We were awakened in the grey of the morning by an astounding dream. Some giant, as big as the monument, was winding up a watch as large as the clock of St Paul's. 'There comes the anchor,' muttered our friend in the first floor; and then we fell asleep again for several hours.

The wind was now fresh and fair, and after a deliberate toilet, with a very cautious use of the razor, we went on deck, to find the pleasant town of Harwich smiling in the sun before us, the quiet red brick houses basking, as it seemed, in the beams, and the little hazy smoke, like the breath of the old town, hanging over it, and slightly staining the light blue sky. And what a goodly sight is that same broad sea, when it first meets your eye upon a fresh and lovely morning! How delicious it was—yes, that is the word—how *delicious*, to mark the deepening green and the whitening foam near at hand, and the darkening azure of the distance, and the faint prismatic colours that tinged the spray as it burst upon the bows of the vessel, forming a sort of incipient rainbow—a good omen of hope for the triumphant vessel; and it was only an old Leith smack, after all, you know. As to sickness! bless you, it's all nonsense! Who could ever think of being sick at sea—that fine, fresh, amiable-looking sea?

All the company assembled at the breakfast-table, and laughed and chatted right gleefully. Our old gentleman was intensely civil to the two very young men, though we shrewdly suspect that he overturned the egg upon the waistcoat of one of them on purpose. He was certainly reaching for the sugar-basin, and it *might* have been an accident. The pity was that the said waistcoat happened to be an outrageously fine one, evidently displayed to dazzle the eyes of the company in general, and those of the finicking young lady who screamed when the anchor went down, in particular. The old gentleman apologised profoundly, but hinted that it was a great pity that the gentleman had not retained his nautical attire. Then the finicking young lady scolded the steward most unmercifully because there was no more milk to be had, and looked with supreme contempt upon the beaten egg which was to serve as a substitute for it. She stated that it was an insufferable shame that they did not keep a cow on board these vessels—a sentiment with which the old gentleman gravely agreed, and added, that they ought to be made, on such a voyage, to carry a surgeon, a medicine-chest, a chaplain, and a band of music. The young lady assented to all these particulars, and whispered to her neighbour that he was a very sensible old gentleman. We had a glorious run all that day, keeping well in shore, the wind—a mild balmy

breeze—being off it, and the charming coast towns of Aldborough, and Dunwich, and Lowestoffe, looked unspeakably pleasant from the sea. How the old fellow did pace the deck and gossip with us, to be sure! and now it was that we discovered him to be an old bachelor. He chuckled at the idea of his little family; he knew it was wrong, very wrong, to say such a thing, but he could not help it. Between ourselves, we do not think the old sinner felt the slightest degree of remorse, and we fear he would do the same thing again under similar circumstances.

It was growing late in the afternoon when we reached the Yarmouth Roads, and the picture which had been glowing with all sorts of bright sunny tints, looked now more like an Indian-ink drawing—it was all black and white, without a tinge of colour. The skies were so dark that the gulls looked preternaturally pale against them, and the sea was so black that the foam looked like snow-wreaths upon it. A very decided change had certainly come over seas, skies, ship, passengers, sailors, and all. The sailors had suddenly acquired a strange propensity to hurry about, and the passengers displayed a no less decided predilection for sitting still. The ship seemed actuated by the same unaccountable whim, for down came the gaff and in came the jib. This was like a preparation to stand still, but so far from standing still, she was flying through the water faster than ever. The captain, who had been transforming himself out of a respectable-looking, decently-dressed, civilised man into something like a yellow coal-heaver, came behind the man at the helm, and rubbed his chin and screwed up his face as he perused with attentive eye every rope and block and pulley. Some talismanic words he uttered, unintelligible to us as choctaw chickasee, and then the sailors began lugging away at the ropes without doing any earthly good, as it seemed to us—but we suppose they knew best. 'Slack away the fores'l!—slack away!' at length we distinguished, and the foresail, which had been so quiet and peaceable all day long, darted across the ship in a most impetuous manner, and the man at the tiller jammed it hard up at one side; and the mainsail followed the fun, taking the example of its small friend in front, but not being quite so young and light, it went over in a more stately manner and with a boom like a distant gun; and we who were sitting on one side of the vessel felt ourselves suddenly elevated so as to look down upon those who were seated on the other side—but there's nothing uncommon in *that*. Sudden elevation, alas! too often makes men look down upon their fellows.

We might describe all this in more scientific, that is, more nautical language, by the aid of our subsequent experience, but we wish the reader to enter into the impression of a first voyage. Besides, there is ridiculous affectation in a landsman trying to ape the seaman, and employing a greater number of sea phrases (even suppose he knows them) than are necessary to elicit his subject. We should fall into the very folly that we deprecate in those two very young men, who are now looking extremely knowing, and occasionally pointing out to the sailors their proper line of conduct. The most dignified of the two chanced in the ardour of inspection to approach the fore part of the vessel, when a wave bursting against her bows sent a shower of spray over young hopeful that wetted him to the skin. 'You didn't ought to go to wind'ard when you goes for'ard,' said an old seaman, laconically. 'Well, of course, I know *that*, stoopid,' cried the youngster, impetuously, and he cast a furtive glance at us, which betrayed his wounded dignity.

The passengers had now assumed a most mysterious silence. The finicking young lady, who had been all day looking sentimental, suddenly put on a very *natural* air, yet she turned pale as a lily and began to bite her lips, as though she was endeavouring to suppress some hidden emotion; she was very angry, too, when the captain asked her to move up a little out of the way of the sail, for the sail was now robbed of its dignified repose. Back it came to its old position; *we* were now low, and our opposite neighbours could look down on us. So you see, it is best to bear in mind that your own time may come,

and not to be too high-minded when you are up in the world.

We were making short tacks through the narrow channel of the Yarmouth Roads. The very young men were now making desperate efforts to maintain their dignity. Yarmouth was past, and the waves seemed to be growing every moment more outrageous. Our youngsters tried to pace the deck, but their military stride was continually broken into a kind of dancing curvette that spoiled its effect. Then they would stand still with their legs very wide apart, but even in this case they were taken with sudden startings of locomotion. They lighted their cigars, but we observed that these luxuries were soon thrown over to feed the fishes—that is, such fishes as would take the trouble to use tobacco. Whether it was the cigars, or that the young braggarts would not sit still, or what, we know not, but certainly these youngsters were the first to break down. We could almost have pitied their mortification, it was so painful; and yet they richly deserved the humiliation. One of them, the most pompous of the two—he who had trod the deck as though the deck had been beneath him—was suddenly crushed down, as it seemed, and suffered a collapse. The starch was out of him in an instant—every limb seemed limp. Down on the deck he was on his back—heedless of all appearances, careless of the passing foot—extended, reckless of the damp and dirt and splashing spray. The other struggled manfully for a time. He tried to pace the deck, his step became more and more unsteady, until it fell almost into a trot, but such a trot! —‘twas like the forced gait of a shuffling nag,’ and at length he made a furious sortie to the side of the ship. Our laugh was not of long duration—one after another followed his example. One man went to ask the captain what he thought of the weather; but while the latter was giving his opinion, the interrogator looked him confusedly in his face, muttered some mysterious words, and plunged below. What became of him we could not ascertain, but he was missing for two days and a half. We began to look upon the loveliness of creation with a jaundiced eye. We have some faint reminiscence of enduring a shower-bath, seeing the baby sputtering with the salt water, and its being lowered down the companion by a couple of sailors like a small bundle of goods. How we got down the said companion, now lying at a most impracticable angle, we cannot tell. We have a faint vision of camp-stools that betrayed your touch, doors that were banged to by unseen hands directly you opened them, of draughtsmen rolling about the table untouched by mortal fingers, of swinging drapery and napery in the state-room—in short, of a hideous tendency of all things to move about. We have some recollection of a frantic attempt to get one boot off, and a desperate determination to leave the other on.

What more befel us then and there,
We know not now—we never knew:
First came the loss of light and air,
And then of darkness, too.

What a strange combination of noises meets the ear of a man lying in his berth when a ship is going through a pretty smart sea! The creaking and groaning of bulkheads, the moaning of the wind through the rigging, the *shwash* of the sea—for we must coin a word to express it—close in his ear.

We rolled heavily over the Lincoln deeps that night, and it cost the sea the whole of the next day to subside. It is trite and commonplace to talk of the selfishness of sea-sickness, and so many people have told us that death itself seems a happy retreat from nausea, that we forbear. We have heard that a man in a fierce fit of intoxication grasps the bedposts to hold himself still, but what is that to a landsman at sea, grasping the pillow, the coverlet—anything—everything, to keep himself quiet; now clinging to the sacking, lest he be pitched out of bed, and now fancying that everything in the cabin will be pitched upon him. The climax to your misery is to have a horrid engine throbbing beside you, and giving you a palpitation of the heart with its abominable trembling. This, oh, generation of juveniles! was not an ingredient in

the travelling of other times. The absence of it was one of the luxuries of the Leith smack. The day, as we have hinted, passed wearily away, and during the next night the sea had subsided, so that when we crawled upon deck next morning, we found the vessel gliding soberly along—a very pyramid of canvass. They could not afford to lose a breath of that light balmy breeze, and, in addition to her slooping, there were yards and square sails rigged out, and there was a flying-jib and studding-sails down to the very surface of the water—every stitch of canvass that we could carry—and withal we were moving at a most magisterial pace. There was hardly a ripple to wrinkle the surface of the bright silvery sea—hardly the vestige of a cloud to chequer the face of the deep blue heavens. The coast of Yorkshire lay upon our larboard-beam, indented with deep bays, or rising into bold and striking headlands. It was a charming scene; but our eyes were soon attracted to a very different, though a not by any means uninteresting one. This was a group, consisting of the old gentleman with the baby on his knee, while the little Quakeress was on hers, feeding little long-clothes with a spoon. You will perhaps laugh at this scene. The very young men did, as soon as they came out of the cabin. They were all right now, and they glanced at the binnacle and the truck to see that the vessel's course was so. They could find no fault with the sailors, and so they came and stood over the group alluded to. This scene they regarded with a compassionate smile. We saw some mischief lurking in the old man's eye. We saw by the quiet smile playing about the sides of his mouth, that he was meditating some little piece of amiable malice; but the little Quakeress got the start of him, and her simplicity told far better on the mawkish youths than his sarcastic shrewdness would have done. She said to one of them, ‘Friend, thou wast very ill last night. I quite pitied thee.’ Some very young men would rather be charged with petty larceny than sea-sickness. Convict them of a bad heart, they do not much care—of a soft head, that is much worse—but of a weak stomach! what an insult. Should it be thought that they cannot smoke a cigar, that they cannot stand the sea, they are degraded in their own eyes beyond measure. They turned haughtily away on hearing the deep chuckle of the old gentleman.

We were now joined by the young mother. She had been very ill indeed, and looked extremely pale and languid, but she brightened up when she saw Freddy, and came and sat down with us. When she saw the old gentleman's kindness her heart was full even to overflowing. She actually believed him when he said that he had never seen so fine a child in his life; and when he called that child ‘the prince of babies,’ she looked as proudly upon it as though it wore the Prince of Wales's feathers. Her heart thus opened, she admitted us to its inmost recesses, and bitter indeed was the anguish of spirit that she endured, for she knew not what sort of reception she should meet with from her friends. It seems that she had made a sort of love match with a very worthy man—a match which suited not with the pride, on the one hand, or the poverty, on the other, of her friends. It was not an elopement; no, she could not have consented to the degradation of that, but it was certainly against their wishes; and now that she was to return a suppliant on their bounty, she knew not how they would receive her. She would have wrought with her hands, her needle—any way to procure an honest livelihood, rather than trouble them, had she alone been concerned, ‘but then you know, sir, there was Freddy,’ and ‘Freddy’ was an answer to everything. As the day wore on, the old gentleman paced the deck with us, wondering what the deuce we could do to help the poor young creature. She had expressed her fear that her relations would not meet her at Leith. ‘Queer set, eh?’ quoth the old gentleman; ‘what can we do; we'll not lose sight of her, you know, till we see her all right.’ As we paced the deck, we paused at the end of each short promenade, turning towards one another and looking one another in the face, then going on again.

As the day declined the wind got up again. We were

now as far as Bamborough Castle. A dark stormy-looking sea was illumined by streaks of silver, as the sun broke through the black clouds, smiled upon the massive towers of the old castle, or lighted up the lofty range of the Cheviots with patches of gold. Passing the Fern Islands, upon the rugged points and shelves of which the waves were now breaking in sheets of foam, we found the sails coming down, the ship heeling over, and the spray bursting in showers over the bows again. Warned by these unequivocal symptoms of approaching nausea, we made the best of our way below, and buried our fears in oblivion. The next morning was ushered in by a dense fog. When we came on deck we found the smack the centre of a true circle of grey mist, lying on a plate of dull leaden water. The heavy sails were too lazy even to flap now, but they exuded a 'plentiful moisture,' and the ship was quietly swinging round. If there is anything above another that gives you an idea of utter helplessness, it is a ship's swinging round for want of wind. All that enlivened us that morning was one of the very young men tapping at the stopper of the finicking young lady's smelling-bottle, which had got firmly fixed in the neck of it. But in the afternoon there was a little squabble between the old bachelor and one of the very young men, which was quite refreshing. The youngster had made himself very disagreeable to the young mother, which the old gentleman resented, and it ended with the young man's handing out his card. But the old gentleman said that all his trunks were directed, and therefore he wanted no more cards; and thus the matter dropped.

It must be confessed that we had by this time had quite enough of the old Leith smack, and yet we were destined for another day to hide our heads in her. How we dodged about Dunbar and the Bass Rock we shall not attempt to describe. We were off Leith by five o'clock the next morning, but there was not water enough to cross the bar, and we were forced to sail up the Forth towards Queensferry for the purpose of losing a little time. Few things are more delightful than sailing up towards Queensferry; but when a man has been 'cabined, cribbed, confined' in a sailing vessel for the best part of a week, the last thing that he would think of doing is to go sailing for pleasure. True, that charming scene does well nigh compensate for all—Edinburgh from the Frith of Forth, and that on an early summer morning. We have seen it many times since, but though it may be deepened by repetition, the first impression can never be entirely obliterated. It was not a cloudless morning. We have no great fancy for cloudless skies. The shifting sunbeam was now playing on the golden waters, now lighting up the lofty mountain, now throwing out the heavy masses of the old town, now flickering upon the recent whiteness of the new. Presently the Calton Hill, with its scattered buildings, would come out, reminding one of the Acropolis. Then the fantastic spire of St Giles's would start into bold relief from the darkness behind, or the castle would appear, cut out in shadow from the illuminated country beyond.

So passed the time away until the tide served, when the swift sloop, turning her bows to the harbour, made one long tack from the 'kingdom of Fife,' and ran merrily towards Leith. 'They cannot meet me, of course,' said the young mother; 'they cannot know when the smack would arrive—I had forgotten that.' Yet we continued to gaze at the group of idlers that, even at that early hour, were congregated on the head of the pier. Our old gentleman was proposing to her that she should accompany us to a hotel with which he was acquainted and partake of some better breakfast than such as we had been accustomed to on board the Leith smack, and then we would see her off by the coach which was to convey her to her destination. To amuse her, he was describing the glories of a regularly good Scotch breakfast. Suddenly there came into her eyes such an expression as startled us. The blood rushed to her brow as it would burst the veins, then instantaneously went back again, leaving that brow like marble. She gave a piercing shriek—we never heard the like. You may have heard the shriek of agony—the death-wail of

mortality. It was nothing at all like *that*. It was such a combination of surprise, emotion, wild excitement—something so inexplicable, between a laugh and a scream, that you may as well attempt to imagine as we to describe it. Had not the old man caught the baby, she would have dropped it, and had not the stewardess supported her, she would have fallen to the deck. As it was, she fainted in her arms.

And what was it all about? You have guessed, no doubt; but we will tell you. There was a young man running to and fro upon the pier in a state of extraordinary excitement. 'Take care, sir!' cried the captain, as we neared the pier—'take care, sir! you will be in the water!' But the captain, kind-hearted old sailor that he was, ran to the helm and laid us so near alongside, that it is a wonder we were not all sent to the bottom, for the smack had still considerable way upon her. We never saw such a leap as that man made. He came bounding in among us, and but that two of the sailors caught him in their sturdy grasp he must have fallen. The choleric old captain was now storming like a fury, and the men were rushing about getting the ship snug, as we sailed alongside the pier. Before we had reached the end of it, the young mother had awakened in her husband's arms.

It seems, upon his arrival in Jamaica he had found his rich relation dead, and himself a man of fortune. He wrote immediately to his wife, but as he himself returned in the mail packet, he might have kept his letter in his pocket. He found that she had set out for Leith by the smack before he could arrive in London, and he took post horses for Scotland. Talk of an elopement to Gretna Green!—never were postboys better fed by the most romantic of runaway lovers! Of course, there was a *scene*, highly amusing to the very young men, and disgusting to the finicking young lady. As for the husband, we thought he would have wrung our hands off at the wrist, as we agreed to accompany him and his wife to a hotel in Edinburgh. But the most curious display of emotion that was exhibited on the occasion, was a development of the natural cannibalism of the human heart! Byron, you know, talks of the 'cannibal longings' of men under certain circumstances; so you will not be startled, ladies, when we tell you that he betrayed a most striking propensity to—eat up little Freddy.

D E W.

THE beautiful and constantly recurring phenomenon of dew is one in which we may most clearly trace the wisdom and goodness of a God, who, while 'he measures the waters in the hollow of his hand,' does not consider the simplest flower he has formed as too insignificant to be the object of his watchful care. In its formation it is analogous to the moisture which bedews a cold metal or stone when we breathe on it, to that which appears on a glass of water fresh from the well in warm weather, and to that which covers the inside of a window when external air has been suddenly chilled by rain or heat. Its varied phenomena are produced by the action of two general laws—that of the radiation of heat and that of the condensation of vapour by cold. A large portion of the heat absorbed by the earth in the course of the day is given off during the night into the cooled air, and the radiation continues until the ground becomes cooler than the surrounding air, and reaches what is called the *dew-point*, which it soon arrives at if the night be clear and bright; if the sky be covered with clouds, the greater part of the radiated heat is re-transmitted to the earth, the cloud radiating towards the earth as the earth does towards the cloud; so that during cloudy nights there is little difference between the temperature of the ground and the atmosphere. When the earth or bodies on its surface become cooler than the surrounding air, the moisture contained in the atmosphere, which is very abundant in the hot days of summer, is condensed, and forms what we call dew, so that the vulgar idea that dew falls is incorrect. It is exactly in the situations when we most

require dew that most is found. The cloudless nights which succeed our sultry summer days are peculiarly favourable to its formation, and it is then, precisely, that we most need it, to revive and refresh the grass and flowers which have been parched by the heat of the previous day. If the sky becomes clouded, the deposition of dew ceases; this is so much the case that the dew formed during clear intervals will evaporate if the sky becomes heavily overcast. In the dark recesses of the forest, where, in consequence of the deep shadows, there has been no evaporation during the day, no dew will be found at night, and where, from the same cause, none is required.

It has been ascertained by experiment that dark bodies radiate heat, and therefore become cold much more rapidly than those of a light colour. Thus, a dark or green substance exposed during the night will be found covered with dew, whilst one of a lighter hue, similarly exposed, will remain quite dry; a circumstance beautifully adapted to the general colour of the vegetable world—green not only being the colour least hurtful to the eye, but green substances being also among the best radiators of heat, and therefore best condensers of the moisture contained in the surrounding air. So the leaves of plants which require so constant a supply of moisture are exquisitely fitted for its formation. The surface of a body, also, has a great effect as to the quantity of dew produced, little or none being formed on hard or polished surfaces. Early in the morning we may find the barren rock quite dry, while the tiny grass or wildflower which grows in its crevice is fed and refreshed by an abundant supply of moisture. While considering the different powers of radiation possessed by different colours, we cannot fail to be struck by the design and contrivance exhibited in the selection of the colours in which the flowers are arrayed at the several seasons of the year. Let us walk through the country in the spring—during which season bright warm days are often succeeded by cold, clear, frosty nights—and we see the woods, the orchards, and every bush covered with flowers, and all their blossoms are white as snow; nature has entrusted to their protection the fruits of the following autumn. The cherry, the strawberry, the pear, the plum, the apple, are produced by flowers pure as alabaster; even the berries which are to form the food of the little birds are guarded by the snowy wreaths of the hawthorn. The frosts of spring often destroy the blossoms of the peach and almond, but their petals are coloured, and consequently lose their heat by radiation, an exception the more striking, as both those trees are natives of the sunny climes of the East. As the weather becomes warm, the colours of the flowers deepen, and during the heat of summer they are brilliantly decked in scarlet, purple, and orange. Thus, we find that an adaptation of colours has power to refresh the inhabitants of the torrid zone, and to warm and protect those of the coldest climates. A beautiful exception confirms this rule. At the foot of those shrubs and fruit-trees radiant with their alabaster garlands, we perceive the violet clad in the deep tints of summer. Is not this a contrast which violates this law of nature, and seems to accuse her of want of providence? But let us look a little closer before we condemn: observe that the violet hides her fragrant blossom under her leaves. We have made her the emblem of modesty, but it is fear of cold which keeps her thus veiled. We have seen that all bodies radiate their heat towards the sky, and if the sky be clear it receives their heat without returning it, and so they become cool rapidly; but if the sky be overcast with clouds, the clouds re-transmit the heat they receive from the earth, and so keep up the temperature. What takes place on a large scale in the atmosphere is copied in miniature by the violet: she radiates towards her leaves, and her leaves return her heat to her, and so her warmth is kept up. It is, as it were, a second covering with which nature has clothed her; but this robe warms without touching her; it leaves a free passage to the air, which, sweeping gently over her, wafts her delicious perfume to us on the wings of every zephyr.

Thus is the violet protected from cold, and her summer tints are an additional charm with which nature has adorned spring.

‘How beautiful is the dew on a fine summer morning! It freshens every thirsty plant, washes every delicate flower, and gives new lustre to its finest tints. It cools and refreshes the whole surface of the ground; and as soon as the sun’s earliest beams shoot forth from the eastern horizon, its innumerable drops sparkle in the golden light like a fallen shower of diamonds. As the sun ascends they disappear before his rays, partly absorbed by the plants on which they lay, and partly evaporated by the increasing heat. At night the moisture that composed them may form other globules, and freshen other fields. Thus in every department of nature there is an endless series of movements and transmutations. On the earth’s surface all is activity and unceasing play; all is subservient to the supporting in life and beauty the animal and vegetable worlds; the watery particles in particular display the most useful volatility. They ascend into the air by evaporation; they thence fall in the shape of dew, mist, rain, or snow. They re-ascend or incorporate with the waters of the river—visit the ocean. But there they feel the solar influence, and again mount on high to visit the fields and mountains they watered before, or haply to bedew the plants of another hemisphere. Thus in the appearance and effects of dew we find the beautiful conjoined to the useful. In its formation we discover the most exquisite contrivance; in the times and places of its appearance the most striking adaptation to the economy of vegetables. Yet by no intricate or peculiar arrangements is it produced; it forms no exception to the simplicity of nature. Let us therefore admire and adore that Divine wisdom which, by means of the most simple produces the most wonderful effects, and which is everywhere rendered subservient to the designs of an unbounded benevolence.’

TO NEIDPATH CASTLE.

Neidpath Castle is an ancient ruin situated on the north bank of the Tweed, about a mile west of Peebles. Of the date of its erection we have not any authentic account. Sir Simon Frazer, however, distinguished by his signal defeat of the English on Roslin moor, is the first of its possessors of whom we have any tenable record. If our legendary accounts may be partially trusted, we have reason to believe that Neidpath was not a little favoured as a hunting seat, by some of the ancient Scottish kings. We certainly know that Peebles, in the olden time, was famous for its games and tournaments; and that its amusements formed no small attraction for the sportive kings of Scotland, the poem of ‘Peebles to the Play,’ by James I., amply testifies. A winding ravine, at the bottom of which flows the Tweed, encloses the castle on the north and south. The sides are steep and rugged, and fit only for pasture, and, being in many places interspersed with large jutting of rock, one of which forms the base of the fortress, possess, in their configuration, the features of the wild and beautiful. These, not long ago, were covered with a magnificent wood, believed to have been scarcely equalled in Scotland, but which, with the exception of a few solitary vestiges, has all been cut down. Wordsworth makes a poetical allusion to this circumstance in his usual affecting style. The Earl of Wemyss, the present proprietor, is, however, rearing a young and extensive plantation around the environs of the castle, which not only harmonises their naturally bleak aspect with the rich luxuriance below, along the vale of the Tweed, but tends to alleviate those wounded feelings which rise in the breast of every admirer of nature, when contemplating the traits of despoiled and departed grandeur.

Oh, Neidpath! how I love thy ancient dome—
Endear’d by youthful haunts and childish dreams,
When, ‘neath the wings of a paternal home,
My ear found shelter, and my sorrow dole;
When round thy tangled steps I joy’d to roam,
And legendary thoughts engross’d my soul!
Methinks the past upon the present gleams—

I bask beneath thy summer sun, I bathe in thy pure streams.

And art thou then in ruins, noble tower—
Thy feudal comrades fallen at thy side—
And, by the stroke of man’s capricious power,
Thy foliage wreck’d, thy beauty torn away?—
No shadowy grandeur greets thy midnight hour;
And thou, fair moon, that lend’st a graceful ray,
How oft beneath the cloud I’ve seen thee hide
Thy face, as if to form a tear for Neidpath’s fallen pride!



Wm Allen

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PORTRAIT GALLERY OF HOGG'S WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR

FROM A PORTRAIT BY DICKSEE, PUBD BY M^r GILPIN LONDON.

Where are thy lords and nobles, Neidpath—where?
 Has time's forgetful curtain wound them all?—
 Alas, how human greatness melts to air!
 Man floats along the tide of hopes and fears;
 But thou, O Neidpath! by the storm laid bare—
 The blighted remnant of a thousand years—
 The days are o'er when, from thy battled wall,
 Thou'st heard the slogan war proclaim, and 'seen the princes fall.'

Extend thine eyes along the des'late vast;
 Go, search for kings and ranks of every grade.
 Here stand the hallow'd relics of the past;
 Where are their lordly owners—where are they?
 Too true, on death's dark waters cast—
 By nature's decree crush'd, and borne away.
 They lived their span of years; and these were made
 To bound their earthly pilgrimage, and see them lowly laid.

Alas! how soon are we and all our joys
 O'er life's rough torrent drifted, and our clay
 Mix'd with its mother earth! A 'still small voice'
 Starts in our ear, and speaks of that which was.
 When such is destiny, can mirth rejoice?
 E'en nature 'gainst herself fights, and her laws
 Seem as they strived to close her toilsome day;
 For here, 'tis nature's noblest dust that's crumbling to decay.

A few frail yews mark where the rest have been.
 On these ten centuries have beat their snows,
 And harmonised them with the bitter scene.
 And are there none who pity Neidpath's fate?
 Sir Simon Frazer here had mourn'd, I woen.
 Yes, Wemyss rears up her sad neglected state:
 A tender forest shoots its sprightly boughs,
 To cover ruthless nakedness, and hide its weary woes. R. H.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

WILLIAM ALLEN.

THE sole vocation of history seems hitherto have consisted in taking cognisance of men and actions who were less benign than brilliant, and less useful than wonderful. We can hardly tell to whom we owe the most glorious and effective agents of human comfort and enlightenment, while the names of mere statesmen, soldiers, and monarchs are emblazoned on every page of the world's annals. Two principles seem to have operated upon society through the agency of men from all recorded time—principles which are antagonistic in their nature, but wonderfully disproportionate in power. The votaries of the first or destructive principle have always been canonised and glorified by the very victims of their spirit and deeds, while the Christian conservatives have journeyed through the world, manifesting the spirit and power of love, deserving the approbation of the good and of their own consciences, and generally receiving little more of human applause than what springs from an inward assurance of duty faithfully discharged. The path of the warrior hero, like the path of a comet, is so brilliant and transient that the imagination is called upon to realise and embody his deeds and attributes. Divested of its unseen horrors, the battle-field, through the operation of fancy, becomes a theatre of fame; and, surrounded by a halo of wonder and ideality, the blood-stained soldier becomes a beaming hero. All that the world owes of real substantial good, however, it owes to the comparatively humble and obscure; the principle of conservatism—we use the word in its literal and broadest sense—has operated through men who are almost unknown; society has been upheld and advanced by them, knowledge has been extended, social comfort increased, and human woes ameliorated, even at the moment when humanity was lavishing its homage upon those who were trampling down the treasures of both the heart and household. The lives of the most eminent philanthropists, which we generally receive after they have departed from this life, and when modesty no longer prevents the publication of their good deeds, furnish us with striking illustrations of the operation of the spirit of love and of the sustaining nature of that spirit; while the deeds of those whom the nations have hitherto delighted to

honour present a mere abstract satisfaction to a few perverted and vitiated sentiments.

We wish we could transmit to our readers a portion of the satisfaction which we have felt in studying the life of William Allen, and we really would feel inestimable pleasure if they could only realise our sense of the privilege of having the life of such a man placed before us. We feel that our mind inclines us to write an eulogy more than to sketch the actions of this good and noble philanthropist; for if ever pure-minded piety and Christian love were exemplified in one man, that man was William Allen. There is not one public act of practical utility to the poor, not the poor of his own country alone, but of the world, with which his name is not associated and identified. Education, peace, prison improvement, the feeding of the hungry, the clothing and support of the destitute and naked, the establishment of mild and equitable laws, and the extension of personal liberty to men of every clime and colour, were objects dear to William Allen's heart; and under a sense of duty, he may be said to have forsaken a path in which his talents destined him to shine, and to have devoted his time, his genius, and money to the advancement of pure Christianity and its concomitant blessings. We feel that there is a sublimity and purity of philanthropy which may be termed its genius; and, consequently, as William Allen possessed this attribute in its quintessence of singleheartedness and benignity, we have said that he devoted his genius peculiarly to what may emphatically be called good works.

William Allen was the eldest son of Job Allen of Spitalfields, London, who was born at Scrooby, Nottinghamshire, and of Margaret Stafford, who was of Irish extraction, her family having formerly dwelt in Cork. He was born on the 29th of August, 1770; and in his boyhood evinced much of that activity of thought and energy of action which characterised him in later years. His parents, who were members of the religious Society of Friends, endeavoured to incline their son's mind to religion; and in his youth they taught him to love and value Scripture truth and the society of those who were its disciples. Surrounded by the most gentle of earthly influences, educated in the most scrupulous and careful manner, and blessed with an excellent mental organisation, William soon gave indications of genius, not only of an intellectual but also of a moral nature. The rudiments of his education were received at the school of a female, whom he remembered with gratitude through life, and, his health not being strong, he was for a short time placed in the boarding-school of W. Alexander of Rochester. He did not receive what is termed a liberal education, perhaps on account of the ecclesiastical bar which meets certain bodies of Christians at the doors of English universities; but his own innate ability soon enabled him to surmount that disadvantage.

His taste for philosophical pursuits early developed itself; and he was untiring in his efforts to obtain a knowledge of experimental chemistry, for which science he had a strong predilection. Astronomy was also a favourite pursuit; and at the age of fourteen he had constructed a telescope with which he could see the satellites of Jupiter. Being but limited in his supply of money at this time, he was constrained to go economically to work: the boy-philosopher purchased an eye-piece and object-glass, which cost him a shilling; he then purchased a sheet of paste-board for twopence, and, having constructed his tubes and adjusted his lenses, he found to his great delight that the moons of the planet were visible.

On leaving school he resided with his parents, and engaged in his father's employment of silk-manufacturer; he was diligent and attentive to his business, but it did not accord with his inclination, for his mind was intent upon those pursuits to which he subsequently applied himself professionally. His talents and character recommended him to Joseph Gurney Bevan, proprietor of a great chemical establishment in Plough Court, where he soon was placed in a situation of trust and responsibility, and ultimately he became the well-known proprietor of

the concern. His removal to Plough Court did not at first meet his father's entire approbation; nor, at the same time, was it a precipitate movement on his own part: it was only after much thoughtfulness and earnest desire for right direction that he entered upon a sphere of life which may be regarded as the opening of one of the most splendid careers of human benevolence upon record, as well as of high scientific celebrity. In this amiable and benevolent man were blended the beautiful attributes of sound Christian principle, high mental cultivation, and great philosophical acquirements; and his life and practice were a splendid illustration of how sweetly and consistently these characteristics could be associated in one person.

When he was eighteen years of age he commenced to keep a diary, from which the memoranda of his subsequent life are chiefly obtained; and there is such an absence of affectation, such a complete sacrifice of egotism in the entries of this journal, from its commencement to its finish, that we look upon it as a mirror of one of the most meek and pure of human spirits.

From his removal to Plough Court in 1793, we find this great good man diligently engaged in the acquirement of knowledge, and in the prosecution of schemes of benevolence; for if he was called early to develop the talents of the mind, he was also soon engaged in shedding abroad the incense of a warm generous heart. The abolition of the slave-trade was a subject near to his heart from his earliest years; and neither Clarkson nor Wilberforce, with whom he was intimately associated, did more for the cause of the poor African. He was not what may be termed a conspicuous actor; he moved on in secret and without affectation, and blushed to find his good actions produced him fame. On the 2d April, 1794, he was elected a member of the Chemical Society at Guy's Hospital; and about this period his engagements became of a very responsible character; he and a person with whom he had entered into partnership having succeeded Joseph Gurney Bevan in the establishment at Plough Court, and at the same time they opened a laboratory at Plaistow. On the 3d July, 1795, we find an entry in his diary, intimating his initiation as physician's pupil at Thomas's Hospital; and immediately after this modest entry regarding himself, we have memoranda of the high price of provisions, and kindly reflections upon the condition of the poor.

In the month of October, 1796, he was elected member of the Physical Society at Guy's Hospital, and about this period we find the following sublime entries in his diary: 'Went to the hospital: received the thanks of a poor sick patient, which did me more good than a guinea fee. . . . Resolved to endeavour by all means to acquire more firmness of character, and more indifference to what even my nearest friends may think of me in the pursuit of what I believe to be right—to do nothing 'to be seen of men'—to avoid every species of craft and dissimulation—to spend more time in my own reading-room and in retirement.' In addition to his vocation of chemist, he was now engaged in preparing and delivering lectures and experimentalising at Guy's Hospital.

On the 13th November, 1796, he married Mary Hamilton, daughter of J. and E. Hamilton of Redruth; this union, while it lasted, was productive of the most exquisite domestic felicity, and gave promise of future happiness, but it pleased Providence to call Mrs Allen away on the 11th September, 1797, two days after she had given birth to a daughter. To a man of William Allen's peculiarly sensitive and affectionate nature, this bereavement was doubtless productive of much mental and bodily suffering; but we are assured that faith in the goodness and wisdom of our heavenly Father's ways supported him under this most trying dispensation.

We have already referred to W. Allen's sympathy for the poor starving artisans of England during the war-produced famine of 1797, and as all his principles were motives to act, and not mere abstract idealisations, the fruits of that sympathy are found in the establishment of a Soup Society in Spitalfields, the first thing of the kind in Eng-

land. By his exertions and those of his friend, William Phillips, on the 7th December, 1797, a committee was formed, subscriptions were raised, and the active operations of the society commenced, by which about three thousand poor families were daily served with nutritious food, at a cost entailing a weekly loss of £150 upon the society, although everything connected with its management, save the mere cooking, was done gratuitously by benevolent and disinterested individuals.

An extending business demanded from this philanthropist more of his attention than he was willing to concede to mere worldly concerns, and as he esteemed works of benevolence and mercy as much a part of his vocation as a man, and especially as a Christian, as his worldly business, he divided the one with Luke Howard that he might have leisure for the more important duties which devolved upon him as an individual, and which were consequently indivisible. It is impossible that we can convey to our readers anything like an elaborate illustration of this genuine hero's character, but we cannot forbear to extract from his diary the following humble and truly self-sacrificing aspiration, as it abundantly shows forth his humility: 'Should the Lord bless me in temporals, may I ever remember the wormwood and the gall, and rather endeavour to be of use in my day than to accumulate wealth! May all that I do bear a reference to the awful close; and may I singly seek to know the will of my Lord and to do it!' William Allen was a man of peace, and consequently the doings of Bonaparte and of those who battled with him were sources of much pain to this good man; but while the ambitious, cold-hearted emperor was pursuing his career of carnage, and while all eyes were fixed upon him either in admiration or hatred, the quiet, unostentatious Quaker was fighting the good fight of a hopeful faith, and counteracting the spirit of war and destructiveness by works of lasting honour and importance.

On the 24th of January, 1804, William Allen, at the solicitation of Sir Humphrey Davy, his intimate friend, and the committee of the Royal Institution, delivered an introductory lecture to a course upon natural philosophy. In his capacity of professor of this science, he gave entire and high satisfaction to his brother professors and auditors; indeed, his exordiums to the students at the end of the sessions are amongst the most affecting and chaste of didactic compositions. We will not attempt to follow him through the regular course of his scientific progress; it is enough to say that his attainments in almost all the sciences comprehended under the name of natural philosophy were such as to render him a person of interest to the most eminent philosophers on the Continent, and they sought his assistance and friendship as one highly capable of assisting them in their researches and experiments, and whom it would be an honour to know.

On the 6th of May, 1805, he was elected a member of the committee of the Society for the Abolition of the Slave-trade, a cause which, in conjunction with Clarkson and his coadjutors, he had been for years endeavouring to advance. His house was ever open to those who were engaged in the cause of humanity, and whose means were perhaps less than their nobility of sentiment, and his substance was freely given when his convictions were satisfied that it was for good. He was chiefly instrumental in establishing a scientific society called the Askesian; a geological society was instituted under his auspices and that of Sir H. Davy and Dr Babington on the 13th of November, 1807; and on the 20th of the same month he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society.

On the 24th of June, 1808, Professor Allen had an interview with Joseph Lancaster, the propounder of the system of education which bears his name; and to the adhesion of the former to the cause of popular education may be attributed its success and its extension over the world. Joseph Lancaster had not stability of mind enough to withstand the notice and flattery that were lavished upon him by the aristocracy and other wealthy persons whom he had interested in his plans, and his imagination and vanity led him into the contraction of pecuniary liabi-

lities which threatened to wreck his philanthropic projects, when the prudent, clear-headed, warm-hearted William Allen, with his generous friend Joseph Fox, a surgeon and dentist of Lombard Street, London, and others, came to the rescue of a system which Joseph Lancaster had no right to jeopardise even though he was its enunciator. A committee was formed in order to place the experimental institution upon a sure and effective basis; and although Lancaster behaved in a manner not at all likely to advance the cause which he latterly looked upon as a secondary part of himself, the committee first prevented him from incurring expenses without a recognition of their necessity by the committee, who became responsible for debts incurred in name of the institution; and eventually, when neither considerations of honour nor necessity could influence this infatuated vain man, the committee were constrained to sever their connexion with him, and to constitute the British and Foreign School Society. William Allen, who had been treasurer to the association when connected with Lancaster, still continued in this situation to the School Society, which involved him in much risk, labour, and anxiety; prudence and integrity, supported by the sympathy and co-operation of the good and benevolent, however, enabled the committee finally to place this institution in most efficient working order, and to render it one of the greatest boons to society. Teachers were sent from it to France, Denmark, Germany, Russia, America, and the free island of Hayti, in all which countries the Lancastrian system was introduced and effectually carried into operation. The Emperor Alexander of Russia had several interviews with W. Allen upon philanthropical subjects, and this one of education he seemed peculiarly interested in, and did willingly introduce into his dominions, sending several young men to the Borough Road School to be taught the society's plan, in order to found model and normal schools in Petersburg. Thomas Clarkson received from Christophe, the negro king of Hayti, and successor to Toussaint L'Ouverture, a letter, expressive of his gratitude for the former's interest and exertions in the cause of the African race, and containing warm expressions of the sense he entertained of the advantages likely to arise to Hayti from the introduction of the society's plans and teachers. As William Allen was mainly instrumental in sending these young men to this island, we will extract the paragraph from King Henry Christophe's letter (who was *once a slave*) referring to them: 'Entirely devoted to my project of establishing public instruction, of extending moral principles as widely as possible, and of concurring with the noble, generous views of our friends, I have welcomed with gratitude the masters and professors whom they have sent to me. As soon as Messrs Gulliver and Sanders arrived here, I fixed them in the metropolis, and have procured them scholars, whom they instruct upon the plan of Lancaster. I am astonished at the effects of this new system, and at the premature intelligence which it develops in the pupils. In fact, I consider the sending of these masters as the greatest benefit my friends could have conferred upon me.—Palace of Sans Souci, 18th Oct., 1816.—Signed HENRY.'

On the 25th March, 1807, the royal assent was given to the Abolition of the Slave Trade Bill, a consummation which was peculiarly pleasing to William Allen; but this circumstance did not intermit his labours in the cause of the injured sons of Africa. A committee was formed, of which he was one, in order to expose those who endeavoured to evade the act; and one vessel, the *Commercio de Rio*, fitted out by a Portuguese mercantile house in London to engage in this nefarious traffic, was seized and sold through the vigilance of those appointed to observe the motions of suspected traders. William Allen and others whom he interested in the subject, among whom were the royal Dukes of Kent and Sussex and the Duke of Gloucester, each of whom esteemed it a privilege to assist him in his labours of love, engaged with Paul Cuffee, a negro Quaker, in elevating the condition of the people of Sierra Leone. Instructions in agriculture and improved imple-

ments for its prosecution were sent out with the generous Captain Paul, who left a wife and family, together with a lucrative business, and devoted his ship and services to the advancement of this colony. The committee also engaged to dispose of the produce of the settlement.

On the 25th of August, 1812, we find an entry in Allen's diary, enumerative of the schemes that engaged his active attention, and expressive of a wish to engage in no more, as neither his time nor strength would admit of an addition. He was overseer of Gracechurch Street monthly meeting; he was engaged in the Lancastrian School concern; Spitalfields Local Association for the Poor; Spitalfields School; the superintendence of a journal engaged in the advocacy of schemes of human amelioration, called the 'Philanthropist;' lectures; General Association for the Poor; and the Bible Society: a multiplicity of concerns, which, from the character of the times, called for active and frequent superintendence, and certainly entailed upon one man engaged in business an amount of labour which a full sense of duty alone could have induced him to undergo. We deem it of little moment to inform those who can realise an idea of disinterested adherence to principle of the following trait in our philanthropist's character; but if there are any who doubt of a conscientious, steadfast recognition of principle when interest would prompt a man to desert it, then will this little anecdote be more convincing on the side of virtue than many arguments: The Emperor of Russia urged him to supply drugs to the Russian armies. The business would have produced great profits, and was certainly, in a pecuniary sense, very alluring; but as a man of peace he could yield no voluntary support to warriors, nor in the most distant manner connect himself with their vocation, so that he modestly declined to engage in the business. At another time a sea medicine-chest was sent to him from a great mercantile house in the city, which he suspected was to be employed in a slaver; he sent to inquire if such was its purpose, and, being answered in the affirmative, he sent it back empty, and, of course, never received another order from that firm.

William Allen, Joseph Fox, Joseph Foster, Michael Gibbs, and John Walker, men of marked piety, and members of different Christian denominations, became partners with Robert Owen in the purchase of the New Lanark cotton-mills, on the 31st December, 1813. Believing that where the employer was not wholly bent upon self-aggrandisement, and when he was willing to conduce to the comfort and happiness of those in his employment, that the actual profits of a great manufacturing establishment would be increased from the labourers' sense of gratitude, these men embarked in this great and philanthropic experiment. The subsequent development of Robert Owen's views upon revealed religion were the cause of much grief and depression to his amiable partner in the concern; but he afterwards consoled himself by the reflection that, through his connexion with the New Lanark mills, he had been the means of preventing them from becoming a nursery of infidels. In 1814, W. Allen visited Scotland, journeying from Edinburgh to Lanark, and then proceeding to the north.

The year 1815 opened with prospects of peace over the world—an anticipation which was peculiarly cheering to those who were hoping for peaceful times. During this season, in addition to his former engagements, the subject of our memoir was forming plans for the rescue of the young Bedouins of the city, who prowled about in bands, living upon the produce of theft. He also engaged in the founding of a savings-bank for the people, with the view of publicly inculcating economical habits—with what success and to what effect we leave those who have known the benefits of the system to judge.

The affairs of the Duke of Kent, through improvidence doubtless, had become involved in confusion, and this year they had reached a crisis. The royal duke, who, in this affair, appears in a most honourable and manly light, applied to W. Allen for advice. This good man, who beheld in the father of the present sovereign of Britain a friend

and brother, at once tendered his frank counsel, which was as frankly received, although it entailed restraints upon the duke which a vicious spendthrift would not have borne. The comparatively humble but truly exalted Friend became trustee over the prince's affairs, and attended to the liquidation of his obligations, which, by rigid economy, he had soon the pleasure of cancelling.

On the 22d April, 1806, Allen had entered into a second matrimonial alliance with Charlotte Hanbury. She was a woman in every respect fit to be the companion and friend of such a man. She encouraged him in all his good works, and shared his labours; and in 1816, when he was impelled to visit Friends on the Continent, she accompanied him. They spent some time in France, where he met with several scientific friends; and in Germany he was hailed by men of benevolent principles and scientific pursuits.

On the 28th of September, while at Sacconet, Mrs Allen died, and was there interred. This added another to her husband's deep pangs of feeling, against whose conquering force the shield of piety alone protected him. However much he might suffer from the bereavements of those he loved, he still pursued his course of benevolence; and in 1818, we find him making a tour through the Continent with Stephen Grillet, an American Friend, from no other motive than a desire to do good. We think there can be no higher illustration of the power and dignity of simplicity and consistency than that afforded by these two modest travellers. The traditional fame of their sect assured them of a kindly welcome wherever they went; and so much did kings honour their modest profession of and strict adherence to their convictions, that they at once sunk royal conventionality in deference to Quaker principle. Wherever they went, they visited hospitals, prisons, schools, and other institutions, marking what was in advance of Britain, and explaining to those in authority in what they considered them defective. They passed through Norway, Sweden, proceeded to Petersburg, thence to Moscow, and a number of cities and departments in Russia. Allen went to Cherson, and visited the grave of Howard—meet pilgrimage for such a man. Odessa, Constantinople, Smyrna, and several islands of the Grecian archipelago, were also visited by him; at all which places he distributed tracts and left copies of the Scriptures. From Greece and the Ionian Isles he proceeded to Italy, visiting the states of the Church, Tuscany, and Milan, and passing over the Simplon into Switzerland, whence he proceeded to France, eventually reaching home on the 25th of February 1820.

During his tour on the Continent he was introduced to the most celebrated personages and philanthropists in Europe, with the latter of whom he maintained an extensive correspondence in after years. While in Italy, he became acquainted with the warm-hearted liberal Confalonieri, and in Switzerland he met Prevot, Decandole, Huber, Saussure, and Necker—all men of eminence in several departments of science. His return was just the beginning of action, however, in the cause of the places which he visited. Fully alive to the importance of education, he exerted himself most strenuously in removing several obstructions to the introduction of the Lancasterian school system in the Ionian Isles and Malta, and liberally subscribed to their establishment. His influence over the Emperor Alexander of Russia induced that potentate to listen to his appeals in favour of religious toleration; and at the suggestion of Allen the colony of the Malakins was founded in Taurida, to whom and the Mennonites presents of garden-seeds and agricultural instruments were sent, and gratefully acknowledged. In reference to the schools established in Russia, we extract the following part of a letter to Allen from Admiral Greig, a Scotchman in the service of Russia: 'It gives me great pleasure to inform you that the Lancasterian school, which you have furnished me with the means of establishing here, has been of the utmost service in forwarding the education of our boys; and the progress they now make in reading, writing, and arithmetic, exceeds my utmost ex-

pectations. It has also effected another very important change: from being lazy and negligent they have become active and orderly. I lost no time in establishing a similar school at Sevastopol, and we have now upwards of six hundred scholars, who actually make more progress in one year than they formerly did in five.' The following entry in his diary is of a very opposite nature: 'Bad news from Smyrna. The Turks have shut up our schools there and at Scio; the supporters of them are driven away or murdered, and the old patriarch at Constantinople is beheaded. Poor Bambas has been obliged to flee from Scio!'

In 1822, Allen again set out for the Continent with the intention of visiting Vienna, that he might meet the Emperor of Russia while there. A few words explain the philanthropist's impressions of Austria; and his treatment in that theatre of despotism and bigotry did not belie them: 'We have passed the last douane in Bavaria to-day, and have entered the dark country of Austria.' Whilst at Vienna he had several interviews with the Emperor of Russia previous to his procedure to the Congress at Verona, and he freely and without reserve pressed upon the attention of Alexander the abolition of slavery, as a subject for the Congress to consider. He told the autocrat unreservedly the rumours that were afloat in London regarding some of his acts—communications which the monarch received in a kindly spirit, and either denied, or explained the grounds upon which they rested. Through this same emperor, Allen obtained permission to print the Friends' address upon the slave trade in Vienna; and he also interested himself in procuring liberty from the police for a subscription to be raised in aid of the poor refugee Greeks who were flying from Turkish massacre. At Verona, Allen strove hard to induce the Congress to make the slave trade piracy. The Duke of Wellington, however, did not see how such a declaration was practicable; and although the Emperors of Russia and Austria willingly conceded to Allen's views, they were not adopted.

On the morning of Saturday, 17th May, 1823, Mrs Mary Hanbury, Allen's daughter, died, leaving an infant son recently born, and her husband and father, who mourned her loss most grievously. Still the last was supported to prosecute his works of world-wide benevolence. He never intermitted a single act of duty, and we find him planting educational establishments in South America, encouraging those already planted on the Continent, and actively promoting the revival of those which jealous despotism or arbitrary war had destroyed. He was the propounder of a system of Home Colonies, which was a scheme very near to his heart, and he took every opportunity of urging it upon foreign philanthropists or potentates, as well as our own legislators; and in 1827 he commenced and conducted a periodical, which he called 'The Philanthropic Magazine,' intended as a repository for hints and suggestions calculated to promote the comfort and happiness of man. But we must in the meantime pause. In next number we will conclude our sketch of this really indefatigable philanthropist.

BRACKLIN BRIDGE.

THIS bridge crosses a precipitate mountain stream, which works its way down a deep narrow ravine of great beauty, about a mile and a half east of Callander. At the time I speak of there was properly no bridge, but simply a plank or a couple of pine trees thrown across the place. It required a steady head and practised foot to pass over without danger, and I confess I never did so without fear. The depth is great, somewhere, I think, about fifty feet, and broken masses of rock are scattered about the bottom, and piled up in all directions, in beautifully picturesque confusion, which uniformly rose into the terrible with me while in the act of crossing.

I never hear this bridge referred to now, but an involuntary shudder comes over me. One year, in the month of February, I was returning from a northern expedition, and as the weather was fine for the season, and there had been a gentle thaw for some days (though the

snow was still lying on the higher parts of the mountains), I thought I might venture across the hills on my way from Crieff to Callander. But it is ill to judge of the mountains and uplands by the valleys below. Where the snow had melted, the ground, for the most part, was plashy and unpleasant to look at, and in the marshy districts it was quite impassable, so that I had to make many turnings and windings, and had to fight my way through the deep snow that was still lying in the hollows and recesses. To add to my sorrows, the sky got overcast about midday, and gusts of wind came on, and now and then a heavy shower of rain fell. I halted several times to consider what was best to be done, but it was too late to think of returning, and so I had just to toil on and leave the event to God. The moon was fortunately at the full, and had it been otherwise I must certainly have perished, for it was nearly midnight when I got to Bracklin Bridge, in a state of great exhaustion both from hunger and fatigue. A new difficulty presented itself here. The melted snow, which the rain during the day had brought down from the mountains, had filled the strait gully nearly to the lips, and it was rushing and roaring past, through the confined and shelving rocks, within a few feet of the plank I had to cross. I sat down in a heartless and perplexed state to bethink myself as to the course I should take. There were but two ways of it, either to cross there or to strike down from the haunch of the mountain, by a way I had never gone, and take round by the Bridge of Keltie. The exhausted state I was in made me rather think of the plank, and the more so that it appeared to be firm and well set, and, besides, I had a kind friend in Callander who I knew would welcome and comfort me when I reached him. The moon shone out favourably at the moment, so I arose with considerable difficulty and trepidation to put my purpose into execution. I paused a second time as I went forward, and looked down upon the dark and troubled torrent as it rushed and thundered past with incredible velocity. The sight and noise, and the thought of the horrors of the place, awoke that dreadful feeling which prompts one to precipitate himself into the midst of the dangers he fears. I soon got rid of it, however, and committing myself to God, I knelt down and walked cautiously forward on my knees to the plank, and put my legs right across it. In a half-frenzied and excited state, in which I felt neither weakness nor fatigue, I pulled and hitched myself forward till I got somewhere, I think, about half-way, when a sudden sickness and giddiness came over me, and I was forced to sit still, panting with terror and exertion. It was well it was so; for I had hardly ceased when I heard the peculiar and dismal whizz of a mountain squall coming down the gorge, and I squatted flat down upon the plank, and held fast with both feet and hands. It was a terrible moment; my past life seemed to rise up to me, simultaneously, out of the waters. The gust swept by with a shrill hissing shriek, and lashed up the waters about me, and I thought I was off with the plank among the rocks, and expected every moment to be dashed in pieces; and yet it happened not. It was an awful feeling—an excruciating suspense—like one lying on the block, and the headsmen deferring to strike; yet still I clung to the wood with a preternatural energy, and, strange as it may appear, I remembered how it was said that 'drowning men will catch at straws;' and then something like a horrible dream appeared to me, confused, and seemingly prolonged; and then, as nearly as I can recollect, I felt a shuddering sensation, and heard a loud noise all about me, and in me, as if I had been converted into sound; and then I heard a piteous cry, distinct from the general clamour, which was immediately repeated—and then I knew it to be my own voice. This recalled me to consciousness, and to a dim sense of my situation. I raised my head. The plank was still there, and I was clinging to it, and the torrent was rushing past as before. 'Thank God!' I exclaimed, and my first impulse was to leap; but instantly I felt as if all power had left me, and the attempt to move appeared impossible and absurd. I seemed to be of one piece with the wood, and felt as if the slightest movement would precipi-

tate me into the heart of the infuriated flood. There I clung, I know not how long, till I was roused a second time from my torpor by the water dashing up against me. I made a spring forward and uttered a frantic cry. The spell was broken, and I cried, and crawled or leaped forward, I know not which, till my head struck against something. I seized it in desperation and pulled myself forward, and I was on the rock on the opposite side; I then got up, and, making a rush, fell a few feet from the place.

It would appear, as I afterwards learned, that I reached my friend's house about three o'clock in the morning, in a benumbed and bewildered state, and was put to bed; and when I rose I was a grey-headed man of thirty.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TRAINING.*

It is an indisputable truth that, with all her civilisation, her wealth, her glory, her extended commercial relations, her universities, her philosophical associations, theatres, and institutes, Britain is yet miserably deficient in general education, and her means of inculcation are as diverse as are her teachers. It is a bitter fact, disguise it as we will, that education is neither looked upon with the reverence of a science nor the educator treated with the respect of a mechanic in this country. If the schoolmaster is respected, he must win it by inherent strength; there is no original tendency in the mind of the British people towards respecting the schoolmaster's office. The name of advocate gives importance to a briefless 'dumny;' the name of clergyman has invested many dunces with an adventitious honour; but a genius of the first order would have to struggle through the mists of a universal prejudice, if pedagogue or dominie were prefixed to his name. It is one of the most palpable evidences of the low standard of our education that the educator of youth is not treated as a gentleman amongst the better paid orders of his profession. He is glanced at by professors and patronised by the clergy, but his occupational equality is a question that would be treated as out of the question altogether; and so universal is this feeling, that comparatively few men of more than ordinary talent remain in the questionable position of teacher. A total ignorance of the constitution and powers of the human mind in those who rule the nation, and an utter indifference to everything save a purely abstract and symbolical education for the people, have been the source of the teacher's degradation. The most helpless and ignorant of human beings were, only a short time since, and are in too many instances yet, considered perfectly eligible to fill the situation of teachers; and, reasoning from the nonentities who have and do sway the ferrule in their little domains, it is no wonder that an unnatural idea of contempt has superseded the respect which is legitimately due to the instructor of youth.

Sensible of their position in the idealism of society, and at the same time fully cognisant of their individual right to honour, as well as of the essential dignity of their profession, many of the teachers have combined to elevate the position of education in the opinion of the nation; and the spirit of the times and recent discussions in high places are favourable to the desired end. Mr Craig's 'Philosophy of Training' is an excellent offering upon the shrine of educational elevation. It is an elaborate examination of the inherent capabilities of the human mind—a historical review of the rise and progress of education from the earliest periods of recorded time—an examination into the phenomena of motives—with an extensive review of the various systems of training that have been in operation at various stages of the world's history. Mr Craig claims for education the name of, as in essence it is, a science; and, alive to the importance of system in the development of the merest circumstance in

* The Philosophy of Training: or, the Principles and Art of a Normal Education; with a Brief Review of its Origin and History. Also, Remarks on the Practice of Corporal Punishments in Schools; and Strictures on the Prevailing Mode of Teaching Languages. BY A. R. CRAIG. London: Simpkin & Marshall.

physics, he indignantly repudiates an assumption of the educational functions by one who has never learned the art of tuition. His remarks on this subject are excellent and apposite: 'An obvious inference hence arises that, as an instrument for training others, he must first be trained himself. An apparatus and materials of a different kind are, therefore, necessary to prepare such instruments from those required in a juvenile education. They must be moulded after a certain form, and properly tempered, burnished, and sharpened for the work they have to perform. They must be correct models to others, and therefore modelled upon correct principles themselves. Any school where these principles are in operation is a normal school, that is, an institution for exhibiting the *rules* according to which teachers *ought* to practise the art of education; but it will not be complete without materials for practising with, and a visible pattern to copy after, namely, a model school. Such an apparatus is a phenomenon of modern days, and supplies a desideratum which every candid teacher must acknowledge he has felt on entering upon his duties. Hitherto most writers have merely regarded education as a convenient theme for speculation, and most teachers have entered upon the practice of it trusting to their own resources in arriving at a correct system. But it is of no more avail for a teacher, when he comes to the practice of his art, to have merely read an able treatise on education, than for a surgeon to be only speculatively informed regarding the bodily functions. Indeed, in proportion as the science of mind and morals is more abstruse than that of animal physiology, and its principles established upon a more shifting basis owing to the numberless external causes which affect human character, both knowledge and experience are infinitely more necessary to constitute a teacher than a surgeon. But any general system of training to these qualifications has never yet been established to any extent—means have hitherto been wanting in the foundation of normal and model institutions for combining a knowledge of principles with practice, so as to bring the didactic art to any degree of perfection. However well educated an individual may be in himself, and however much he may have read and studied books on education, when once he really puts his hand to the work of instructing others, it is at least long before he can find himself at home in the practice. He will find a want of method in all his procedure, both as regards the form of putting questions, and the kind of questions and exercises to be put, in order not only to inform properly, but to *train* the intellect and guide the moral powers, which the mere reading of educational works can never supply. Neither is it enough that he may have seen another skilful teacher successfully practising the art, or have attended as a spectator at some well-regulated school. He may continue there for years scrutinising the best systems, examining the best modes of framing questions, and witnessing the superiority of moral influence over physical terror in governing the disobedient, and all the mechanical movements and organisation of the classes. But, if he does not throw himself into the work, and with sections of the children practise the same modes, endeavour to acquire the same aptitude for communicating instruction and developing the intellect and moral faculties, and the same means of gaining a moral control, for all practical purposes he might as well never have entered the institution. To undergo some probationary course of this kind, is therefore the paramount duty of every one who would undertake the responsible duties of a trainer of youth.'

Education, to be solid and effective, must be inductive. Simplicity is an indispensable requisite in a teacher; and one of the chief ends of normal and practical education should be to inculcate simplicity. The teacher should be taught to descend from the stilts of the pedant, and to render himself as nearly as possible an intelligent companion to the child; unless something of this kind is done, schools will generally continue to be what they have hitherto been—mere drill-grounds, where a few symbols are acquired, but where ideas are never produced: 'For

example, what idea can arise in the mind of a child regarding a 'rich farmer,' if he be represented as an 'opulent agriculturist?' or of a 'falsehood,' described as 'an act of moral turpitude?' yet such are the terms in which many teachers delight to revel. They deliver themselves of their ideas lucidly enough, perhaps, if grown people were their auditors; but a little cross-examination of children after such lecturing would show that it was mere writing upon sand. Perhaps a better illustration of this sort of verbal instruction cannot be given, than by repeating the following anecdote, taken from the 'American Annals of Education:—' 'A gentleman, not long ago, took up an apple to show a niece sixteen years of age, who had studied geography several years, something about the shape and motion of the earth. She looked at him a few minutes, and said with much earnestness, 'Why, uncle, you don't mean that the earth really turns round, do you?' He answered, 'But did you not learn that several years ago?' 'Yes,' she replied, 'I *learned* it, but I never *knew* it before.' It certainly is very evident this young lady must have had one of these identical *learned* preceptors of whom I am speaking. It cannot be supposed that she would be ignorant of the usual vocabulary of astronomical and geographical names so fluently reiterated at fashionable schools; but for want of some tangible illustration, some *picture*, ocular or verbal, of the earth's revolution, her mind was as much a blank on that branch of study as before she went to school.'

The great error of selecting teachers, Mr Craig affirms, and we can vouch for the accuracy of the affirmation, is in choosing them from a knowledge of their mere scholastic acquirements. The most profound scholar is seldom or never the most successful teacher. The long protracted and particular course of abstract study requisite to produce profundity in any walk of erudition militates against that quickness and elasticity of mind which constant attrition with other minds produces, and consequently a man comparatively superficial may be far better adapted for the office of teacher.

'In the selection of governesses, a similar error prevails in judging of their qualifications. Among the higher ranks, it is generally young ladies belonging to decayed families that are preferred. So far, therefore, as forming the manners of the pupil is concerned, this will afford a pretty sure guarantee of their fitness. Adversity often improves the manners, as well as refines the character of its victims. Its cold breath may chill the more ardent aspirations of the mind, and strip off many of the mere blossoms of outward accomplishment, but it as often leaves behind the richer fruits of virtue and true refinement of soul. As, therefore, gentleness of manner and disposition is indispensable in the governess to educe kindred qualities in the pupil, a young lady whose birth has given her an opportunity of mixing with the aristocracy, has been under a good system of training for her task. Her general accomplishments, too, may almost be taken for granted. And, indeed, the female character is naturally more refined than that of the opposite sex; and, if ordinarily educated, any young woman takes more readily to the duties of instruction than a man. She has a closer sympathy with the feelings and dispositions of children, naturally gliding into their little ways, and leading them by the soft cords of affection, more than the stern airs of command. Less, therefore, of art may be necessary to fit a female teacher for her duties, so far as moral training is concerned. But this very softness and pliability in herself, rendering her own character a fitter mould for that of her pupil, requires on that account more mental enlightenment to guide the impression. Their patience and better temper may proceed from less mental acumen, and if they form a better disposition in the pupil, it may be at the expense of a vast want of mental development. What, therefore, is most needed in this case, is an improved system of *mental* training for herself, and a higher tone of female education generally. What are called the 'accomplishments,' consist principally of drawing, music, and one or two foreign languages, all of

which, as branches of study, are well enough adapted to the female character. But much more than accomplishment is required in woman. She has a 'reasonable soul,' whose wants cannot be satisfied by the gratification of mere *taste*: more than the desires of the palate must be studied in administering to the wants of the body; the food must be digestive and nutritious, to communicate vigour to the frame, and the perceptive faculties of the mind must imbibe not only ideas of beauty, but of truth, that the judgment may digest an aliment suited to its spiritual wants. Instead of the melody of sweet sound, it desires the harmony of sense; instead of a delicate ear, a correct understanding; instead of the fair proportions and beautiful colouring of objects, it desires to examine their structures, properties, and uses; and instead of the mere words of a foreign language, to investigate the history and morals of those who speak it. There is a power in the female mind of penetrating far beneath the mere surface of nature, and a strong desire to do so, beautiful though the surface may appear. It need not quite desert the realms of fancy, for an occasional sojourn in the domains of reason. The former may be its native province, but the latter, though a foreign possession, is equally its own, and a much richer inheritance. It need not cease contemplating the beauties of the flower-garden, though it sometimes cull the fruits of the orchard. Neither is the imagination weakened, but strengthened, by an improvement of the understanding. Unless reason, indeed, guide its erratic propensities, a false taste is engendered, and foolish notions entertained. As the health of the constitution is the best foundation of external handsomeness, so is the soundness of the judgment an equally sure guarantee for the beauty and justness of the fancy.'

Our author is a clear and effective advocate of what we would term the palpable system of education. He desires that, as far as practicable, the thing intended to be defined or analysed be placed before the child—that an image may be presented to the mind, not a passing sound to a sense. It is only from analogy that the imagination operates. All our brightest and most exalted suppositions are connected with what we really know. Our most sublimated ideal world possesses no other attributes than this on which we live; the most poetic creatures of the most fanciful imagination are, at the best, mere refinements upon humanity; and hence the necessity of stamping on the young mind palpable images of all that is brought within its ken. One lesson of the tangible order is more effective in tuition than a whole curriculum according to the abstract system; for, in defining objects even on the latter plan, you have to appeal to the actual observation of the pupil before you can impart to his mind the desired conception. The senses must be first cultivated and rendered a media of communication with the mind and outer world, and then, by a principle of induction, the speculative intellect, in its strength and maturity, enters on the study of abstractions. 'Intellectual education, therefore, resolves itself into two branches according to these two divisions of the intellect, the perceptive and reflective powers. A perception of the existence and qualities of objects, is first communicated to the mind by the senses. Look at a little child playing in its mother's lap with a toy; it grasps it with its tiny fingers, and gains a sensation of its hardness; gazes upon it, and receives an impression of its form; puts it to its mouth and tastes it; catches by chance its smell; knocks it against another substance and hears its sound; and there may be seen a process of education going on, from which the instructor may gain his first lesson in the art of teaching. These are the faculties seeking gratification and amusement, and that is the mode to gratify and amuse them. While awake, the senses of a child are ever open to impressions from external objects, and there is an impulse within constantly inciting him to touch, taste, and handle, that he may receive such impressions. This is a similar instinct of the mind impelling it to obtain knowledge, to that bodily craving which prompts a child to cling to the

breast for its material nourishment. The desire should, therefore, be gratified according to its manifestation; but as it would act blindly and might lead to the reception of injurious impressions, it must be guided to suitable objects to imbibe proper impressions. These objects must also be in sufficient number and variety to gratify its ever restless appetite for novelty, and at the same time keep its curiosity awake. But the same objects must be repeatedly examined, that the mind may gain clear ideas of their identity and characteristics, as it is this which will lead to the formation of clear ideas in general, and even in infancy prevent the mind from becoming the receptacle of a confused mass of imperfect images. It is also the source of clear thoughts and reflections, and the foundation of a correct judgment. These objects should also be presented to a child in a *manner* to attract his attention, and keep alive his curiosity until he becomes familiar with their sensible qualities. Such an exercise appeals at once to the faculty of perception; and long before any words can be used to convey ideas by representation, these ideas have been gained by observation and have sunk deep into the mind.'

The general character of a nation is dependent in a great degree upon some remote impulse which sprung from a common sentiment in the founders of it. An examination into the origin of certain nations, and a tracing of their leading characteristics from their source to their acmé of greatness, invariably presents us with a governing idea which has held possession of the public mind till some superior power counteracted it. The very same is true of districts and inferior localities; and we have much pleasure in subscribing to Mr Craig's remarks on this subject, as well as to his opinions upon public schools: 'The remark has often been made, that in flourishing manufacturing districts, and other places where masses of people are daily congregated together, wickedness and immorality increase in a fearful ratio. Now, this is just what might be expected, for as the odds are vast indeed that the *greater number* of these individuals are untrained in the ways of godliness, from the sympathetic action of numbers, and the power of imitation—if no countervailing force has been in operation—the minority will very speedily assume a kindred character. This sympathy of numbers, however, is a very powerful instrument for *good* as well as for *evil*; and if the prevailing tone of any community be of a moral and virtuous character, it not unfrequently influences, and in a great measure subdues, the immoral tendencies of the minority. This, then, is the first principle in a training school, whether it be for the richer or the poorer classes—to endeavour to get the majority enlisted on the side of virtue, and to form thus a nucleus, or to raise a standard around which the less virtuous may in time rally. To introduce children into such society, where all they see and hear breathes of goodness, purity, and happiness, and being removed from the contaminating influence of evil companionship, they have both the temptations to evil removed, and the incentives to virtuous conduct placed before them. Whatever habits of rudeness, or selfishness, or deceit, or any other, they may have formerly indulged among their street companions with impunity, find no sympathy. These are discountenanced by their new companions, and, in time, the habit of indulging them wears out. They now breathe a purer moral atmosphere, which of itself is no less powerful in removing a moral disease, than a change of air, and a more salubrious climate, in neutralising the effects of certain natural complaints. Public schools are frequently objected to altogether, and private tuition is eagerly sought after by some people; and this upon the principle that, in the former, children learn many mischievous and bad habits from their associates in school. Now, there is much truth in this, where there is no proper moral superintendence; for in such a case the bad passions will undoubtedly predominate, and, like an uncultivated garden, the school will become a nursery of much that is vicious; but if the contrary be the case, no private tuition, however good, can be compared with

it. Man is born for society; and, sooner or later, he must come into contact with the world. The school, then, is the world in miniature. Here mind comes into collision with mind, and the bluntness and shyness of the recluse give way to frankness and ease, at a period when it is particularly desirable; while, instead of burying the generous affections of a child within his own bosom at home, or affording them only a limited scope within the family circle, they have among his young friends at school abundant opportunities of being drawn forth and exercised into a much higher-toned benevolence. A properly conducted school is, therefore, a sort of moral gymnasium, preparatory to the great struggle on the arena of life.

We will not attempt to give a complete analysis of this elaborate and consecutive work. It embraces training in all its branches and minutiae, moral, physical, and intellectual, and treats of the subjects involved in so extensive a question with much force and ability. We have given enough to show the author's views upon general education, and we have only to add, that we heartily concur with him in those views. On the much discussed question of a classical education, we are also at one. To the mere man of business, we at once concede that the study of Latin and Greek would be inutile; but to the man of letters, their study is beneficially indispensable. The question is not so much the practical utility of a classical education independently, as the relative advantage of acquiring at best an incomplete knowledge of a dead language or two, at the expense of eight or ten years of study; and Mr Craig shows how the present sickening process of classical tuition could be obviated, and the acquirement of the two lofty and sonorous tongues of Greece and Rome greatly facilitated.

The present grammatical process, which forces the pupil to know the *principles* of language when his mind is only desirous of acquiring its *particels*, our author argues, acts most fatally upon the intellects of youth—it confuses and it irritates. The initiatory process should be as simple as possible, and it should be inductive. Interlineary translation, according to Mr Craig, is the most simple and natural method of commencing the study of a foreign tongue; and, when a sufficient number of verbal representatives of things has been acquired, it is then time enough to enter into an analysis of the powers and modifications of words. This was the method pursued by Roger Ascham in his tuition of Queen Elizabeth; it is supported by the authority of Locke, and several of the most learned philosophers of antiquity, and, lastly, by Sir William Jones. The present system was founded upon the presupposition that the pupil spoke the language of which he was beginning to know the construction, and in the monkish establishments, from whence we derive our present process of classical instruction, such was the case. A revolution is now imperatively demanded in all the departments of training. As the world grows older man's sphere of knowledge is widening. He must acquire a larger amount of it than his forefathers; and the utilitarian character of our times has not extended but circumscribed his allotted space for such acquirements. We therefore hail every effective plan for adding to man's facilities in gaining knowledge, and we deem none more calculated to lead to something like perfection in the art than in the elevation of the educator's status, and in thus offering inducements to men of high ability to apply themselves to education as an ultimate profession. We warmly recommend Mr Craig's work to all who are interested in the great and important question of training. He may be wrong in some of his philosophical premises and deductions, in his general discussion of the subject he is catholic, clear, and we believe correct.

A MOMENTOUS CHOICE.

God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—you can never have both. Between these, as a pendulum, man oscillates ever. He

in whom the love of repose predominates will accept the first creed, the first philosophy, the first political party he meets—most likely his father's. He gets rest, commodity, and reputation; but he shuts the door of truth. He in whom the love of truth predominates will keep himself aloof from all moorings and afloat. He will abstain from dogmatism, and recognise all the opposite negations between which, as walls, his being is swung. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinions; but he is a candidate for truth, as the other is not, and respects the highest law of his being.—*R. W. Emerson.*

THE NIGHT VIOLET.

FROM THE GERMAN.

(For the Instructor.)

We see, when day is beaming,
Thou simple, modest, still;
No gaudy colours streaming,
No scent thou dost distil;
Thy sisters' beauties in the breeze
The thoughtless fool far better please.
But when the moon is breaking,
And stars begem the sky,
And the nightingale is waking
Her forest lullaby,
Then, modest flower, thou breathest forth
Rich perfume on the sleeping earth.
We prize, O, night's sweet blossom!
The men who live like thee—
Their virtues in their bosom,
Who hide from face of day;
But who, when all to sleep have gone,
Do good in silence, and alone.

J. G. C.

VICTORIES OF THE PRESS.

Much already has been accomplished, more than people are aware—so gradual and silent has been the advance. How noiseless is the growth of corn! Watch it night and day for a week and you will never see it growing; but return after two months, and you will find it all whitening for the harvest. Such, and so imperceptible in the stages of their motion, are the victories of the press.—*De Quincy.*

THE ECONOMY OF CONSUMING SMOKE.

In proof of the increase of heat gained by burning the smoke, we may cite the experiment of Mr Houldsworth of Manchester, who has shown that, in the front flue of a furnace of common construction, the thermometer seldom rose above 1100 deg. Fahr., and often fell below 900 deg., the mean being 975 deg.; while in the same furnace, when consuming its smoke, the mean temperature was 1160 deg. Fahr., ranging between 1400 deg. and 1000 deg. The quantity of water evaporated by a pound of coal was one-half greater than when the smoke was not consumed.

ANOMALOUS NOISES IN 'HAUNTED' HOUSES.

Mr Poynter states, that at a parsonage-house in the country, known to him, a knocking, which was heard at certain times, and could not be explained, and had obtained for the house the reputation of being haunted, was found to be caused by the baker at the opposite end of the village chopping his wood. The sound, it was thought, was reproduced in an old well opposite the parsonage. Mr J. A. Picton, of Liverpool, instanced a case where similar sounds, heard in a house, were found to proceed from a steam-engine at a very considerable distance, and not audible elsewhere.—*The Builder.*

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CAGLIOSTRO.

BY MRS CROWE.

THE miracle-monger Cagliostro, the boldest of adventurers, and one of the most remarkable impostors of any age, in spite of all that has been written about him, contrived to vanish from the world in a cloud of mystery that has never yet been completely dispersed. When he fell into the hands of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction at Rome, he naturally confessed only what suited his purpose; and when he was dead, the referendary only published as much of that confession as suited his and his master's; and even to this he gave such colours as were thought conducive to the interest of the church, whose object it was to convict their prisoner of heresy. It cannot be that the humbly born Sicilian, who, in the philosophical eighteenth century, excited so much wonder and curiosity, and was worshipped by turns in almost every country in Europe by the rich and the poor, the wise and the foolish, could have been so slight a rogue as he has been generally supposed. He had, according to his own account, *millions*, and by the universal admission of his enemies, *thousands*, of followers; and amongst the disciples who sat at his feet and listened to his instructions as to the oracles of a divinity, were some who were not the least remarkable of their own time. A man who not only professed to make gold and to summon the spirits of the dead at will, but also contrived for so long a period to persuade mankind, or, at least, so considerable a portion of them, that he did it, must surely have possessed some strange secrets to account for his influence; for we can hardly believe that any personal qualities or powers of deception could otherwise have enabled him to sustain a delusion of such extent and duration. Certain it is, that the enthusiasm he contrived to excite would amount to insanity in his followers, unless there were better grounds for it than the current biographies of him seem to admit. We are very well aware of the numerous instances in which the grossest impostures have deluded the people; but as we observed before, the worshippers of Cagliostro were of a different class. If the poor and the ignorant believed in his miraculous powers, they had the example of the wealthy and the wise to excuse their credulity. The extent of his influence has led to a suspicion in certain quarters that he was the agent of some great systematic movement; but his teaching, so far as we know of it, does not seem to countenance this suspicion; nor is it likely that any body of persons so organised as to dispatch such a meteor into the world would never have been heard of after its extinction.

One well-established psychological fact will help us to some comprehension of the mystery; and that is, that suc-

cessful imposition is very apt to react on the impostor. Continued good fortune dazzles him. Superstition, his instrument at first, becomes his master at last; he begins by deceiving others, but ends by deceiving himself, and this self-faith has the effect of inspiration. It is contagious, too, and carries conviction to every breast in which there is a spark of enthusiasm. This truth, together with some magnetic and chemical secrets, may perhaps furnish a key, if not to the whole, at least to a considerable part of the mystery which envelops the career of Cagliostro. An idea has been prevalent that he had learned the secrets of his art from the Count de St Germain, who had created a great sensation in continental circles, especially at the court of Louis XV., with whom he was a great favourite. When and where this last celebrated person was born, nobody ever succeeded in discovering. Some believed him to be the 'wandering Jew,' others asserted that he was a native of Arabia. He was supposed to have lived from five hundred to two thousand years, for so far back his memory of persons, places, and events extended. It was impossible to find him at fault, so accurate was his information, so correct his descriptions. He possessed the elixir of life—at least so it was believed; and it was confidently asserted that some persons to whom he presented a dose of it immediately ceased to grow old, at all events in appearance. As regarded himself, there was positive evidence that, although he did not look more than thirty-five, he was not much short of eighty; and those who had remembered him for fifty years declared that they could perceive no alteration in him whatever. His wealth was immense, in jewels especially, although nobody could discover the sources of his affluence. The quantity of diamonds he exhibited, which were pronounced by the best judges to be of the finest water, absolutely astounded the court. He was, moreover, extremely liberal, and made superb presents to the ladies. Being very handsome and very agreeable, how great a favourite he was may be easily imagined. This magnificent personage was finally invited to reside at the court of one of the German princes, where he lived several years, much esteemed by his royal friend, in whose palace he finally *died* about the year 1785, notwithstanding his pretended possession of that important secret which was to confer on him a mundane immortality.

It does not, however, appear at all clear that these two men ever met, in spite of an assertion to that effect in some anonymous French memoirs, where a very theatrical scene is detailed as having occurred at their first rencontre. Cagliostro himself declared that he had studied the occult sciences during a residence at Mecca and in the neighbourhood of the Pyramids; and since he claimed to be an antediluvian, he had certainly had sufficient time to perfect his

lore. He was first heard of in London about the year 1770, where he attracted great notice, and was received at the houses of the first nobility. With respect to his birth, he always adverted to it with mystery, and significantly exhibited his crest, which was a serpent with an apple in its mouth. That he did possess some valuable secrets, however acquired, there can be no doubt. He attended a vast number of persons in sickness, and performed many cures gratuitously. He appeared wealthy, and, like his predecessor St Germain, exhibited a quantity of valuable jewels. He was supposed by many persons to be in possession of the philosopher's stone, and to have the art of enlarging diamonds, and augmenting the weight of gold; and it is certain that he did possess a liquid, to which he gave the name of Egyptian wine, which he administered with extraordinary success as a restorative, although it is asserted that its good effects were not permanent. He had also some valuable cosmetics, which were in great request amongst the ladies.

The Count Alexander Cagliostro, however, like other great men, had his enemies. There were not wanting those who called him a *charlatan*; and the press, though much less active and powerful at that time than at present, would not let him enjoy his honours in peace. But the charms of his manner, his services to the rich, and his unbounded generosity to the poor, secured a powerful party in his favour, not to mention the seductive graces of the Countess Seraphine, his beautiful and fascinating wife.

He became a freemason; but he joined that body not as a learner, but as a teacher. He declared that the purity of the rites and the exalted objects of that institution had been lost sight of; and that a complete reformation to their ancient integrity was necessary—a reform which, from his long residence in Egypt, whence the order originally emanated, he alone was qualified to direct. At the Hague, the place he next honoured with his presence, some extraordinary lodges were held on his account; and the discourses he addressed to the members were said to have made a great sensation. He here foretold the numbers that would be drawn prizes in the ensuing lottery. On his route to Leipsic, whilst stopping at a hotel at Nuremberg, he met with a nobleman of distinction, himself a freemason, who, from the deep lore of Cagliostro, felt persuaded that he had fallen in with the grand-master of the order, and, as a testimony of his veneration, presented him with a very valuable diamond ring.

At Leipsic, a grand lodge was held on his arrival; on which occasion he warned the members of their corruption and wickedness, and the dangers of their devotion to magic arts, prophesying that, without a speedy reformation, the vengeance of heaven would fall on the grand-master of their lodge; and this prediction, it is asserted, was verified by the suicide of that person within a month. When Cagliostro quitted Leipsic, he found his bill at the hotel already discharged, and a large sum of money placed at his disposal. In Dantzic, he was received with great honour, especially by the freemasons, whom he instructed in his Egyptian rites, and to whom he delivered a discourse that lasted several hours, condemning their superstitions and magical ceremonies, and inculcating a belief in the existence of God and the immortality of the soul.

From Mitau, we get a more particular account of him, for he no where found more devoted disciples than here, where he established a lodge of female masons, of which a lady of distinction became the head; and it is at Mitau that we first see him exhibiting some of those marvels, with the accounts of which animal magnetism has lately rendered us familiar. From the report of these proceedings, we are led to suppose that the freemasons of that period, at least at some of the places he visited, had so far wandered from the precepts of their institution, which are believed originally to have been eminently spiritual, as to have sunk into a state of scepticism and infidelity, since it was to correct these errors, and convince them of the immortality of the soul, that Cagliostro undertook to show them disembodied spirits, and also whither the powers of the soul extended, under certain circumstances. For this

latter purpose, the child of a nobleman of very high rank was selected, and the exhibitor, laying his hands on his head, placed him on his knees at a table whereon stood a decanter of clear water, in front of two wax candles. A prayer was first pronounced by Cagliostro and the child; and the latter, being desired to look into the decanter and describe what he observed, he said he saw a garden. Upon this Cagliostro declaring himself satisfied that the Almighty was favourable to the operation, he prayed that the latter might see the Archangel Michael; whereon the child cried out that he discerned something white, but he could not distinguish what it was. Presently, however, he began to dance and cry out like one possessed, that he saw such a boy as himself, but much more like an angel. The whole company, which consisted of persons of the first distinction, stood petrified with amazement at this exhibition; and the father inquired if the child could see in the water what his sister, who was at a country-house fifteen miles off, was doing at that moment. Again Cagliostro laid his hands on the boy's head, and the latter said, that he saw his sister descending the steps and kissing their elder brother; which the father declared to be impossible, since that brother was several hundred miles distant. Whereupon Cagliostro said, 'Let those who do not believe inquire!' and a messenger being dispatched to ascertain the fact, he returned with the intelligence that the report of the child was perfectly correct, the young man having quite unexpectedly returned from his journey. The amazement and the enthusiasm of the spectators now exceeded all bounds. They fell at the feet of the apostle, as they considered him; and there were no limits to the devotion they exhibited towards himself and the beautiful Madame Seraphine.

This perception of distant objects in water will recall to the reader's memory the celebrated mirror of Dr Dee, and also the curious accounts of the Egyptian boys brought from the east by Mr Lane, Lord Prudhoe, and other travellers. So infatuated were the people of Courland with Cagliostro, that it is asserted that, not being very well satisfied with their own sovereign, they actually offered, if he would accept it, to place him on the ducal throne. This proposal, however, he had the wisdom to decline. The duke and duchess were amongst his disciples, and Elise von Recke, the sister of the latter, a very amiable and intellectual woman, was the most devoted acolyte. This lady's father, who was a count of the empire, and her uncle, who was marshal of the province, had devoted themselves a good deal in their youth to the occult sciences; and she and her brother were much given to studies of the same description. The death of this young man, who was a most accomplished and amiable person, in the year 1778, turned the thoughts of Elise still more in that direction, and it was her ardent desire, by the purification of her own soul, to render herself worthy of holding communion with the departed. To persons of this description, who were both wealthy and virtuous, Cagliostro's art of gold-making was by no means the source of attraction; but when he one day recognised some beautiful large pearls worn by the duchess as having been made by himself in Holland out of a corresponding mass of small ones, some of the ladies could not resist the temptation of begging him to transform their necklaces in the same manner. He, however, declined, under the pretence that he had not time for the operation. Elise von Recke kept a journal of the proceedings, which she afterwards published, when her infatuation was entirely dissipated, and when she was probably disposed, from resentment and reaction, to subtract from whatever merit Cagliostro could really lay claim to. Yet she admits distinctly, that the child of six years old, that divined distant events by looking into the water, who was her own cousin, certainly did describe what was passing at their country-house, including the unexpected arrival of the brother, and the sudden indisposition of a sister, whom he saw holding her hand upon her side, as if in pain. Unable to deny these facts, she nevertheless endeavours to explain them away, by the suggestion of the child's collusion having been purchased

by kindness or obtained by threats; but nothing appears to verify these suspicions. Cagliostro, however, never condescended to gratify the desire of poor Elise to see her brother. Indeed, he told her that to impart to an adult the power of seeing spirits was beyond his art; though he declared there had been a time when mortals possessed that faculty, which they had forfeited by their devotion to trivial and sinful pursuits. Nevertheless, he maintained that the privilege might be recovered by individuals, who, forswearing all sensual gratifications, consecrated themselves and their endeavours to the welfare of mankind and an earnest striving after perfectibility. He admitted that there existed physical means of prolonging human life beyond the usual period, but none so effectual as the fortifying of the soul and the practice of virtue. He taught that there had been more than one deluge, and that the age of the earth far exceeded the conception of man. That there yet existed persons belonging to some secret societies who had lived several hundred years; and that although it was possible to transmute all metals into gold, that feat could never be accomplished by one to whom the gold was the incentive—the successful workman would need to be influenced by more exalted motives. As the Jews do in their cabala, he made a great distinction between what is called black and white magic; the former he maintained to be sinful, the latter innocent.

It is to be feared, however, that his conduct was less to be admired than his teaching, for when he quitted Mitau public confidence in him appears to have been shaken, and even the devoted Elise von Recke wavered in her faith. Cagliostro and his wife next proceeded to St Petersburg, where it was his ardent desire to obtain the favour and countenance of the empress, Catherine II. He commenced his career at that capital by practising as a physician, and having performed an extraordinary cure on some person of distinction, he returned the magnificent fee that the grateful patient sent him; at the same time, the lovely Seraphine, who scarcely looked twenty, declared she was fifty years of age, and, after much persuasion, she confessed that her youthful appearance was the result of a wash prepared by her husband. The ladies conjured him to part with some of it, which he at length consented to do, and the most superb presents were showered upon them in return. It is asserted by the sceptical, that the ladies who used it did not grow young again, but as they fancied they did, and their admirers assured them of the fact, it rendered them equally happy for the time.

The Empress Catherine, however, belonged altogether to another school of philosophy, and having no taste for these mystical proceedings, she one day summoned the Princess of Santa Croce, which was the name the fair Seraphine adopted in Russia, and having by skilful interrogations obtained all the information she wanted of her, she concluded by saying, that she wished her and her husband very well, but that she would rather her subjects were allowed to live and die in the old fashion, and be killed or cured *secundum artem* by the regular physicians, and presenting her with twenty thousand rubles, she wished them a pleasant journey. The motive of this dismissal is variously reported. Some writers assert that the jealousy of the physicians, whose practice the successful cures of Cagliostro injured, was the cause; others declare that the step was taken in compliance with the wishes of the foreign ambassadors; and others again tell a strange story about the child of some person of consequence, who, being given over by the physicians, was entrusted to the skill of Cagliostro, who had the child removed to his own house, and in eight days carried it back perfectly restored. The joy of the mother was indescribable, and she presented him with five thousand *louis d'ors* as a token of her gratitude. But the joy did not last; the affections of the mother did not cling to the healthy child as they had done to the sick one, and a rumour was spread abroad that the child had died, and that Cagliostro had substituted another in its place. This accusation, however, does not appear to have been well established; and

certain it is, that the body of the child supposed to be dead was never produced.

It would be tedious to follow Cagliostro through all the cities of Europe which he visited in succession, with more or less *eclat*. In some, the number of cures he effected is said to have been very great, and in all, he exhibited the same phenomena, through the agency of children, which had made so many converts at Mitau. These phenomena are certainly of a magnetic nature; and if there were no other motive for investigating these natural arcana, the danger resulting from the power they give the impostor over the ignorant would be a very sufficient one. Through the whole career of Cagliostro we are led to observe one particularity, which is remarkable in the career of all such pretenders, namely, that the unreasonable demands of the audiences, spectators, or disciples, who will not be content to follow nature but will insist on dictating to her, force the adepts and their subjects into imposition. In the present day, it is the impatient curiosity of the ignorant on the one hand, and the dogmatic scepticism of the so-called scientific, on the other, that occasion the failures, disappointments, and attempts at imposition that impede a fair investigation of the phenomena connected with animal magnetism. Persuaded that the powers possessed by Cagliostro were communicated by the agency of supernatural beings, his disciples would not be satisfied till he consented to gratify them with a sight of these angels or demons, and also summoned to their presence the shades of their departed friends; and unable to deny their solicitations, he had recourse to fraud and imposition.

In Strasburg, Bourdeaux, and Lyons, Cagliostro appears to have been particularly successful; and when he arrived at Paris, it was with a suite of servants in magnificent liveries, besides couriers, valets, chamberlains, &c. And here he seemed to have found his proper stage. People of the highest classes became his disciples, and nothing could equal their devotion. It is even asserted that the Cardinal de Rohan, who was afterwards so unpleasantly implicated with him in the affair of the diamond necklace, was actually more than once seen kneeling at his feet. In expectation of the masses of gold and diamonds that the adept persuaded him he could manufacture, he furnished him liberally with money, being himself very rich; and it is supposed to have been chiefly at his expense that the magnificent hotel and establishment maintained by Cagliostro at Paris was supported. Instead of these promised fruits, however, the unfortunate cardinal ended by finding himself in the Bastille.

Whether or not Cagliostro was really implicated in the affair of the diamond necklace, appears extremely doubtful. Madame de la Motte declared that she had given it into his keeping; and the Abbé Georget accuses him of having been privy at least to the transaction, and of having by his vaticinations encouraged the cardinal in his error. The first accusation is, however, manifestly false, for Madame de la Motte and her husband made away with the diamonds themselves; and as regards the second, Cagliostro always declared that he had frequently warned the cardinal that she was deceiving him, and De Rohan himself never brought any accusation against him. Be this as it may, it was in the midst of their splendour and success at Paris, that Cagliostro and his wife were arrested as accomplices in this affair, and forced to walk through the streets to the Bastille, though they entreated permission to be conveyed there in their own carriage. The story of the necklace, in few words, ran thus. The court jeweller, Böhmén, had spent immense sums of money in buying up diamonds, wherewith to form a necklace of unparalleled beauty, which he did not doubt the queen, Marie Antoinette, would purchase. The great price of the article, however, debarré her, and she pertinaciously refused his repeated solicitations on the subject. This circumstance having reached the ears of an adventuress of the name of De la Motte, who, with or without reason, claimed to be a descendant of the royal house of Valois, she resolved to turn the thing to her own advantage; and with this view, and by a long course of the most artful dealing, she

contrived to persuade the Cardinal Prince de Rohan that he would be obliging the queen exceedingly by purchasing the necklace and becoming security for the payment of it, which sum her majesty would remit him by instalments. The cardinal had offended the queen, and it was well known was pining under her displeasure, and Madame de la Motte judged correctly in supposing that he would eagerly seize any occasion to recover the royal favour. He procured the necklace and delivered it to La Motte, who in his presence handed it to a person assuming to be one of the queen's attendants. Much correspondence passed, and an acknowledgment was presented to him signed 'Marie Antoinette of France.' In the mean time, however, the cardinal did not find himself received into favour, nor, as he ascertained by his inquiries, was her majesty ever seen to wear the much-desired necklace; whilst the first quarter's interest on the gross sum, amounting to 30,000 francs, became due to the jeweller. Doubts and fears began to assail him; and Madame de la Motte finding that a premature *dénouement* was impending, contrived to avert it by raising the 30,000 francs herself and handing them to him as from the queen. This restored him to confidence, and an interview which she procured him with her majesty, in the dusk of the evening in the gardens of Versailles, completed his satisfaction. One day, however, the jeweller Böhmen being at court, took occasion to congratulate Madame Campan, the queen's waiting-woman, on the circumstance of her mistress being in possession of the most valuable necklace in the world. Madame Campan denied it; Böhmen insisted; an explanation ensued, and the affair reached the ears of the king and queen, whose indignation was extreme. Inquiry followed, the result of which was that De la Motte and his wife, and the Cardinal de Rohan, together with Cagliostro and the fair Seraphine, were all committed to the Bastille. The trial lasted nearly twelve months; and no very clear light ever illuminated the labyrinths of this strange intrigue. De la Motte was quite unknown to the queen, the letters and signature were forgeries, and a Mademoiselle D'Oliva had personated her majesty in the gardens of Versailles. But how so clever a person as Prince Louis de Rohan was reputed to be, and one so well acquainted with the usages of courts, could have allowed himself to be thus grossly duped, was never properly understood; and as this unfortunate affair occurred at a period when the unhappy queen was in very ill odour with the people, it did her a great deal of harm; and there were many amongst her enemies who would not believe that she was wholly ignorant of the intrigue.

The event of the trial was, that De Rohan, and Cagliostro and his wife, were liberated, but commanded to leave the kingdom; De la Motte, the husband, was banished; and madame, his wife, was whipped, branded, and condemned for life to the Conciergerie. She contrived, however, to escape from that prison, and ended her days in great poverty in London.

Cagliostro came next to England, whence he addressed some political letters to the French nation in favour of liberty, which attracted great notice, and were translated into all European languages; in these he predicted the destruction of the Bastille, and the abrogation of those fearful engines of power the *lettres de cachet*. He here also formed an intimacy with Lord George Gordon, who became his devoted disciple and bosom friend. But a power was preparing the destruction of Cagliostro himself that his arts could not cope with; this was the press. The editor of the 'Courier de l'Europe,' a French paper published in London, undertook to expose him, and he did it so successfully that Cagliostro fled, and after some stay in Germany and Switzerland, in an evil hour repaired to Rome, where he had not been long, before he found himself in the gripe of the Inquisition. He was arrested on the evening of the 27th December, 1789, and the sensation the news created through the whole of the civilised world is indescribable. Whilst he was confined in the Bastille, bulletins had been published in the daily papers describing how he found himself, what he ate, what he drank, and what he

did. The Inquisition left the world in the dark with respect to these interesting particulars, but all manner of rumours about him were circulated, each more romantic than the other. It appears certain that he had become connected with some of the first families in Rome; and it is said that he contrived, even from his prison, to enter into a conspiracy that terrified not only the pope and the cardinals but even the ambassadors of other states. So important a personage was he considered, that the Roman government thought proper to publish some account of the process by which he was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and his wife to a cloister; but of course a report of the Inquisition is not to be relied on. He seems to have been tried as a freemason and a heretic; what she was accused of does not appear. The prison in which he died, in 1795, after four years' incarceration, is still exhibited as an object of curiosity at Rome.

And, after all, who was this Count Alexander Cagliostro? In the year 1787, the celebrated Goethe was dining at a table d'hôte in Palermo, when an engraving of Cagliostro being produced, somebody suggested that it very much resembled a certain Giuseppe Balsamo, a native of that city, who in his youth had been exiled on account of some dishonest proceedings. Farther investigations pursued by Goethe confirmed the suspicion; the great man that was engrossing the attention of the world was no other than Giuseppe Balsamo the Sicilian; a youth born of respectable parents, and with very remarkable capabilities, but without principle. He had very early entered into the Society of the Brothers of Mercy, and had in that situation discovered a wonderful genius for medicine; but being on some account expelled the order, he launched himself into the world in a more imposing character.

The sketch we have given is but a mere outline of his adventures, which would fill volumes, but it is sufficient to afford some idea of his career, whilst it leaves us amazed at the extent of the influence he acquired, considering the late period at which he flourished, more especially as there seems to have been nothing in his personal appearance to assist the *prestige*. The more certain it becomes, however, that he was not a mere vulgar impostor, though an impostor he assuredly was. But he was clearly possessed of some curious magnetic secrets; was endowed with great though misapplied talents; and, finally, had probably some faith in his own powers, of which he did not know the limits.

Amongst his disciples he reckoned many persons eminent for talent as well as rank. At the houses of some of the most distinguished nobility of France, he is said to have summoned the shades of Socrates, Alexander, and Montaigne, who sat at table and supped with the company; and the Cardinal De Rohan, who was a very gallant man, desiring to make acquaintance with the beautiful Egyptian, Cleopatra, Cagliostro gratified him by procuring an interview with the shade of that celebrated queen.

Lavater believed in and defended him; Joseph von Schlosser said, that he was too great a man to be appreciated by the age he lived in; and beneath the engraved portrait of him was inscribed the following lines:—

'Behold the portrait of the friend of man,
Whose daily task is all the good he can;
Healt he restores, and poverty he feeds,
Nor seeks a recompense but in his virtuous deeds.'

THE DISINFECTING FLUID.

EVERY discovery that tends to mitigate those evils which have hitherto appeared to be inseparable from the constitution of humanity must be hailed as an emanation from Divine goodness—as a boon to suffering man. Many of the physical ills which afflict and distress society have been allowed to do so for ages, not from want of incentives to investigation, but from lack of the spirit of inquiry. People were content to be swept away by smallpox, and to be slain in thousands by agues and other epidemical diseases, without looking for the means of prevention, or

searching out and destroying causes. Ignorant of the decrees of God, they attributed accidental and local evils to the fiat of fate, and, oppressed by a spirit of fatalism, viewed with alarm all human attempts at amelioration. It has often been proved that many circumstances called evils were not essentially so, but that ignorance or prejudice had preserved them in a determinate position, and had converted into scourges of the human race what might have been rendered blessings. One beneficial discovery, however, can batter down an old-established wall of mere prejudice; the abnormal, irrational ejaculations of ignorance and presumption are weak and light foam that quickly dissipates in the strong breath of truth. The discovery of vaccination, for instance, in addition to the actual benefit it conferred upon humanity, opened the door for investigation, and encouraged futurity in its progressive search into the causes which had afflicted mankind so long with impunity. The draining of marsh lands drained the sap-vessels of ague, and the expurgation of putrid offal from the homes of poverty abated the strength of fever.

It has been assumed by the medical faculty in London that there is a direct connexion between putrid emanations and fever, and they have consequently pointed to the removal of excremental and other putrescent matters as the prime requirement of an enlightened sanitary system. Dr Alison of Edinburgh, however, one of the most cautious of generalisers and the most philosophical of medical writers, opposes this assumption, and he is supported in his views by Dr R. W. Young, president of the Royal College of Physicians. The latter, while he does not deny an indirect connexion between putrid emanations and fever, looks upon destitution as the chief cause of this destructive disease; and while the faculty in England would purify our cities and seek to render our population healthy by means of drainage and sewerage, Dr Young, while not intermitting all the prerequisites for public cleanliness, would seek in deeper causes than putrid emanations the radical source of typhus. The discussion of the question of direct or indirect connexion between putrid emanations and fever, however, involves considerations which none but professional men can enter into; and as it is allowed on all hands that there is a connexion, whatever tends to destroy or weaken it, whether direct or indirect, must be looked upon as a preservative of health.

A discovery has recently been made by a French chemist, which promises to be of immense benefit to society, inasmuch as the destruction of all noxious gases will be advantageous to the comfort or health of all those whom circumstances constrain to inhale the fetid exhalations of excrementitious or putrescent substances. M. Ledoyer has discovered a fluid which possesses the property of absorbing or otherwise destroying all noxious gases; and this agent and preservative of salubrity has been brought to England, and placed at the disposal of the government, with full power to apply it as extensively as they may consider fit. The government appointed a commission early in the beginning of this year, consisting of Dr Southwood Smith, Mr Toynbee, and Mr Grainger, to examine into the nature of, and to test the truth of the averments made regarding this 'disinfecting fluid,' as it is termed; and the several reports of the commissioners, were returned in March, and since made public. In these reports we have strong corroborations of the following singular facts:—

This chemical agent for the destruction of noxious effluvia is easy of attainment, being cheap and extremely simple in its application; it possesses no odour of its own, and yet it is possessed of the property of destroying all putrid smells, whether arising from vegetable or animal decompositions, no matter at what stage of putridity they may have arrived. In dissecting-rooms, dead-rooms of hospitals, and in cases of exhumation, this liquid is found to be most efficacious in destroying all disagreeable odours, thus rendering the duties of those who are engaged in coroners' inquests or *post mortem* examinations less offensive than they have hitherto been. By dipping the putrid

remains of vegetables, fishes, animals, or man, in this wonderful restorative, they are found to resume the odour which they possessed when perfectly fresh, although hardly recognisable previous to immersion from the extent of their decay. There are employments which the necessities of society entail upon a portion of the community of a most disagreeable and even disgusting character, and the use of this fluid has been found to render the prosecution of these employments completely inoffensive.

In this city, where a regular and bidiurnal system of cleaning and cartage of the excrementitious substances is in active operation, we can form little idea of the noxious nature of the miasma that evaporates from the cesspools and jawholes where putrid substances lie, and have lain for years, festering. In London, and many other cities, where these reservoirs of dirt exist, men are employed to clean them out at night, and to remove the obnoxious accumulations before people begin to stir about in the morning. This horridly disgusting and dangerous duty must be performed, and if any person is desirous of having an idea of its abominable nature, he has only to visit a locality in London or Glasgow on a morning after one of these exhumations. The disinfecting fluid has been hailed as a blessing by the poor men so employed, however, as it completely extinguishes the bad smell, and those residing in neighbourhoods where these sepulchres of offal are situated, have reason to be thankful also for this discovery. It has intermitted the necessity for night-work, for the contents of cesspools have been emptied upon the street in broad day, and carted away without any disagreeable results, this fluid having been poured over it. This substance, taken from cesspools, and hitherto generally carted to the rivers to be swept away as useless, has been converted into a valuable manure, thereby showing us that science can transmute many seeming evils into good; teaching us also that what has been considered the bane of health and comfort may be blessings in disguise. We have said before, that the theory of direct infection has not yet been satisfactorily established, yet when any epidemic attacks a locality, we see its spread attributed to the inhalation of air loaded with foreign particles of a noxious nature, and a counteracting agent is immediately sought for, such as camphor carried about the person, or quick-lime sprinkled in confined dwellings.

In confined localities, where there is a constant stagnation of air, and where it is almost impossible to preserve an absence of offensive exhalations—localities where fever may be said to germinate from dirt and destitution, and from which pestilence walks abroad to less predisposed dwellings, a constant use of this fluid would be found to be, if not an antidote for the whole evil of fever, at least an important preventative of its usual virulence. The recent pestilence in Ireland, which also spread to the localities most resorted to in England and Scotland by the poor Irish, almost demonstrates that the primary cause of fever does not lie in putrid exhalations, and Dr Young points to that fearful national scourge as an event that at least warrants him in bidding men pause and investigate before they come to if not uncasual at least hasty conclusions. Yet the fearful mortality amongst physicians, hospital attendants, clergymen, and others engaged in ministering to the suffering Irish, proves that the air is a medium of communicating fever to persons upon whose constitutions destitution had made no previous inroads. Ventilation is not a cure, but a mere dilutant for infected air; it cannot destroy, it only dissipates the particles which, arising from decomposed substances, pass into the lungs and from them into the blood, infecting that vital fluid and deranging the economy of health. This disinfecting fluid, by its nature and action, destroys the infected atoms, and completely expurgates them from the constitution of the atmosphere, and its introduction has been found to be beneficial not only to the attendants in infirmaries but to the patients themselves. In wards where the worst forms of fever and dysentery were cribbed and confined together, and which ventilation could not

render tolerable or safe for any time to the uninfected, it has been found sufficient to dip clothes in this fluid, and to wave them in the ward or hang them round the beds of the patients, in order to change these dangerous and disgusting receptacles of the sick into places of purity and safety; and so sudden and remarkable has been the transition, that the sufferers have declared themselves to be 'in heaven.'

For a detailed and minute account of the extraordinary facts illustrative of the beneficial effects of this fluid, we refer our readers to the Report of the Commissioners, printed by order of the House of Commons. Attestations corroborative of its extraordinary powers, from many physicians, have also been printed, and the chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests has caused to be made public many reports and letters from Ireland, Manchester, and Liverpool upon the same subject. In a letter from Dr Southwood Smith, the celebrated physician, who has devoted his life and talents to the extinction of typhus, we find the following appeal in favour of the use of the disinfecting fluid, addressed to Lord Morpeth:—

'One of the constant and distinguishing characters of a severe epidemic is, that it attacks the attendants on the sick. The fever which is at present prevailing to such a deplorable extent in almost every part of the United Kingdom exhibits this character in an unusual degree. From the accounts daily received from the larger towns in England, but particularly from those of Ireland and Scotland, it is certain that in great numbers of instances fever is communicated, not only to clergymen and relieving officers, who visit the sick in their own wretched homes and poisonous localities, but also to the nurses and medical men in attendance even upon private families; while it is far more among nurses, medical students, and the surgeons and physicians of hospitals and unions. Now, this part of the calamity, at least, might be spared. Whatever difficulties your lordship may have encountered in obtaining the necessary powers to make even any commencement of a system of prevention, by the removal of the causes of fever, you have in your own hands, and have had for some months past, the sure and certain means of preventing the extension of fever to the immediate attendants on the sick. An agent has been discovered (M. Ledoyen's disinfecting fluid) capable of entirely destroying the noxious gases arising from decomposing animal and vegetable substances. The properties and powers of this fluid, after having been examined by a series of careful and exact experiments, performed partly under your lordship's own observation, have been further tested in the crowded and poisonous fever-wards of the hospitals and unions of Manchester, Liverpool, and Dublin. All classes of witnesses, from the nurses and wardsmen to the highest medical authorities, without a single exception, have corroborated (from what they have themselves seen) the correctness of the conclusions deduced from the original experiments, and given in detail in a report presented to your lordship on the 29th of March, 1847. When used in a sick chamber, or in hospital and union wards, this disinfecting agent decomposes and destroys the poisonous matters given off from the breath and skin, and from all the discharges of the body; and thus maintains the air surrounding the patients in a state of perpetual purity. It therefore effects more than ventilation, for while ventilation merely dilutes the poisonous matters diffused in the air, by the introduction of fresh currents of air, this agent destroys the very sources of impurity. No instructed person will suppose that this fluid can exercise as a remedial agent any influence on the state of fever itself, or on the diseased processes so often set up in it; yet the effect produced indirectly by it, merely by maintaining the purity of the surrounding air, in improving the condition of the patient, is sometimes most striking and permanent. It is a further property and advantage of this fluid, that it creates no disagreeable odour of its own, as is the case with other disinfecting agents, but, on the contrary, produces a singular sensation of freshness. I have been unable to afford my patients in the fever hospital

the full benefit of this important discovery, on account of my inability to procure the fluid in sufficient quantities for daily and regular use. I have regretted this the more, because a bad form of erysipelas, proving fatal in several instances, has spread extensively through the wards, and I am satisfied that this might have been checked by the free use of this fluid. I have also been anxious to procure enough of the fluid to immerse in it the body-linen and bed-clothes of the patients, for we have scarcely ever had in the fever hospital a laundress who has not sooner or later been attacked by fever; but from what has been stated, it is obvious that all these classes of persons—nurses, laundresses, and medical men—who are always in imminent danger, and who so often suffer, might perform their arduous duties with perfect security.'

Dr Smith appealed to Viscount Morpeth, as a member of the government, not to withhold from the public a knowledge of this preventive and remedial agent, the general employment of which, he was assured, would contribute towards saving the lives of many valuable individuals. This appeal produced some effect upon the members of the government, and now this fluid can be supplied to infected localities by all the English unions. This agent has been extensively adopted in France, the French government having ordered M. Ledoyen to disinfect all military hospitals and barracks.

We have ever maintained that governments are not the sources, however, from which we may expect anything to emanate that shall be advantageous, in a sanitary point of view, to the people. The British government, especially, has proved itself to be either indifferent to the health of the community, or sceptical in their belief regarding the reports which have been presented to them on this subject. It would therefore be well if the people themselves would see to it, that the government do not neglect to apply to their utmost ability this wonderful fluid, which has been placed at their disposal for a wise and beneficent purpose.

ETCHINGS FROM LIFE.

SIDNEY HERBERT.

'THEY can only convict us of misfortune, Sidney,' said Mr Herbert to his desponding, sorrowful son, 'and misfortune is no crime.'

'But our affairs shall be dragged before the world, our names shall be written in the Gazette, that rich men may sneer and rogues pity us; we shall lose caste, and'—here the young man covered his face with his hands, and the words seemed to burst from the depths of his heart as he sobbed—'and my poor Helen and child.'

'I am not ashamed of any transaction of our lives or business, my son,' said the old man, in a meek and sorrowful tone; 'the sneer of the proud and the pity of the vicious are alike indifferent to me; and thy wife, I hope, possesses the firmness of your mother and sisters, who prefer honest poverty to affluent sunderance.'

'But, father,' said Sidney, looking at his parent half-reproachfully, 'she has been delicately nurtured, and has never known privation; it will kill her.'

'I admire your feelings, Sidney,' said Mr Herbert softly, but still somewhat sternly; 'but you seem to have forgotten the principles which I have taught you, and to repine with querulous impiety at the providence of God. Is not your wife a Christian? What other preparation does she then require for a partial change of condition? Are not you left to her amid the wreck of worldly substance, and is not your child more precious than gold? Sidney, we have been unfortunate,' continued the old man, in a solemn tone, while his eye fell gently on his son, 'but we have preserved an unblemished integrity, and I will meet my creditors to-morrow with a sense, no doubt, of sorrow, but none of abasement.'

Sidney Herbert rose from his seat in silence, and quietly put aside the books which he had been arranging for the meeting of to-morrow. He then put on his hat, and

looking sadly around the snug little counting-house, sighed as he passed into the street, followed by his equally grieved but more resigned father. The doors were carefully secured, and, without speaking, the father and son linked their arms in each other, and walked away; when they reached a point at which they had hitherto been accustomed to part with each other with hearty good-byes, they merely wrung hands and separated.

William Herbert was a merchant in one of the mid-land county towns in England; and in all the broad counties of fertile, industrious Britain, there was not a more diligent, prudent, honourable man. He had begun life with bright anticipations and hopes, and he had kept steadily on its highway by frugality, industry, and integrity; but the decline of his own business life and the opening of his son Sidney's had been clouded by losses which inevitably involved them in bankruptcy. William Herbert's downfall was the cause of much sorrow to all who were connected with him, either by ties of blood or those of a more abstract nature; for however depraved and calcined the barren rocky wilderness of human nature may be, it seems never to lack sympathy for the good who suffer. His creditors were pre-convinced of his honesty, and at once disposed to render a settlement and re-embarkation in business easily practicable; and when his affairs were examined, and everything was satisfactorily adjusted, the creditors passed an unanimous vote of confidence in William Herbert and his son, at once entering into arrangements for the continuance of the former in his present business upon a more limited scale.

The family of William Herbert bore their change of fortune with more equanimity than they had anticipated. Honesty is the palladium of a good name in trade; and as this vital principle had never been violated by the father and his son, their friends did not desert them, according to the cold formula of the world. They might feel their hands gripped a little more nervously now and again, and their friends might address them in a more laughing, hearty way than usual upon the transmutations of fortune; but these nervous squeezes were indicative of deep sympathy, and the hearty, careless manner was assumed to conceal keen, strong feelings, and both Sidney Herbert and his father felt and appreciated these little delicate attentions.

Sidney, however, must find employment; his father was perfectly competent to manage the more circumscribed operations of his now limited business; and as the young man had married two years previous, and his wife had brought him a son, it behoved him to be stirring and industrious that those dependent on him might live. Well educated and possessed of active business habits, with an unblemished reputation and the warm sympathies of all who knew him, Sidney Herbert had no fears of obtaining some employment in accordance with his education and tastes. He preferred to be engaged in the active, bustling, locomotive duties of life, and accordingly lodged his certificates with the directors of a neighbouring railway company for a clerkship, in preference to engaging in the sedentary occupation of writing in a mercantile warehouse. His probity, diligence, and exemplary conduct were known and appreciated in the town where he dwelt, and his suavity and urbanity made him an universal favourite; gentlemen of the first station voluntarily interfered in his favour, and amongst the many applicants for the means of gaining a subsistence he was preferred.

Sidney opened the letter that brought his appointment with a trembling hand. He had alternately hoped and feared, in conjunction with his wife, until his feelings became so morbidly excited that he could scarcely refer to his expected situation without a sensation of dread.

'Here it is at last, Helen,' he cried, with a pale face and quivering lip. 'I am appointed to the C— station; here is a specification of my duties, with the amount of salary.'

Helen Herbert snatched the letter from her husband's trembling hand, and, having glanced at the amount of emolument, turned away in disappointed silence. The

wife of Sidney Herbert had been bred in what may be termed an artificial element. The warm sympathies and natural artlessness of her disposition had been glided over by a meretricious education; and the heart that would have blossomed and borne good fruit under sympathetic culture was now, by a false direction, fonder of the homage of the puny empyrics of fashion than of the esteem of good and faithful adherents to a simple routine of life and a consistent faith. She loved her husband, and her maternal feelings were of the most devoted and sensitive nature; there was no privation she was not disposed to share with Sidney—there was no sacrifice she could not make for her child. Helen Herbert, in her idealisations of devotion and sympathy, felt secretly pleased that the decadence of her husband's fortune gave her an opportunity of exemplifying her love and resignation; but these feelings were more the result of impulse than of principle. She had suffered less actually than ideally; the necessities of life, and even its little comforts, she had not been deprived of; prospectively there might be fewer robes and shawls, and parties would wax dim and ærial in anticipation, yet she had never known want or privation; she had never passed through the purifying medium of suffering, and the stability of her resignation was less fundamental than she in her own bosom supposed.

'The salary is small, Helen, my dear,' said Sidney, who had noticed his wife's mortified looks; 'but with frugality and a little managing we shall make it do. Time, you know, works wonders,' he cried, cheerfully endeavouring to inspire his silent companion, 'and as I am determined to be wonderfully diligent, useful, and active, I see three or four times that sum in prospect.'

'We shall be constrained to live in a smaller house, and to dispose of part of our furniture,' said the wife, in a querulous, desponding tone.

Sidney was silent, but the thought passed rapidly through his mind of 'Ah, Helen, Helen! I could part with all the comforts in this world to save thee one mental pang.'

The change took place in the circumstances of Sidney Herbert in accordance with an imperious necessity, which regrets, instead of softening, only rendered more difficult to bear. The young man regretfully saw that his wife secretly felt and repudiated the change, and his real misfortunes were increased from the misfortune of Helen's education. We do not sympathise with the paralysed inaction which destroys volition and progress, and writes *resignation* on the tablet which it assumes; but true resignation to the vicissitudes of life and the decrees of providence is one of the most dignified and admirable attributes of man. Listless apathy and dull indifference sometimes claim the homage due to this great Christian virtue, but neither apathy nor inaction are consistent with true resignation; it cheerfully submits to the inevitable influences of to-day, but it manfully invigorates the faculties to seek a brighter and better sphere for to-morrow. Sidney could have smiled at the present, for his hopes of the future were as radiant as youth and high hope could render them; and if his wife had smiled too he could have suffered and toiled on through long years of sickening hope deferred, for at home there always would have been sunlight and peaceful resignation.

If people suppose that Helen Herbert's regrets were purely personal they are mistaken. She thought not of herself as an individual sufferer; 'but what would other people think?' was the constant verbal exorcist that drove away her equanimity. The fading lustre of her ribbons and garments would be noticed, and perhaps made the subject of tea-table comment, and the thought was brimful of painful feelings. How wonderful it is what pains are taken to preserve the good opinion of the superficially taught—the conventional butterflies who flutter along a fashionable promenade in the sun; and how careless the individuals who cower beneath the soulless gaze of fashion are to preserve their own true dignity and self-respect!

Sidney Herbert engaged in his new calling with plea-

surable anticipations, despite the little cloud that sometimes lowered at home; he always maintained a genteel exterior, and he was able to preserve the outward indices of comfort upon his wife and children also, which latter mentioned portion of his family had increased in three years to three in number; but still there was a careworn cankering in his bosom that appearances were but a miserable compensation for. He was struggling to maintain himself in the status which prescription seemed to award him, with means greatly inadequate to his conventional position, and his heart was troubled often when his cheek was curled with a smile and his eye lightened up by a kind gratulation. He had almost grown weary of his faith in hope, when hope came at last with bright smiles to cheer him. The accountant in the — railway had tendered his resignation, and the directors at once decided that Sidney should be his successor. Congratulations hailed him from all his numerous friends, and his brightening prospects were the theme of much pleasurable comment in his native town, for it was well enough known, from the private intimations of several of the most influential directors, that Sidney's appointment was certain. If this contemplated improvement in his circumstances was a source of pleasure to his friends and relatives, to himself it was the goal and anchor of a feverish dread and hope. He had prayed for such a change of late years, with all the force and excitement of a conscience that could only in a circumstance of this nature find the antidote for a torturing corroding care. With sincere and fervid determinations of restitution, he had appropriated to his own use the money of his employers, and the sum having accumulated beyond his present means of reimbursement, the dread of exposure, and the hope of emancipation from that dread, preyed upon his mind and almost upset it.

He was sitting at his desk, reflecting on his position and prospects, and arranging means for the honourable transfer of his books and stool, when a train stopped at the intermediate station, and two gentlemen entered Sidney's office.

'Allow me to congratulate you, Mr Herbert,' said the first of these visitors, holding out his hand, and clasping the cold and reluctant palm of the young man with a nervous hearty pressure. 'Here is your appointment to the situation which I am about to vacate, and here is your successor. Quick work, my dear Herbert,' said the accountant, laughingly; 'but agreeable no doubt. The examination of your accounts closes my career on this line and opens yours. Why, man, you look as blank as if you had received your dismissal; let us to business, and then hasten home and tell your wife to wish you much joy.'

The face of Sidney Herbert grew pale as death, and his hand trembled visibly as it lay upon the desk, which he had closed upon the entrance of his visitors. Ah, well might he tremble, it contained the evidences of his guilt, the fiat of his ruin and prostration.

'Are you ill, Mr Herbert?' said the accountant, in a kindly tone, taking the trembling hand of the agonised clerk.

This sympathetic appeal completely unmanned him, and, bursting into tears, he sobbed, 'Oh, why had not I one day's intimation of this?'

The accountant in a moment felt the force and utter hopelessness of the ejaculation, his heart died within him, for in that sorrow-stricken appeal he knew that Sidney Herbert was undone.

Before a board of men who had hitherto reposed the utmost confidence in him—arraigned before them as a blemished blasted man—stood Sidney Herbert, with downcast eye and faltering heart.

'We have been deceived in you, Mr Herbert,' said the chairman; 'we reposed every confidence in you, and were so convinced of the stability of your principles and the rectitude of your conduct, that we had appointed you to a situation of great trust and ample emolument; and it is a subject of deep regret, as well as of great surprise, that one so eminently gifted should have fallen so low.'

'Let no man judge of my conduct who does not know my circumstances and my motives,' said the young man, with a quivering lip and low agitated voice. 'There is shame upon my cheek, gentleman,' he said, suddenly reddening, 'and there is sorrow at my heart. I feel bitterly the position I occupy, and I contemplate with agony the consequences of this exposure to me and mine, but still I cannot accuse myself of one guilty intention. The emoluments of my situation, even with the most rigid economy, were insufficient to support my family, and without this temporary appropriation I must have quitted your service. I feel now that I should have done so two years ago, and then I should not have stood here with a ruined reputation—in the position of an ingrate to you, and as a disgrace to my friends. My quitting your service would have entailed privation upon my wife and children, but the husband and father would not have been a culprit.' Here the large tears rolled down the cheeks of Sidney Herbert, for his heart and vision had carried him home. 'I have no cause for concealment now,' he continued, in a tone of utter resignation and despair, 'and I will explain to you the circumstances which impelled me to act as I have done, and the motives and feelings which regulated my actions. During the close and opening of my first and second years in your service I had long and severe indisposition in my family, which considerably increased my expenses. You will recollect of my application for an increase of salary, which you will also recollect was at once refused; but hopes were inspired that I should soon obtain a more lucrative appointment. That hope was the gerin, my too small salary the fruitful source, of my error. I did appropriate the company's money to the imperative purposes of my present need, and I looked to an increase of salary with feverish solicitude, as the means that would free me alike from my present position, and the degrading necessity of temporary secret appropriation. In my desk you will find a small book titled 'Private Ledger,' which I had hoped that no eye but mine should ever scan. In it you will find a correct entry of every farthing I applied to my own use, with the purpose for which I have used it, and also the items I have refunded. I have written to my father, who will this day transmit the whole amount. I know that you cannot retain me in your service; I know that you can utterly ruin and blast me for life; I have a wife and children; I throw myself upon your clemency.'

Poor Sidney Herbert is a sad and broken man now! He suffers the multiplied and most poignant pangs of that agony which springs from proscribed degradation and a sense of wrong. He feels that he is ruined, and that he has entailed ruin upon those nearest and dearest to him. He is constrained to grub his way through life in a station of physical labour which he is ill adapted for, while many situations which his talents entitle him to occupy are closed for ever against him by the exposure of his use of what did not belong to him. The mark of Cain is on his brow. Helen Herbert is a meek and broken-hearted woman, who now feels in its most superlative sense the wretchedness and agony of poverty with a blemished reputation, and who would forego all earth's treasures did she possess them, for the restoration of her husband's integrity and peace of mind.

ENIGMA.

I owe not my birth
To heaven or earth;
In ocean I'm not to be found;
You may seek me in vain
Upon mountain or plain,
Or dig for me under the ground.

Yet, mark what I say,
Wherever you stray,
I'm still the first object in sight;
And in spite of your stare,
With yourself, I declare,
I'm present by day and by night.

In square and in street
With me you will meet,
But neither in pavement nor people;
And though in the church
You be left in the lurch,
I never am out of the steeple.

In summer I'm seen,
When nature is green;
But winter cares little about me;
Though he certainly knows
That his frosts and his snows
Could not last for a moment without me.

In steamer and ship
I've many a trip,
And many a walk on the shore;
Where each of the shells
Its history tells
In language I taught it before.

No music is clear
Unless I am near;
A song but for me were not such;
Then from Wilson I claim
No small thanks for his name,
And Grisi just owes me as much.

All critics agree
That Shakspeare from me
Drew largely in head and in heart;
Notwithstanding I'll own
That I never was known
To the drama much grace to impart.

No pleasure or pride in
Pope, Milton, or Dryden,
Or Cowper, or Byron, had I;
Yet bright is my lot,
Neither Southey, nor Scott,
Nor Wordsworth, my aid would deny.

I'm always in spirits,
But he who inherits
A body like mine, has no straight one;
And yet with the sex,
Though the beaux it may vex,
I'm a favourite—ay, and a great one.

In the glass I reside
Of both matron and bride;
In the smile and the simper I shine;
And in love's fondest kiss
Half at least of the bliss,
Though they vow the reverse, has been mine.

No more to intrude,
My praise I'll conclude
By coupling myself with my betters;
For, though I ne'er wrote,
One line I can quote,
I belong to the World of Letters.

DR HUME.

A GOSSIP ABOUT 'LUCK IN FAMILIES.'

THIRD ARTICLE.

A SINGULAR example of family good fortune is exhibited in the case of the oldest of the Scottish earldoms, which naturally occurs to mind, now that we have glanced cursorily at the list of marquises and dukedoms. The English Gowers, at present holding the Sutherland dignities and possessions, have been a lucky race indeed, in point of worldly matters. The true patronymic has always, we believe, been what it now is, namely, Gower; but the subsidiary designations of Granville, Leveson, Egerton, and Sutherland, have been successively taken up by the family, and greatly to the benefit for the most part of the stock purse. It used to be rumoured, and generally believed, that the late Duke of Sutherland was the very wealthiest member of the British peerage of his time, and actually possessed an income of little less than £1000 sterling per day! Admitting that there may have been considerable exaggeration here, the Sutherland-Gowers certainly stood, and still stand, nearly at the top of the peerage as regards wealth. The Dukes of Buccleuch and

Northumberland are the two parties usually ranked with them in this respect, though some folks aver that a much richer noble than any of these three dukes is Grosvenor, Marquis of Westminster. It is as the fortunate holder of much of the ground feued of late years at the west end of London that the latter personage has attained to that high pecuniary eminence. An acre, worth but a few pounds otherwise, has in that position risen to the value of hundreds of thousands. Much of the accumulated wealth of the Sutherland-Gowers remains in the enjoyment of the present Duke of Sutherland, though a brace of new and by no means poor earldoms have been created of late among the junior branches. By a marriage which occurred in 1748, Lord Francis Leveson Gower (now Egerton, Earl of Ellesmere) came eventually into possession of some fifty or sixty thousand pounds a-year, being the share of his grandmother, Lady Louisa Egerton, in the estates of the extinct Bridgewater dukedom. A fair picking this, it will be allowed, for a younger brother! It is certainly a silver-spoon, not a wooden-ladle case.

The house of Rothes is one of those, on the other hand, over which a very different fate seems to have pertinaciously lunged in more recent days. As all readers of early Scottish history must know, the Leslies of this family, chiefs of their name, played a most brilliant part in the affairs of their country for centuries successively. One of the Earls of Rothes had even risen so high as to change his comital coronet into a ducal one. But, recently, they almost appear to have had a hard battle with fortune to keep their very name in existence, not to speak of wealth and dignities. The patronymic of the house may indeed be said to have actually gone from them long ago; for female heir has come after female heir, till it is hard to say what is really now their true male designation. They became Hamiltons, in one instance, and are at present, to the best of our belief, Evelyns paternally. As if to prognosticate another female succession, the present presumptive heir is a girl. We cannot but feel amused, by the way, to notice that the sponsors of the present very youthful earl, as if to make a thorough Leslie of him in despite of fate and fact, have given to him a double dose of the old family name, calling him George Evelyn Leslie Leslie. Funny enough resource, is this not, brother-gossip in heraldry?

In the case of the Earls of Caithness there has also been a sort of lengthened and stubborn contest with fortune, for the maintenance of the family name, dignities, and estates. The name, that of Sinclair, has really been kept up in all masculine purity; but woful has been the scattering of the once extensive possessions of the ancient earldom of Caithness. Successive failures of the direct elder line have caused such an issue of things. Once, twice, thrice, yea, four times has the title gone a hunting for its true owners among the earlier and poorer offshoots of the family. The late peer, the *twelfth* who had borne the title in succession, actually derived his right to it from his great-great-great-great-great-grandfather, George Sinclair of Mey, third son of the *fourth* Earl of Caithness.* All these titular reversions produced corresponding territorial curtailments, until the house has chiefly its honours left as a possession. But, as an old Scottish humorist said, what can be expected when people are rash enough to change their name from 'Saint' to 'Sin'—meaning from Saint-Clair to Sinclair!

The earldom of Buchan is one of the most ancient and renowned in Scottish history. It has undergone many turns of fortune, and has had possessors of numerous names and still more numerous families. It was an earldom before patronymics came into fashion, but a Cumyn obtained it in the twelfth century by wedding Marjory, daughter of one Fergus of Buchan. Then the title went to a Stewart; and again, but indirectly, to another Stewart,

* * The propensity to load our vernacular language with new terms is strong enough at the present day, in all conscience, and is often most needlessly and annoyingly exerted. But the man who should invent new terms to designate such successive degrees of family relationship as the above, would really deserve well of his country. The existing defect is a great one—literally a 'great' one.

the brave John-o'-Coul, who made it famous over Europe under his keeping, his valour having raised him to the post of high-constable of France. A third Stewart was afterwards its holder through royal favour and relationship; and the Douglasses, in turn, had its tenure for a time. It fell finally to two successive branches of Erskines, the last of whom hold it to this day. But *quamvis mutatis* is the earldom now! In place of being lords of the vast district in the Scottish north, properly called Buchan, the possessors of the title now retain lands in the low country alone, and these most unlike in extent to the family property of old. But the Erskines, in many points of view, have thrown no discredit on the old comital dignity. Two such men as Thomas Lord Erskine, lord chancellor of England, and the Honourable Henry Erskine of Ammondale, have sprung from very few noble houses of Scotland in late days. Even their elder brother, the inheritor of the earldom, was a man of talent, though vain to excess, both of his hereditary and personal attributes. Well was that self-esteem sometimes checked and ridiculed. The late Earl of Buchan, of whom we speak, once told a lady, with much pomposity, that, as in so many other illustrious cases, the mother of himself and his brothers had been a woman of singular abilities. 'And, like all good mothers,' said the sarcastic lady, 'she gave her own proper possessions chiefly to her junior children.' This hit must have been felt as a heavy one even by the self-complacent nobleman; though it was scarcely more severe than the retort of the little rustic girl to whom, being then accidentally in his dairy, he had sold a penny-worth of milk, and whom he kissed, telling her to speak of that memorable honour to all her kith, kin, and posterity—'Ah! but you took the penny for the milk, though!' What an inimitable stroke at small pride! But enough now about the eccentric lord of Dryburgh, author, among other things, of the book with the Irish title—'Anonymous Essays, by the Earl of Buchan!'

We have before spoken of the few peerage cases in which the family has preserved its original name through a continuous line of male holders. Not that the point is of the slightest moment in reality, as affecting transmission of blood; for the daughter of a man is certainly as much his child as a son can be. But we are dealing here, it must be repeated, with matters of gossipry. 'Argal,' as Touchstone says, it may not be out of the way to observe that the Montgomeries, earls of Eglinton, are not Montgomeries, but Setons, through a long past marriage with an heiress; and the present Lord Eglinton, of tournament-memory, has even of late assumed the title of Earl of Winton, that of the Setons, in token of his descent from the house paternally. The neighbours of the Eglinton-Montgomeries, as well in their lands as on the peerage roll, are the Cassillis-Kennedys, whose continuity of male descent is unbroken, though it had a most narrow escape when the party who became *ninth* earl, on a pause in the line being menaced, only made his claim good, as being heir of the *first* earl by a junior branch—that first earl being so created as far back as 1509. This was touch-and-go work. The earldom of Moray was one very eminent once. It comes not now, however, from the famous Regent Moray by male descent, for he left no sons; but his eldest daughter was wedded to a Stuart of his own royal house, and her masculine issue, without one breach in the chain, have held the earldom ever since. The Homes, the Lyons, the Stewarts, and the Maitlands have also inherited their respective earldoms of Home, Strathmore, Galloway, and Lauderdale in the uninterrupted male line. The second of these peerages had another narrow escape from a broken succession, when the almost unparalleled case occurred of six brothers enjoying in rotation the titles and estates of the Lyons of Strathmore. The last brother only had male issue. There is one point so far curious in the career of the Lauderdale-Maitlands, which is, that their line had once reached the highest or ducal dignity. But, as in the Rothes case, it existed but for the lifetime of the gainer thereof. Thus, though the tide of fortune seemed to have turned in favour of these two houses temporarily, the luck eventually changed, and their existing inheritors are but earls.

A famous lawyer of the time of James VI., and a prime favourite of that monarch—being by him familiarly called 'Tam o' the Cowgate'—founded the Haddington earldom. Its bearer now is a true Hamilton by patronymic, like the founder; and things are likely to remain in the same position in reality, though not in appearance. The present commoner, Baillie of Jerviswood, is heir presumptive to the title. But he is a Hamilton, and only by the pressure of entail a Baillie, being sprung from the marriage of an Earl of Haddington with the daughter and heiress of Lady Grizel Baillie, that most exquisite exemplar of domestic virtues, conjoined with high talent and elevated rank. Her touching ballad, 'Were na my heart licht I wad dee,' will only be forgotten when Scottish hearts have no recollection of Lady Anne Lindsay's 'Auld Robin Gray,' the pieces being composed under circumstances singularly like in many respects, and possessing congenial merits.

The Scottish earldom and English marquise of Bute, held by the name of Stuart, shows a genuine case of family good luck. The history of this house is really a curious one, at least in reference to late days. The first Earl of Bute wedded the eldest of the two daughters of Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, whose large estates were settled primarily on the second son which might be born to any of these daughters, the issue of the eldest being first preferred. But though both ladies were married, neither for a time had a second living son; and accordingly Lord Mountstuart, the one son of the eldest daughter by the Earl of Bute, claimed the Rosehaugh inheritance. But 'Wait a little, my Lord Mountstuart,' said others interested; 'it is true that the second daughter has only one son by her first marriage, but she has become a wife again, and the Rosehaugh estates cannot be fingered by you or any one until the issue of these new nuptials is seen.' And, in reality, the youngest daughter after a time did bear a son to her second husband. Being the second male issue of her body, though the first by a new marriage, this young comer was held and declared to be rightful heir to his maternal grandsire by the courts of law. [Here we cannot help pausing in the midst of our tale to moralise on the inefficiency of human precautions. Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, the entailer in this case, was one of the ablest jurists whom Scotland ever produced, and had filled its highest legal offices, leaving also behind him standard works to prove his great capacity and learning. All his skill had here been expended in framing an entail to keep his name from being lost in that of any other family. Observe, nevertheless, how soon the simple course of circumstances thus thwarted all his plans! He had not foreseen that, though one of his daughters might produce a second son, yet that son might be the first of a second marriage, and so liable to have paternal interests very different from those of the intended sole heir and representative of the Mackenzies of Rosehaugh.] However, the good fortune of the Bute family prevailed in this case after all. Just when Lord Mountstuart seemed about to be compelled to yield to necessity, and denude in favour of the second son of the second daughter, lo! the eldest son of that lady (by the first marriage) died; and, the second son being now merely an *only* son, the Bute house, half by a quibble one would think, retained the Rosehaugh property. There was afterwards a fresh dispute about it among the descendants of Lord Mountstuart, who became the second Earl of Bute; but the permanent inheritor, ultimately, was the second son of the third earl, which son, as if in further very mockery of all Sir George Mackenzie's prescience, fell heir also to a far more splendid succession, in which that of Rosehaugh has been utterly extinguished. The very care taken to perpetuate the latter heritage seems, one would say, to have caused it to sink into oblivion.

That more splendid succession, alluded to as falling to the Stuarts of Bute, resulted from the intermarriage of the third earl with Mary, only daughter of Edward Wortley Montagu, Esq., and his celebrated consort, Lady M. W. Montagu. The second son of that union obtained both the English estates of Mr Wortley Montagu, his grandfather, and the Scottish property of Rosehaugh; and on

the son of this fortunate inheritor was more lately conferred the honour of a peerage. All who remember the politics of the last quarter of a century will recollect Lord Wharncliffe, a man eminent in his day, alike in public life and in literature. His eldest son now holds the title and estates.

But the great inheritances of the Yorkshire Wortley-Montagus and the Rosehaugh Mackenzies, went, after all, as we thus see, to younger sons; and it required some further strokes of similar good luck to keep the main branch of the Bute family flourishing. Two very nice pickings came in the way accordingly. John, fourth earl of Bute in Scotland, and first marquis in England, took to wife the eldest daughter and co-heiress of Herbert Viscount Windsor and Baron Mountjoy. This match brought a goodly accession of fortune to the house. Then came another lift in the world. Lord Mountstuart, son of that same fourth earl, followed suit as his respected sire had led, and became the husband of Lady Penelope Crichton, sole daughter and heiress of the Earl of Dumfries. The present Lord Bute, therefore, in due time succeeded his maternal grandsire as Earl of Dumfries, and his paternal progenitor of the same degree in the Scottish earldom and English marquise of Bute. The titles accumulated in his person are multitudinous, from that of Baron Crichton of Sanquhar, of date 1488, to that of Marquis of Bute, obtained in 1796. But, for all his honours, he cannot append to his writings such a sounding triple signature as 'Hamilton, Brandon, and Chatelherault,' or 'Lennox, Richmond, and Aubigny.' Two dukes, already noticed, can so sign their names. By the way, this remark calls up to our gossiping memory the fact, that there are but two peers who have the honour to be members at once of the English, Scottish, and Irish nobility. These peers are the English Marquis of Abercorn, who is a Scottish earl and Irish viscount; and the English Earl of Venlam, also an Irish viscount and Scottish baron.

If one were to investigate closely into the causes of all these strokes of good fortune in the Bute family, the influence in part of an agency much less fortuitous than usual, we imagine, might be traced at work. As one able personage has founded the most of our ennobled houses individually, so does a talented member of a decayed line very often restore it to prosperity by his mere personal exertions. This is a truth unquestionable; though it has mainly been our end here to point to instances of freaks and changes of fortune, so far accidental in seeming as to justify our terming them cases of family-luck. The third Earl of Bute was the prime favourite and counsellor of George III., in the youth of that prince, and even filled the office of premier of Great Britain. His lordship, though not a popular man at any time, certainly possessed no mean amount of capacity, and was in his way a consummate tactician—just the person, in short, to raise a family in the world. His own marriage with the heiress of the Wortley-Montagus, that of his son with the co-heiress of the Windsors, and that of his grandson with the heiress of the Crichtons, may all be ascribed to his lordship's able management, though the last union did not actually take place till some months after his decease. However, lest some of our readers should feel too strongly impressed by this case, and should be inclined in consequence to accuse us of having spoken too much heretofore of *luck*, and too little of management, we beg to give them another entry from the matrimonial register of the Bute family. Following up the paternal tactics, the fourth earl took to his second wife the daughter of the famous banker and *millionaire*, Thomas Coutts, Esq., and two children were the fruits of the marriage. But had the noble lord caught a great co-heiress here as on his first Windsor nuptials? Nay, truly; all the world knows better where the Coutts wealth went, and in whom it is now vested. The eccentric Irish barrister, who would so fain lay his hands upon that fortune, would alone have long ago *dunned* into our ears the name of Miss Burdett Coutts, as the lady of the purse that knows no grounds. Who shall be the lucky Jack Horner to put his thumb into that pie and pull out a

plum?—for we confess that a plum, pecuniarily understood, would content ourselves in the case as a marital dowry.

Our assumption, in a small way, of the office of Lord-Lyon-King-at-Arms must now come to a close again for the time. But first a word on the Bruce family. There can be none more interesting to a Scotsman generally, and its modern representatives have had some odd ups and downs in the world, which lie more especially in the way of our present tittle-tattling. Since the death, in 1772, of the last male heir of the Bruces of Clackmannan—whose claim to be considered the modern chiefs of that once royal and ever illustrious name could at no time be questioned, since they held the castle and manor of Clackmannan by a charter from King David Bruce to his 'faithful cousin (*consanguineo*, or relative by blood) Robert de Bruce,' founder of the branch—it has been held generally, that the Earl of Elgin is the head of the existing Bruces, from the first peer of his ancestry being a second son of the house of Clackmannan. But there are rival claimants for this high honour, and more especially the Bruces of Kenet, descended from a younger brother of the assumed founder of the Elgin line; and they rest their claims on the fact that there is no evidence of the descent or 'filiation' of such a founder, 'the contemporary charters of 1537 and 1540 being silent on the subject.' However this great point of the Bruce chieftainship may stand, there can be no doubt of the direct male descent of the Elgin branch from the house of Clackmannan, and through them from the blood of the royal restorer of Scotland's independence. This is as true as that the Elgin Marbles came from Greece; and there let the matter remain, just now. It has been above remarked that the noble house of Bruce has had various ups and downs. We allude not to the greater of all, that of the failure of the direct sceptred line, to which the family motto, *Fuimus* (we have been), so touchingly points; but to the more recent variations in the fortunes of the Elgin peerage. Once on a time, the holders of that name and title might be said, as far as human foresight could guess, to be on the fair way to the attainment of the very highest titular dignities of the empire. A younger offshoot of the family has in reality arrived at a marquise, and that one of the wealthiest in England. But that elevation was purchased by an event which inflicted an unlucky stroke on the Elgin peerage individually. Having followed the royal Stuarts to England, the Bruces of that line were there raised to high honours and acquired large estates. The second Earl of Elgin was made Earl of Aylesbury in England; but, in the person of the fourth Lord Elgin and third Lord Aylesbury, the direct male line ceased. All the possessions that the house had accumulated in the south went consequently to a nephew of the last peer by a sister's side, who conjoined the name of Bruce with his own paternal one of Brudenell, and whose son is the present Marquis of Aylesbury. The Elgin title, and but little else, went to the male heir, who was Earl of Kincardine in Scotland, an ancestor having been so ennobled a century previously. Thus were the gathered fortunes of the Elgin Bruces alienated from the main and male branch, though the double title of Elgin and Kincardine has been preserved; and the present inheritors may say with new point, *Fuimus*.

By the way, the late James Bruce of Kinnaird, the famous Abyssinian traveller, was an indubitable descendant of the regal Bruces, the founder of his house having been a grandson of the first baron of Clackmannan. Bruce was a noble and characteristic specimen of the race physically, displaying the same massive and stalwart proportions which rendered King Robert more than a match for three or four assailants at once in the wilds of Lorn, and which enabled him to wield that tremendous sword kept by the house of Clackmannan in memory of their descent, and said to have been used by the heroic monarch at Bannockburn. Let not the reader smile at the thought of corporeal characteristics being transmitted through so many generations. An intelligent observer has recorded somewhere his surprise at meeting, on a highway, a personage singularly like the common effigies of Sir William Wallace—

Accident soon after let him know, however, that he had then actually met one of the Dunlops of the west of Scotland, who claim to be of the great hero's line. Such instances of long perpetuated family likenesses indeed occur frequently, and are even spread recognisably through entire clans sprung from a common source.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

THE distinction between faith and hope is nice, and must warily be discovered. I will reduce the differences into three respects, of order, office, and object. For *order*, Paul gives faith the precedence. 'Faith is the ground of things hoped for.' Faith always goes before, hope follows after, and may in some sort be said to be the daughter of faith; for it is as impossible for a man to hope for that which he believes not as for a painter to draw a picture in the air. Indeed, more is believed than is hoped for, but nothing is hoped for which is not believed. So that of necessity, in respect of order, faith must precede hope. For *office*, faith is the Christian's logic, hope his rhetoric. Faith perceives what is to be done, hope gives alacrity to the doing it. Faith guides, adviseth, rectifieth; hope courageously encounters with all adversaries. Therefore faith is compared to a doctor in the schools, hope to a captain in the wars. Faith discerns the truth; hope fights against impatience, heaviness of spirit, infirmity, dejectedness, desperation. Divines have alluded to the difference between faith and hope in divinity, and to that between wisdom and valour in philosophy. Valour without wisdom is rashness, wisdom without valour is cowardice. Faith without hope is knowledge without valour to resist Satan; hope without faith is rash presumption and indiscreet daring; you see their different office. For *object*, faith's object is the absolute word and infallible promise of God, hope's object is the thing promised. *Fides intuetur verbum rei, spes verò rem verbi*: faith looks to the word of the thing, hope to the thing of the word; so that faith hath for the object the *truth* of God; hope the *goodness* of God. Faith is of things both good and bad; hope of good things only. A man believes there is a hell as truly as he believes there is a heaven; but he fears the one, and hopes only for the other. Faith hath for its objects things past, present, future. Past, it believes Christ dead for our sins, and risen again for our justification; present, that he now sits on the right hand of his Father in heaven; future, that he shall come to judge quick and dead. Hope only respects and expects things to come; for a man cannot hope for that which he hath. You see how in some sense hope excels faith; for there is a faith in the devils; they believe the truth of God, the certainty of the Scriptures; they acknowledge Christ the judge of quick and dead, therefore cry, 'Why tormentest thou us before the time?' They have faith joined with a Popish preparatory good work, *fear*; 'the devils believe and tremble;' yea, they pray, they beseech Christ not to send them into the deeps: what then want they? Hope, a confident expectation of the mercy of God: this they can never have. They believe—they cannot hope. This is the life of Christians, and the want makes devils. If it were not for this hope, 'we of all men were most miserable.' Charity differs from them both. These three divine graces are a created trinity, and have some glimmering resemblance of the Trinity uncreate. For as there the Son is begotten of the Father, and the Holy Ghost proceeds from them both, so here a true faith begets a constant hope, and from them proceeds charity. 'This is God's temple built in our hearts,' said Augustine; the foundation whereof is faith, hope the erection of the walls, charity the perfection of the roof. In the godly all these three are united together, and cannot be sundered. We believe in God's mercy, we hope for his mercy, and we love him for his mercy. Faith says, there are good things prepared; hope says, they are prepared for me; charity says, I endeavour to walk worthy of them. So that, what good faith believes shall be, hope expects for herself, and charity aims at the way to get it,

by *keeping the commandments*. Faith apprehends both rewards and punishments; hope only looks for good things for ourselves; charity desires the glory of God and the good of all our brethren.—*Rev. T. Adams.*

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

WILLIAM ALLEN.

SECOND NOTICE.

If the countenance and friendship of those who occupy the most exalted stations on earth can invest a man with fame and dignity, then it will be seen that William Allen's name is worthy of record even from mere adventitious circumstances; with kings and emperors he was admitted to the most familiar conversation, and he ever appeared as their teacher and monitor and not their trembling sycophant or fawning courtier. They listened with respect to his advice, and, whether they adopted his counsels or not, they ever expressed the highest esteem for his person and principles. William Allen had none of the common attributes which generally recommend men to kings and rulers. His station was humble, if from a long race of laborious honourable progenitors there can emanate anything really mean, and his genius and character were of that quality more likely to render him obnoxious than otherwise to those whose acts are more regulated by expediency and diplomatic cunning than enlightened benevolence and justice. Yet so powerful, so intrinsically dignified, so essentially exalted, are consistency, benevolence, and truthful simplicity, that emperors and ministers of state were proud to call this man friend, to do homage to those qualities, and to embrace them in the person of this modest philanthropist.

In 1827, W. Allen was united to Grizell Birkbeck, being his third marriage, and as the support and sympathy of a virtuous wife are peculiarly sweet and encouraging to the man whose generous acts are almost unknown to all the world beside, this union was peculiarly blessed to him in these as in every other respect, but it was also of only a short duration, for Grizell died in 1835, leaving her now aged husband to the almost filial care of his niece Lucy Bradshaw. In speaking of his wife, he remarks, 'Our attachment was deep and strong, and mainly founded on that which will last for ever. A vigorous understanding, with kind, generous feelings, made her an excellent counsellor; the solidity of her judgment was much relied upon, and her steady piety was a great help to me.' His connexion with Robert Owen had long been a source of great anxiety to W. Allen. To the benevolent sentiments of Owen he was perfectly alive, and with them he fully sympathised; but his principles were so inimical to those of this good and sincere Christian that in conscience he could not be associated with the speculations of a man whose fundamental principles were subversive of religion and all the incentives to moral action, and therefore he signed a deed of dissolution of partnership with Owen and his two sons in 1838. W. Allen was strongly convinced, however, that the condition of the labouring classes could be materially improved, and their self-respect greatly elevated, by a judicious course of education and the introduction of a land-allotment system among them; and he accordingly took advantage of every opportunity to press the subject upon the notice of legislators and the benevolent rich. He also established a model industrial school at Lindfield for the education of lads likely to engage in agriculture, and one of the grand features of this institution was that it should be self-supporting. The boys were to do everything of a domestic nature for themselves—clean their sleeping apartments, make their beds, &c.—and to produce by their labour on the farm all the means of support. Their agricultural education was placed under the direction of a person whose talents eminently fitted him for the office, and their religious and moral instruction were most carefully attended to by a pious instructor. This establishment, though not a source of pecuniary profit to its benevolent founder, was one of his chief sources of delight; and the let-

ters of those who had been prepared in it for vocations of trust and respectability in the world were ever extremely grateful to their kind patron. How unimportant in the eyes of men, generally, are moral and social reforms, when placed in juxtaposition with those which may be termed strictly political! The progress of the former is unmarked, though, like the smooth transparent streams of a prairie land, they irrigate the homes of men with the most fertilising of elements, and cause the most beautiful and unfading flowers of love to bloom in them. Politics have ever been the source of strife and antagonism; the theatre of political discussion has always been an arena of fierce contention; and now men ask if the mere abstract advantages of some fractional political changes are worth the care and toil expended in the struggle for them. In all social and moral reforms—reforms which are generally begun by men in private life and advanced by purely private means—there is nothing of the acrimony and hate engendered which too often flow from the political virus of partisanship, and consequently they are too peaceful and uneventful in their nature to enlist either the imagination or the passions. But they are the true revolutionising principles of society nevertheless, unmarked though they be, and no change in the constitution of nations can either be permanent or useful unless the moral and social have preceded political reform. While the whole of Britain was trembling with agitation, and the pent passions of multitudes were ready to explode unless a purely abstract political concession were made, William Allen, although far from indifferent to political doings, was engaged in advancing the cause of education through the whole world—in seeking to impress men with an idea of the Draco-like unchristian nature of the criminal code—in striving to establish home colonies for the industrious poor—in pleading the cause of freedom of conscience—and of manfully and respectfully becoming the advocate of the Waldenses in Piedmont and of the Friends in Sweden. He might be truly termed the friend of man, for he recognised in every good man the claims of sympathy and brotherhood, and to confederacies and corporations, however powerful, he conceded no more respect nor authority than what each Christian derives from his manhood and the divine law.

In 1832, under a strong sense of duty, he accompanied Stephen Grillet once more to the Continent. Between Helvoetsluys and Rotterdam, the ship in which they sailed performed a seven days' quarantine, in consequence of the spread of cholera morbus in Britain. This detention was productive of much uneasiness, as the fatal and dreaded disease made its appearance in the vessel. At Helvoetsluys the officer of health came alongside and the papers were handed out in tongs, put into some fluid, and then given to him. This business was soon dispatched, and the vessel proceeded to Tiengemeten, towing a gun-boat, with two cannons pointed at her, in order to prevent the escape of any person from the ship. The next morning the captain's brother looked anxious, and W. Allen soon ascertained the cause to be the illness of a foreign sailor, who had been on shore the preceding night, and had been drinking. This was gloomy intelligence for all on board, and the appearance of the medical man from the shore did not tend to dispel it. Before going on board he took off his cap and coat, and put on a long black oiled silk gown which reached to his feet, black gloves of the same material, and a black hood which covered his head and face excepting the nose and eyes. The case was pronounced cholera. The patient died. Another and then a third departed; and the faith and courage of all on board had a more trying ordeal to pass through, in the contemplation of approaching dissolution in this pent up ship, than if they had been engaged in the sternest and most trying of actions. 'We have a trying prospect,' says William Allen, in reference to these sad events, 'but our trust and confidence fail not.' After a very tedious detention, the friends were at last liberated from quarantine, and were permitted to hold religious communication with many seriously disposed persons in Rotterdam, and to visit the public institutions.

From Rotterdam they proceeded to Amsterdam, passing Haarlem, which is surrounded by many beautiful country seats and extensive gardens. While at Amsterdam, the two friends visited an infant school established with part of the prize-money of a Dutch vessel which had been captured by a British merchant-man during the war. John Warder, a Quaker, was part owner of the British ship, and as he refused to share in the spoil thus acquired, he sent to discover the owners of the Dutch vessel that he might restore their money; being but partially successful, however, he appropriated the unclaimed sum to the founding of an infant school in the city to which the captured ship belonged, thus establishing a beautiful and lasting monument of Quaker consistency against participating in any way in war.

We wonder if it ever entered the minds of any of those mere sightseeing travellers, who visit the Continent and then come home to yawn and exclaim 'There's nothing in it!' that even the humblest could render himself an agent of much good to the poor people amongst whom he travels; the dissemination of even a few tracts on subjects of a practical nature might produce progressive impulses in the minds of the peasants of the Continent which would certainly develop themselves at some future day. Although possessing a fine sense for all the beauties of nature, and a strong poetical tendency to idealise the beautiful, W. Allen still kept his eye steadily towards the useful and practical. 'This being the time of hay harvest,' he says, 'we have met many strong-looking men carrying scythes, and learn that they come annually from the neighbourhood of Münster, in Holland, to mow the grass; they are said to do twice the work of a Dutchman, and for the same wages per day; they are weavers in winter, and thus subsist by agricultural and handicraft labour, as recommended in 'Colonies at Home.'

While at Overysse, in North Holland, our philanthropist visited the colonies of Frederick's Oord, and they are so much in accordance with his own ideas, and are so beautiful an illustration of the effects of social and moral advancement, that we will present our readers with a brief account of them:—The colony is situated within a few miles of the Zuyder Zee; it is nine miles in length, and consists in fact of three colonies, viz., Frederick's Oord, Wilhelmina's Oord, and William's Oord. Oord signifies place. The first cottage was built by General Van den Bosch, in the year 1818. Previous to that period the number of paupers in Holland, in consequence of want of employment, was distressingly great, and they became a heavy public burden. About this time the 'Société de Bienfaisance' was instituted, with the object of bettering the condition of the poor. The subscriptions were in small sums, but the members were extremely numerous, and the organisation was so excellent that its ramifications subsequently extended throughout the whole of Holland. The government wisely patronised this undertaking in its first stages, and still continues its paternal care towards it. The society resolved upon trying the plan of cottage husbandry for the poor. Fifteen hundred of the most destitute were collected, cottages were built, land was laid out, stock was provided, and such judicious arrangements were made, that those very persons who were before quite a burden to the community did much towards their own support. The colony continued to flourish for several years, but received a check when deprived of the talent and experience of General Van den Bosch, who was appointed to the government of Batavia. The effects produced by this colony, however, are most beneficial. The settlers make everything among themselves, and the clothing is most sufficient and comfortable. All classes are employed, some occupation being found even for the children, who receive a good common education at schools established in the colony. A circulating library has been formed, and any of the cottagers are at liberty to take the books to their own houses. To these settlements are attached plain places of worship for both Protestants and Roman Catholics, with dwelling-houses for their clergymen. Their salaries are paid by the government; there are no tithes; and the

society's lands and property are exempted from taxes of every kind. No alehouse is permitted in the colony. When it was first founded, drunkenness was very common, but now it is extremely rare, and not a single instance of theft had been known since its commencement. The morals of the settlers were well spoken to, and the whole effect of this great social experiment was that of an orderly and well conducted population. William Allen went to several of the houses, and took particular notice of the children, who seemed strong and hearty, and on all sides there was an appearance of comfort and contentment. Some of the women spoke with gratitude of their change of circumstances since they had been here. The settlers are not confined to any particular class, and are composed of labourers, artisans, &c.; the greater number of the manufacturing rather than of the agricultural poor.'

'Whatever may be the ultimate result of this experiment,' says William Allen, 'a large tract of country has been reclaimed from the desert, and the situation of thousands of paupers greatly improved. The habits of industry which are gained, and the education which is given, will no doubt have a great effect upon the next generation, and Holland will have set an example of relieving her people from the greatest burden which can be imposed upon their industry—that of maintaining, in confirmed habits of idleness and vice, thousands of human beings who are capable of useful labour. I thought, as I rode along, that our government in England might do much for Ireland by something resembling Frederick's Oord, only with better arrangements on some points.'

After visiting the most important cities in Holland, and examining their charitable and educational institutions, William travelled through several of the states of Germany, and parts of Hungary, France, and Spain. Wherever opportunity was allowed him, he had meetings for religious worship, and if the bigotry of governments, such as Spain, denied him the liberty of spiritual communion with men, he sought to do them good in their temporal concerns by all the means which lay in his power. He memorialised monarchs upon the state of poverty or ignorance in their dominions, and pointed out those remedies for the melioration of the condition of the people which observation and experience enabled him confidently to recommend. To the king of Spain, Ferdinand VII., he and Stephen Grillet presented manifestoes regarding the condition of the peasantry, mendicity, prisons, negro slavery, and schools; and although their language was not the language of Spanish etiquette, but of simple truth and soberness, and although the person to whom it was addressed was one of the most irrational even of princes, yet the good influence of these men operated also in Spain, for schools upon the Lancasterian system were established some time afterwards in Madrid, and the king expressed himself pleased with the memorial throughout.

In 1840, although now seventy years of age, this veteran philanthropist found himself once more drawn, in the love of the gospel, to visit the Continent, and this impression was strengthened from the prospect he had of joining Elizabeth Fry and her brother, Samuel Gurney, on a similar tour. Before entering upon their journey, however, they went by appointment to Buckingham Palace, to be presented to the Queen and Prince Albert, and also received official recommendations from Lord Palmerston to Hanover, the Hague, Berlin, Brussels, and Munich. At Brussels, Elizabeth Fry, William Allen, and Samuel Gurney were introduced to King Leopold, when the latter took occasion to exhort the king upon the subject of negro slavery. The party of Friends also visited the prisons and other public institutions, making it still their duty to press upon the notice of those in authority the necessity of melioration and improvement. At Hanover, the deputation had an interview with the crown prince, who is blind, and subsequently with his mother, the queen, but they could not see Ernest, in consequence of indisposition; they however bore their testimony in favour of freedom to the slave and of a modified system of criminal correction, before the assembled court of Hanover, and then proceeded

to Berlin. While at the capital of Prussia, they remonstrated with the king on his conduct towards the Lutheran separatists, and this mode of procedure, and the plain language of truth, must have been as foreign to the use and wont of the Prussian court as the following letter is a novel and pleasing emanation from a royal despot:—

'MR ALLEN, MRS FRY, AND MR GURNEY,—The more I have heard of your worthy endeavours in your own country to improve the criminals through the awakening of moral feeling and Christian principle, with so much the more pleasure I learned of your being here, knowing beforehand that the object of your journey was for the same benevolent purpose, and which you have made the work of your life. It rejoiced me to hear that you had seen institutions at Berlin which forward this object, and have found amongst all classes of the inhabitants of this city many who have in some measure joined themselves to societies for promoting the good of their fellow-creatures, and others ready to give up their time and strength to the same cause. Willingly will I forward these purposes; and as I have never failed to support what is truly good and beneficial, so shall I not withhold my countenance in future when these benevolent circles widen themselves and bring forth happy results. In regard to your petition for those erring Lutheran separatists, who, from misunderstanding and ill-will, have thought right to leave their country, you will have learned, through those I appointed to inform you, the real state of the case, that every means of gentleness and kind remonstrance was urged in vain to convince them that they left their country without just grounds, as their liberty of conscience was not interfered with, but that their extravagant demands could not be complied with, being perfectly inconsistent with the order of the church. FREDERICK WILHELM.'

Even this unskillfully composed letter is a tribute to the worth of those to whom it is addressed. But the following sentiments of William Allen, dedicated to the crown prince, now king of Prussia, are more noble illustrations of his manly dignity and consistency of principle than ever a star of honour or the golden medal which he subsequently received could be:—'It was a noble saying of a heathen, whose views with regard to a future state were by no means clear, 'I am a man, and anything that concerns the welfare of man cannot be indifferent to me,' but how much more powerfully should this feeling exist in the Christian, who, by the light of divine revelation, has been led to appreciate the value of immortal souls! How deeply should he be impressed with the urgent necessity of doing all in his power to contribute towards the well-being of his fellow-man! We were not sent into this world merely to gratify our own inclinations and natural appetites, but to endeavour to promote the glory of God and the good of his rational creatures; so that while it is the duty of every one to 'provide things honest in the sight of all men' for his own family, he has also his duties to perform towards his suffering fellow-creatures, and particularly such as divine providence may have placed within his reach and put it into his power to relieve.' He then proceeds to instruct the prince upon various subjects, and finishes by recommending him to the grace and peace of God.

During their stay at Dusseldorf the party of philanthropists visited the institution at Dusselthal for orphans and destitute children, under the care of the excellent Count Von der Recke. W. Allen says of it, 'This is another instance of the blessing of divine providence upon the benevolent and disinterested exertions of a single individual in the cause of suffering humanity. Count Adelbert Von der Recke Volmerstein is descended of a noble family, which was possessed of many large estates prior to the wars of Napoleon Bonaparte; most of these estates fell a prey to the conqueror. Soon after the peace, many fatherless and destitute children were found upon the roads begging or stealing. These poor outcasts strongly excited the compassion of this generous youth, and to some of them he afforded an asylum in his house, boarding and educating them himself. The comfort and pleasure of these deeds of mercy, and the increasing number of these pitiable objects,

induced him to found a little establishment for their education near his paternal castle at Overdyk, not far from Elberfeld, about the year 1817, and this is thought to have been the first asylum for destitute children on the Continent. Some years afterwards, these philanthropic feelings continually increasing, he adopted the resolution of making it the chief object of his life to relieve the distressed and instruct the ignorant; and the whole of his noble family, who had themselves felt the distress of the war, encouraged him in it. He instituted a society which he called 'Menschenfreunde,' or Friend of Man, and purchased the large estate called Dusselthal Abbey, in the year 1822. Here he took in a number of poor, destitute, and even criminal children. For several years this establishment proceeded on a very extensive scale; in its fourth year two hundred and thirty-six persons were boarded there every day, and the buildings were increased. Although very considerable gifts were received, the outgoing exceeded the income, and debts were incurred. A concern of this magnitude appears almost too much to rest upon one individual unassisted by any committee. His excellent wife, however, the mother of eight children, is a powerful support, and his unmarried sister and brother, and a few female Christian friends, who, from the attraction of the conduct, character, and object of the count and countess, reside with them, cheerfully aid their plans, and in a great measure supply the place of a committee. A remarkable spirit of Christian philanthropy seems to pervade the whole family. The devotedness of the dear count and his estimable wife are very remarkable. Though brought up in affluence in their younger years, they submit to live, with their own eight children, and a few faithful friends, under the same roof with one hundred and sixty destitute children, subject to be called upon almost every hour of the day to attend to some details of the establishment or to some inquiries connected with it.

No one can read the foregoing beautiful picture of disinterested philanthropy without, we think, being struck with the contrast afforded by the cause of this destitution and of the humanising effect it produced upon the count. Those wars of unbridled ambition, which deluged nations in blood—which destroyed the fields of the husbandman, and caused thousands of fathers and mothers to lie down in their gore, while their children were driven abroad to a desolate and howling world to beg or steal, were the sources whence Bonaparte derived his fame, and the acts upon which it was built; but we would rather have the peace and joy flowing from one year's campaign against war-produced want and ignorance at Dusselthal, than all the plaudits of the emperor who robbed its founder of his patrimony.

The friends finished their journey after five months' absence; and during that time they had travelled five thousand miles—no trifling indication of the labour and expense which were voluntarily undergone and borne, not to satisfy a mere sight-seeing curiosity, but to be instrumental in advancing the weal of humanity.

After his return home Allen still prosecuted to the utmost of his ability those labours which were now his greatest delight, and for the prosecution of which age had not damped his zeal; but his appointed sojourn on this terrestrial sphere of his great and manifold labours was now drawing near a close, and, while the soul may be said to have been becoming daily more purified and fitted for its eternal home, the earthly tegument was weakening, as if with a mortal sense of its closing mission. During his last illness, which was of eleven weeks' continuance, his patience and resignation were remarkable. The incense of his benign and loving nature shed itself around him to the very last. The look of love fell gently on those who immediately ministered to him, and the messages of unfailing remembrance and unalterable consideration for his distant friends were only intermitted by death. Cheered by the promises of a blessed Saviour, and lighted by the lamp of an unflinching faith, this good man passed away from a world which he had greatly conduced to render better and happier, to one where the blessings of love, which he had

been the means of dispensing to man, awaited himself in heavenly fruition. In the retirement of his pleasant rural retreat at Lindfield, William Allen died on the 30th of September, 1843, and his remains were interred on the 6th of January, 1844, at the Friends' burial-place, Stoke Newington, amidst the solemn and reflective silence of a large meeting of the brethren and sisters of the amiable sect to whom, for about twenty-five years, he had been an esteemed and faithful minister.

We have too often been oppressed with a sense of some sad and unsatisfied feeling, as we have sat and contemplated the deaths of many of those whom the world has honoured while living and canonised when dead. Amidst the glory and honour which have enshrined their names, there was always some stain to claim our pity or mingle charity with our admiration. It was the statesman, the poet, the literary or mechanical genius in the abstract, who alone claimed the homage of our sense or sentiments—the man too often demanded the reprobation of our principles. But with the death of such as William Allen our holiest and best thoughts are born; the deeds they have done leave their incense upon earth, while the spirits which dictated them enter the land of immortality, heralded by the angels who await the coming of the 'spirits of the just made perfect,' to usher them into the fullness of joy. In the record of seventy-three years of busy life, and of an active and world-extended influence, there is not a thought expressed nor deed done which militates against the welfare of a single human creature. Love in thought, as the source of all his doings, love in action, as the consistent counterpart of his spirituality, was alike the motive which impelled William Allen, and the result of that motive, as experienced by those whom he benefited. W. Allen was only one, however, although an eminent one, of a sect who are as active in performing good actions as they are careful to conceal them. Although comparatively few in number, we have no hesitation in asserting, that, as a body, the Friends expend more money in deeds of charity, and for the advancement of education and vital religion, than any equal number of Christians in the world. The working populations of every country under the sun may bless them for any education which they may have the privilege of enjoying; and the criminal in his lone but now cleanly cell, and the invalid on his comfortable couch, through all the prisons or institutions in Europe, owe these advantages, or blessings, to the exertions of some quiet, unostentatious, but indomitable Quaker.

The name of William Allen is connected intimately with every society instituted during the last forty or fifty years for the amelioration of the poor and outcast, in his own and every other country. The abolition of the slave trade, the extension of education, the establishment of colonies at home and abroad, the improvement of prisons, the revision of the criminal code, the abolition of death punishments, negro emancipation, and the reclamation of those homeless and neglected children who prowl about the streets and live by robbery or beggary, were causes in which he zealously engaged; while, in attestation of his desire for the diffusion of cheap literature, his name stands with that of Henry Brougham upon the list of members of committee of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. The life of such a man is a blessing to society, an honour to the world, and a beautifully quiet but crushing protest against that idealism which places the corona on the brow of a destroyer, and decks with gems and gold him who bears the life-destroying sword.

PERILOUS INCIDENT.

IN the middle of the great St Lawrence there is, nearly opposite Montreal, an island called St Helens, between which and the shore, the stream, about three quarters of a mile broad, runs with very great rapidity, and yet, notwithstanding this current, the intense cold of winter invariably freezes its surface. The winter I am speaking of was unusually severe, and the ice on the St Lawrence particularly thick; however, while the river beneath was

rushing towards the sea, the ice was waiting in abeyance in the middle of the stream until the narrow fastness between Montreal and St Helens should burst and allow the whole mass to break into pieces, and then in stupendous confusion to hurry down towards Quebec. On St Helens there was quartered a small detachment of troops, and while the breaking up of the ice was momentarily expected, many of the soldiers, muffled in their great-coats, with thick storm-gloves on their hands, and with a piece of fur attached to their caps to protect their ears from being frozen, were on the ice employed in attending to the road across it to Montreal. After a short suspense, which increased rather than allayed their excitement, a deep thundering noise announced to them that the process I have described had commenced. The ice before them writhed, heaved up, burst, broke into fragments, and the whole mass, excepting a small portion, which, remaining riveted to the shore of St Helens, formed an artificial pier with deep water beneath it, gradually moved downwards. Just at this moment of intense interest, a little girl, the daughter of an artilleryman on the island, was seen on the ice in the middle of the river in an attitude of agony and alarm. Imprudently and unobserved she had attempted to cross over to Montreal, and was hardly half-way when the ice above, below her, and in all directions gave way. The child's fate seemed inevitable, and it was exciting various sensations in the minds, and various exclamations from the mouths of the soldiers, when something within the breast of Thomas Neill, a young serjeant in the 24th regiment, who happened to be much nearer to her than the rest, distinctly uttered to him the monosyllables 'Quick march!' and in obedience thereto, fixing his eyes on the child as on a parade bandarole, he steadily proceeded towards her. Sometimes before him, sometimes just behind him, and sometimes on either side, an immense piece of ice would pause, rear up an end, and roll over, so as occasionally to hide him altogether from view. Sometimes he was seen jumping from a piece that was beginning to rise, and then like a white bear carefully clambering down a piece that was beginning to sink; however, onwards he proceeded, until reaching the little island of ice on which the poor child stood, with the feelings of calm triumph with which he would have surmounted a breach, he firmly grasped her by the hand. By this time he had been floated down the river nearly out of sight of his comrades. However, some of them, having run to their barracks for spy-glasses, distinctly beheld him about two miles below them, sometimes leading the child in his hand, sometimes carrying her in his arms, sometimes 'halting,' sometimes running 'double quick;' and in this dangerous predicament he continued for six miles, until, after passing Longueil, he was given up by his comrades as lost. He remained with the little girl floating down the middle of the river for a considerable time; at last, towards evening, they were discovered by some French Canadians, who, at no small risk, humanely pushed off in a canoe to their assistance, and thus rescued them both from their perilous situation. The Canadians took them to their home; the child was happily restored to its parents, and Serjeant Neill quietly returned to his barracks.—*The Emigrant*.

SHOPWOMEN.

The life of a shopwoman is one of intense fatigue—twelve, fourteen hours of incessant movement or standing in a heated and impure atmosphere! It has become almost impossible to look at a gaily lighted shop without thinking of the cruelty of keeping both men and women employed therein for so many unnecessary hours. If any lady doubt the fatigue incidental to such exertion, let her recall the memory of a 'standing' she has undergone on a 'birth-day,' or the lassitude that follows the evening's receptions, at her own home; such fatigue, despite the excitement and the pleasure, is often more than she can bear. Let her think how much more the shopwoman has to endure—day after day, night after night—no change except from standing to walking—no gratitude for her exertions to

please—no thanks for her patience! And yet it is matter of deep regret that so few women can find occupation in our shops; for those who have strength to support the fatigue it is preferable to the 'work, work, work,' which never tolled in our ears until it entered into the deep heart of a true poet to put the sorrow into song.—*Art-Union*.

HOPE AND SLEEP.

(For the Instructor.)

To smooth life's short but rugged way
Two boons to man were given—
Bright Hope to cheer our hearts by day,
And Sleep to waft our woes away,
And whisper tales of heaven.

When sorrow's mists obscure our view,
And troubles round us crowd,
Hope lights her torch, and leads us through,
To some bright region fair and new,
Which care may never cloud.

And when Hope's mission hath its close,
And terror comes with night,
Sleep steps our passions in repose,
Reproves our fears, dispels our woes,
And leads us back to light.

NEWTON GOODRICH

READING AND THINKING.

It is good to read, mark, learn—but it is better to inwardly digest. It is good to read, better to think—better to think one hour than to read ten hours without thinking. Thinking is to reading (if the book read have anything in it) what rain and sunshine are to the seed cast into the ground, the influence which maketh it bear and bring forth, thirty, forty, an hundred fold. To read is to gather into the barn or storehouse of the mind; to think is to cast seed-corn into the ground to make it productive. To read is to collect information; to think is to evolve power. To read is to lay a burden on the back; but to think is to give to the feet swiftness, to the hands strength. Yet we have a thousand or ten thousand readers for one thinker, as the kind of books sought after in circulating libraries bear witness.—*Cameron's Discourse on Education*.

THE CHAMELEON.

Chameleons spend their lives in trees, for clinging to the branches of which their organisation is admirably adapted. On trees they lie in wait for insects which constitute their food, in catching which they are probably aided by their extraordinary faculty of changing their colour, so as to be able to conceal themselves. They possess extraordinary power of abstaining from food. Hence arose the notion that they lived on air. Their power of changing colour depends on there existing in the skin two layers of pigment or colouring matter, placed one above another, which the animal can influence by means of a mechanism given for the purpose, so as to produce various hues. Its lung is so large that the animal has the power of filling every part of the body with air, so as to double its size. This is done by gentle, irregular efforts. Chameleons are inoffensive, but irascible one with another. In a state of excitement they change colour rapidly, dark, yellow, or grey; when quiescent they then pass into green, purple, or black.—*The People's Dictionary of the Bible*.

A COUNSEL TO THE SLANDERED.

Let the slandered take comfort—it is only at fruit-trees that thieves throw stones.

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REMINISCENCES OF A TOUR TO ENGLAND.—No. III.

BY THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

LONDON! What a name in point of suggestiveness! The miniature of the miniature of the world! And yet how simple and commonplace, and commercial-seeming a sound! Not deep-sounding like the name Babylon—not strong in its syllabic unity like Rome—not far-stretching and foreign like the word (itself a street!) Constantinople—it yet starts thoughts as thick coming, fancies as ‘chaste and noble,’ associations as interesting, and meditations as sublime, as any of those world-famous cities. It strikes us as resembling somewhat the name of the greatest poet it ever produced—Milton—like it a quiet, plain, strong English dissyllable, and like it teeming with suggestive meaning and power.

Such, every one knows, is the attraction wielded by this queen of cities, that in approaching it for the first time other towns and objects are often passed by in comparative contempt, as if they were mere milestones, dating distance from the mighty London. Our feeling was somewhat different. Panting after a sight of the city, we were yet disposed to reserve it as a bonbouche, and to sip in as much gratification as we could from intervening spots. From Liverpool to Birmingham we remember no object of peculiar interest. The description of the country lies in two words, flat fertility, for interest one of the most fatal combinations in terms. ‘A hill, a hill, my kingdom for a hill,’ though it were to threaten to crush us! was a cry that sounded ever in our ears; and we reflected with remorse on the contempt wherewith we, Grampian born and Grampian bred, had sometimes regarded the Campsies and the Ochils, and scornfully denied them the name of mountains. What would we have given now for the rough emerald of an Ochil or a Pentland to point those insipid fields! And we remember puzzling our brains to conceive how Bunyan reared, in a country so tame, and who, like Cowper, never saw hills till he saw them in heaven, could have sketched an outline of scenery in his ‘Pilgrim’ so free, so varied, so bold, so studded with lofty mountains. Many valleys like that of Humiliation, and meadows like Ease, he might have seen; and in summer evening, as it fell on such a landscape as that of Picks Hill, or the church tower at Hale, might he have dreamed of Beulah; but where could he have studied for the scenery of the Valley of the Shadow of Death or that of the Delectable Mountains, where Mount Error seems to tremble as it gazes down its own tremendous precipices, from which not streams but men are perpetually descending; where, from Mount Caution, are to be seen the blind wanderers among the

tombs remaining in the congregation of the dead; where, on Mount Marvel, stands the Man, removing mountains by a word, and causing the little hills to skip like lambs; where, on Mount Innocence, appears in white raiment he against whom Prejudice and Ill-will are flinging their dirt in vain; and where, highest far, Mount Clear looks through crystalline air right upwards to the golden gates of the city? Had the inspired tinker travelled to Scotland, and had he visited the black gorge of Glencoe, or had he gone up Glen Mirk alone as the shadows of evening were doubling its darkness, or had he bathed after sunset in the dark waters of Loch Lea, or had he stood on the summit of Ben MacDhui, and seen the awful array of giants, which literally seem to press on each other in that ‘meeting of the mountains,’ he would not have better painted the wilder and grander scenes in the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress.’ As he did none of all this, so much the stronger evidence has he given of the force and the resources of his own mind.

Of Birmingham we saw only the edge as we passed by the railway, and a very dull and disagreeable edge it seemed to be. Had we paused, it had been not to expatiate on the lustre of its cutlery, but to see the only three men in it whose names were familiar, and who gave it to us all its intellectual interest. The name of the first is a name known throughout the world, that of the amiable, the all but sainted, Angel James. On his merits it were impertinent to dilate. We remember a story we once heard of him and Robert Hall. ‘Is it not, Mr Hall, a very delightful thought, that of the human mind expanding, and expanding, and expanding to all eternity?’ ‘Why, no, Mr James, it’s not a delightful thought at all, sir; for, sir, if your mind expand your body must expand too, sir; and just think of your body expanding for ever, sir; why, sir, you’d be splitting our suns and our moons, and they’d be fighting battles upon your brow, sir.’ Such terrible horseplay was there sometimes in the great preacher’s raillery. As he truly told a clergyman, who reproached him for toying after sermon with his children, ‘Why, sir, I have all my nonsense *out of* the pulpit, you have all yours *in* it.’ The name of another venerable father in the church at Birmingham, Timothy East, was also well known to us as that of an earnest and impressive preacher. It was he, according to our information, who electrified a sleeping congregation by shouting out ‘Fire, fire, fire!’ and answered their eager inquiries, ‘Where is it?’ by saying, ‘In Hell, preparing for sinners.’ We trust, however, that this story, so far as regards Mr East, is not true, for it appears to us one of the most wretched of stage-tricks transferred to the pulpit—a piece of solemn trifling with the most awful of all subjects, and not essenti-

ally greater or more effective than the well known cry in a crowded theatre, 'John Smith's house is on fire.' We have no sympathy at all with such vulgar and contemptible claptrap, which, nevertheless, has abounded in the annals of English preaching. We would not indeed banish from the pulpit all varieties of wit, humour, or sarcasm (are they not frequent in Scripture? has not irony flowed from the lips of Deity himself?), but we would sternly exclude from it all *deliberate* eccentricities. Conceive Paul at Athens, while it seemed as if not only all Greece but all nature was hanging upon his lips, as if the sun himself were listening to hear of the resurrection from the dead, practising any such despicable trick! Query, what is the value of the effect which is thus produced? And can David's dancing before the ark justify such capers as are recorded to have been cut by Whitfield and Rowland Hill, or by some celebrated divines in Scotland, whose aim at sacraments often seemed, to try which of them would make the Gospel most ridiculous, and therein most palatable to their hearers? 'His sermons,' said a person to us once of a minister, 'are satires on God and man.' So such sermons as the others we allude to are insults alike to the hearers below and to the great silent hearer above.

The third name which occurred to us while passing Birmingham was that of George Dawson. This remarkable young man has, at the age of twenty-five, risen into a European reputation. He 'awoke one morning and found himself famous.' Having passed, by a process common enough, from being a distinguished student at Glasgow to becoming an unknown preacher in Birmingham, he was invited, through the mediation of personal friends, to lecture in Manchester. There his lectures were popular to an unprecedented degree, and since then he has lectured with prodigious *éclat* throughout all the great cities in England, and become a standing article of entertainment in most soires and public literary festivals. He was, our readers may remember, last year pounced on and dragged into farther fame by the Archbishop of York. About no man are opinions and accounts more contradictory. While all admit his talent, his readiness, his almost unequalled fluency, rapidity, and fire of speech, many speak of him as a windbag inflated with impudence and conceit, as a mere fancy balloon in a summer sky, and as a reckless tamperer with received and solemn opinions. Others again, admitting him to belong to the great march of truth and intellect in the age, class him with the 'picked wild desperates' who, as in the ancient Scottish army, precede the main body (see the 'Monastery'). And others contend that he is one of the most rising spirits of the time, and destined to produce a revolution. Judging of him from very full and corrected reports of his lectures, his avowed object is to expound and popularise the transcendental; a noble object surely, and that which all great teachers in every age have sought; for what has genuine teaching ever been but the earnest and enlightened minds of each period leaping up on successive stages toward absolute truth, which always nears and yet always retires before them, and expounding their progress to those below? The dangers connected with such teaching are manifold. In the first place, the interpreter of transcendental truth is apt in his translation to leave the most peculiar and difficult parts of the system unrendered—all *about* it is given, the thing itself remains as inscrutable as before. You cannot grind down certain truths like corn into provender, nor gather them like apples into baskets, nor wind and unwind them like hanks of yarn. The incommunicable, how can ye communicate, especially to babes? Secondly, the interpreter lies under a strong temptation, particularly in public lecturing, to slice down and sacrifice much of the peculiarity and importance of the doctrine he teaches; and to accommodate is not to translate. Thirdly, the interpreter, when addressing a popular assembly, is almost certain to be misunderstood; expressions are torn from the context and forced, without being fit, to stand alone, and memory, with its usual perversity, retains what is extravagant and forgets what is really valuable and true. Mr Dawson's teaching, we ap-

prehend, has not wholly surmounted such dangers. It too often does to philosophy what cheap publications have unjustly been charged with doing to literature, degrading and vulgarising it as it brings it down. The message which Thomas Carlyle delivers, so far as it is positive, seems to consist of two parts. He wishes men, in the first place, to work in their lawful callings earnestly, perseveringly, and principally for the work's sake. He strives, secondly, to stir up the spiritual element in man by preaching its supremacy and grandeur, and proclaiming the awful evils which have in every age sprung from its neglect. To use Scripture language, he wishes men to be at once diligent in business and fervent in spirit. He would have them attend to the things seen and temporal, but not to wink the while at those things unseen and eternal, those dread realities of justice, truth, retribution, infinitude, and eternity, which glare out through every loophole and interstice of the present. Mr Dawson sets himself too much to inculcate the first lesson, and although he does not altogether omit the second, yet the general effect and impression of his lectures are to teach us (again let us use Scripture phraseology) to mind earthly things more than things which are above. He would have us believe that work is divine, but does not so fully instruct us that it is divine because done in a divine universe, under the eye of the sun and the silent immensity of stars, in time and tune, with an unresting nature and a working God—under the sway of eternal and unchangeable laws, and in the might of a mysterious and indwelling spirit. His version of Carlylism is not indeed so disingenuous as that recently promulgated by George Combe, who, with the most ludicrous complacency, announces the entire coincidence if not identity of his own system with Carlyle's, the 'Constitution of Man' being, we suppose, the 'Confession of Faith,' and the 'Sartor' the 'Pilgrim's Progress' of the same creed. But while in Dawson's version we recognised some of the general features of the system, yet it seemed to us like the copy of a great original painting by an inferior artist, less warm, less vivid, true to many of the inferior details, but which had failed to catch that pervading expression which hovered like a spiritual presence over the whole and made it a haunted and a holy thing. And those impertinencies of statement which abound in some of his lectures are themselves enough to show that he has but imperfectly imbibed the genius of a system which, while proclaiming a *bellum internecinum* against the false, avows a religious reverence for all forms and shades of the true.

Leaving Birmingham behind us, we found nothing to give us pause till we came to Coventry. Here it was that Godiva made herself an everlasting name by one act of brave self-denial, being naked and yet not ashamed, as she rode through the hushed and empty streets; and here Tennyson, as he 'waited for the train,' wrought the city's ancient legend into one of his finest poems. How we forget, as we peruse it, the vulgarity and indecency of the annual procession which they observe regularly in commemoration of Godiva's deed, not to speak of 'Peeping Tom' (the traditional name of the worthy who looked and was punished for his pains), and see nothing but the moral grandeur of her conduct, clothing her all over with glory like a garment, and cry out—

* These are deeds that must not pass away,
And names that must not wither.*

By the by, we notice that her Majesty has recently given the author of this poem the honour of something more than a 'special bow'—a special visit, and that this has suddenly exalted him to the character of a fashionable lion. It is a sign of the times. It proves that the worship of genius is fast finding its way into the palace as well as into meaner places, and causing even the proud knees of royalty to bend before its shrine. And yet there is still far too much stress laid upon such regal homage. The queen condescended, forsooth, to visit Tennyson and to pension Hunt! And so is she condescending at present to visit the finest scenery in her dominions; and should she climb Ben Nevis, he must, of course, prepare to hold himself highly

honoured! Oh, ye kings of the Highland wilderness! ye old grandsires of God! crowned now with the spectral coronets of the mist, now with the red glory of the dying day, and now with the momentary semicircles of the lightning, must ye—ye perpetual hills—bow and be abashed at the presence of a sceptred girl? No; ye own submission only to Him who sits above the thunder—who gave, and who only can take away your stiller, as beneficent, and more majestic sovereignty.

To Coventry succeeded Rugby station, whence we looked out, but in vain, for a sight of Rugby school. Nevertheless, we 'passed not unblest the genius of the place;' we forgot not—how could we?—that here the hero Arnold had wrestled and died. In him was lost the Hannibal of history. Careful, inquisitive, stern, he is at the same time bold, picturesque, and enthusiastic. Next to the high moral purpose of his historical works, that clear course, with which, like an Abdiel, he cleaves his solitary way, 'faithful found, among the faithless faithful only he,' we like the descriptions of natural objects which he interposes amid the disquisitions and narratives of his books. He breathes more freely, he sets up his 'rest and be thankful,' when he comes to the glens and uplands of the Samnite country, and his hero scarce exulted more when he reached the summit of the Alps, than does his historian. He describes scenes which war is soon to blacken and devastate in colours so lovely, that you are reminded of the ancient victim adorned with its sacrificial glories, and are almost tempted to cry out—'Spare, oh, spare it!' The green of nature thus perpetually presented, adds often inexpressible softness and shading to the bustle and blood all around. 'How I thirst for Zama,' says he in one of his letters. There spoke the genuine historian. He panted to be present at that decisive field, as if he had some deep personal interest pending there. It is thus only that great histories can be written—in the spirit in which great historical deeds are done. He who would adequately write the as yet unwritten story of the wars of Napoleon, must in like manner go to the task, thirsting for Lodi, for Austerlitz, and for Waterloo. Poor Arnold! he never gained the object of his thirst—he did not reach the field of Zama. He reached first the last of his own fields; he had wound up his labours for the season; he had on the verge of what was to him a long vacation returned to rest; he awoke with the death-pang in his vitals, and in a few hours was no more. From that house, finely called by Carlyle a temple of industrious peace; from that school, where he had moulded, and was moulding, the minds of England's children; from the circle of a beloved family, and from an unfinished series of noble literary, moral, and theological works, he passed—shall we say, he was not—for God took him. It was somehow severely fitting that a death so sharp and sudden should befall the most Roman of moderns and one of the most Christian of men.

Arnold and Foster in many points bear a striking resemblance to each other, though the differences are as palpable as the points of agreement. Both were unhappy; but the misery of Arnold was of a milder and more hopeful cast than that of Foster, whose melancholy sometimes approached the brink of despair; the one was a beaten man, the other victorious—but victorious in the arms of death. Both were Christians, and Christians after a fashion of their own; but Arnold's religion was incomparably more enlightened and practical than Foster's. Foster lay groaning like a maimed lion in a cave; Arnold wished down into Oxford, that he might 'fight the Judaisers as in a saw-pit.' Both were discontented with the creed to which they had avowed obedience; but while Foster confined the expression of his discontent to his private letters and conversation, Arnold exposes himself to obloquy by his frank and fearless avowals. Foster was indolent—he lay like a lazy Titan upon the mountain-top, now enjoying the prospect, now frowning contemptuously at the little things and little men beneath, and now playing on his pensive snatches of a powerful but plaintive melody; Arnold came down to the valley, mingled with the crowd, and stripped himself to the most arduous toils. In originality, force,

richness, and native splendour of mind, Foster was superior; but in research, learning, caution, completeness, and profound worship and love for truth, Arnold had as decidedly the advantage, not only over him, but over most men of his time. In reading his life we are awestruck, as in a temple—we tread on holy ground, and feel what poor things literature and scholarship are, when compared with the elevations of moral excellence, the dignities of high-minded honesty, the beauties of holiness.

Between Rugby and London there was but one other spot which awakened retrospective interest—it was Harrow on the Hill. This village, with its school and church, stands on the highest hill (!) in the county of Middlesex, about ten miles from London; and commands one of the finest prospects of the city. At this school Dr Parr imbibed the first elements of his vast scholarship. Here Sir William Jones was educated; here, as everywhere, Sheridan approved himself a brilliant trifler; here Sir Robert Peel *led*, as he has almost invariably done since; here Sir George Sinclair first discovered his huge capacity for the husks of learning, sitting at the head of the form of which Byron was booby; and here that lion passed his cubdom, and gave, as a scholar, sad presage of the qualities which were to distinguish him as a man—wilfulness, eccentricity, furious passions, and contempt for general opinion. The sun was setting as we passed Harrow, and the spire of the church shone in its light like a finger of flame; but the true lustre of the spot came to us from the unsetting genius of Childe Harold.

And now we began, for the first time, fully to realise to ourselves the fact and feeling that we were approaching London. How thrilling the thought—next stage, next stoppage, will be at the capital of the world! We felt ourselves as would, were it conscious, a ship feel on the verge of the Maelstrom—as a spirit would feel within the strong suction and strange air of eternity. It was an emotion composed of curiosity, eager desire, wonder, and something very like terror. In twenty—ten—five—two minutes shall we see that awful face which a million of houses present to heaven, and hear that strange song which for a thousand years has never, day or night, been entirely silent. The sensation was so new, so strong, and, on the whole, so delicious, that we were disposed to protract it as long as we could—to weigh it out, and sip it up in drops. At length we could protract it no further, for the carriage paused, and we found ourselves in—London.

In rapidly hurrying through the streets to our place of abode we were alive to little save the bustle and thrice-confounded confusion which appeared to prevail. A new feeling awaited us as we lay down at night in this great city of strangers. Never are we so aware as in such circumstances of our own littleness, loneliness, and helpless insignificance; never does the idea of 'life the pilgrimage' flash so forcibly upon our minds. What are we among so many? What is our lying down, while two millions are in the same hour sinking to repose? What place or name have our dreams amid the phantasms which haunt two million pillows? Of what importance our rising up amid the morning resurrection of myriads of men? And what were our death, did we sleep the final sleep this night? A mere momentary ripple on this mighty ocean! Thus pondering we dropped asleep; and when we awoke, it was a fresh and fine sensation to feel that it was the light of London that was shining in through the lattice.

In our next paper, we propose to state the impressions made on our minds by some of the sights of London.

THREE PERIODS IN THE LIFE OF CLAUDIUS JACQUARD.

'It is beautiful, Claudius, truly beautiful!' exclaimed the wife of a mechanic in Lyons, as she held a piece of silk of her husband's manufacturing towards the light, and gazed with delight upon the bright flowers that were wrought into its fabric. 'Ah! the great men at Paris did not know what you could do, or they would not have allowed you to come home so poor and so friendless.'

The workman looked from a pattern which he had been examining towards his wife, and there was a smile of pride beaming in his truly noble and intellectual face as he exclaimed, 'They shall yet hear of me, Louise, and they shall perhaps regret that they treated me with so little consideration.'

'Ah! Claudius,' said Louise, with a sigh, as she laid her hand on her husband's shoulder, 'I think that honour and distinction are but foolishly and partially divided. There is Jean Bourroisan, who was so idle that he would not work, and so heartless that he broke his mother's heart, has come home with a pension, and a cross of the legion of honour, merely because he was at Austerlitz and Marengo, while you, who have always been so good, and so industrious, and so ingenious,' continued Louise, looking at Claudius proudly, 'are unknown and neglected.'

'Ah! you must know that I have only invented a loom,' replied the artisan, 'while Jean has been a hero.'

'Such a hero!' cried Louise, in scorn; 'a hero who would rather live on alms than work, and whose proudest boast is that he killed a man. No, no, Claudius; I do not give in to Jean Bourroisan being a hero, unless you call every profligate a hero, who, after giving pain to his parents and relatives, joins the army to escape the consequences of his vices. Ah! many was the long night that you spent upon your model until you brought it to this, and who knows what France will be indebted to you yet, although she offers you neither star nor ribbon.'

'Ah, my France, my country!' exclaimed the weaver, his fine features lighting with enthusiasm; 'I care not although I am neglected if I can make thee in the least illustrious. Louise,' said he, mildly, turning to his wife, and clasping her soft hand, 'I have all the world in having thee, but for France, above all the world, do I live.'

'And thou art more than France to me, Claudius,' said Louise, with a gentle smile.

'Blanchari and Riquet have adopted my loom,' said the weaver, after a pause; 'it shall work its way yet, and I shall be remembered as having added fame to the manufactures of my country.'

'They might have tried thy loom in Paris—it would have at least shown that the great men had some sense,' said Louise, quietly; 'if it had been an improved guillotine, I am sure you would have been rewarded.'

'Well, well,' said Claudius, shrugging his shoulders, 'posterity will perhaps do me justice.'

He had just spoken when a faint sound was heard approaching the quarter of Lyons where the humble mechanic dwelt, and then it became louder and more tumultuous, until the hoarse murmurs and discordant yells of an infuriated mob broke upon his ears and those of his wife.

'Bring him forth,' cried the crowd, as they gathered round the house in which Claudius lived, and threw missiles at the window where Louise and he sat; 'bring him forth,' they shouted, 'he would ruin us, and starve our children with his inventions.' 'Break and burn his looms!' shouted one or two more ready than the others, and their screams were heard above the roars of those by whom they were surrounded. 'Yes, yes; burn them!' yelled the women and children in shrill chorus. 'To the river with him, Claudius à l'eau; duck him!' cried a group to the left. 'Yes, yes; drown him!' was echoed from the right. 'He would bring misery upon our families and ourselves! he would make beggars of us all!' and the crowd continued to launch forth sundry other ejaculations, which had the effect of increasing the vehemence of their hatred toward the newly invented loom and the bewildered inventor, and of rendering them less scrupulous every moment in their ideas concerning life and property.

'What would you with me, my brethren?' said the artisan, as he approached his little window, and looked upon the mob, with his wife clinging fearfully to him; but a storm of yells and missiles was his only response. 'What seek you here?' he exclaimed, turning round in amazement, as several men dashed into his little room, and Louise clung to his neck, screaming wildly, in her fear for his life.

'We seek the model of the machine by which you would supersede the labour of all the weavers in Lyons,' cried the rioters, as they turned over and broke everything that lay in their way to the hated model. 'Hurra! here it is!' they cried, as they held some of the beams of the loom from the window towards the crowd.

'I appeal to you as men, if this is fair!' exclaimed Claudius to the persons who had seized his property, and were holding it forth to excite farther the already infuriated mob. 'Ye seem men of respectability and of enlightenment, now tell me if this is manly or just?'

'To the *Place des Terreaux* with the looms; and their inventor shall apply the burning brand to them!' cried the yelling mass of ignorant deluded men, women, and children, as they carried the machines to the place already named, and piled those of Blanchari and Riquet upon the same heap with the model.

'Apply the brand! apply the brand!' they shouted in threatening tones, as they swung their clubs over the head of the poor trembling machine-maker, who was pleading to escape from the humiliating trial of destroying the labours of his many long and studious years; but his tormentors were inexorable, and Claudius Jacquard was constrained to apply the flames to the fragmentary pile which had been the product of his mechanical genius, and to stand and look on with a crushed heart and tearful eye as the greedy fire consumed the wood and calcined the iron of his cherished invention.

'Farewell, thou ingrate city! farewell, ye deluded workmen! farewell, ye interested loom-burners!' said Claudius Jacquard, somewhat bitterly, as he turned his back upon Lyons, and with his wife retired alike from the world's notice and its trials.

In the year 1816, Jacquard, now aged sixty-four, was still living in his little retired residence, a few leagues distant from Lyons. He was unnoticed, and he believed almost unknown. His inventions had brought him neither fame nor wealth; he was poor, and he was neglected, still Louise was with him, as proud of him as if learned academies had showered honours and kings wealth upon him, and more devotedly attached to him than on the day she had plighted her faith at the altar. The aged couple were seated at their door one fine summer evening of the above year, enjoying the prospect of the setting sun and the fragrance of the flowers which mingled with the fresh breeze, when a chaise drew up close beside them, and a stranger, with a strong British accent, inquired for M. Jacquard, as he alighted from the carriage.

'I am he,' said Claudius, rising and bowing to the stranger, with that politeness for which his nation is remarkable, while at the same time an expression of gentleness and unaffected kindness shone in his face, which no art could have taught him to assume.

'Sir,' said his visitor, 'I am happy and proud to find myself in your company, and it would delight me extremely to discover that I am not entirely unknown to you; my name is James Watt.'

'What, the inventor of the steam-engine!' exclaimed Jacquard, with pleasure beaming in his eyes. 'Let me embrace you. In my estimation you are the greatest of living men.'

James Watt smiled, and, grasping the hand of Jacquard, he shook it warmly, and at the same time seated himself by his side. 'Perhaps you will do me the honour of allowing me to sup with you to-night,' said the great Scottish mechanician.

'Ay, surely, surely!' cried Jacquard, as if glad that his guest had made the proposal; 'but I fear that you will make but a poor meal after all. Yet,' he continued, smiling, 'the cheerful looks of my Louise, and contentment, would make a poorer meal agreeable. Come, *mon ami*, let monsieur see how good a cook you are.'

And Louise did bustle about as never clean tidy little Frenchwoman bustled before, and she produced her finest cookery, and her finest crockery, and felt proud indeed that she had at her table another man almost as great as her own Claudius. The cheerful looks of the wife, and the

cheerful conversation of the husband, could not, however, entirely distract the attention of the visiter from the simplicity if not poverty of the furniture that surrounded him, and he casually remarked to Jacquard, 'That it was wonderful that France had not rewarded him, as he deserved, for an invention that was destined to effect so great a revolution in French manufactures.'

The old man smiled, with a look of benign resignation that well became his noble although rustic countenance.

'Ah, monsieur,' said Jacquard, with a melancholy shake of the head, 'I have no desire to leave the obscurity in which you now behold me;' and an expression of grief and pain passed over his speaking countenance as the recollection of that evening's horrors in Lyons came back upon his memory. 'Monsieur,' he continued, in a low impressive voice, 'if you had heard the wild shouts of an infuriated populace consigning me to the river, and if you had seen the burning looms to which they had forced me to set fire, you would have believed that I have no cause to desire public notice any more. I hear, however, that they are now taking advantage of my invention, and that they have designated the machines Jacquard looms; but I do not wish to inquire whether it is so or not; they were ungrateful to me, and I shall trouble them no more.'

'Ah, M. Jacquard,' said Watt, with emotion, 'there is yet a country which is grateful to its benefactors—accompany me to England, and fame and fortune await you.'

Jacquard smiled faintly as he quietly shook his head and replied, 'I have heard that the poor man who invented your spinning-jenny died in penury and want, while the children of him who robbed him of his labours fill the high places in your country's wealth and honour. I am satisfied, monsieur; if France will not accept my services, I will offer them to no other nation in the world. I may be wrong,' he continued, 'but I and all that can emanate from me belong to France.'

'Genius, whether mechanical or otherwise, is not local,' said James Watt, seriously; 'it belongs to the world and all posterity; it is a sacred gift which visits the earth only once, perhaps, through a long lapse of centuries, and forms an epoch in its history. It is like the sun,' he continued, waxing warm, and grasping the hand of the quiet Jacquard, 'it rises over one spot in the morning, and when the evening comes, it has shed its beams over all the world. Come with me, Jacquard, that futurity may bless your name.'

'I may be wrong,' said the old man, doubtfully, 'but my head is white, and my prejudices have become indurated into my constitution. I love my country, and my love has become more and more individual with my age. To France I have dedicated all the talents which God has given me, and to no other nation shall I offer the fruits of them; especially would I shrink from placing them at the disposal of my country's enemies.'

'There is no enmity in labours like yours and mine,' said the high-souled Briton, calmly; 'we work to make all men friends and brothers—we pave the way for a peaceful future to the world by multiplying the agencies of labour and extending the sphere of commerce.'

Jacquard mused for a few moments in silence, but he shook his head as he exclaimed, 'It is too late, monsieur; if you had spoken to me thus some years ago, who knows what I might have done? But my ambition is dead—I find that now I am too old.'

Th. Scotchman looked at the old man, whose face was, in its honest simplicity, vividly indicative of his sincerity, and he sighed as he shook Jacquard's hand again and said, 'Well, my dear friend, I see it is in vain to urge you farther, but I shall make France blush for her ingratitude to her most ingenious as well as her most devoted son. I shall accuse her of neglect before the face of Europe,' he continued, indignantly; 'the press of England shall echo the tale, and I myself shall speak of it to your king.'

'Ah, monsieur, that will be well,' exclaimed Louise with a smile; 'Claudius, you see, is quite a child when it comes to asking anybody to talk about his machines. You should have some of the *nonchalance* of the old soldier, *mon ami*,' she continued, turning affectionately to her husband; and

then, looking at her guest, she continued, 'How they do beg and boast!'

For eight days these two gifted men enjoyed each other's company and grateful conversation; and when the great Scottish inventor bade farewell to the great Frenchman, he did not know whether most to admire the original genius, the resigned simplicity, or the modest glowing kindness of the gifted Jacquard.

In a fortnight after this visit, a *gend'arme* presented M. Jacquard with a packet from the Minister of Interior, which had passed through Lyons to the village where he resided. He broke the seal with a trembling hand, and opened the packet, and then a tear stole over his cheek as he cried to Louise, 'Ah! my country has remembered me at last. I am no longer regarded as an enemy to my own dear France, but as a benefactor. See, here it is written down on the broad parchment, 'Pour avoir bien merite de sa patrie;' and there it is,' he continued, holding up the grand cross of the legion of honour, of which he had been constituted chevalier. 'Ah, how happy I am at last!' and he mingled his tears with those of his equally joyous wife.

But a cloud suddenly passed over his beaming eyes, and his face became even more sorrowful in expression than it had ever hitherto been, as he muttered, 'But it is not to the spontaneous offering of France that I owe this. It is not to the generous gratitude of my native land, but to the appeal of a stranger. Oh, how happy I should have been had it been otherwise!'

Madame Jacquard, however, was too much taken up with the cross to think of how it came; and she soon had it suspended at her husband's breast, and was walking along, hanging on his arm, while she curtsied with a swelling heart and pleased smile as every sentinel they passed recognised the badge of honour and presented arms to her husband. Alas! poor Jacquard was struggling with different emotions; 'For,' said he, 'it is not to my country that I owe this; it was necessary that a stranger should stand up and say to France, 'Claudius Jacquard deserves thy thanks and the cross of honour.'

Poor Jacquard, still poor, still neglected, saw his looms not only occupy every workshop in Lyons, but come into extensive use all over France; and by and by it began to be understood that to simplify the means of labour is to add to the wealth-producing power of the world, and that Jacquard had not been a mediator of evil after all. It was not long till 30,000 of these machines were wrought in Lyons alone; and they were applied not only to the manufacture of silk, but to the working of woollen and cotton also; and to such an extent of perfection has the powers of this wonderful machine been brought, that we have seen a beautiful portrait that was woven by its means in the texture of a piece of cloth, which, at a little distance, was not distinguishable from the finest line engraving. But did Jacquard, the father of all the wealth which it produced, become rich? Ah, no; he lived as meanly and as obscurely to the end as he had hitherto done. He invented other machines, and thus passed his hours in the employment which was his chief delight; but the dread of popular fury confined them to the obscurity of their producer; and, while fortunes were being made by those who took advantage of his loom, he died in his silent little retreat.

On the 7th day of August, 1834, a company of twenty persons followed the mortal remains of Claudius Jacquard to the cemetery of Oullins; and then, when he had passed away, the millionaires of Lyons—the very men who had sanctioned the burning of his looms—began to recollect that it was to him that their city owed its present prosperity and manufacturing greatness, and they opened their purse-strings and began a subscription for his family, which amounted to the magnificent sum—hush! France will blush if we speak it out—of £375 sterling!! Magnificent reward of genius—proud tribute to the comfort-producing, world-sustaining principle of labour! Ye who would win distinctions, and wealth, and worldly applause, go, wear a helmet and wield a destroying sword!

PAGE BY PÆDEUTES.

CURFEW, noun common. It is from the French *couvre-feu*—lit. *cover-fire*, being compounded from *couvrir* to *cover*, and *feu* fire. It originally signified a fire-plate, or utensil put on the fire, with a view to keep it alive during the night, so as it may be more readily rekindled in the morning; in like manner, as in Scotland, they *cover* a lump of red-hot coal, or peat, with cinders or ashes for a like purpose, which is technically termed 'the *gathering-coal*, or *peat*.' In France, *curfew*, or *couvrefeu*, signifies also a *meat-screen*, or a semi-circular plate of strong tin, placed before the fire, when meat is roasting, in order to concentrate and reflect the rays of heat. But in Britain, and in England especially, *curfew* is employed to denote the evening peal from the garrisons, with which William the Conqueror studded and bridled England, on the hearing of which it was incumbent on every man, the head of a household, to put out his lights, and to *cover* or *rake up*, not *out*, his fire, as some would erroneously have it. Some historians, in their simplicity, real or affected, would fain have us believe that this statute, prohibiting any Englishman to have fire or light after eight o'clock under the penalty of death, was merely a sumptuary enactment on the part of the provident conqueror to save his new subjects in the articles of wood and candle. But, as Voltaire remarks, 'it was governing with a sceptre of iron, whether he pretended thereby to prevent nocturnal assemblies, or whether he wished by so outrageous an interdiction to make trial, how far and with what impunity the arbitrary and usurped power of men can be stretched in the attempt to crush and annihilate the liberties and rights of their brother-men.'—(Vide *Lettres sur les Anglais: Lettre Neuvieme*.)

It is probable, that it is from this custom that the *taptoo*, or that particular unmusical beating or rather *tapping* of drum, which at night summons soldiers to repair *all* to their quarters, is still in our garrisons generally beat at eight o'clock. 'Tis thus that practices continue when the occasions that produced them have passed away, or are sunk in oblivion. In our Highland regiments the taptoo is executed on the bag-pipe, and the burden of their simple lullaby is '*Shoul tapay ma lenamh*,' that is, 'Go to bed, my bairn.' *Taptoo* is from the French *tappoter*, to strike repeatedly and with small quick strokes, and *tous*, *all*. This operation, in drummer's slang, is called '*roughing in*,' as, in bellman's lingo, the accelerated concluding peals of the church-calling bell is styled '*ringing in*.'

There are passages from many of our poets which allude to the *curfew*. Gray has made use of it to give solemnity to the evening piece in his justly admired and popular elegy: '*The curfew tolls the knell of parting day*.' The Irish members of the House of Commons designated the late Coercion Bill for Ireland by the epithet of the '*Irish Curfew Bill*,' in allusion to the excessive stringency of some of its clauses, breathing more the stern policy of the truculent Norman than the humane spirit of modern legislation. From the custom still prevalent in many remote towns, and especially in what are called boroughs of barony in Scotland, where a bell is rung at ten o'clock, as well as from the testimony of some ancient songs—the best and most faithful chronicles and records of ancient events and usages—it may be fairly inferred that a bell was pealed at that hour, to intimate that it was time for the laicks to retire within doors, as it was for the clergy to chant their vesper songs, and celebrate the evening service. Thus in that old and mysteriously tragic ballad of 'Sir Hugh, or the Jew's Daughter':—

'The bonnie boys o' merry Lincoln
War playin' at the ba',
And w' them stood the sweet Sir Hugh,
The flower among them a'.

When bells were ring, and mass was sung,
And ilka lady gae hane,
Than ilka lady had her young son,
But Lady Helen had nane.'

The epithet of *merry* to Lincoln is in allusion to the *merry*

chimes of its bells, one of which, the Tom of Lincoln, is the largest in England, and when in use required the united strength of fourteen men to ring him. It is mainly also from this heart-stirring custom of ringing *merry* peals on their bells, in which the English peasantry so much delight and excel, that their country in the olden ballads goes *par excellence* by the name *merry England* and *mirriland*, which modern bards have happily retained to grace their effusions—witness Gilfillan's loyal march:

'Oh! queen of *merry England*, what queen so lov'd as she;
A gallant band she may command in all her kingdoms three,' &c.

Cognate in part with *curfew* there is *kerchief*, which is a contracted form of French *couvrechef*, a *covering* for the head, head-dress or gear, from *couvrir*, to *cover*, and an obsolete word *chef*, the head, which is from Greek *kephalē*, and is the root of our English *chief*, and *chieftain*; as the Latin *caput*, the head, is of *captain*. *Coif*, and *coiffure*, signify also head-dresses, and may be considered contracted forms of *kerchief*; at least they have the same affinity to *chef*. But beyond doubt or controversy our Scottish term *curch* is a corruption of French *couvrechef* directly, and not mediately through English *kerchief*, carrying the mind back to those early periods in our history, when England was regarded with feelings of hatred and hostility and France with those of fraternal affection and friendship, and, consequently, the source whence improvements and innovations in costumes and in manners were derived. It is to be noted, that *kerchief* and *curch* are only applicable to females, and imply that some attention and taste have been employed in their preparation and arrangement. They form part of a woman's dress, not clothing. This is finely evinced from the following stanza of that gem of Scottish comic ballads, '*Pebilis to the Play*,' the composition of that right noble bard, James I., king of Scotland, who, as Ballenden in his translation of Boece's History quaintly remarks, 'was expert in grammar, oratory, and *poetry*, and made so flowand and sententious verses apperit weil he was ane natural and borne poet'—

'All the wenchis of the west
War up or the cock crew,
For reiling thair nicht na man rast,
For garray and for glew:
Ane said, My *curches* are not prest;
Than answerit Meg full blew,
To get an *hude* I hald it best.'—

For the English reader, it may be proper to comment, that *garray* is vain talking or prattle, such as women indulge in on occasion of balls, routs, christenings, and other important gatherings and parliaments of the sex; *glew* is another form of English *glee*; *prest* may either be from the old French *prest*, *i. e.* *ready*, or it may mean plaited, or done into folds, as shirt-cuffs and breast-ruffles were wont to be done on ceremonies, and may still be seen in old portraits. The *curch* was then ornamental, and when the wearer was equipped for display and conquest; and the *hude* or *hood* was a woman's ordinary head attire, when she was called out on a sudden, and did not contemplate display. Hence the *hood* was the appropriate head-covering of the *nuns*, who being bound by their vows to a chaste and single life, and having no eye to matrimony or mundane advancement, *kerchiefs* with them, as a matter of course, were in small request.

From an ignorance of the basis and distinctive force of this word *kerchief*, the vulgar have employed it in many fantastic and ludicrous combinations. First, from it, with *hand*, there is formed *handkerchief*, which, though made legitimate and current by custom—the great arbiter of speech—is just as gross and glaring a solecism in language as to say *fetters* for the *hands*, *collars* for the *legs* or *waist*, *gloves* or *nightcaps* for the *feet*. Then there is *pocket-handkerchief*; and amongst the provincial English it is not uncommon to hear a *neck-pocket-handkerchief*, which long-necked and long-tailed monster the glib cockneys—those unconscionable clippers of the lawful verbal coinage of these realms—by *picking* the pocket, *docking* the hand, and *curtailing* the *tail*, reduce to a reasonable compass, and pronounce *neckar*.

FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND COLONY AT OTAGO.

THE most strenuous and active advocates of emigration will not deny that abstractly it is an evil. It carries an implication of national poverty and social disruption on the very face of it, and however bright may be the halo surrounding its prospective advantages, still the wrinkles of care and sorrow are essentially and deeply indented in its features. There are few holier or more humanising feelings implanted in the human breast than the love of country, and there are few ties so difficult to dis sever as that which binds us to our old home. The causes which in the first place, then, disturb this sentiment are evils of the highest magnitude; and the means by which we seek to escape their effects is an evil also, even though we gain wealth and comfort by the transfer, for to gain the domestic comfort and peace which are the first aim and desire of man, he sacrifices his feelings, loves, and traditional aspirations, which are sacrifices no one can truly estimate who is not called upon to make them. We will not enter into the discussions of political economists upon the necessity of emigration. Bishop Watson, Sheriff Alison, and others, assert that Great Britain and Ireland, by improvements in agriculture, are perfectly capable of maintaining a population vastly more numerous than that they at present possess; and yet the pressure of circumstances is such that the inhabitants of these islands are leaving our shores in tens of thousands annually. If we assume the views of Bishop Watson and Sheriff Alison to be correct, the necessity which compels emigration from Great Britain and Ireland at present cannot be natural; and if it is purely artificial, its causes should be critically examined and as much as possible obviated. It is generally the most energetic of our labourers and the most active and industrious of our small capitalists who emigrate, so that, in addition to the disruption of the more intimate relations of life, we supply our colonies with vitality and vigour at the expense of the best blood and bone of the mother country. If emigration is not a necessity it is at all events a circumstance, and the Scotch are actually educated to view it as a strong probability of their destiny. We have met few men in the middle or industrial ranks of life who have not at some time meditated voluntary expatriation, or who had not some relative upon a foreign shore; and when such is the case, every means that can render exile more tolerable, or alleviate the pangs attendant upon the breaking up of the most delightful and intimate associations, must be valued in proportion to its accomplishment of the desired end.

The proposed 'Free Church colony' comes recommended to the Scottish heart with all the attributes of nationality; and we do think if there is any plan more highly calculated than another to render the emigrant's regrets for leaving home less poignant, and to acclimate him in all but heart-felt contentment to his new habitation and country, it is that proposed by the Free Church Association for the settlement of Otago. It was originally contemplated by the New Zealand Company to establish upon the extreme south-eastern coast of Middle Island, the largest of the New Zealand group, a settlement of Scotch, the colony to be named New Edinburgh. Subsequent arrangements, however, have induced them to abandon the original scheme, and to transfer the settlement thereof to the Association of Lay Members of the Free Church of Scotland, who were reported by the General Assembly of 1845 as the recognised party to promote the settlement now contemplated. The list of members of this Lay Association of the Free Church comprises the names of the most influential members of that important and numerous body, and is a sufficient guarantee that the scheme is not one of those heartless money-making speculations by which emigrants have so often been duped. On the contrary, it embodies a higher purpose and gives a stronger assurance of integrity than could be anticipated from any purely commercial transaction. This association determined that certain requisites for the freedom and advantage of the future colonists should be obtained by act of parliament before they took steps to bring

the proposed settlement under the notice of the people of the Free Church, and, all preliminaries being now settled, they feel themselves warranted in laying a detailed account of the settlement before their brethren at large. By act of parliament of 28th August, and orders in council of 29th December, 1846, 'the Otago settlers are now entitled to a large measure of local self-government, by municipal charter, and on the principle of an American township; and also to be represented by members of their own election in the provincial and general assemblies which are to be erected in the colony. Despotism and arbitrary taxation are done away with.'

We do not know upon what qualifications the political advantages spoken of are secured. In a pamphlet propo sive of a scheme of simple emigration, we could not, of course, expect a detailed illustration of the principles and constitution of the government; we hope, however, that the mere possession of land will not constitute the only ground of franchise, as nothing, we deem, could be more inimical to the peace, integrity, and stability of a rising colony than a denial of representation to the great element of labour, and the assumption of exclusive political rights by land. The site of the settlement, as already stated, is to be at Otago, on land granted to the Free Church Company by a deed under the seal of the Territory, bearing date 13th April, 1846. It is to comprise 144,600 acres of land, divided into two thousand four hundred properties. Each property is to consist of 60½ acres, divided into three allotments, namely, a town allotment of a quarter of an acre, a suburban allotment of ten acres, and a rural allotment of fifty acres, be the measurements more or less. Two thousand properties, or 120,500 acres, are appropriated for sale to private individuals. One hundred properties, or 6025 acres, are destined for the estate to be purchased by the local municipal government; the same number of acres is to be purchased by the trustees for religious and educational purposes; and two hundred properties, consisting of 12,050 acres, are reserved for the estate to be purchased by the New Zealand Company. The price of land is, in the first place, fixed at 40s. an acre, or £120 : 10s. a property, to be charged upon the companies purchasing the reservations, in the same manner as upon purchasers of the private lands. The proceeds from the sale of the lands are to be chiefly applied to the advantage of the colony, such as assisting in the emigration of labourers, the construction of roads, bridges, and other improvements which may be considered necessary, and also in religious and educational objects; the company, of course, preserve to themselves certain powers of altering their original arrangements concerning the price of land, &c., if such seems requisite, but their right to do so can only extend over the unpurchased territory.

The chief town of the settlement is to be called 'Dunedin;' and, in the laying of it out, due regard is to be had to everything that can tend to the public convenience and advantage, such as sites for places of public worship and instruction, baths, wharves, quays, cemeteries, and parks for recreation—fortifications are specified as a requirement; we trust that the colonists will never expend one penny upon such a purpose. Let their acts to all men be according to the requirements of the divine law, and, with faith in God, they may trust themselves to His safe and certain protection, instead of provoking hostility by showing a willingness to fight. The religious element is one of the prime ones in the contemplated settlement; and the example of the 'pilgrim fathers' is to be followed in the government and constitution of Otago; but be it remembered that the dark stain of extirpating by violence the original possessors of New England shall for ever remain to disgrace the name of the men who professed to be the disciples of the Prince of Peace, and that in many of their acts they showed themselves to be guided by opinion more than by the principles of our holy religion. Let the settlers of Otago show a brighter example of Christian integrity than the pilgrim fathers, or, alas for the poor heathen aborigines of New Zealand! The proposers and promoters of this scheme speak in very flattering terms of the climate

and soil of New Zealand, and declare it to be also remarkably adapted to a British constitution. It has an extensive sea-coast, numerous rivers, fertile soil, genial climate, and possesses all the elements of future commercial greatness. Throughout the islands there is less variations in temperature than in the same latitudes in America, or even the old countries of Europe. At Auckland, the most northern of the settlements, the annual mean temperature is 59 deg. 2 min.; at Wellington, about 350 miles to the south-east of it, the annual mean temperature is 58 deg. 4 min.; and at London it is 49 deg. 6 min. The difference between the extreme of summer heat and winter's cold, in New Zealand, is a little over 15 degrees; in the great metropolis, there is an average difference of 23 degrees. There are no local or epidemic diseases yet known to the settlers; fevers and agues do not seem to be indigenous to this dry and fine pastoral country. All those who have already settled in New Zealand are said to have enjoyed a higher state of health than any other British colonists, save those perhaps in some parts of Australia. The children, and the young of all the animals introduced into the colony, have given decided marks of physical improvement, and the cattle and sheep have thriven to a degree sufficient to prove the salubrity of the climate and the excellence of the grass. Respectable witnesses, before a Committee of the House of Commons, have given their testimony, in a most decided manner, in favour of the healthiness of New Zealand, but the following fact is very conclusive and satisfactory on that point. For a period of twenty-eight years, from 1814 to 1842, the Church of England Missionary Society never had occasion to record the death of a single missionary or catechist, although the number regularly employed amounts to thirty-five. This is an instance of the absence of all mortality amongst a single body of men which will probably find few parallels, and it is certainly a strong proof of the salubrity of this as yet uncleared country.

The soil of the plains and the valleys is most productive, and the luxuriance of the vegetation, produced by the combined fertility of the land and the regular and abundant supply of moisture, is as remarkable as conducive to the wealth and importance of the colony. It is as a pastoral country, however, that New Zealand will develop her capabilities and insure prosperity and comfort to her people, and her abundant and rich pasturage, which continues through all seasons, eminently fits her to be the nursery of prolific flocks and herds.

Otago possesses in itself all the essentials for the establishment of a healthy and prosperous community, and the elements of which it is proposed to constitute that community possess all the principles of affinity. A community of traditions, loves, recollections, hopes, songs, language, and religion, will assuredly operate powerfully towards cheering on the pioneers of a new Scottish nation; and if anything can conduce to the speedy progress of a rising colony, it must be the conjunction of the energies of men banded together by the closest of all ties, those of country and faith. Schemes of emigration, devised like that of Otago, will divest expatriation of more than half its sting; and we have no fears but that the genius of the rising colony would preclude the danger of such a community degenerating into a centralised combination of prejudice and exclusiveness. It would be well if the mother country would adopt measures conducive to the peace of mind and cheerfulness of the colonists, and enable them to write to the relations they leave by giving them an ocean penny postage. Then they would hardly feel that they had left home and all its joys and endearments. We wish that the Free Church, with its power and influence, in conjunction with its other plans for the establishment of its members in happiness and comfort, would see it to be its duty to agitate for a scheme so essential to the preservation of that intimacy and unity which she desires, as a kind parent, to keep up with her children in the colonies, as that of ocean penny postage would certainly be. We are of opinion that it would have been better had the promoters of this scheme seen fit to render it more national than denominational; but believ-

ing that those entrusted with the management of the Free Church emigrant association will spare no exertion to see the details fairly and successfully wrought out, and rejoicing in every plan calculated to smooth the way and ultimately insure success to those who may resolve on embarking for a distant land, we would have conceived ourselves deficient in duty had we not directed attention to the Otago settlement, which we most heartily wish all manner of success.

A BOSOM FRIEND.

CHAPTER I.

'I'm sure I do not know what I'm to do with the girl,' said Lady Mannerly, a gay fashionable London lady, to Miss Botherem, her companion; 'but one thing is quite certain, she cannot take up her abode here.'

The cause of the above-mentioned exclamation was that her ladyship had just received a letter from Scotland, informing her that she was to receive a visit from an orphan niece, who had sailed for London, per steamer Royal Adelaide.

'It was certainly very impertinent of her aunt to send her here without asking your ladyship's permission,' said Miss Botherem. 'For my own part, I never heard of such a daring piece of insolence in my life.'

'If,' said Lady Mannerly, 'she had made me aware that she could not support her niece, I would have settled ten pounds a-year upon her, rather than she should have come here.'

'For my part,' said Miss Botherem, 'I have the greatest contempt for the Scotch. They can't pronounce a word right. Just imagine, after having finished my education at Pawris, how shocking it would be to hear myself talking with a Scotch accent!'

'I have had a narrow escape of being favoured by the aunt's company also, as you shall hear,' said Lady Mannerly, and re-opening the letter she read aloud the following:—'Dear Madam—The step I now take, in sending your niece to you, I am quite aware I should have taken years ago. Indeed, I have many apologies to make for keeping the child of your only sister so long from you; but the truth is, that I could never before bring myself to part with the dear girl, whom I have known from her birth. I cannot express how painfully I feel this separation, she is so very dear to me. But I should be selfish as well as foolish were I to deprive her of the care of one whom I am confident will cherish her as one of her own children, and bring her forward in life, which I cannot do on account of my very limited means. She is very well educated, and is mistress of most modern accomplishments—indeed, my late brother, Captain Elliot, spared no expense upon her education—but, what is of most consequence, she is pious and amiable. I intended to have accompanied her to your house, but the dear girl was so frightened at the thought of my having to return alone, that I gave up my intention, and confided her to the care of the captain of the Royal Adelaide. Wishing you a joyful meeting with the child of your beloved and much lamented sister, I remain, dear madam, yours very truly, CATHERINE ELLIOT.'

'What writing!' said Miss Botherem, taking up the letter. 'What a little, cramped, old-fashioned hand! not a word of proper grammar in it. But I must not criticise it, for no doubt it would take the old lady a month to write it. He! he! he!'

'The Royal Adelaide sailed upon Saturday,' said her ladyship, laying down the newspaper, 'so she will arrive here to-day. Dear me, how very provoking, to come upon the very day that we give our ball!'

'Take my advice, Lady Mannerly,' said Miss Botherem, 'and send her back by the next steamer that sails for Leith.'

'Were I to take your advice, Lucy,' said her ladyship, 'I should be scandalised over the whole neighbourhood. What would Mrs Hastings say, were she to hear that I would not receive the orphan daughter of my only sister? No, no; receive her I must, whether I like it or not; but I

shall take good care to get rid of her in the quiet way as soon as I possibly can.'

'Your ladyship will not get rid of her so soon perhaps as you think,' said Miss Botherem. 'The young lady will no doubt think that you are bound, on account of your relationship to her, to get her a husband. He! he! he!'

'No, no,' replied Lady Mannerly, 'that is what I never shall undertake to do for any one again.'

'If your ladyship alludes to me,' said Miss Botherem, tossing her head, 'I beg to inform you that it is all my own fault if I am single this day. I could have been splendidly married long ago; but I did not choose to give my hawnd without my hawrt.'

'I never heard that you had had any offers before,' said Lady Mannerly, laughing. 'However, believe me, dear Lucy, there is no disgrace whatever in being an old maid.'

This speech, although intended to soothe, was only 'pouring oil upon the flames,' for Miss Botherem, reddening up like a fury, replied—'Yes, Lady Mannerly, if I am an old maid, as you politely term me, remember, ma'am, it is because I had no manœuvring mother to court a nobleman for me, ma'am, or I should no doubt have been married as well as other people, ma'am!'

'Oh! Lucy,' said her ladyship, 'those terrible fits of passion which you so often indulge in are really wearing me out; I declare, a few more of these scenes will kill me.'

Miss Botherem now began to sob hysterically, and Lady Mannerly, knowing that there was but one way of appeasing her whilst in this mood, namely, by making her a present, drew from her own taper finger a gem, which she placed on one of Miss Botherem's, where it stuck upon the first joint, for further it would not go, and conjured her, by the friendship that subsisted between them, to forget this very unpleasant affair; then, reminding her that they had a great deal to do in a very short space of time, left the room. When Lady Mannerly reached her apartment, having closed and bolted the door, she exclaimed, 'What a life I lead with that woman! I would rather be a galley slave! Oh! those vile romances—would that I had never read one of them! would that I had never seen her! Oh, my sister, your words were prophetic, when you said that I never would get rid of her! She makes herself so disagreeable to my daughters also, that I am teased to death with their complaints; and I am sure if little Tom is a nervous delicate child, subject to fits, I have her to thank for it.' Miss Botherem, having also retired to her room, vented her complaints in the following soliloquy:—'What a life I lead in this house! Treated with rudeness by Lady Mannerly, looked upon in the light of a toad-eater by her visitors, robbed of my beaux by her flirting chits of daughters, and hated by the servants. I am sure I wish I were far enough!'

How the high-born Lady Mannerly became acquainted with this very strange personage, Miss Botherem, deserves a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER II.

About twenty-five years previous to the scenes described in the first chapter, in one of the splendid apartments of Evelyn Park, situated in one of the northern counties of England, sat two young ladies about the ages of fifteen and seventeen. The younger of the two appeared at first sight the most beautiful, but when the eye had scanned them both for a short time, she was greatly inferior in this respect to her sister, who, though paler, had features of the most exquisite Grecian symmetry. The younger of the two ladies, pushing aside her embroidery-frame, rose and rang the bell. A servant entered. 'John,' said she, 'have you been at the library?'

'Yes, miss.'

'Have you got the third volume of the 'Children of the Abbey?'

'No, miss, it was out.'

'Did you inquire for the 'Feudal Tyrants,' as I desired you?'

'Oh, yes, miss; but the 'Frugal Tyrant' was out too,' said John.

'Dear me, how horridly provoking! There is no getting a single book that one wants in these abominable village libraries! They have not the books, but they will not confess it, but always pretend that they are 'out.' But, John,' she continued, 'you must go back and inquire for the 'Grey Friar and the Black Spirit of the Wye.' Do you think you will remember the name?'

'Oh, yes, miss! It is the 'Black and Grey Spirit o' the Wye,' said John.

'Dear me! you are the most stupid man in existence. Did not I tell you, as plain as I could possibly speak, that it was the 'Grey Friar and the Black Spirit of the Wye?'

But I see very plainly that you will never be able to remember the name; so, Mary (turning to her sister), will you lend me your pencil until I mark it down for him?'

John was leaving the room, paper in hand, when he recollected that if he did not succeed in getting the above-mentioned book, that it was more than probable he would be dispatched for another. He therefore turned round and said, 'Please, miss, if they shouldn't have the 'Black and Green Spirit o' the Wye,' what am I to ask for?'

'Ay, that is well thought of,' said she. 'Let me see, you may inquire if they have got the 'Romance of the Forest.' Should they not have it, I suppose you must take any one that they can give you, just at random, you know. But mark me, John, if they should offer you a well bound, clean-looking book, do not take it on any account. I have found out by sad experience (addressing her sister) that when a library-book is clean it is never worth reading. The reason is obvious—its cleanliness is a sign that there is no run upon it. But should you see a book much soiled, with yellowish leaves, and a good deal of writing upon the margin, and ready to fall out of its cover, take it by all means; it is a good sign.'

John having departed on his errand to the library, the elder of the ladies, Miss Evelyn, who was reading the 'Lady of the Lake,' said, 'Dear me! how I should like to visit the Highlands, and see the places described in this poem. I really wish papa would take us there this season.'

'Oh, you must give up all thoughts of visiting the Highlands this season,' said her sister, 'for before the end of the month we will be in Paris, for I overheard papa say so last night to mamma. But, indeed, I do not care where I go, for life has lost all charms for me now, I have been so very unhappy for a long time. But I feel that I cannot contend much longer with my sufferings,' and she burst into a violent fit of sobbing.

'Dear, dear Augusta!' said her frightened sister, dropping her book, and throwing her arms around her neck, 'do tell what it is that is the matter with you. If you are ill we will have the best advice from London; let me run and tell mamma!'

'No, no! stay you where are, Mary; doctors can do me no good,' said her sister.

'Oh, cruel Augusta,' said Mary, wringing her hands, 'to conceal your illness from us until it was too late to have anything done for you. But whilst there is life there is hope; tell me, dearest, how you are affected.'

'Oh, I feel a void, a vacuum at my heart,' replied Miss Augusta.

'Oh!' exclaimed her sister, 'let me run and bring papa and mamma;' and she was in the act of running out of the room, when her sister caught her by the arm and said,

'Where are you going, Mary? I am not ill at all; but you are so romantic, that one cannot express one's self in the most commonplace way but you must mistake one's meaning.'

'Mistake your meaning!' replied Miss Evelyn. 'Did not you tell me just now that your sufferings were intolerable, and that there was something the matter with your heart? You have given me a shocking fright, I can assure you.'

'There are mental as well as bodily sufferings, Mary. Mine belong to the former class, which every person allows to be the worst.'

'I cannot imagine what sufferings you can possibly

have. You are surrounded by comforts, and only want a contented mind to make you enjoy them,' said Miss Evelyn.

'Oh, I have never been happy since I read of Lady Eleanor Butler and the Honourable Miss Ponsonby, the recluses of Llangollen, two young ladies who ran away from their friends in Ireland and lived together in Wales. Did you ever hear of them, Mary?'

'Oh, yes,' said Miss Evelyn, 'I remember reading something about Sir Walter Scott going to see them. But I cannot see how their running away from their friends can affect your happiness.'

'Oh, it pointed out to me,' said Miss Augusta, 'that I was alone in the world—that I had no friend to whom I could unbosom my soul. Oh, what I would give for a dear bosom friend, to whom I could tell all my thoughts, all my cares, all my sorrows!'

'Augusta,' said Miss Evelyn, 'I am now really of papa's opinion, that these romances have turned your brain. Have you not papa, and mamma, and myself, to tell anything to that you wish?'

'Oh, yes,' sobbed Miss Augusta; 'but it is only a stranger that can sympathise with one; it is only a stranger that can fill the aching void in my heart! Oh, where is that friend to be found?'

Whilst Miss Augusta Evelyn was bewailing her want of a friend to her sister, the following dialogue was going on in another part of the house, between their parents.

'Where are those girls?' inquired Sir Robert Evelyn at his lady. 'Idling, of course. What a pity there is no one to look after them! I declare, since their governess was married they have run wild. But I shall 'turn over a new leaf' with them,' continued the baronet; 'I shall send them to school at Paris, as I said last night. Augusta, in particular, I am very much displeased with.'

'Oh, Augusta is not one pin worse than her sister,' said Lady Evelyn. 'If she loves romances, Mary has never Shakespeare or Byron out of her hand.'

'I grant,' said Sir Robert, 'that they may be both equally idle; but there is a duplicity about Augusta that Mary is quite free from. The other day,' he continued, 'I found Augusta poring over Lindley Murray. That is a good girl,' said I, patting her cheek, 'to attend to your studies.' But raising the cushion that was behind her, in order to place it under my gouty foot, I discovered an old filthy tattered romance, called the 'Disinterested Brigand,' or some such nonsensical name. Now, if this conduct is not checked, Augusta will grow up a very artful woman.'

'Oh, the ingenuity of the dear pet,' said Lady Evelyn, laughing.

'I am sorry,' said Sir Robert, gravely, 'that you think her trying to deceive me is a fitting subject of mirth.'

'Oh, that vile gout is really making your temper quite intolerable,' said Lady Evelyn. 'What harm has the poor child done? I am sure it is only natural that she should prefer a romance to an old musty grammar-book. However, I have no objections to their being sent to school,' continued her ladyship, 'for I wish to go to London, and I cannot take them with me, as they have not come out yet.'

Behold the two young ladies arrived safe and sound at the mansion of Madame Babillarde, situated in the environs of Paris. Madame Babillarde was a bustling, noisy, little woman—all exclamations and grimace. She had pupils of all sizes, and kept four governesses, one of whom rivetted the attention of both sisters. She was a girl of about eighteen, with flaxen ringlets, pale blue eyes of the shape called saucer, a pinkish kind of complexion which suffused face, neck, and hands. Mary looked at her, because she thought that she resembled a very ugly wax doll; and Augusta gazed at her, because she imagined that she saw in her the bosom friend that was to fill up the void in her heart. Miss Botherem, for such was the young lady's name, was sent by her friends in England to Madame Babillarde's to teach English, in return for which she was to receive lessons in French and music. Poor foolish Augusta passed a sleepless night, of course; and next morning, meeting Miss Botherem in the hall, she said to

her, with great solemnity of manner—'Miss Botherem, will you come with me into the garden? I have got something of great importance to tell you.' Then calling to her aid some phrases out of her dear romances, she began the following rhapsody:—'I am the daughter of Sir Robert Evelyn of Evelyn Park, a man of high descent and ample fortune. I have been always surrounded by every earthly blessing, with the exception of not having a dear friend of my own sex. This friend I sought for in vain. Time glided on, and melancholy at last seized upon my soul. One day, finding myself greatly depressed, I took a book in my hand and strolled into the fields. Having found a mossy bank, I sat down, in order to compose my oppressed feelings; but neither the murmur of the brook that flowed at my feet, nor the song of the thrush, nor yet the cool zephyr that fanned my cheek, could give relief to my wounded heart. I sat until the sun had sunk behind the horizon, and night began to draw her sable curtains around me; I arose, and, wringing the dew from my tresses, sought my home.'

'Oh! be quick, like a dear,' said Miss Botherem, 'and tell me what you want with me, for I have an English lesson to give.'

'I had scarcely,' continued Miss Augusta Evelyn, 'entered the portal when I met my tyrant of a father, rage depicted in his countenance, his eyeballs glaring fury. "Where have you been," he cried, in a voice of thunder, "wasting your time all day, you romantic fool?" I turned from him and sought my couch, which I bathed with my tears. His uncultivated soul could not comprehend my sufferings. The next day he ordered the travelling-carriage to be got ready, and forcing my sister and self into it, posted off for Dover. You know the sequel; you know how we were brought here. I little thought,' she continued, 'when I left my home suffused in tears, that I should find in France the very friend I sought for in vain in England. Yes, Miss Botherem, you are the person that can either make me completely happy or entirely miserable. Will you be to me a bosom friend? Speak, oh, speak! your silence kills me.'

'The goal is certainly a fool,' said Miss Botherem to herself; 'but as she is rich, I may make something by humouring her.'

Miss Botherem having replied in the affirmative, Miss Augusta Evelyn said, 'Let this elm-tree be witness of our mutual vows. Here let us vow, like Lady Eleanor Butler and the Hon. Miss Ponsonby, never to part, never to marry, but, retiring from the world, to live for each other alone!'

'I'll take no such vow, I'll be bound,' said Miss Botherem, her anger rising at the very thoughts of it. 'I have no manner of objection to becoming your friend, since you wish it; but as to dooming myself to be an old maid for your sake, it is what I'll not do.'

All that Miss Augusta Evelyn could extort from Miss Botherem, was a promise that she would be her friend until she (Miss Botherem) was married.

Miss Evelyn was unrolling a piece of music in order to sit down and practise it, when her sister rushed into the room, her face radiant with joy, exclaiming, 'Oh, Mary, I have found at last the friend I have so long sought for in vain!'

'Indeed!?' said Mary, 'you are very lucky, considering that we are not yet two days in the place.'

'Did you observe,' continued her sister, 'a young lady with fair hair at dinner yesterday?'

'Is it that fat blowzy girl with the strange name that you mean?' said Mary.

'Oh, yes, it is! but you must not speak in this manner of my sweet Lucy Botherem.'

'Augusta,' said Miss Evelyn, 'take the advice of one who dearly loves you, and form no friendship with that girl Miss Botherem, for she may bother you enough yet when perhaps you will not be able to get rid of her.'

The well meant opposition of Mary only added fuel to the flame, and made her only cling the closer to her new friend. Miss Botherem undertook to show Miss Augusta

the city of Paris, taking care to bring her to all the shops. The very first day, she saw a pale-blue silk dress that quite suited her complexion, and a ring that fitted her exactly; in fact, everything that she laid her saucer eyes upon she coveted, and Miss Augusta Evelyn had to pay for. Matters went on in this manner for about three years, when Lady Evelyn, having a matrimonial scheme in view for her eldest daughter, suddenly recalled them home. Very sad was the parting between Miss Augusta Evelyn and her friend. Miss Botherem hinted that she had no objections in the world to accompany her home. But Miss Augusta had a misgiving that her parents would not quite approve of Miss Botherem being an inmate of Evelyn Park. She therefore told her that they must part for the present, because her parents were very disagreeable people, who could not appreciate the friendship that subsisted between them, but added, 'Dearest Lucy, if ever I am married you shall come and live with me until you get married yourself; indeed, I shall take upon myself the pleasing task of getting you a husband.' After having agreed to correspond with each other they parted, Miss Augusta Evelyn drowned in tears, of course.

Among the guests at Evelyn Park, when the sisters arrived, was Lord Thomas Mannerly, a son of the Duke of Beveland. It was this nobleman that Lady Evelyn had in view as a son-in-law. True, he was only a younger son, but then he possessed a very splendid property, called Stratton Hall, which he inherited from his mother. To the great joy of Lady Evelyn he proposed for her eldest daughter. Mary, who only esteemed him as a friend, wished to decline the honour, but her mother by threats and entreaties forced her into compliance, and preparations were making for the marriage when Captain Elliot, the son of an old friend of Sir Robert's, arrived at Evelyn Park. No sooner had Mary seen Captain Elliot than she bitterly regretted her foolish compliance with the wishes of her mother. He not only was younger and handsomer than his lordship, but his manners also were more fascinating. Besides, there was not a poet, ancient or modern, living or dead, whom he did not know something about. He was the very being likely to engage the affections of a girl like Mary. To do Miss Evelyn justice, she did all in her power to fix her affections upon her intended husband. But the effort was vain. The nearer the wedding-day approached the more unhappy she felt herself, and although she never said anything upon the subject, yet her pale cheeks and melancholy eyes told the tale plainly enough. When Captain Elliot saw Mary first he admired her greatly, but understanding that she was engaged, honour forbade him expressing his sentiments. But his keen eyes were not long in seeing that this intended marriage was dreaded and abhorred by her. So finding Mary alone one day, he commenced catechising her upon the subject, and finding that the proposed match was only of her mother's making, and that Mary could not endure his lordship, he urged his own suit so well that she ran away with him that very night to Gretna Green.

Lady Evelyn was the first who heard of the elopement next morning, being informed of the circumstance by Mary's maid. It would be impossible to describe her rage and disappointment, which were vented in reproaches upon the head of her unfortunate child; but Lady Evelyn was what the world would call a clever, managing woman; so, instead of wasting any more time in grief, she told the maid to tell Lord Thomas that she wished to speak with him in the library. When his lordship entered, she said, 'My lord, you must prepare yourself to hear a very distressing piece of news, but which in the end I am sure your lordship will regard in the light of a blessing. Know, then, that foolish girl, Mary, has eloped with Captain Elliot.'

'Oh, the villain! I shall pursue him to the end of the world!' exclaimed his lordship.

'My lord,' said Lady Evelyn, 'I am very glad that she did run off, for I know very well that if she had been married to your lordship it would have killed my poor Augusta.'

'I do not understand your ladyship,' said Lord Thomas.

'Well, my lord, you must know that my dear Augusta has always been most distractedly in love with your lordship; but the noble-minded girl concealed her feelings on account of her sister. This I discovered this morning by her excessive joy when she heard of her sister's elopement. I do assure your lordship that you may think yourself very fortunate in having the ardent love of a girl like my sweet Augusta, at the very time that you have been slighted and jilted by her sister.'

So well did this artful woman act her part, and cajole his lordship, that ere they left the room he had proposed for her youngest daughter, to whom in less than two months he was married. Lady Mannerly being now settled in life, according to promise, wrote for her dear friend Miss Botherem to come and live with her.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs Elliot had written repeatedly home for forgiveness, but without success. Poor Mary's offence lay not in having eloped, but in having gone off with a man of limited income. Had she gone off with a man of fortune, however profligate his character might be, Lady Evelyn would have received her again with open arms. She might indeed have obtained her father's forgiveness, had he ever known that she had solicited it, but all her letters were carefully concealed from him, and his mind poisoned against her by her mother. As for Lady Mannerly, she did not find her home the elysium that she had expected it to be with her dear bosom friend. The first thing that broke the romantic spell that bound her was the behaviour of Miss Botherem, who had a very unhappy passionate temper, and could not bear the slightest contradiction. If her ladyship dared to differ in opinion from her in the least degree, she would storm so loud as to be heard from garret to kitchen, then she would sob herself into hysterics, and frighten Lady Mannerly to such an extent, that she was very glad to purchase peace by making her some handsome present. Miss Botherem was besides very forward in her manners, and in order to show that she was not a dependant, in the presence of visitors, she engrossed all the conversation, and gave herself the most ridiculous airs. Poor Lord Thomas suffered in silence, and merely thought to himself that his lady-fair had rather a strange taste to allow herself to be bored by such a woman. Years passed away, but brought no relief to Lady Mannerly. The only change in Miss Botherem was, that she increased in bulk and ill temper. One may ask, 'why did not Lady Mannerly send away this very disagreeable woman?' The reason was this. When Miss Botherem arrived first at Lady Mannerly's house, her ladyship was so simple and foolish as to tell her all her family concerns, all the failings of her relations, all her papa's oddities, and her mamma's cleverness in courting a husband for her, &c. Now, Lady Mannerly knew full well, if she was to send her away, that she would expose and ridicule her to everybody that she met. Besides, had not she asked Miss Botherem to remain with her until she (Miss Botherem) was married; a circumstance that, alas! was never likely to take place, for she had been with her, at the time the first chapter commences, upwards of twenty years.

To return to the morning that her ladyship had received the letter about her niece. After she had recovered from the agitation that her 'bosom friend' had thrown her into, she ordered a servant to take a carriage down to St Katharine's Wharf, and inquire if the Royal Adelaide had arrived, and bring Miss Elliot home. The family of Lady Mannerly consisted of three daughters, lately returned from Paris, where they had been finishing their education, and an only son, aged seven years, the pride and darling of his parents. The heir of Stratton Hall was very much spoiled. No person dared to contradict him in anything lest he should take fits, a disease that he was subject to from his birth. Anybody that he took a dislike to was banished the house, of course. Miss Botherem had always kept him in good-humour by cramming him with bonbons, which she got at Lady Mannerly's confectioner's, and of course had nothing to pay for. She had no sooner heard

that Miss Elliot was coming upon a visit to her aunt, than she thought it would be a good stratagem to make the Hon. Master Mannerly take a dislike to his cousin, which would be sure to accelerate her departure from the house. For she dreaded lest he should take a fancy to her, and herself be thrown into the shade. She therefore went to look for him, and having found him upon his rocking-horse in the hall, she carried him up to her room, and placing him upon the dressing-table, and taking a package of bonbons from her pocket, she said, 'Don't you love your own Lucy?'

'Yes, ma'am,' replied the Hon. Master Mannerly.

'Don't ma'am me, sir, I tell you' (giving him a shake). 'I have told you fifty times never to ma'am me, sir. But I suppose, you malicious little cub, that you wish to make me appear as old as the hills.'

'What shall I call you?' inquired the heir of Stratton Hall.

'Lucy, sweet Lucy, when any one is present,' said Miss Botherem. 'Now, my love,' she continued, in a wheedling tone, 'you have a cousin coming from Scotland. But she can't give you bonbons like your own Lucy. Oh, you will never get anything from her. She is nothing but a poor beggar, reared among a set of low savages.'

'Oh, dear! oh, dear!' cried the Hon. Master Mannerly, the tears filling his sweet blue eyes, 'are those the men that kill people with bows and arrows and then roast and eat them?'

'Oh, no! you little fool, you are thinking of the savages of New Zealand; and people of Scotland, to do them justice, are not cannibals. I merely meant, by calling them savages, that they are greatly inferior to the English in point of intellect, education, dress, and food. There is not the slightest fear of any one eating you when you have your own Lucy to protect you.'

'May I go away now, Lucy?' asked the Hon. Master Mannerly. 'Sweet Lucy, are you done with me?'

'No, sir, not yet,' said she. 'Mark what I am going to tell you. When you see me in the ball-room talking to Sir Edward Seton, you are to come and throw your arms round my neck, give me two or three kisses, and say dear Lucy, sweet Lucy. Now, do you understand me, sir?'

'Oh, yes!' said the tiny little fellow. 'When I see you talking to Sir Edward Seton I am to throw my arms about your neck, give you two or three kisses, and say dear Lucy, sweet Lucy; isn't that what I am to do?'

'Yes; that is it,' said Miss Botherem.

The Hon. Master Mannerly being at last dismissed, flew off to remount his rocking-horse, whilst Miss Botherem descended to the drawing-room, where she found the Hon. Misses Mannerly sitting in full divan, speaking of their intended visitor; and here we must, for the present, leave them.

POEMS AND SONGS, BY DAVIS, THE BELFAST MAN.*

It is refreshing, after wandering with aching head and weary eyes through the artificial inanities, published and unpublished, lately served up to us as modern poetry, to find at last something truly genuine. It is delightful to exchange the 'gumflower' exhibition, however gaudy and trim that exhibition may be, for nature's own bower, where you see the vigour of life and the freshness of the dew; where you exchange paint and gauze for the hues which are a part of the flower's essence, and for the fragrance which it exhales. No matter though a ragged thorn or a stinging prickly may sometimes be hid beneath the leaves, or show itself upon the branches, the plant is of nature; you recognise it to be so, and you dwell with satisfaction upon the source of its life, although its form and its hues may neither be so beautiful nor so perfect as those of art. The 'Poems and Songs' of Davis are poems and songs; warm, thrilling, enthusiastic, beautiful idealisations, that Moore might be proud to own. Fancy, ima-

gination, wit, fire, and melody are beaming from them like beauty from the eyes of Erin's daughters, and the fervour and strength of a robust and glowing patriotism flow through them like the life-blood of health. It is not fashionable just now to praise poetry—the tuneful art is at a discount—the age is watching for and has long been demanding a new poet, and 'wolf, wolf,' has been so often shouted in her ear to no purpose that she is now more than suspicious of the little gilt duodecimos that are mincingly ushered in as title-deeds to fame. This suspicion does no harm to nine-tenths of the 'blethers strung up in rhyme' that the press is now and again delivered of, but to a book like that now before us it would be a positive downright injury. We mistake the Irish character, if the big tear has not again and again started unbidden from its shrine at the wailing of this minstrel; and that he has made the eye gleam and the breast swell with the influence of his own inspirations, no one who knows what Irish patriotism and hope are can doubt. These compositions, the author tells us, were thrown off during the hours of constant and not very inspiring labour. While the shuttle was flying across the loom, and his hands and feet were employed in combining the warp and woof of a thin and light web of linen, the images of poetry were dancing in the chambers of his brain and combining themselves into the beautiful embodiments which are now before us. They were written down at night, and sent off to the journals almost immediately after being transcribed. We would not have admitted this as an excuse, however, had they been the abortions for which the same plea is often urged; but being the full-born vigorous emanations that they really are, we are forced to admit the circumstances of their birth as an element of the wonder with which we regard them. Many of these songs and poems are intensely national and intensely patriotic. They are vehement protests against the present position of Ireland amongst the nations, and they look to a traditional era, with glowing intensity and tearful regret as the era of green Erin. It is in this chiefly that we are disappointed. Mr Davis is a poet; nature has given him great powers, and has placed him amongst a warm-hearted, impulsive, generous people—a people that are almost too sensitively alive to the thrilling vibrations of the harp-strings. All the elements of a great future are in Ireland and the Irish, and serious are the responsibilities of those whom nature has destined to act upon their minds and guide them, if, instead of pointing towards the Canaan of the future, they wait for the Goshen of the past. We admire Mr Davis's genius—our heart at once recognises him as a poet—and if ever this notice should meet his eye, we trust he will look upon it not as the criticism of a mere professional scribbler, but as the earnest appeal of a brother man to him, to inspire his lays with love and peace and brotherhood; arm them not with the magnificent passion of Celt against Saxon, or Ireland against any nation, but infuse into them the *puissance* of Christ, the unconquerable power of a certain triumph and interminable advancement. Hope and direction for the future, drawn from the experiences of the past, will be far more substantial elements of utilitarian poetry than phonic wailings over the days that have passed into the abyss of time. This is an utilitarian age, and as poetry is far more utilitarian in its nature than has been hitherto generally allowed, we should rejoice to see so powerful a *chansonnier* as Mr Davis engaged in smoothing the asperities of national animosity, and in teaching his generous countrymen that there are good men in all lands who weep over Erin's sorrows and rejoice in her hopes. We have too much patriotism ourselves to blame the source from which the following aspirations spring, yet we must point them out as an illustration of the spirit we have condemned:

'Then on, my Tipperary heart,
Or snow or blow the weather;
For now, nor cold, nor drove apart,
We'll brave the blast together.
'Twas thus of old, our brave and bold
Laid shoulder up to shoulder,
When they who sought to make the slave
As often made the soldier.

* Belfast: John Henderson.

Oh, deathless men, and deathless days!
 To what have tyrants brought us?
 'Twere even wrong to sing your praise,
 This d——g creed they've taught us:
 But though they teach, or though they preach,
 Or though their hosts surround us,
 The glory of those days shall stretch
 A burning rampart round us.'

Mr Davis has too much good sense not to know that the burning halo of war-derived glory is but a poor recompense for the loss of maidens like Kathleen ban Adair, and of men like her young hero, and that one smiling cottage upon the bosom of lovely Erin is worth all the triumphs of the great Brian Boru. We cannot resist our desire to extract the following genuine emanation of Irish feeling and woman's love; it is faultless in sentiment; it is true to its profession, that of speaking the feelings of a wife who is proud of her husband, and who wails over his condition as a slave:

MY KALLAGH DHU ASTHORE.

'Again the flowery feet of June
 Have track'd our cottage-side;
 And o'er the waves the timid moon
 Steals smiling like a bride:
 But what were June or flowers to me,
 Or waves, or moon, or more,
 If evening came and brought not thee,
 My Kallagh dhu asthore?
 Let others prize their lordly lands,
 And sceptres gemm'd with blood;
 More dear to me the honest hands
 That earn my babes their food.
 And little reck we queens or kings,
 When daily labour's o'er,
 And by the evening ember sings
 My Kallagh dhu asthore.
 And when he sings, his every song
 Is sacred freedom's own;
 And, like his voice, his arm is strong,
 For labour nursed the bone:
 And then his step, and such an eye!
 Ah, fancy! touch no more;
 My spirit swims in holy joy
 O'er Kallagh dhu asthore.
 His voice is firm, his knee is proud,
 When pomp's imperious tone
 Would have the freeborn spirit bow'd
 That right should bow alone;
 For well does Kallagh know his due,
 Nor ever seeks he more;
 Would Heaven mankind were all like you,
 My Kallagh dhu asthore!
 And Kallagh is an Irishman,
 In sinew, soul, and bone;
 Not e'en the veins of old Sheveban
 Are purer than his own:
 The wing of woe has swept our skies,
 The foreign foe our shore,
 But stain or change thy race defies,
 My Kallagh dhu asthore.
 What wonder then each word he said
 Fell o'er my maiden day,
 Like breathings o'er the cradle-bed
 Where mothers kiss and pray!
 Though dear your form, your cheek, and eye,
 I loved those virtues more,
 Whose bloom nor ills nor years destroy,
 My Kallagh dhu asthore.
 Oh, could this heart, this throbbing thing,
 Be made a regal chair,
 I'd rend its every swelling string,
 To seat you, Kallagh, there.
 And, oh, if honest worth alone
 The kingly bauble bore,
 No slave wert thou, my blood, my bone,
 My Kallagh dhu asthore!'

Although our reason and principles emphatically disclaim the vehemence of expression used in some of the pieces, and the means by which this poet would seek to redress the wrongs of his country, yet we confess that it must be a colder heart than ours that would not respond to the following apostrophe:

'Then, what though thy bridal dress, dear isle,
 May be dipt in a midnight stain,
 Thou art loved by the true no less, dear isle,
 And the false hand breaks no chain.
 But thy darksome dress shall be changed ere long
 To a robe of the fairest dye;
 For the souls are ripe, and the hands are strong
 That shall brush every blackness by—
 When a spectre horde,
 Or a phantom sword,
 May not sever their holy tie.'

We think that we have seen in the songs and poems of this unpretending bard the simplicity and lightness of touch, together with the beauty of diction and vigour, of Beranger, and, in some of his more pathetic compositions, the earnestness and pathos of Felicia Hemans. If he would only somewhat change his idealism, Ireland might be proud to claim his *clairsach*, as one of the most powerful and ideal that son of hers has strung. We have seldom seen anything so full of wit, truth, and the philosophy of human nature as the poem 'inscribed to Masters Robert Patterson Elliot and John McDowell Elliot, of the Old Lodge, Belfast, as a small but sincere token of the writer's gratitude to their worthy parent,' and modestly headed 'Lines on the blank leaves of a book:'

Take this book, my boys, Earnestly peruse it; Much of after lies In the way ye use it: Keep it neat and clean. For remember, in it, Every stain that's seen Marks a thoughtless minute.	Fortune's truly blind, Fools may be her captors; But the wealth of mind Stands above their sceptres. Value not the lips Swiftest kept in motion; Fleetly-sailing ships Draw no depth of ocean: Snatch the chary gleam, From the cautious knowing; For the deepest stream Scarcely lisps 'tis flowing.
Life is like a book, Time is like a printer, Darting now his look Where has gloom'd no winter. Thus he'll look and on, Till each page allotted, Bobby, thee and John, Printed be or blotted.	Flashing wit revere, As a summer flower That a fool may wear For a passing hour: Write its painted rays, Knavery's lackney'd hobby; Wisdom's purer blaze Burns while shining, Bobby.
Youth's a sunny beam Dancing o'er a river, With a flashing gleam, Then away for ever. Use it while ye may, Not in childish mourning— Not in childish play, But in useful learning.	Cull from bad and good Every seeming flower, Store it up as food For some hungry hour: Press its every leaf, And remember, Johnny, Even weeds the chief May have drops of honey.
As your years attain Life's meridian brightness, Hourly seek and gain Genuine politeness: This lives not in forms, As too many teach us— Not in open arms, Not in silken speeches,	Touch nor taste with crime, Ere so lightly painted; For that printer time Ever tells the tainted. Justice never robs; Boys, you'll find that rather Crimes and pickled rods Bud and bloom together.
Not in haughty eye, Not in artful dealing, Not within the sigh Of a mimic'd feeling: But its lights preside Rich in nature's splendour, Over honest pride, Gentleness, and candour.	Pomp and power alone Never make a blessing; Seek not e'en a throne By one wretch distressing. Better toil a slave For the blood-earn'd penny Than be rich, and have A curse on every guinea.
From your hearts condemn Vain gesticulation; Or we see a gem Dimm'd by affectation: Fashion's forms may do, Where there's vice below them, But where hearts are true, Simple words can show them.	Think, my gentle boys, Every man a brother! That's where honour lies, Nay, but greatness rather: One's the mystic whole; Lordly flesh wont know it, But, the kingly soul, Sees but vice below it.
Slight ye not the soul For the frame's demerit; Oft a shatter'd bowl Holds a mighty spirit; Never search a breast By the ruby's glances; Pomp's a puppet fellow, Danced by circumstances.	Bobby, thoughts like these, Store you more than money; Read them not to please, But to practise, Johnny. Artless though their dress, As in infant's dimple, Truth is none the less For being truly simple.
What is good and great, Sense can soon determine; Prize it though ye meet Or in rags or ermine.	

We tell Mr Davis candidly that we differ from him in some things, but in more we heartily agree, and with pleasure and gratitude we do homage to him as a true poet, and we heartily recommend his volume to all lovers of genuine song.

STATISTICS OF PARIS.

It is only of late years that the great value and interest of statistical information have been fully recognised. Now statistics are brought to bear on every social and political question. Of these not the least important is that relating to towns—their increase, revenue, expenditure, and internal policy. Various branches of the subject have,

from time to time, been noticed in the INSTRUCTOR, and we propose in the present article to bring forward a few facts derived from the official returns of Paris, as classified in a periodical work* published in that city.

We have first a statement of the outlay and income for a period of forty-three years, and it is interesting to note the gradual manner in which order and regularity take the place of disorder and irregularity. At one time the control of municipal measures was vested in five different authorities acting independently of each other; and the imposts levied on the inhabitants, instead of exhibiting anything like a comprehensive scheme of finance, rather exemplified the caprices of the national rulers.

It was under the Directory that Paris, after having been for some time without any regular administration, was divided into *arrondissements*, or districts. During the Consulate the municipal officers were appointed by government; and it was only in 1834 that the metropolis of France recovered its ancient right of electing its own administrators. With this body are associated some of the principal citizens, and the best effects are said to have resulted from this act of justice, as evidenced in the public improvements, and better management of the municipal revenues. Many undertakings which had been talked of for years have been since carried on and completed by the civic council.

At the commencement of the present century the total annual revenue of Paris was about 12,000,000 of francs; † in 1845 it was 46,017,214 francs. This revenue is derived from various sources:—taxes on property, business, and consumption, water supply, sale of corporation estates, &c.—the chief amount being raised indirectly on commodities brought into the city for the use of the inhabitants. A large extent of Paris is encircled by a wall several yards in height and about fourteen miles in compass, pierced with fifty-five gates or *barrières*. At each of these gates a guard is constantly stationed, for the purpose of levying the duties upon the produce brought in for sale. These duties compose the tax known as the *octroi*; it is not confined to Paris, but is levied at many other of the towns and cities of France. In 1843, the sum raised by this means in the capital amounted to 32,512,763 francs; of this total 15,000,000 were paid on wine, spirits, and other liquids; on articles of food 6,000,000; fuel 5,000,000: the remainder was made up by building materials and provender for horses and cattle. Fifty years ago the *octroi* amounted to not more than 12,000,000, and the increase has often been pointed to as an evidence of prosperity; but the published returns show that many more articles are taxed now than formerly, while the entries of nutritious food, such as was once eaten by the bulk of the working classes, are greatly diminished. In 1801, when the population was 548,000, the number of cattle, calves, and sheep brought into the city was 467,000; but in 1843, with a population of 936,000, the number of animals was not more than 527,000. Instead of beef and mutton, the industrial section of the community now prefer the more stimulating diet of pork. Various preparations of this meat, to the amount of 1,200,000 lbs., are annually consumed in the city, besides 80,000 hogs, sold in joints. And while the consumption of wine has diminished, that of ardent spirits has augmented. In 1801 the Parisians drank 49,000 gallons alcoholic liquors, now they drink nearly 2,000,000.

Down to the year 1818, every butcher in Paris killed and prepared on his own premises the animals exposed for sale. The results of these operations were precisely such as are found in London and the large towns of this country at the present time—hinderance and inconvenience occasioned by the driving of cattle through crowded streets, danger of sudden outbreaks of fury from the overdriven beasts, and injury to health from the nauseous effluvia of

the slaughter-houses. The evil was remedied during Napoleon's vigorous administration by the erection of five extensive *abattoirs*, or slaughter-houses, on the outskirts of the city. Eighteen million francs were expended in ground and buildings; the latter cover a space of 44,000 square yards; they are paved in the interior, and, being surrounded with trees, and kept as remote as possible from the neighbouring houses, exist rather as important edifices than as nuisances. The total extent of surface enclosed for the five *abattoirs* is 166,000 square yards, including 8 tripe-houses, 28 melting-houses, and 240 slaughter-houses. Water is abundantly distributed to every part by means of steam machinery. The revenue derived from these establishments is 1,092,429 francs. The sum obtained as rent for stalls and standings in the *balles*, or public markets, amounts to 2,230,595 francs: on bread and flour the amount raised is only 58,000 francs, but on game and poultry 800,000, and on oysters 130,000. The price of the latter is said to have increased within the past few years from one and a half to twenty-two francs per thousand.

As regards water supply, the poor of Paris labour under the same disadvantages as the mass of the population in this country. Large proprietors and manufacturers are supplied with water on their own premises at the aggregate charge of 500,000 francs annually. But the petty shopkeepers and artisans are obliged to purchase from the water-carriers, of whom there are about 700; and as it is calculated that each one makes a clear yearly profit of 2000 francs, it follows that the poor pay for the common yet essential article of water four times more than their wealthier neighbours. That which costs 500,000 francs to the one class, costs 2,000,000 to the other. Thirty years ago a company petitioned the authorities for permission to send the water into every house by means of pipes; but dread of riot on the part of the water-carriers, who came principally from the province of Auvergne, is said to be the reason for perpetuating the monopoly.

No sooner does merchandise of any description enter Paris than it is seized by a host of officials for the purpose of being weighed, gauged, measured, leaded, or stamped. If a citizen wish to build, or make any improvements in his house, due notice must be given to the commissary-inspectors. The amount produced by these transactions is 440,000 francs. The duty on hackney-carriages adds 428,000 francs to the municipal income, the number of vehicles being, according to the tables, 300 omnibuses, each taxed at 400 francs, and 733 cabs, plying within the walls: a large proportion, in addition to the latter, is not, however, included in the statement. Private carriages pay no duty.

In charges for interments the authorities obtain a revenue of 1,250,000 francs yearly, and for the sweepings of the streets 500,500. This refuse is sold to the gardeners in the vicinity of the city at the rate of 3 francs per cubic yard. It is deposited in large receptacles, where, after fermenting for twelve months, its value is nearly doubled. The income accruing from the leases of these receptacles is about half a million, so greatly has the worth of manures increased within the past ten years. On apportioning the sum total of the various branches of revenue, it amounts to 39 francs per head of the population of the city.

Under the head of expenses, the gross amount, as given for the year 1843, is 47,341,361 francs. A large proportion of this sum consists in debts incurred during the occupation of Paris by foreign troops, and the disturbances of July 1830. These, it is said, will be entirely liquidated in 1874, should no unforeseen calamities intervene. With so large an army of supervisors and officials of every grade, it is not surprising to find the expenses of management amounting to 3,000,000 of francs annually; this is inclusive of police, which costs 9,000,000. The latter charge comprehends lighting, watching, and cleansing. There are 5000 gas lamps; but in some districts the old oil lights are still to be seen.

* *Revue des deux Mondes*.

† Twenty-five francs make one pound sterling. Any sum of francs may be converted into pounds by multiplying all the figures except the last two by four.

The most considerable item in the list of expenses is that for the poor; and some of the details connected with this part of the subject are sufficiently interesting to claim further notice. The administration of the charitable institutions of Paris is intrusted to a council of fifteen individuals, selected by the king, and presided over by the prefects of the Seine and of police. The subordinate officials, counting clerks, stewards, almoners, religious visitors, and nurses, number 2328; and, reckoning charges for medical advice, the annual expenses for management and supervision amount to 1,300,000 francs. The council have the direction of eight general hospitals containing 3113 beds, and six special hospitals with 2743 beds intended for diseases requiring particular treatment; of eight asylums, open to old age, infancy, lunacy, destitution, and general infirmity, the care of 20,000 foundlings, and relief of indigent families in their own homes. Besides these, there are eight accessory establishments for baking, spinning, &c., and a dispensary—the whole involving a large amount of exertion for their proper management, with a total annual charge of 15,000,000. In 1843, 83,825 patients were admitted to the hospitals: of these one-tenth died, making an aggregate of 2,011,865 days of treatment, at an average of 1 franc and 80 centimes per day for each case. For the aged and infirm the charge is somewhat smaller, but the number of days of relief amounts to 3,643,720. In the same year 20,000 convalescent poor were relieved on quitting the hospitals by the bequests of the benevolent M. Monthyon, the founder of the prizes for virtue. In another establishment 4000 aged women are employed in spinning, an occupation suited to their failing strength; their yearly earnings amounted to 134,725 francs. The twine spun by them is afterwards used in the weaving of coarse fabrics required in the service of the institutions. Eighty-six thousand indigent persons were relieved at their own residences, the average sum for each being 15 francs in the year, less than one sou per day.

The maintenance of foundlings appears to be the most unwelcome part of the municipal administration. It is no light duty to take charge of all the children abandoned by the vicious and unfortunate. Nurses are provided for them during their early infancy, and other guardians up to the age of twelve; they are then apprenticed, and remain under the eye of the authorities until their twenty-first year. Notwithstanding all the efforts made to diminish the charge for these forsaken children, and a mortality of one in nine, the expense to the city is over 2,000,000 of francs. The admissions to the various establishments in 1843 was nearly 6000. The rapid extension of railways, the large garrison maintained in Paris, and the influx of labourers employed on the fortifications, are said to be the causes of augmentation in the number of foundlings.

Paris contains several highly useful institutions to which the municipal administration contributes a small sum. Their maintenance, however, depends on private charity, which in these cases is active and ingenious. The *Mères de Famille*, and *Charité Maternelle*, aid poor women during the claims of maternity. The *Crèches*, a foundation of recent date, are open for infants in the cradle during the day—thus leaving to the mothers the opportunity of following their respective callings free of anxiety on account of their offspring. The *Aisle Fenelon* takes charge of 210 children between the ages of three and six; and 12 other societies provide for the education and settlement in life of 1000 orphans. To those whom a first fault has placed in a critical position charity attaches itself with vigilant tenderness. Sixty young girls rescued annually from the hospitals find a home in the *Ouvroir Gerando*. In other establishments, workmen and young men and women who have been in the hands of the police, are supported until the doors of their workshops are again opened to them. Such is the active zeal of the parties concerned, that, exclusive of the sum contributed by the municipality, all these praiseworthy objects are accomplished by subscriptions amounting to not more than 1,000,000 of francs.

The expense incurred under the head of popular instruction, including halls of refuge, primary schools, and adult classes, is nearly 1,000,000, for which 36,880 individuals of different ages received instruction. One hundred and thirty thousand francs additional are voted for the maintenance for 160 bursaries in the various colleges. Besides this, the city is under obligation to hire five churches and provide them with pastors, according to the requirements of the locality, at an annual charge of 90,000 francs. The maintenance of the cemeteries costs 400,000, the national guard 956,000, of which one-third is absorbed by the drummers.

The keeping up of the public thoroughfares and edifices constitutes one of the largest items of expenditure—nearly 4,000,000: of this sum one and a half millions are set down for paving alone. The sums spent in public improvements generally, since 1830, have been immense—above 100,000,000 of francs; of these improvements, one of the most important is the construction of 70 miles of sewers. The improvements yet to be effected will absorb an equal or greater sum.

In the foregoing sketch of municipal government in Paris, some details will be found worthy of all praise and imitation—the *abattoirs*, and institutions for the destitute and unfortunate. The *octroi*, however, although very profitable to the authorities, must tell fatally on the real prosperity of the city, while at the same time provoking all sorts of schemes for its evasion. A case in point recurs to our memory: For many weeks a gentleman's carriage passed daily through one of the *barrières*, and on its return was stopped by the guard to undergo the customary inspection; but nothing was found to excite suspicion, and the vehicle, with the black footman behind, was suffered to roll on. One day, however, during the usual search, one of the officials spoke to the negro, but receiving no answer he touched the liveried lackey on the well-developed calf of his white-stockinged leg, and, greatly to his surprise, encountered a hard unyielding substance. A further examination took place, when the portly black proved to be a man of tin, filled with wine, cunningly contrived to evade the duty. It is needless to add that the whole effects were confiscated. Without the *barrière* wine is one-third cheaper than within; a fact of which Parisian workmen take every possible advantage. On holidays their drinking-parties are all arranged to meet without the walls.

METEORIC SHOWERS.

WE now come to by far the most splendid display on record; which, as it was the third in successive years, and on the same day of the month as the two preceding, seemed to invest the meteoric showers with a periodical character; and hence originated the title of the November meteors. The chief scene of the exhibition was included within the limits of the longitude of 61 deg. in the Atlantic Ocean, and that of 100 deg. in Central Mexico, and from the North American lakes to the West Indies. Over this wide area an appearance presented itself far surpassing in grandeur the most imposing artificial fireworks. An incessant play of dazzlingly brilliant luminosities was kept up in the heavens for several hours. Some of them were of considerable magnitude and peculiar form. One of large size remained for some time almost stationary in the zenith, over the Falls of Niagara, emitting streams of light. The wild dash of the waters, as contrasted with the fiery uproar above them, formed a scene of unequalled sublimity. In many districts the mass of the population were terrorstruck, and the more enlightened were awed at contemplating so vivid a picture of the Apocalyptic image—that of the stars of heaven falling to the earth, even as a fig-tree casting her untimely figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind. A planter of South Carolina thus describes the effect of the scene on the ignorant blacks: 'I was suddenly awakened by the most distressing cries that ever fell on my ears. Shrieks of horror and cries for mercy I could

bear from most of the negroes of three plantations, amounting in all to about six or eight hundred. While earnestly listening for the cause, I heard a faint voice near the door calling my name. I arose, and, taking my sword, stood at the door. At this moment I heard the same voice still beseeching me to rise, and saying, 'O my God, the world is on fire!' I then opened the door, and it is difficult to say which excited me most—the awfulness of the scene, or the distressed cries of the negroes. Upwards of one hundred lay prostrate on the ground—some speechless, and some with the bitterest cries, but with their hands raised, imploring God to save the world and them. The scene was truly awful; for never did rain fall much thicker than the meteors fell towards the earth; east, west, north, and south it was the same.' This extraordinary spectacle commenced a little before midnight, and reached its height between four and six o'clock in the morning. The night was remarkably fine. Not a cloud obscured the firmament. Upon attentive observation, the materials of the shower were found to exhibit three distinct varieties:—1. Phosphoric lines formed one class, apparently described by a point. These were the most abundant. They passed along the sky with immense velocity, as numerous as the flakes of a sharp snow-storm. 2. Large fire-balls formed another constituent of the scene. These darted forth at intervals along the arch of the sky, describing an arc of 30 deg. or 40 deg. in a few seconds. Luminous trains marked their path, which remained in view for a number of minutes, and in some cases for half an hour or more. The trains were commonly white, but the various prismatic colours occasionally appeared, vividly and beautifully displayed. Some of these fire-balls, or shooting stars, were of enormous size. Dr Smith, of North Carolina, observed one which appeared larger than the full moon at the horizon. 'I was startled,' he remarks, 'by the splendid light in which the surrounding scene was exhibited, rendering even small objects quite visible.' The same, or a similar luminous body, seen at Newhaven, passed off in a north-westerly direction, and exploded near the star Capella. 3. Another class consisted of luminosities of irregular form, which remained nearly stationary for a considerable time, like the one that gleamed aloft over the Niagara Falls. The remarkable circumstance is justified by every witness, that all the luminous bodies, without a single exception, moved in lines, which converged in one and the same point of the heavens, a little to the south-east of the zenith.—*Gallery of Nature.*

DIFFUSION OF BOOKS.

If it be true that a wise man, like a good refiner, can gather gold out of the drossiest volume, and that a fool will be a fool with the best book, yea, or without a book, there is no reason that we should deprive a wise man of any advantage to his wisdom, while we seek to restrain from a fool that which, being restrained, will be no hinderance to his folly.—*Milton.*

COUNSEL TO MOTHERS.

Mothers! if you would train up your children to be useful members of society, keep them from running about the streets. The great school of vice is the street. There the urchin learns the vulgar oath or the putrid obscenity. For one lesson at the fireside he has a dozen in the kennel. Thus are scattered the seeds of falsehood, gambling, theft, and violence. Mothers, as you love your own flesh and blood, make your children cling to the hearth-stone. Love home yourself; sink the roots deep among your domestic treasures; set an example in this, as in all things, which your offspring may follow. It is a great error, that children may be left to run wild in every sort of street-temptation for several years, and that it will then be time enough to break them in. This horrid mistake makes half our spendthrifts, gamblers, thieves, and drunkards. No man would raise a colt or an ox on such a principle; no man would suffer the weeds to grow in his garden for any length of time, saying he could eradi-

cate them afterwards. Look at this matter, parents! See, more especially, that your children are not out at night, loitering around some coffeehouse or theatre. Mothers! make your children love home, and by all means encourage them to love you better than all human beings.

FEMALE OCCUPATION.

Among the indispensable qualifications of a well-educated lady, we would mention practical skill as a needlewoman. We recommend here neither what is called fine work, nor the fashionable and all-engrossing occupation of 'sorting shades of Berlin wool,' though an elegant taste may be employed in both; but we recommend the rarer and therefore more distinguished accomplishment of perfect and finished skill in the various operations included under the term plain work. Such skill, should a lady in after-life require to use it, will at least enable her to execute with facility and accuracy any 'delicacies of the craft' to her own taste, to say nothing of the greater advantage of qualifying her to judge of the performances of others in an important department of domestic economy; and, on the other hand, should her duty to her family require her to ply her own needle, she will certainly 'work' the more 'willingly with her hands,' in proportion as she feels herself able to work well—for there is a positive pleasure in the exercise of ability, and the consciousness of power is in itself enjoyment. With the envy of Dr Johnson, often adduced as an argument in favour of needlework, considered merely as a voluntary occupation, we could never sympathise—'If a man cannot hem a pocket-handkerchief, there is no lack of small matters on which he may, without degradation, so amuse and employ himself as to deprive him of all claim to make his tedious idleness an excuse for tormenting his friends and acquaintances.' A better argument in favour of fine and fancy work—especially if such work be rendered, as it very generally is, subservient to purposes of kindness and affection—may be found in the fact that such work provides for the occupation of those brief pauses which will occasionally insinuate themselves between the employments of the best arranged 'domestic day'—of those spare minutes which are sometimes, and which, but for a piece of fancy knitting or worsted work, which lies always ready to the hand, and which may be taken up or laid down at any moment, would often be wasted in that most inexcusable of all conditions, as it respects women—absolute idleness. It should be observed too, that, in the ordinary course of domestic life, there are many hours during which a woman, if habitually industrious, and practically sensible of the value of time, improves, or exercises for the benefit of others, her mental faculties. How large an amount of necessary 'household work' may be accomplished, or, under appropriate circumstances, how many tasteful and beautiful articles of female manufacture, designed as offerings of grateful love to relatives or dear friends, may be begun and finished while reading or conversation occupies the family circle, none but those taught by happy experience can imagine. It should also be remembered that old age, which most of us hope to reach—and, more especially, female old age—must bring along with it, even in cases of the highest mental cultivation, many hours of weariness and discomfort; and the more, perhaps, as the morning of youth has been brilliant and exciting. If, then, the simple and homely occupations of knitting or netting be found to constitute a valuable resource in the winter of age, such arts are well worth the learning during the spring-time of youth.—*Englishwoman's Magazine.*

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WARS OF WORDS.

WORDS have played many a spirited game in human history, being alternately the friend and foe of truth; at one time shielding, at another time assaulting, the innocent. In themselves, indeed, they are nothing. They are mere symbols for as much or as little as men agree to connect with them. For this reason it is that they act so large a part in life, often serving to perplex intercourse as well as to assist it. If all men associated the same meanings with words, and used them with an honest purpose, the disputes which take their origin in language would of course disappear. No sooner would a man have anything to say, than, clothing it in the authorised words, he would announce it intelligibly to all. But the very nature and source of speech forbid a meaning that shall be universally recognised, much more the sinuosities of men's minds, their by-ends and concealed purposes, and wilful deceptions. Language is the most wayward birth of time. It lives several distinct lives; one beginning now, another some time after, and a third still later; each giving rise to others, till the first is often incapable of discrimination. Language, in fact, may be said to be instinct with as many meanings as there are individuals and occasions to use it. The object of it might indeed seem to indicate the reverse; since what is the end of language, if not to answer as a medium of thought from mind to mind? And if a common meaning be not assigned to a word, how can its use by one mind convey an intended meaning to another? A truth exists in these questions, for unless words transport a sense from mind to mind men might as well be dumb. But if one reflects a little, he will be sensible how much more speech suggests than expresses. In communicating a new idea, for example, all that can be done is to employ the accepted formula for the conception likeliest to it, and supplement the imperfect sense of this symbol by the force of some periphrasis or combination of adjuncts. After all is done, however, some general approximation at best is accomplished. Hence a fruitful source of confusion. Another is, the ignorance of some portions of mankind of the signs and formulas employed by others. Language as well as ideas must be learned; the expression of thought as well as thought itself. Sometimes the knowledge of signs and of the things signified is coeval; more often, however, a belief in things follows an acquaintance with words or precedes it. In the latter case, to what shifts are men prone to turn in order to conceal their ignorance! Appearances must be preserved, else the character for wisdom or eloquence is gone. Words, either by misuse or by abuse, are here, in some way or other, at hand for refuge. Few have the courage to meet the consequences, but they parry with

words till they can raise dust, under the covert of which they find a suitable shelter. A worse case is where words are used fraudulently, with deliberate intention to deceive. For these and other reasons, wars of words have been, are, and will continue to be.

In the economical arts and manufactures, no room exists for this mischievous sport, unless when competing inventors perplex the professional vocabulary by the application of more terms than one to the same thing. In general each article has a fixed name, known familiarly among the craft, and incapable of ambiguity by any cause usually at work in the formation of technical language. The exact sciences, as mathematics, by the preliminary condition which they impose of defining terms, escape most freely from this occasion of confusion. Disputes in these departments arise from other causes than the use of terms. It is rather in the mixed sciences, as morals, politics, legislation, law, philosophy, and religion, in which the feelings and passions are intimately concerned, that the war of words is waged with greatest frequency. Philosophy might indeed seem to be exempted from this remark; for does she not, as well as the strict sciences, exact a precise terminology, and impose upon her votaries the necessity of using words free of ambiguous meanings? It is true that she aims at enforcing these conditions; and, moreover, her very function is to rescue truth as well from errors of expression as from errors of thought. But philosophy can advance in her objects only by first using popular language, nor in her future course can she deviate far from the common track of expression except by appropriating popular terms in a scientific sense. The pathway, however, leading from the popular to the philosophical usage of language is thorny and steep, and inveterate tendencies are ever at work to drag a word from a new into its old and current sense. Men belong to the general world before they prosecute the study of philosophy, bringing into that field of inquiry all their early associations. Even while engaged in the pursuit, they remain men of common life, mixing in its affairs and exposed to every influence which circulates throughout society.

Theology, still more than philosophy, is open to the inroad of these influences, since it comes more home to the popular wants, and a greater number are recognised as legitimate cultivators of its territory. Here, accordingly, an arena for logomachy has been formed, into which persons of all degrees of skill, from the finished polemic down to the humblest wrangler, have descended to make trial of power. Words have shaken the peace of the religious world, not from any intrinsic value, but on account of what they stood for: just as a fortification on some barren rock has given rise to important wars, because of its acci-

dental value towards securing some rich prizes of land or commerce. It is, however, in the social circle, on occasions when gossip and small talk have been exchanged for more serious discussion, that the influence of words is seen to be greatest. Formal controversy, by writing, naturally suggests care in the selection of words, and a strict scrutiny on both sides of the terms used by the opposite party. But in conversation, which allows of laxer usage and of various digressions from the main point, with more of play and mere cleverness of debate, an oversight in the use of language is more frequent, and its detection, on the whole, less capable of being effected. The consequence is, that reply and rejoinder often follow one another with singular smartness throughout an entire evening's discussion, with no other result than bringing out at the end that both parties were agreed in the thing, differing only in the terms used. Onlookers, perhaps too easy or too flippant in their habit of mind to take part in anything more arduous than the gay prattle which usually enlivens the tea-table, or, what is quite as probable, too much amused as spectators, generally remark at the close, with dry humour, that nothing has been gained by all this tumult of discussion; that the conversationalists occupy the same ground which they held when they began; that, in short, the debate has been a war of words. The effect of this lively banter is, to infuse a misgiving into the minds of the disputants, and most probably to make them feel somewhat ridiculous. A few remarks, however, may serve to illustrate that discussion, if friendly, and conducted in a courteous spirit, even though it be a war of words, is not wholly useless; nay, that in every such case there is more or less advantage, and often the gain of a very considerable insight into thought and individual opinion.

To elicit the fact of an essential agreement between various minds, in a case in which a vital discrepancy was supposed to exist, is of itself an important benefit. Truth, although it is independent of numbers, yet, relative to human belief, acquires some force when acknowledged by different minds, where no collusion can be imagined to exist. We love to see our convictions attested by the convictions of others who have arrived by different routes, and under different circumstances, at the same conclusion. To agree is one thing, to know that we agree is another. The former is good but the latter is far better. Before discussion, and while each party announced the result of his inquiries, all seemed to be in the position of antagonists; each possessed his private opinion, and the conviction that it differed from the opinions of all the others. After debate, on the contrary, although each occupied the same position as before, the position of one is seen to be identical with that of all. Out of this recognition of identity originates a common feeling of sympathy. Individuals draw closer together, and they leave one another's company with the persuasion that there is more agreement among themselves than at first appeared. Advantageous as this impression may be in relation to the particular matter in discussion, still more serviceable is it in inspiring mutual respect and confidence with reference to other points of opinion. Difference seems not so hopeless, variety being acquiesced in as not inconsistent with unity any more in the moral world than in nature and providence.

But it is wonderful how little men know of what they profess to believe assuredly, until called upon to state, explain, or defend their articles of faith. In dim and dubious forms ideas remain in the mind, so long as they continue unexpressed; they may be true and proper to the mind which asserts them, but explicit statement is needed in order to give them power and amplitude. In friendly discussion, even when it only educes the pleasing fact that any difference existing is merely in variety of expression, the requisite demand for formal utterance is made; one view must be asserted, another vindicated, and a third explained; in these acts, no small energy is required or slight dexterity; meanwhile, what is faint and shadowy comes out in distinct relief, the irrelevant is cleared away, the insecure fixed, and the doubtful adjusted. Ever afterwards the ideas occur to the mind in a more vivid manner,

freer also of accidental circumstances, and with a less confused expression. Nor has discussion been simply available for giving precision to the thoughts. It has increased their number, by starting many new suggestions; defence invariably requiring a more circuitous range of remark than mere exposition. Subjects are touched upon which, regarded apart from the occasion, would have seemed most remote from the controverted topic. Afterwards, even when the immediate discussion has been long forgotten, hints thrown out on either side, in the heat of argument, recur to the disputants, connect themselves with other ideas, and lead insensibly into wider and more comprehensive fields of inquiry. An exercise so prolific of good may well be saved the taunt of unprofitableness. If no other benefit than the one just adverted to were found to authenticate its value, it might fairly plead its own apology on this single ground. Clear, manly thinking, together with a stock of fresh ideas on collateral topics to the one in debate, is an abundant compensation for the seeming folly of contending for a shadow or nonentity, of imagining a difference where there existed an agreement.

In truth, however, we have been deferring to incorrect usage of expression, in hitherto speaking as if an ascertained agreement between disputants were frequently the only fruit of discussion. Viewed more deeply, even in those cases where identity of opinion seems most complete, there must have been some difference, either in the mode of conceiving the thing or in the way of arriving at it, otherwise no variety of phrase would have been employed, or a verbal explanation would have satisfied all parties. One and the same idea admits of being variously regarded; it may be said to be spherical, and presents as many phases as there are points on its surface. The reason of debate in cases where there is ultimately found to be agreement often is that the disputants occupy different points of view—one standing in the view of fact, another in the logical, another in the speculative, another in the poetical, while another may post himself successively in all these points of view. When the seeming difference originates from this cause, discussion evolves the varying phases under which the idea appeared to the several controversialists, thereby multiplying the experience of each, by putting every one in possession of the experience of all the rest. The result, valuable though it be in itself, is even more important as a discipline. New worlds are opened to the mind, worlds before then unsuspected. The different orders of spirit are brought into sympathy with one another, toleration is inculcated, and progress made towards a more universal method of thinking.

But, in reviewing the benefits of this exercise, we must not overlook the most obvious of them, namely, the light thrown by it upon the mysteries of language. Words, although merely symbolic, and possessing no intrinsic meaning, are not on these accounts arbitrary in their origin, still less are they arbitrary in the laws by which their usage is regulated. Language has a history, exhibiting its embryo, growth, and decay. Being the instrument of human thought, both in its elaboration and expression, it has acted on speculation, and been reacted on by it. In fact, its history is coeval with that of humanity, and exhibits all the rises and falls, the fluctuations and transitions, intermixtures and modifications of the human race itself. Every influence, therefore, which exists in life tends to affect its formation. Consider, for example, the force of passion in moulding it. Words which are common and prosaic are elevated into the language of poetry so soon as they are used to give expression to imaginative emotion. In like manner, many terms once poetical descend by frequent usage into the vocabulary of prose. Employed in ordinary states of mind, and with relation to unimportant objects, they lose the sanctity they had gained from the poet. Even words the most picturesque in their original meaning, cease from this cause to touch us with any sense higher than a literal one. In conformity with this account of language, it is obvious that at any one time there must be a set of words more fit then to express human thought and emotion than any other set, and approximation to-

wards this fitness of expression is the aim of every man who is anxious to influence the world. Among the various formulas used by the individuals of a company to express one and the same general belief, some must be better than others; each, in a certain sense, may be the most proper to the person who uses it, but the mode of expression which gives utterance to the thought of the disputants with the greatest perspicuity, force, and beauty, is on the whole the best. Discussion furnishes the means of selection, and each controversialist in a war of words may learn something from the fact that his own formula, whatever be its relative value, has got some intrinsic defect, however slight, since it failed to expound to the rest an idea already their own, and which they were forward to acknowledge so soon as they succeeded in recognising it.

At this stage of our inquiry the question nevertheless irresistibly suggests itself. Is there, then, no such thing as logomachy or war of words—no disease of discussion which all wise men would escape—no bad habit in dispute, deserving of rebuke and eschewment? Assuredly, gentle reader, there is. But what we have already said will prepare us for more adequately dealing with this troublesome nuisance. Logomachy, strictly speaking, is contention for words as if they were *things*; it is the transference of that zeal in behalf of truth, that moral enmity against wickedness, which are legitimate so long as they are pure and enlightened to the claims of language. The fight, in this case, may not be a sham fight, but it will be a fight by mistake. Earnest enough the disputants, one or more of them, may be; rather too much so, we should say, for profit and courteous dealing. A little less flutter, more self-respect and respect for others, more wise acting for the truth, and logomachy would be among the things that have been. The case is, that in this noise and bustle in behalf of doctrine and morality there mixes not a little quackery; in general the logomachists have been at least pains to form their opinions, and to find the selectest phrase for their expression. Scarcely too much can be done to purify society of this species of contention. So long as it remains, truth is retarded in discovery and diffusion, love languishes, argument degenerates into verbosity, and the loudest speaker wins the hour from the wisest. In proportion as men grow in prudent earnestness, will they shun logomachy, which wastes the energy with no result, unless it be in increasing the evils which it implicitly professes to cure.

A practice of this kind, which the good and wise share more or less with the turbulent, could scarcely exist so much except for the partial truth from which it derives its pretext. Language has unquestionably a great influence upon thought and life: on which account the literary benefactor of mankind will be ever watchful to detect the influx of error through words and apply a timely remedy. Still words are words and nothing more, requiring care in their use and effort in their behalf at such times as they are liable to be abused; but no evil can be greater than to confound error in thought with error of expression—to identify immorality and incorrect usage of language. This, however, the logomachist virtually does; for he extends all the zeal and appropriate epithets of religious censor upon the mistakes of the literary blunderer.

Much remains yet to be done towards elevating the social circle into an instrument at once of recreation and of spiritual progress. Generally speaking, these objects are separated, being imagined to be incompatible at one and the same time. Either society is frivolous, by aiming no higher than at amusement, or it is ceremoniously religious by excluding gaiety and innocent excitement. Conversation partakes very much of this character, being usually one-sided—either empty or over serious. Improvement is taking place in this feature of life, and we cherish the hope of seeing, a few years hence, a change very much for the better. Discussion, if civil and sincere, and not disagreeably prolonged, is a great relief in an evening party, where gay entertainment has been previously predominant. The transition, however, must be gradual, and somewhat with the consent of the company, else it wears

the aspect of stiffness and formality, is uncongenial to the purpose of the evening, and is apt to be distasteful, especially to the young and sportive. No rule, of course, in a matter of this kind can be given, nor, if it could, would it be available to any whose previous education did not enable them to frame one for themselves. Higher wants will demand a more spiritual entertainment; an entertainment, we mean, adapted to the intellect and imagination, and other highest faculties of our nature. Until then, we must accommodate ourselves as well as possible to the existing arrangements, being as kind, courteous, instructive, and aspiring as our case and motives of duty permit us to be.

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE SHRINE OF ST MIRREN:

WITH NOTES BY THE WAY.

If first impressions be the most permanent, those of a stranger on entering that emporium of shawls and liberal politics, the town of Paisley, are not likely to prove favourable. Approaching it by railway from the east or west the view is rather picturesque. Here you see the town lying, partly built on and embosomed between two hills, several tall spires and stalks point up to the sky, and the surrounding 'braes of Gleniffer' on the one side, and long level strath of cultivated land and woods on the other, present rather a pleasing panorama. But 'tis distance lends enchantment to the view.' Your first notions are sadly dispelled on entering its precincts. Rows of straggling cottages, ill-built and worse kept; narrow streets and lanes, miserably paved, lined with houses erected without regularity, taste, or order; abundance of effluvia proceeding from confined corners, more piquant than pleasant; and crowds of ill-clad poor of both sexes, are things not at all prepossessing. But we had come on a pilgrimage to see the shrine of one of the most celebrated saints in Scotland, and having made up our mind to overcome first prejudices, we soon discovered that there are many things here worth noting, and which a cursory observer would probably overlook. The first of these which attracted our attention, and the one which best suits to make a beginning with, is the Abbey. This ancient and venerable structure stands on the east end of the town, not far from the banks of the River Cart, a small filthy stream, compounded of the refuse of dyers'-vats and offal, yet once immortalised by Burns. It was founded in the year 1160, by Walter, first high-steward of Scotland, and a large grant of land attached, subsequently formed into an orchard and gardens, but now the site of the new town. The original charter of foundation conveyed the lands and abbey *in perpetuum* to the Clunesian order of monks; these were by some means supplanted by the Cistercians or white monks, who, however, did not long enjoy their acquisition till the first occupiers again summarily dispossessed them, in whose hands it remained till the period of the Reformation. Crawford, in his 'History of Renfrewshire,' gives a list of upwards of thirty churches under its patronage; thus satisfactorily explaining why the benefice was a bone of contention. No trace remains of the first building erected here. Of the present Abbey, built by George Schaw, abbot in the reign of James III., the ruins stand, and the nave or chancel, occupied as one of the town churches, is still entire. It has been erected in the form of a cross, crowned with a high steeple, but the hands of our first reformers have left little of either steeple or cross for us to judge of. We entered by the north gate, from which side the best view of the building is obtained. The path leads through the churchyard—the oldest in the town—containing a great variety of quaint epitaphs and devices, which we could willingly linger an hour or two over. Here lie the bones of many a cowed shaveling, mouldering in the dust; many a fat and jolly abbot, as well as humble novice, are mingling here with the parent earth, long forgotten amid the nameless thousands who have crowded into the same narrow house after them. So dense is the mass of graves, that almost involuntarily

Hood's 'Lady's Dream' found itself on our tongue, with its intensely pictured scene of the densely peopled charnel-house.

Save the chancel of the Abbey, as already noticed, of which from this point you have a good view, the north transept is alone in any degree perfect; the choir being almost levelled to the ground. In this transept there is a beautifully painted Gothic window, divided in the centre by a slender pillar; the workmanship upon which, with the remains of arches and groings still discernible, affords no insignificant idea of the magnificence of old monastic institutions. From this we turned round to the west entrance of the present Abbey, or front of the building. It is adorned with three Gothic windows, surmounting the door, the columns and mouldings of which are in fresh preservation. On it and on two small arcades, one on each side of a similar style of architecture, there is cut in bold relief a series of ornamental work representing foliage, and the columns of the windows are intersected with mullions, divided into a variety of rich tracery. Along the outside of the building, nearly thirty feet from the ground, is an ambuscure walk, and another about as high again, secured by a small parapet wall, from the bottom of which a variety of long-necked figures, with grotesque quaint heads, spout off the water collected on the roof in rainy weather. On entering the building, we experienced a degree of awe stealing over our feelings—a solemnity of spirit awakened by the hallowed associations which flit through the mind while standing on ground where the Most High has for ages been worshipped, and which all the schooling of modern indifferencism cannot remove. There is something in the dim sunlight, streaming over quaint pillars, glancing off the fretted roof, and resting in the long aisles upon pews in corners, wherein your forefathers have listened to the word preached from that massive old oak pulpit, calculated to awake a reverential solemnity of heart. The church is about a hundred and ten feet in length, and rather more than half that width. The roof is highest in the centre, supported by a row of pillars dividing the body from the aisles on each side. These are all semi-arched; and adorned with juttings above the cornices. The gallery is divided into as many sections as there are pillars, and in front of each section the family arms of one of the old houses in the neighbourhood is carved. Above the galleries there were originally six beautiful pedestals, five of which only remain, and on these, it has been supposed by some, that figures of the twelve apostles stood. A circular window, of stained glass, admits light to the east end of the church; beneath it is a monument of white marble, erected by the county to the memory of William McDowall of Castle-Semple, bearing date 1810. On the south side of the church is the Earl of Abercorn's burying-place, formerly a small oratory or Gothic chapel, vaulted, with groins and intersecting stone ribs, a style of ornament now common enough in the modern churches throughout the country. On the east gable, considerably above the ground, are the remains of an altar-piece and a number of sculptured figures similar to those on the south side, described by Crawford in his history as 'three priests standing and one sitting, and others in the attitude of confession; next is a priest standing and a man confessing, and others kneeling; next another altar similar; next a priest standing, administering extreme unction to a man who is prostrate at his feet; next are three priests standing beside the tabernacle; next is a bishop with a gown on, and priest beside him in the act of pardoning a transgressor.' Some of the figures leave us in doubt a little as to the correctness of the historian's description, but till some competent antiquarian can give us a more satisfactory explanation the matter must rest as it is. The pixina or font stands on the south side of the aisle, corroborative of the tradition that this was the seat of the altar of St Mirren, had any doubt existed as to the original purpose for which the building was erected. Here are interred the remains of Marjory Bruce, mother of Robert II., covered with an altar-tomb upon which is cut in stone the figure of a female recumbent, the head

surmounted by an exquisitely carved canopy, and near it an inscription on the wall dedicated to the family of the Hamiltons. There is a tradition afloat of a monument, in the shape of a stone cross, having been erected over the spot where this unfortunate princess lost her life in hunting, but like many others it is far from satisfactory, although the destruction of it is quite succinctly related by several historians. It is true there is a round mound of earth close to the road betwixt Paisley and Renfrew, pointed out as the spot where the accident happened, but one of the most authentic of our records says it occurred on 'Grief, near Renfrew.' This is rather a conflicting statement than reconcilable with the first, for Grief (either the stream known by that name or the district through which it flows) is not near Renfrew, being at least five miles from it, and equally far from the spot where the cross is said to have stood. This aisle has long been celebrated for its remarkable echo. Pennant, in his tour, calls it the finest in Scotland, and gives a very vivid account of the effect of a note of music or the sound of an instrument in it. Though since his time it has suffered considerable mutilation and alteration, it still claims to be the best we ever heard. Our guide shut the door after our entrance, and closing out the light of heaven, requested us to test its effect. Our words were caught up and repeated, with the utmost distinctness, some twenty or thirty times, till they seemed at length to die away at an immense distance. We can only guess that the effect of music would be very grand, from a specimen one of our party ventured to treat us to; but as the original proved anything but melodious, the repetition of it was rather ridiculous than impressive. 'I never was so much ashamed of the sound of my own voice before,' replied he, as the last hoarse grumble muttered away in the distance. The door was again opened and the light of day flooded in upon us. Taking another look at the tomb of the unfortunate queen, lying close by the ashes of her meanest subjects, we felt the force of the words of good old Jeremy Taylor, regarding the levelling influence of death, alike on monarch and on beggar. 'There is an acre sown with royal seed, the copy of the greatest change from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins, from living like gods to die like men. There the warlike and the peaceful, the fortunate and the miserable, the beloved and the despised princes mingle their dust, and pay down the symbol of their mortality, and tell the world, that, when we die, our ashes shall be equal to kings, and our accounts easier, and our pains for our crowns shall be less.'

'The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings.
Sceptre and crown,
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.'

Leaving the shrine of the female saint, without doing other penance than bestowing an honorarium on the keeper and plashing ourselves with mud by passing along a dirty puddle that leads from it to the centre of the town, we strolled leisurely along the High Street to the west end of the town. Here, at the termination of the hill which bounds it on the north, are the vestiges of a pretorium or Roman camp, now transformed into the base occupation of a bowling-green. A similar trace of encampment exists on a hill, Castlehead, running nearly parallel on the south. It has been conjectured that the town of Paisley was the Vandraria of Ptolemy, and was fortified with fosses and ditches enclosing the compass of a mile; and from the situation of these two fortifications it is natural to suppose that they have formed outposts for the defence of the town. From these we descended into the Causeyside, the region of shawl warehouses. As in a recent number we gave a minute account of the shawl trade, we need not here again go over the same ground; a short summary of the trade of Paisley will suffice. The first mention we have of weaving being carried on here is about the period of the Union, when a species of imitation striped muslin

and linen checks were manufactured, and disposed of in Glasgow. Twenty years later, the manufacture of linen arose to be a very important branch of trade; in 1784, we find the exports amount to upwards of £164,000, a large sum for a place with a population of about sixteen thousand. After this period it gradually declined, unable to maintain a competition with cotton goods; now, it forms a small item of trade. About 1759, the silk gauzes of Spitalfields commanding an excellent market, an effort was made to introduce them by one of the most enterprising of the Paisley manufacturers, a Mr Fulton, whose effort was crowned with success, inasmuch that in a short time Spitalfields was outrivalled by the elegance, variety, and cheapness of the Paisley gauzes. In 1781, there were five thousand looms employed in this branch of trade. In 1725, the manufacture of thread from linen was introduced by a Mrs Millar of Bargarran, and soon after was established successfully, till the discovery by Arkwright of the spinning-jenny attracted competition in cotton-thread, which has now in a great measure superseded the former, and gives employment to a vast number of hands. The introduction of the cotton-mills caused the decline of the silk gauze trade, and the substitution of muslins, now one of the principal fabrics produced in this town. In conjunction with this department may be taken the calico-printing, which arose about the same period. For a full account of the now staple manufacture of Paisley—the shawl trade—we refer the reader to No. 92 of the INSTRUCTOR.

Turning from this matter to the condition of the people, it is with a feeling of sadness one walks through the streets of Paisley, recollecting that so many thousands are there toiling away life for the barest possible subsistence, and deprived almost of hope of improvement. As a trade, experience of the past few years leads the most intelligent to speak of the hand-loom weaving as exhausted. They seem to regard it as hopelessly bad, unless some entire change contributes to give the manufactures of the town an impulse in some other direction. Twenty or thirty years ago a weaver could earn three pounds a-week, and work only five days out of the seven; now, about a fifth part of that sum is barely averaged—is not to be averaged, we are confident, when the periodical terms of idleness which this industrious and intelligent class of men, though well employed, necessarily have. On the authority of one of themselves, a man connected from childhood to old age with the trade, we were sorry to learn that few now earn, taking off their expenses for fitting up webs and delays, above nine shillings a-week, and many less. Formerly weavers were often small proprietors; most of the cottages in the old town were built by this part of the population, having small gardens always attached—for the tastes of the people then inclined to horticulture more than the public house, that sure attendant on poverty. The man himself was well dressed, well educated, and intelligent, and his family sober and respectable; now, rags, poverty, and suffering, are the frequent badges of the trade. Such a thing as a weaver of the good old school (a school having its benefits as well as its defects)—his house well furnished and clean, the meal-barrel always full, and winter-bacon hanging to the kitchen-roof—himself, dressed in black coat and silk stockings, on Sundays seen walking with his family to church, independent in his bearing—is hardly now to be met. That more prudent, comfortable middle class, whose existence is the truest indication of a town's prosperity, is fast vanishing; rags and wealth are the extremes, with no connecting link. The friend who accompanied us observed, as we passed through the streets at the hour when the factories and warehouses dismissed for dinner, that the scene reminded him much of Pharaoh's vision of the kine—the fat were very fat and well fed, and the lean very lean. Such is really the fact, and a most lamentable and undesirable state of matters it presents to any reflective mind. One case alone externally forms an exception to the general appearance—that of the younger female population, employed as sewers, fringers, &c., in the warehouses and factories. Their taste for dress has long been

a notable one in the surrounding district, and with good reason, for we must say they appear to better advantage than the girls of almost any other district, in the same rank, we have been privileged to observe. On a Sunday such as we were favoured to spend there, you might have noticed thousands of them moving along the streets to the different churches not only well but elegantly dressed, and, to judge from their appearance, one could never dream of poverty amongst them. All this, however, is managed on wages of six or seven shillings a-week. The effect of this long-continued commercial depression manifests itself here, as it always does everywhere, in the demoralising of the population. During tolerable prosperity the lowest orders were distinguished for a measure of sobriety and comfort, but whenever men sink hopelessly in the world their self-respect sinks with them, their habits undergo a revolution for the worse as well as their persons. Poverty, driving men from fireside-influences, from the cheerful comfortable home, to herd in lanes and courts, drives them also to the spirit-cellar, to recklessness, to ruin. And such homes as you may see hundreds of here. Homes, call you them? No, no, not by that endearing name—cellars, lodgings, pest-houses, where typhus stalks about undisputed ruler, and mingles his madness with the yelling of the demon strong drink, and the low but more harrowing cry of infant hunger—these are the abodes of working men and women. What kind of morality, decency, or order can be expected from such quarters? And that group of children in riotous noisy play upon the street, in whose eyes there is the leer of cunning, and that old, old look upon their faces, so strange to childhood, yet indicative of hard training in the world's worst ways, what of them? They never passed the threshold of a school-door, nor ever heard the name of God except in an oath; know no duty to a Maker, or duty to their fellows; only instinctively follow brute passions. These in future, unless speedily looked to, will fill our Magdalene hospitals, prisons, poor-houses, tread-mills, and convict-ships; and their education, after that fashion, will be a dear enough one to them and the community at large. There is no place where Industrial Schools are more required than here. The poverty of Aberdeen is nothing to it; the necessities of St Giles and Seven Dials are not greater; the demand of the Cowgate, Canongate, and St Mary's Wynd of Edinburgh, or Saltmarket of Glasgow, is not more urgent; for here is one of the principal nurseries of our large towns and cities sending forth shoals yearly of outcasts, who from stern necessity have been forced to live by plunder. Would that the maxim, 'prevention is better than cure,' were better understood.

With these sad and sickening features, however prevalent in some localities of the town, we would only be doing half justice to omit notice of improvements gradually taking place amongst other sections of the rising generation. The spirit of progress peculiar to the age has also manifested itself here in the establishment of new cemeteries, a school of design, infant schools, and schools of industry, and in an attempt to establish public baths. But more particularly amongst the younger portion of the community is this spirit developing itself. Formerly the club-room was the nightly or thrice a-week resort of the youth; this, however, is fast vanishing, and the sooner it disappears the better. If it be true that

* Men feel their weakness, and to numbers run,
Themselves to strengthen, and to themselves to shun,*

let us congregate for some wise, useful, and beneficial object, and not for mere animal gratification. No doubt, excitement of some sort is necessary to the mind, but the distinction ought ever to be drawn betwixt what is healthful and what is injurious. The literary institution affords the first, the club the last, and we regret to add, the kind most generally sought in all towns. Such institutions as are calculated to elevate the taste and withdraw the mind from the pursuit of unsatisfactory pleasures are, we rejoice, gaining ground in Paisley. The most important of these is the Athenæum, recently projected, and spiritedly carried out. It now numbers about four hundred mem-

bers, has a tolerable library, a reading-room, occasional lectures, and promises to have a long career of prosperity. Paisley has already been distinguished for the literary tastes of some of its sons now occupying a high place in the temple of fame. Here was written, in the cloisters of the Abbey, the *Liber Niger*, or Black Book of Paisley, by the Clunesian monks—a historical record of the times, a copy of which was burned in the partial destruction of Holyrood in 1543; another, and the only one extant, remains in the royal library at St James's Palace. Some dispute has arisen amongst the Oldbuck fraternity as to whether John of Fordun's *Scoti Chronicon* is a transcript of the Black Book of Paisley, or *vice versa*; but, like many similar disputes, the supervening dust of ages in being stirred up so confuses the sight that satisfaction cannot be obtained. Here also, in recent times, the muse of the gentle Tannahill awoke the sweet echoes of Craigielee and Stanley. Here Andrew Picken toiled at the loom and planned his 'Legacy;' Motherwell lived and wrote; Wilson, the ornithologist, was born and bred; he of 'Silent Love' kept his humble drug-shop; and last, but chief of all, Christopher North first saw daylight here. Paisley might well be proud of her sons. But what of them all now? No stone marks the resting-place of Tannahill's dust; Picken's name is never heard; a stranger's hand left an inscription on the spot where the ornithologist was born; Motherwell is remembered by his ballads; the poor apothecary's very existence is doubted, though he wrote the tenderest song poet ever penned; and Wilson—immortal Christopher—he belongs to the world. 'Truly, a prophet is not without honour save in his own country.' Here, too, was the scene of some of Burns's saddest, and, we hope, of some of his happiest, moments. Let us relate one anecdote, new to most of our readers, as told by Dr K., long a medical practitioner here. One afternoon, seated in his own house, his wife came running to him, exclaiming, 'Oh, doctor, there's a man away into Baillie P.'s, opposite, whom I am sure is Burns the poet. I knew him, by his picture, the moment I saw him.' The doctor was at first dubious of, and strongly inclined to laugh at, his wife's supposition; but, upon her earnest entreaty, he put on his hat and went across to the baillie's, to ascertain if there was any truth in her notion. The baillie hearing the sound of Dr K.'s voice on the stair conversing with his servant, called him up. 'Is Burns with you?' inquired the latter. 'He is, doctor. Come in,' said the baillie, and taking him up stairs, introduced the two. After sitting a short time, the doctor prevailed on them to come over and drink tea with him. 'Burns,' he said, relating the meeting many years after, 'was a man once seen you could never forget. There was a something noble in his look and conversation that rivetted the impression he created indelibly in your memory.' At first he was very dull and dispirited, but the hearty hospitality and warmth of his new friend at last opened his heart, and he told him that that day he had been delivering the first edition of his own poems, published by subscription. At almost every house he called, the moment his name was mentioned, the door was unceremoniously shut in his face; he was treated like one whose very name carried the plague with it. Poor Burns, how much reason has the world to take blame to itself for thy follies! How cold, thankless, and cruel was its treatment of thee! And what although the trodden worm turned upon its oppressor! A few years after this there was one winter night, in one of those cottages at the west end of the town, a marriage-party. All were merry and joyous. The mirth and pleasure was at its height, when one of the guests observed to a good-looking woman, 'Where's your husband? I have not seen him this half-hour.' 'Oh, I don't know! he's often out of sight when wanted,' replied she, smiling. 'Come away and let us seek him out—we're missing him sadly.' The two ranged through the house, but the absent man was not there. Going into the garden, they saw, stretched upon the grass, looking up at the clear moon and into the starry dome above him, the master-spirit of all Scotland, his thoughts dwelling in contemplation even beyond the region of the

stars, and far beyond the frivolities of time. The sound of their voices aroused him, and he accompanied them into the house. That night, or next day, was penned the first outline of the 'Address to Mary in Heaven,' long after written fully out. Poor Burns! yet noble-hearted Burns!

Our subject is not exhausted yet, but our article is. On some future occasion we may return to travel in company over many interesting spots, omitted here because not altogether comprehended under our title. Meanwhile, we hope those who have followed us on this tour have done so to some little extent profitably.

OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.

That an Ocean Penny Postage is one of the grand requirements of this enlightened age no one with the most moderate amount of reflection and sympathy can deny; and that upon Britain, more than upon any other nation, devolves the duty of establishing such a magnificent and effective agent of national brotherhood and friendly fusion of sentiment, no one who looks to her geographical position, her commercial status among the nations, or her relation to her numerous colonies, will refuse for a moment to admit. As a measure of pure benevolence, of sound substantive policy in a mother country, and of immense advantage in a commercial point of view, the establishment of an ocean penny postage would redound to the eternal honour of Great Britain, secure to her the allegiance of her distant children, and extend the blessings of her productive spirit more powerfully and effectually than any other means that could be devised. It strikes us that one of the most suicidal and sinful assumptions that man can arrogate to himself is that of limiting, with arbitrary caprice, and according to ordinary fiscal notions, the operations of the mind. The reduction of mental intercommunication to a question not of mere profit and loss, but of revenue, seems to us the very arrogance of legislation. The power of diffusing thoughts is one of the most exalted and glorious of our heaven-derived attributes, as the means of diffusing them is one of the most earth-blessing of human agencies. Cut off man's soul from communion with the outer world, and you confine it to a sarcophagus of flesh and blood—you immure the vital principle in a tomb. The heart may throb and the muscular organism may actively operate, but with the destruction of the senses, which were given to man as five media of sympathy with the world without, he becomes individually his own world within.

The ignorance of bygone ages was the result of educational exclusiveness; knowledge was cloistered with the monks of old, and jealously debarred from communication with the thousands who were darkling on the earth's surface as labourers or fighters; all the antagonism, robbery, destructiveness, and selfishness of the past, came of egotism—that egotism which confined Christianity within stone walls, and to a corporation, in the same degree as a destruction of man's senses would shut up his sympathies and destroy his utility. The great obstruction to the extension of peace, love, knowledge, and freedom, throughout the universal world, has been a confinement by fiscal enactments or national prejudices of these blessings to localities. The fruits of civilisation have been hitherto viewed as marketable commodities, which corporations have monopolised and sparingly sold at exorbitant prices to those who could purchase them, while the history of popular advancement is made up of a series of vehement struggles for the possession of that mental aliment which, when once discovered, belongs by natural right to all. There is nothing so cosmopolitan in its nature as mind, and there is nothing which has a greater claim to be free from the restrictions of exclusive legislation. To look for a revenue from the sources of abstract knowledge and refinement, or to lay a heavy tariff upon the interchange of love and kindness, is neither wise in a government, nor is it its province. To our own dear Britain belongs the honour and glory of having first opened up to her sons the almost unrestricted means of communication, and her penny postage will stand as one of the proudest emblazonings upon

the escutcheon of her fame through all time. The concession of penny postage was one of those governmental acts which was strictly political, although free from all the circumstances of that partisanship which is generally termed so, and consequently we can hope for the extension of so humanising a boon to the world without compromising our political neutrality.

One of the strongest desires of individual man is for association; one of the most potent means of engraving a unity of sentiment upon men is through their frequent congregation and commingling of feeling and knowledge. In small bodies, personal association and conversation are easy and unrestrained, and centralised communities which have frequent means of fusing their individual minds, certainly assume an identity of habits and general feeling. An ocean penny postage is the next cheapest and most effective means of supplying to distant relatives, societies, and nations, the benefits of a more intimate communion. It is to Elihu Burritt, the great American philanthropist and scholar, that we owe the grand idea of extending our postal advantages across the mighty deep, and he has elaborately illustrated the ability and necessity which devolves upon Britain to carry out so glorious a scheme. It is in the constitution of the English race that he finds the first element of the argument by which he proposes to prove that upon England devolves the duty of giving to the world an ocean penny postage. The English race is the result of a remarkable combination of three remarkable elements, on a remarkable theatre of amalgamation, and at a remarkable time in the world's history, and for the purpose, it would appear, of making in a new sense of one blood and of one language all nations of men. These elements are the Celtic, Saxon, and Scandinavian, combined in the island of Great Britain just before the discovery of the New World. Each of these is as essential to the integrity and vital energy of the English race as any other of the three. The prime attribute of the Celtic race is a strong adherence to locality, and a tendency towards pastoral or agricultural pursuits; enterprise, as illustrated in our manufactures, and indomitable energy and perseverance are the grand elements of the old Saxon stock; while a restless maritime spirit is the prime motive power which we inherit with the blood of the Vikings. All these attributes are constitutional elements in the character of the British nation, and pre-eminently point her out as the mother of commerce and colonisation. The colonies which have been planted by France, Spain, and Holland, which are elementary nations, are languishing in hopeless inanity, while the United States and Australia are full of the life-blood and energy of their parent stock. The emigrants from France and Spain in a high degree possess the principles of amalgamation with the aboriginal tribes amongst whom they settle, and infallibly become lost in the amalgam; but to the colonists of Britain alone belongs the principle of absorption; aboriginal tribes are lost in them, or are washed away before the resistless tide of their superior energy and faculties of adaptation; and as they inherit a power of self-propagation above all other nations, there cannot exist a reasonable doubt of the ultimate prevalence of one blood and one language over the whole world. 'The English race doubles itself in thirty-five years, and estimating it now at the very low figure of 50,000,000, if it should increase as it has done, it would amount to 21,940,000,000 in A.D. 2157, or more than twenty-seven times the present number of the inhabitants of the globe.' Great Britain is the centre of this magnificent array of future vitality and civilisation. It is in her that the human stream has its source, and it is from her that the spirituality which directs it also flows. To the boundless continents of America, to the islands of the Gulf of Mexico, to Asia, from Western Indus to Eastern China, to the south-western shores and southern extremes of Africa, to the islands of the Atlantic and Pacific, to the almost continental territory and islands of Australasia and New Zealand, the pioneers of a universal nation are annually leaving our shores in tens of thousands. These children of Britain are hopeful, sentient beings, with high aspirations and strong loves; they bear

with them the Celtic affection for home; and when toil has expended for a time the exuberance of their Scandinavian and Saxon energies, it is in the idealism of their Celtic nature that they will seek a solace, and the poetry of home and patriotism will strongly stir them.

The elements of permanent allegiance are not in the two former constitutives of the British character. There is a tendency in the Scandinavian part of our nature to acclimate itself to whatever country it adopts, and in the Saxon there is an indifference to locality; it is only in the Celtic tripart that the rock of indissoluble union exists between Britain and her colonies as parent and children. In Britain, then, it would be an act of the wisest policy, as well as of the noblest benevolence, to establish an ocean penny postage. Guns and bayonets could not bind America to her. Our people in the colonies were denied the privilege of communion with their kindred in the Old Country in consequence of a high postal tariff, until the individual ties of brotherhood were diservered and forgotten in the course of years and through the desuetude of epistolary interchange of sentiment; and to this cause, more than to any other, may we attribute the destruction of upwards of 100,000 men, the accumulation of £200,000,000 of debt, and the loss of the American continent, from the St Lawrence to Florida. If Britain wishes effectually to bind her colonies to her she will establish an ocean penny postage.

It is with the United States, however, that the experimental trial must be made, and independent though she be in one sense, her claims for priority in the participation of such a blessing are stronger than those of any of our more immediate dependencies. Upwards of 100,000 British-born people cross the Atlantic to the Great Republic annually; upwards of 2,000,000 of men and women who first drew breath in our island home, now dwell on the plains of young Columbia. There is scarcely a family amongst the industrial classes of Britain who cannot count off a number of their kindred who have gone away to the far west to better their condition. Our artisans, labourers, and agriculturists, are scattered over the whole continent, and they pant for home communion, and we for news of their welfare; and we often pant in vain, while our affections languish and wither under a searing sense of expectancy and hopelessness, for there is a high postal tariff which prohibits the messengers of love from coming within the rocky limits of our shore, and our brothers and relatives who are struggling in a new country for subsistence and the establishment of a dwelling-place, 'can't write home.'

It is not difficult to enlist what may be termed the sympathetic portion of our countrymen in the advocacy of so grand and beneficent a scheme as that of an ocean penny postage—it comes home at once to their hearts. It is to the practical or economical portion that it will be hardest of recommendation. Will it pay? are we to suffer in our purse if we are induced to carry half an ounce of writing paper across the ocean for a penny? will such a rate from shore to shore cover the expenses of transit? are questions that are always started by the less impulsive and more inductive portion of the community, when this question, even though acknowledged by them to be of the most vital importance to the people, is proposed. It is right that such questions should be asked; they are questions that involve the essential parts of the working machinery of every scheme; they demonstrate a desire to produce the very effect wanted, by inducing a calculation of the *bona fide* expenses of the labour and portage expended upon the carriage of a single half-ounce letter to America. A penny covers the expense of a letter's carriage, under half an ounce avoirdupois, from one extreme of Britain to another, although it must necessarily pass through a complicated machinery, and although a high revenue for pensionary purposes has to be derived from it. Now, the freight of dry goods from America to Britain, or *vice versa*, which graduates according to the known principles of political economy, never at its highest approximated to a tithe of a twelfth of the rate now charged upon the carriage of writing paper and seal-

ing wax. A penny for half an ounce gives £14:18:8d. per ewt., or £298:13:4d. per ton, for a tithe of which the Cunard steamers, or either of the two companies about to compete with them, would be glad to ship any kind of goods whatever. An ocean penny postage *would pay*, even with the present circumscribed correspondence of Britain and America; and as there is every probability of an immense increase in letter writing, it may be confidently recommended even as a source of revenue. It may be safely estimated that above 200,000 letters annually are carried to America by travellers, emigrants, and captains and crews of vessels, which would pass through the legitimate channel if the postage were only a penny. Then facilities for friendly correspondence between cities, towns, associations, and individuals, would be so afforded that two perpetual currents of kindly sentiment and mutual love would pass from the great continent to the little island and back again, binding them closely together in peace and unity, gladdening the spirits of the fraternal and philanthropical with their spirit, and rejoicing the hearts of the economists by the number of inky atoms that would supply them.

The ocean penny postage question is one grown out of the circumstances of the times in which we live. The whispering wires and the iron horse are vibrating from one extreme of our island to another, and trampling down the old local obstructions to friendly intercourse; the whole of our island home is now brought into a centralised focus by means of electricity and steam; time and space are being economised by these two mighty agencies, and the life of man is in a sense being materially lengthened through their means. What were wont to be journeys of weeks are now performed in hours, the labour of hundreds is now executed by an iron and steam multiplication of finger power, and the giant intellect powers of Britain and America, which have so gloriously reduced time and distance within their own territories, now aspire for a more expansive and extended communication across the ocean. We are sure that Britain will not be deaf to the appeal of her own children across the deep. The manifestations of affection, and munificent offerings to the poor and starving of Scotland and Ireland, which came from the western continent so lately, are also pleading warmly at the large grateful heart of Britain in favour of Elihu Burritt's proposition. America will soon have an inland penny postage, and, if met in a spirit of love, she has a heart that will reciprocate every proposition of Britain for extending it over the water. Benevolence pleads for, prudence recommends, policy claims as the most efficient agent for promoting peace and commerce, and the spirit of love demands, from Britain an ocean penny postage.

We hope to see the day soon arrive when every facility will be afforded for the most extensive operations of mind upon mind. We have the first instalment in the inland penny postage—shall the next be our own proposition for stamped covers for newspapers and periodicals in No. 112 of the INSTRUCTOR, or shall we have it, as we trust we will, with ocean penny postage?

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

[The subjoined lines, from the pen of Mrs M. S. B. Dana, are founded on the following passage of Jewish history:—"It was the custom of the Jews to select the tenth of their sheep after this manner: The lambs were separated from dams, and enclosed in a sheep-cot, with only one narrow way out; the lambs hastened to join the dams, and a man placed at the entrance, with a rod dipped in ochre, touched every tenth lamb, and so marked it with his rod, saying, *LET THIS BE HOLY*." Hence says God by his prophet, 'I will cause you to pass under the rod.'—*New York Recorder*.]

I saw the young bride, in her beauty and pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array,
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future looked brilliant and gay;
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous Love,
And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth
By the chain which her tenderness wove.

But I saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been sever'd in two,
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
And her bloom for the paleness of wo;
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on the heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes,
And he had strengthen'd the chain he had broken in twain,
And fasten'd it firm to the skies.
There had whisper'd a voice—'twas the voice of her God—
'I love thee, I love thee—pass under the rod!'

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
And she kiss'd the soft lips as they murmur'd her name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
Oh! sweet as the rose-bud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to the mother he seem'd,
As he lay in his innocence there!
But I saw, when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent, and cold;
But paler and colder her beautiful boy—
And the tale of her sorrow was told.
But the Healer was there who had smitten her heart,
And taken her treasure away;
To allure her to heaven, he has placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey.
There had whisper'd a voice—'twas the voice of her God—
'I love thee, I love thee—pass under the rod!'

I saw when a father and mother had lean'd
On the arms of a dear cherish'd son,
And the star in the future grew bright in their gaze,
As they saw the proud place he had won;
And the fast-coming evening of life promised fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet,
And the star-light of Love glimmer'd bright at the end,
And the whispers of Fane were sweet;
But I saw when they stood bending low o'er the grave
Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid,
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And joy from their bosoms had fled.
But the Healer was there, and his arms were around,
And he led them with tenderest care,
And he show'd them a star in the bright upper world—
'Twas their star shining brilliantly there!
They had each heard a voice—'twas the voice of their God—
'I love thee, I love thee—pass under the rod!'

A BOSOM FRIEND.

(Concluded from page 92.)

'I WONDER what this cousin of ours is like?' said the Hon. Miss Mannerly.

'I have heard,' replied the Hon. Miss Augusta, 'that the Scotch women are very tall, with high cheek-bones, and monstrous feet.'

'I can only tell you, young ladies,' cried Miss Botherem, who bore the flirting elixirs no good-will, 'if she is but half as beautiful as her lack-a-daisical poetry-reading mother was, you may hide your diminished heads.'

Lady Mannerly now entering, and the noise of a carriage driving up to the door, put an end to the conversation. 'Oh, it is Miss Elliot!' said the Hon. Miss Louisa, who was peeping through the blinds, 'for I see her trunks. And in a few minutes afterwards the drawing-room door was thrown open and Miss Elliot announced.

A graceful figure, about the middle size, muffled up in a travelling dress, advanced to the head of the room, but paused, not being certain which of the two ladies was her aunt. Lady Mannerly arose and laid a freezing kiss upon her brow; but Miss Botherem, to show that she was one of the family, rose and did the very same thing. Miss Elliot was still at a loss, until Lady Mannerly, seeing her embarrassment, said, with a graceful wave of the hand, 'My eldest daughter, Arabella; my second, Augusta; my youngest, Louisa; Miss Botherem, a friend of the family. I have also a son,' continued her ladyship. 'Go, Louisa, and bring your brother.'

The Hon. Miss Louisa returned, after a few minutes'

absence, to say that she did not know what was the matter with Tom, but that he did nothing but kick and scream, and would not come.

'Oh, Louisa,' cried her ladyship, in great agitation, 'you have been too rough with him. You should remember that he is but a sickly plant; but, recollect, if you have frightened him into a fit, I shall send you back to school again, ma'am.' So saying, she arose and left the room.

'Dear me,' said the Hon. Miss Louisa, 'what interest can I have in ill using my own brother? I did nothing to him,' she continued; 'I merely said, taking him gently by the hand, "Come, Tom, and see your cousin," when he began to kick and scream. I am sure any one may see the print of his nails in the back of my hand.'

Lady Mannerly returned to the room, leading her son by the hand, who, dragging her into one of the windows, as far as possible from Miss Elliot, ensconced himself behind her chair, and began to reconnoitre the enemy over her shoulder. 'She's not dressed like a beggar,' he said to himself, 'and has no ring through her nose, nor bows nor arrows, nor is she tooed (tattooed); she's just like Augusta or Louisa, only a great deal prettier.' But notwithstanding these favourable symptoms, nothing would induce him to go near his cousin.

'You are so like your mother,' said Lady Mannerly, addressing Miss Elliot, 'that, forgetting the lapse of years, I can scarcely persuade myself that it is not my sister I see before me; you are so much about the age she was, when I last saw her, that it completes the illusion,' and she dropped a tear to the memory of her sister. But kind emotions did not last long in the breast of Lady Mannerly, for the very next moment she was planning in her mind how to get rid of her fair niece as soon as she possibly could. Her ladyship was greatly embarrassed to know how she was to act. She had two gentlemen on a visit at the time, viz., Sir Edward Seton, a baronet with thirty thousand a-year, and a Mr Burke, an Irishman, who had nothing at all; having outrun two fine estates, he had come to London in order to escape duns and look for a wife with a fortune. Now Lady Mannerly was afraid that her niece might captivate the baronet, whom she had reserved in her mind for one of her daughters. Mary Elliot possessed every attraction except money, and that he did not require. Her ladyship would willingly have taken Miss Botherem's advice, and sent her back again to Scotland, but what would her neighbours and servants say if she did so; for Lady Mannerly was a slave to public opinion. All that she could do in the meantime was to endeavour to prevent them meeting. Could she but effect this object for one short week, she would by that time have procured a situation of governess for her. She congratulated herself, however, that Sir Edward dined out that day. But, alas! he was to be at the ball that she was to give that night. Mary must be prevented by all means being at it. But her ladyship resolved not to commence her plans until after dinner.

Miss Elliot had retired to her room in order to arrange her things and change her dress. She was in the act of putting on a very handsome velvet scarf of the dress Stuart tartan, and fastening it with a silver thistle brooch—(this said scarf and brooch had cost her aunt Elliot seven guineas; the day before her niece's departure, she had slipped out and purchased it, for she said to herself, 'The dear child must be dressed, now that she is to live with people of quality')—when the door opened and Miss Botherem entered, without the civility of knocking first. She had come with the *amiable* intention of affronting Mary, and showing her that she was a very vulgar person, merely tolerated because she was a poor relation of the family, but she paused when she got a glimpse of the scarf; for although she had a 'great contempt for the Scotch,' it did not extend to their manufactures, especially when she could get them for nothing. 'What a beautiful scarf!' she exclaimed, 'do, my dear Mary, allow me to try it on?' Dear me, how it becomes me! I would take it as the greatest favour if you would allow me to wear it to-night at the ball. I am

so fond of tartan. What a sweet brooch, too! I never saw one before in the shape of a thistle. I'll tell you what I'll do, Mary, I have as much tea-green coloured silk as will make a Spencer, I will give it to you in exchange for this scarf and brooch, for really I become them so much that I cannot part with them; besides, tartan is no variety to you, you know, my dear.' So saying, Miss Botherem hastened out of the room, ere Miss Elliot had recovered from her amazement.

When Mary returned to the drawing-room she found, in addition to the party she had already seen, Lord Thomas, Mrs Hastings (a lady of eccentric manners), and Mr Burke. It was nine o'clock when the ladies rose from table. Miss Elliot went up to her room to unpack a trunk that contained a white muslin dress that she intended wearing at the ball. She had scarcely begun when her aunt entered and said, 'My dear Mary, I have just come up to request that you will go to bed without delay, for I am so distressed to think that you have got no rest after the fatigue of travelling. Indeed, I shall not feel easy until I see you in bed.'

'Thank you, dear aunt,' said Mary, 'but I am not at all fatigued, nor am I in the habit of going to bed early, for my aunt Elliot could not sleep if she went to bed before eleven o'clock, and I always staid up to keep her company.'

'My dear Mary,' continued her ladyship, 'I really wish you had come a week sooner, for then we should have had time to prepare a dress for you to have appeared in at the ball; I declare it grieves me very much to think that you cannot be there to-night.'

'But, my dear aunt,' said Mary, 'I have got a white book muslin in this trunk that will do me; it was made up on purpose for an evening dress.'

'No, no, it will never do,' cried her ladyship, in a great fright; 'its make will be unfashionable, for you are always behind us in the fashions; so, my dear Mary, you must just keep your room for one night. I shall, as you will not be prevailed upon to go to bed, send you an amusing book to read; so good night, love.'

The Hon. Misses Augusta and Louisa, just emancipated from the hands of their maids, presented themselves in their eldest sister's room, in order that she might see if their appearance was quite *comme-il-faut* for the ball, for the Hon. Miss Mannerly had persuaded her family that she was a female Brummell with regard to dress. 'Oh, you both look exceedingly well!' said she, 'I have no fault to find with either of you. Just hold up your heads a little and you will do. But I wish to admonish you both.' Almost every time that the Hon. Miss Mannerly addressed her sisters she commenced with the above sentence.

'I really do not know what we should both do if we had not you to admonish us daily,' said the Hon. Miss Augusta, with a sly wink to her youngest sister.

'I wish to admonish you both,' commenced again the Hon. Miss Mannerly, 'regarding Mr Burke. I think you both flirt a great deal too much with him. Now, he is nothing in the world but a fortune-hunter. They say that he actually has not a sous. Now, what girl of spirit would marry a sordid fortune-hunter? He is only looking after you for your money; remember that you have only ten thousand each, which would not last him a month. One night as well marry a pauper out of the streets as Mr Burke. But remember, with a theatrical wave of the hand, 'if either of you marry that man I will discard you for ever.'

Mary was busily engaged in reading the 'Widow Barnaby,' the book her aunt had sent her, when some one tapped at her door. 'Come in,' cried Mary, and, to her great surprise, Mrs Hastings entered the room.

'I just came up to see what had become of you, Miss Elliot,' said she, 'and to know why you prefer moping in your room to being down stairs among the young people?'

Mary pleaded her want of a dress.

'Nonsense!' cried Mrs Hastings. 'Do you think that one requires to be dressed in gold brocade in order to go to a ball?'

Mary replied, that she had a dress, but that her aunt thought it old-fashioned.

'Well, we must alter it,' said Mrs Hastings. 'Pull the bell, my dear.' One of the maids entered. 'Miss Stokes, you must help me to dress this young lady for the ball. Look what alteration this dress requires,' said Mrs Hastings.

'Oh, little or none, ma'am,' said Stokes; 'but, to save time, there is a dress of white crape, trimmed with pink, that was sent home for the Hon. Miss Augusta to wear at the ball, but she changed her mind and chose pale blue. Now, this dress will exactly fit Miss Elliot; I shall go for it, ma'am.' The maid returned with the dress and a box of flowers; the dress, as she said, fitted 'exactly.' Mary's raven locks were dressed again in a few minutes, and a rose of dazzling whiteness placed in her hair.

Miss Botherem was engaged in talking to Sir Edward Seton (she had followed him from 'post to pillar' the whole evening) when he said, 'Miss Botherem, can you inform me who that beautiful creature is who is leaning on the arm of Mrs Hastings?'

'Oh!' said Miss Botherem, 'that is a poor relation of Lady Mannerly's, who came here to-day, 'without leave or license,' to take up her abode; and that mad woman, Mrs Hastings, has taken a fancy to her and dressed her up in Augusta's cast-off clothes.'

Had a boa constrictor entered the room and coiled itself round Lady Mannerly, she could not have looked more aghast than when she saw her niece. The baronet was at her elbow the next moment to beg an introduction, which she could not refuse. With anxiety preying at her heart, she followed them with her eyes as they joined 'the giddy dance.' 'Dear me,' she said to herself, 'will that country dance never come to an end?' It did come to an end at last, but the baronet still retained Miss Elliot hanging upon his arm, and promenaded the ball-room with her. Three circuits had they made round it in blissful forgetfulness of all around them. This was too much for Lady Mannerly to endure with patience, she therefore beckoned Mary to her. 'My dear Mary,' she said, 'I wish you would go and look for your cousin Louisa, and tell her that I wish most particularly to speak to her.' Mary was going off to seek her when Sir Edward followed and offered his arm, and they both set off together in search of the Hon. Miss Louisa, whom they found at last, enjoying a very agreeable tête-à-tête with a handsome young officer. She did not seem very well pleased at the interruption; she arose slowly and reluctantly to join her mother, who, to her great mortification, had nothing particular to say to her; she therefore ascribed the message to malice on the part of Mary.

CHAPTER IV.

This ball, which Lady Mannerly thought would never come to a conclusion, ended very abruptly, and very little to the satisfaction of her ladyship, at two in the morning. The cause was this. The Hon. Master Mannerly had retired very early to rest, leaving strict orders with his maid to awake him when the ball commenced, in order that he might come down and dance his favourite hornpipe. The maid, in the bustle of the ball, had forgotten the circumstance, but recollecting it afterwards at two in the morning, and dreading his displeasure, which would be her dismissal, she flew up stairs, awoke the little tyrant, dressed and brought him down to the ball-room, where, having performed his dance and received the most fulsome adulation, he flew from table to table, cloying himself with sweets, when coming in contact with a tumbler of nectar he quaffed it off. The hon. little gentleman having rather a confused feel about him, and being tired with the gaudy things, thought that he would go to bed, and was staggering off for that purpose, when, happening to see Miss Botherem, he recollected something about her telling him to give her a kiss. He therefore stopped before her, and raising his hands, moist with sugar, he endeavoured to put them round her neck. Miss Botherem, alarmed for her scarf, tried to keep down his hands; a struggle ensued,

in which the Hon. Master Mannerly struck his hand against the pin of the thistle-brooch. Frightened at the sight of the blood, he tore scarf and brooch off, and set up a succession of shrieks that frightened every one in the ball-room and nearly drove his mother mad. Nothing was heard but exclamations of 'Dear pet!' 'Sweet little fellow!' 'What a pity!' 'Oh, that abominable brooch!' 'Bind it up with this handkerchief!' &c. 'What is the matter with the dear cherub?' exclaimed a short fat lady, who tried in vain to see over the shoulders of the crowd. At last the heir of Stratton Hall was carried to bed by a dozen fair ladies, followed by the regrets of fifty more, and the ball ended. Miss Botherem picked up her scarf and brooch; the former was marked with blood and dust, the latter trampled to pieces.

Lady Mannerly lay in bed all the next day in consequence of the fright she had received the night before. To her great vexation, she heard from Miss Botherem that Mary had been out all day with Sir Edward, viewing the city, and that in the evening they did nothing but sing duets together. 'I must,' said her ladyship, 'put an end to these disgraceful flirtations.' Accordingly, the very next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, taking her favourite 'Times' in her hand, which she had been poring over, she followed her niece to her room, and sitting down beside her, and taking her hand in hers she said, 'My dear Mary, I cannot express how much I love you, for are not you the child of my dear and only sister? But the love of a husband is paramount to every other love; you cannot stay here, dear Mary, for I have found out that the sight of you is too much for the nerves of Lord Thomas. You may well look amazed, love, for probably you have never heard that your mother was betrothed to my husband before she married your father, with whom she eloped. This blow Lord Thomas has never rightly recovered, and the sight of you, who resemble her so much, is breaking his heart.'

'Dear me!' said Mary, with great naïveté; 'my uncle told me that he was delighted to see me, and hoped that I would pay a long visit.'

'People must be polite in their own houses, my dear Mary,' said her ladyship; 'one must have a little self-denial for the sake of others, as Chesterfield says. Lord Thomas cannot tell you that the sight of you is killing him.'

'The best thing I can do is to return to my aunt Elliot immediately,' said Mary.

'Oh, no, my love,' said her ladyship; 'in the first place, I cannot part with you; in the second, I live in a scandalous neighbourhood. They would say that I drove you out of my house.'

'But if I am not to return to my aunt nor stay here, what am I to do?' asked Mary.

'I will tell you, my love,' said her ladyship, taking up the 'Times.' 'This paper is always filled with applications for governesses. Here is one that will exactly suit you: 'Governess wanted.—Wanted a lady to instruct six young children. She must be qualified to teach English in all its branches, French, music, and needlework, and make herself generally useful. Salary moderate. For farther particulars inquire at Higginbotham, Sniggs, & Co., tailors and clothiers, Strand.' Now, my love, if you were to get this situation, I would have you in the same city with myself—have you, as it were, under my own eye—and your uncle would be brought by degrees to bear the sight of you, and then I would bring you home and have you under my own roof.'

Mary could make no objections to this plausible proposal. Indeed she did not wish to return to Scotland at present if she could avoid it, for there was one individual in the great city that she would have been sorry to leave behind. She therefore told Lady Mannerly that she would be guided by her; the carriage was accordingly ordered to be got ready; and light was her ladyship's heart when she said, 'Drive to Higginbotham, Sniggs, & Co., Strand.'

When Lady Mannerly and her niece arrived at Higginbotham, Sniggs, & Co.'s, they were informed that it was

Mrs Higginbotham that wanted a governess, and were accordingly directed to her house. When the ladies arrived, Mrs Higginbotham was locked into her room, to avoid being disturbed by the children, answering a note she had received from her sister-in-law, requesting her to inform her how to make Scotch marmalade. The following was Mrs Higginbotham's answer:—

'MY DEAR MRS WHITE,—I has just received your note, vishing me to give you a receipt for making Scotch marmalade. The vay to make it is this: Take a dozen hof bitter horanges—by the by, talking hof making marmalade, I must tell you hof the verry disgraceful vay that the Smithsons has behaved to poor Mrs Sniggs. You must know that Mrs Sniggs has a jeller-pan, for vich she has a verry high esteem, hon haccount hof its 'aving belonged to her mother. Now, nothing vould serve the Smithsons but they must borrow the jeller-pan from Mrs Sniggs, to save buying von, hof course. (Between ourselves, them there Smithsons har a great deal too fond hof borrowing; they borrowed Mr Higginbotham's best silk umbreller, and lost it too, hand never has much has said they vere sorry for hit.) Vell, you must know, Mrs Smithson is von hof them here fine ladies as leaves everything to be done by their servants; so, hon the day that the marmalade vas a-making, she must go a-gadding hout a-wisting, leaving 'em to do it—any good 'ousewife vould 'ave staid at 'ome hand done hit herself—hand the upshot hof the business was, that that they burned too 'oles the size hof a fourpenny piece in poor Mrs Sniggs's jeller-pan. This verry hunfortunate haccident 'as caused a great coolness between the two families.—'Oping that you vill find this receipt verry plain, I remain, yours truly, MARTHA HIGGINBOTHAM.

'P.S. Mr Higginbotham vould send his love, but he's hat the shop. Misfortunes never comes alone; hon the verry day that the two 'oles vas burnt in Mrs Sniggs's jeller-pan, she lost her fine silver card-case, a most beautiful harticle, with Sir Valter Scott's monument, hall beautifully embossed von von side.'

As Mrs Higginbotham was sealing her note, a violent knocking at the room-door commenced. 'Dear me, Saller!' said she, when she had opened the door, 'I think that you might 'ave a little patience. I vas a-coming has fast has my legs could carry me. Nothing 'has 'appened to baby, I 'ope?'

'Oh, no, ma'am,' said Sally, 'but there is two such grand ladies come to call hupon you, and I has showed 'em hinto the drawing-room.'

'Now, Saller, I has told you a thousand times,' said Mrs Higginbotham, 'never to put strangers hinto the drawing-room. There's fifty little nicknacks as might be carried hof; but, remember, hif I misses hanything, you shall pay for hit hout hof your wages.'

'Oh, ma'am, there's not the slightest fear hof 'em stealing hanything, I ham sure,' said Sally, 'for they came in a grand coach with a coronet hupon hit. I never seed such grand folks hin hall my born days.'

'It must be your master that they vant, Saller; they 'ave come, I s'pose, habout being measured for riding-'abits. I s'pose they prefer coming to the 'ouse to going to the shop.'

'Oh, no, ma'am,' replied Sally, 'I axed 'em, hand they said as how it vas you they vant.'

'Oh! I guesses vhat they vant vith me now,' said her mistress; 'they vill be ladies as goes about collecting for the missionaries; but I'll give 'em nothing, for I subscribes to hour hown branch, hand besides, Mr Scoldemvell 'as a veeckly collection for the debts hof the chapel. I vould, I declare, require to 'ave a gold mine hin each pocket to satisfy hall the demands as is made hupon me. Howsomedever, Saller, give me my brown satin, hand I will dress myself hand go up to 'em. Visitors alvays comes when I ham not prepared for 'em. I vould 'ave been dressed a 'our hago, hif hit 'ad not been for writing the receipt for the marmalade. Sec, Saller, hif I has got a clean collar to put hon. You must really 'ave a vashing hof collars and 'abitshirts next veeck, Saller, hand 'ave 'em bleached too, for they har the colour of a duck's foot. Give me my

vatch hand chain, hand my mits, hand then I vill do. By the by, Saller,' said Mrs Higginbotham, turning round as she was leaving the room, 'I ham sure that the drawing-room 'as not been dusted for the last three days, hand I s'pose (casting a malicious glance at Sally) that the blinds is hup, hand the sun fading the carpet.'

'Hindeed, ma'am, I don't know,' said Sally, sulkily; 'I has nothing to do vith that there drawing-room; that's Betser's vork.'

'That's when hit requires a thorough cleaning, hand the carpet is lifted; but when hit honly requires dusting, hit is as much your vork as hers.'

'Hall I has to do in this here 'ouse is to hattend to the children hand hopen the door,' said Sally.

'Come, Saller, don't be saucy,' said Mrs Higginbotham; 'you has nine pounds a-year hof vages; hand nine pounds a-year hof vages is not be sneezed hat hin them here hard times, I can tell you. But hif you don't like your place, you har velcome to look for hanother.'

'Vell, ma'am, I vill tell you vhat I'll do,' said Sally; 'I ham verry villing to dust the chairs hand pick the threads hand things hof the carpet, but I'll not dust them there tables, that's vhat I vont; for I knows verry vell that hif hany hof them there hingey chiney teacups vas broke, I never vould hear the last hof it.'

Mrs Higginbotham, having taken her purse from her pocket and locked it up, descended to the drawing-room. She was framing in her own mind how to give a plump denial in the most polite terms, when she was relieved by Lady Mannerly saying, 'The purport of my visit to you, Mrs Higginbotham, is regarding an advertisement of yours, wanting a governess, which I saw in the 'Times.' Now, this young lady, Miss Elliot, is a candidate for the situation.'

'As the young lady hever taught before?' inquired Mrs Higginbotham.

'No,' said her ladyship.

'That is a great objection,' said Mrs Higginbotham.

'There must be a beginning to everything,' said Lady Mannerly.

'Oh, in course, ma'am,' said Mrs Higginbotham; 'but I has hanother objection—she's too little, I ham sure. I never saw so small a vaist before.'

'It is the brains and the hands that are used in teaching,' said her ladyship; 'the waist has nothing to do in the matter.'

'That's all verry true, ma'am,' said Mrs Higginbotham, 'but I vants a person as can make herself generally huseful.'

'Well, I dare say Miss Elliot,' said Lady Mannerly, 'has no objections to making herself useful; all young people should learn to be useful.'

'I should like a person double her size,' said Mrs Higginbotham.

'Bless me, Mrs Higginbotham!' cried Lady Mannerly, 'talent is not confined to any size; a person may be very big and verry stupid too. You know Watts says, 'The mind's the standard of the man.''

'That may be all verry true, ma'am, but I requires a strong person as is able to blow my servants up when they don't do their duty.'

'Blow them up!' exclaimed Lady Mannerly, who thought that Mrs Higginbotham was out of her senses.

'Blow them up!' repeated Miss Elliot, as the vision of a barrel of gunpowder flitted before her eyes.

'Ladies, don't look so frightened!' said Mrs Higginbotham; 'I didn't mean to blow 'em up as they do people by steam. I merely meant to give 'em a good scolding. I had no idear that you didn't understand me. The fact hof the matter is, that I am verry partickilarly stitivated at present. You must know that I has a cousin as is hin verry bad health hat present, hand confined to bed. Vell, I goes twice a-veek to hinquire arter her, hand see that her servants aint a-robbing her, hand when I ham away from 'ome, Mr 'Igginbotham is neglected, the meat is done to rags, the fish is boiled to a jeller, and the potatoes is raw. Now, ma'am, this is verry prowocking, as I keeps three hof

'em. Saller, the nursery-maid, is inclined to gossip hand stay her messages, hand Betser, the 'ouse-maid, takes dogged fits; but they har both hangels when compared to Moller, the kitchen-maid, which is given to drink. She is so wery plausible, too; she vill come to me hand say, 'Ma'am, I wishes that you could be so kind has to give me a pound hout hof my vages to buy a pair of shoes hand some other harticles hof dress that I requires.' Now, ma'am, I can't refuse her the money, has hit is due to her; so I gives her hit, hand an badmonition halong vith lit. 'Moller,' says I, 'you must keep sober, hand come 'ome hexactly bat nine ho'clock.' 'Oh, yes, ma'am,' says she. 'But you humbugs me hevery time, and so I can't believe that you says, Moller,' says I. 'Oh, ma'am,' says the hartful hypocrite, 'I sees the horror hof my vays, hand hintends giving hup drinking hand joining the Tectotolars.' 'Vell, Moller,' says I, 'I ham wery glad to 'ear it. Now, mind to come 'ome hexactly bat nine.' 'Oh! I vill be hin before hit, ma'am,' says she. Vell, ma'am, the hupshot hof the business is, that she comes 'ome hon the fourth day, hall bathed in tears, like the picture hof Niby, hof Noby, her some such name—that Mr 'Igginbotham 'as hin a book—a lady, ma'am, that they say vept herself hinto a marble statuer; but, hin course, this is honly a fable, for hif people could vcep themselves hinto statuers when they liked hit, the sculptors vould be perfectly ruined, ma'am. Now, from what I has said,' continued Mrs Higginbotham, 'you must sec that Miss Helliott vould never do, ma'am. Hindeed, I ham wery sorry, ladies, that you has had the trouble hof calling, but the fault vas hall Mr 'Igginbotham's, for he wrotc hout the advertisement, hand hall that I could do, he vould say nothing habout size hand strength.'

Lady Mannerly, finding that nothing but a female Hercules vould do Mrs Higginbotham, took her leave and returned home in a verry sullen humour. Poor Mary was greatly distressed to know what she vould do. At last a thought flashed through her brain, that she should go and consult Mrs Hastings, who lived next door. So slipping out without her aunt's knowledge, she went to pay her a visit. She fortunately found her at home. After conversing for a little, Mary said, 'Mrs Hastings, your late kindness to me emboldens me to ask a favour of you.'

'I am sure, my dear Miss Elliot, anything in my power I shall be most happy to grant,' said Mrs Hastings.

'The favour is,' said Mary, 'that you vill allow me to stay in your house for one week, until I can write to my aunt in Scotland and receive her answer, for I cannot remain at Lady Mannerly's, for she says that the sight of me is breaking my uncle's heart.' She then explained more fully about Lord Thomas's great sensibility, their drive to Mrs Higginbotham's, &c.

Mrs Hastings saw verry clearly through all the manoeuvring of her ladyship, but made no observation upon it; she merely said, 'My dear Miss Elliot, you are most welcome to stay here as long as it suits your convenience; indeed, I shall be glad of your company, for since the death of Mr Hastings, which happened two years ago, I often feel verry dull. There is no occasion to tease your aunt Elliot about your change of abode, as you have only removed next door. I shall be visiting Scotland some of these days, and vill bring you along with me then, should you wish it.'

Mary, after thanking Mrs Hastings for her kindness, wrote to Lady Mannerly, mentioning her change of residence.

'I am really,' exclaimed her ladyship, throwing the note down in a passion, 'to use a vulgar expression, 'out of the frying-pan into the fire.' I have fairly outwitted myself. This visit to Mrs Hastings vill ruin all my plans.'

Sir Edward Seton was a daily visitor at Mrs Hastings. However, a ray of hope visited Lady Mannerly when he told her one day that he had to leave London, and that it was quite uncertain when he vould return.

'Oh! I knew there was nothing in his visits to Mrs Hastings,' said Miss Botherem; 'for moy pawrt I always knew that it was only on our account he was civil to her.'

'As for Mrs Hastings,' said the Hon. Miss Mannerly, 'she should be put in Bedlam; she is only fit for such a place. I shall never forget the trick that the bad-hearted old viper played us the night of our ball.'

Lady Mannerly was giving orders, one morning, about a large dinner-party that she was to give, when Mrs Hastings and Miss Elliot were announced. After talking upon indifferent subjects for a few minutes, Mrs Hastings said, 'My dear Lady Mannerly, I am sure you vill be happy to hear that your niece vill become Lady Seton next month. Sir Edward has just returned from Scotland, where he went to obtain the consent of her aunt. He is at present at Seton Hall, seeing that everything is got ready in apple order to receive his lady-fair.'

This piece of intelligence was gall and wormwood to her ladyship, who, although envy was gnawing her vitals at the time, pretended to be delighted to hear it.

'Dear aunt,' said Mary, when they were taking their leave, 'give my best love to my cousins, and tell them that I shall be most happy if they vill be my bride's-maids.'

'Well,' said Lady Mannerly to herself, 'I am not to blame if she has got on in life, for I have done everything in my power to keep her in obscurity, even from her infaney.'

The Hon. Misses Mannerly received the news with the same amiable feeling that their mamma did. 'What insolence!' cried the Hon. Miss Mannerly, 'to suppose that I vould be bride's-maid to a person like her! Bride's-maid indeed! She shall never be married before me!' and, in order to fulfil her prophecy, she eloped with Mr Burke that night.

'She cannot expect that I vill be her bride's-maid,' said the Hon. Miss Louisa, 'after the fib she came and told me when I was talking to Captain Desmond the night of our ball.'

'And if Augusta should demcan herself to act in any such capacity for her, I vill disown her for ever,' said the Hon. Miss Mannerly.

'Do not vex yourselves about the matter, my dears,' said their mamma, 'I shall manage it for you.' She accordingly wrote to her niece, expressing her regret that they could not be at the wedding, in consequence of the delicate health of dear little Tom, who was ordered to Stratton Hall for change of air.

Mary Elliot was married in great magnificence; and amongst the gay crowd of Sir Edward's friends, her relations were never once thought of or missed. The detail of the marriage filled half a column of the newspapers, and was read to Lady Mannerly by her 'bosom friend,' expressly for the purpose of annoying her ladyship.

NEW BATHS AND WASH-HOUSES FOR THE PEOPLE, IN LIVERPOOL.

At the north end of the town of Liverpool, there is a street—Paul Street, by name—whose equal for ignorance and uncleanness it vould be difficult to find. It contains a great number of those narrow courts, closed at one end and scarcely open at the other, that have been so often described as abounding in Liverpool, and engendering filth and disease. Its length is about 450 yards, and a large part of this space is occupied with some manufacturing works. The number of people who live, in some way, in this street is not much under, if it does not exceed, 1000; and the state of education may be judged of from the fact, that of the children living there, about 150 only attend school, while about 200 do not, never did, and have no intention of doing. At one end of Paul Street there is a considerable piece of land, belonging to the Corporation of Liverpool, on which there was erected, in 1827, a large free school with a most commodious playground, which is now attended by about 1000 pupils—boys, girls, and infants. All the land was not occupied for school purposes, and the corporation, finding that baths and wash-houses opened by them in 1842 in another quarter of the town had proved of great benefit, erected

another range of baths and wash-houses on the unappropriated land in Paul Street. Establishments for education and cleanliness—for creating ‘a sound mind in a sound body’—were thus erected in a district where, above all others, they were most required.

The building containing the baths is a very handsome edifice of brick, having stone plinth, cornices, &c. The cost of its erection and fitting up was, in round numbers, £6500, and it occupies altogether about 1620 yards of ground. The entrance-door is divided by a wall, which extends nearly to the back of the building; one side is the entrance for males, and the other for females. The building is thus completely divided from the entrance into two distinct parts, which have no communication whatever with each other. The edifice is of two storeys; and at each end there is a plunge-bath of one storey, lighted from the roof, and lined with white glazed tiles. The plunge-bath for males is 27 feet by 17, and that for females 22 feet by 18. Two sides of these baths are lined with convenient dressing-rooms, separated from each other. Opposite each of these rooms are placed wooden steps in the water. During winter these baths are supplied with warm water, in summer with cold; and the charge for bathing is sixpence from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M., and twopence from 6 to 9 P.M. In rooms contiguous to the plunge-baths are private baths of the second class. Four of these are ranged on each side of the room, and a passage runs up the centre. The arrangement is somewhat similar to that of the boxes in a coffee or dining room. On the same floor are two private baths of the first class, and a vapour-bath. These are in separate rooms, with fire-places. These baths, both first and second class, are lined with slate, which is obtained with great facility from the quarries in North Wales, and is a most durable and, at the same time, cheap article for such purposes. It is not so pleasant to the bather as marble, but is, nevertheless, very agreeable. The charge for a second class bath is sixpence, and for a first class one shilling. On the side appropriated to females on this floor, the number of baths of the second class is six, of the first class one, and a vapour-bath. In the upper storey there are the same number, so that the total accommodation of the building may be said to be—one plunge-bath, twenty private, and two vapour-baths for males; and one plunge-bath, fourteen private, and two vapour-baths for females. Waiting-rooms and other conveniences are attached to each range; and many of the private baths also contain shower-baths. The greatest care has evidently been taken to provide all due and necessary comforts, and to render the baths most efficient and useful. The architect has been no niggard of his space; and though everything is compact, and no spot made unavailable, yet every bath, and room, and passage is large and airy.

The building was opened in November, 1846. During the warm weather in June and July of the present year, the total number of bathers averaged about 2000 per week, of whom, strange to say, only about one-twentieth were females. The statistics of the other range of baths belonging to the Corporation of Liverpool show a somewhat different result, but still indicate how small a proportion of the bathers are women. During the year ending May, 1846, the total number of baths used was 20,567, of which 16,714, or more than four-fifths, were warm. Of this number only 1551 were used by women, so that the number of men using warm baths was more than ten times that of the other sex. Of the cold baths 3065 were used by men, and 788, or little more than one-fourth, by women. Of the parties who make use of Paul Street baths, very few reside in the street in which they are erected, or in the narrow, dirty streets in the neighbourhood. The class by whom the baths are most required are precisely those who care the least about them. Indeed, many of the residents in the neighbourhood do not even know of the existence of such an establishment; and medical men, when recommending the use of these baths to their patients in the adjoining streets, will find that they do not know of the purpose of the building, though it may be

visible from their own doors. The words, ‘Public Baths,’ in large legible characters, are carved in the front of the building, so that even ‘they who run may read;’ but, unfortunately, many who run or walk in the neighbourhood are unable to read at all. Much ‘useful knowledge’ does indeed require to be ‘diffused’ on even the plainest matters of fact in such places as Paul Street, Liverpool.

The children attending the adjoining corporation school have the privilege of bathing once each week in these baths without charge. They are taken in detachments of thirty or forty at a time, accompanied by the teachers. Attendance at the bathing is not compulsory on the pupils; and one-third of the children, from dislike, or indifference, or some other cause, do not avail themselves of the privilege. The importance of the plan is very great; and it is expected that when other public baths have been erected in other parts of Liverpool, the children attending all the free schools in the town will be granted a similar privilege.

In the van of the building, and separated from it by a yard, there are six washing-houses, each of one storey in height, lighted from the roof, and each containing a boiler and ten wash-tubs. Separated from these, and quite unconnected with any other part of the building, there is another wash-house, containing seven tubs and a boiler, which is used for washing infected clothing. All these houses are supplied with boiling water to any extent from two large boilers that, by an ingenious arrangement in the supply of water, are kept constantly full. Ample facility for washing clothes is thus afforded; but some experienced reader may ask, How are they *dried*? In a room, by means of hot air. In such a neighbourhood it would have been impossible for a corporation, even though armed with an act of parliament, to have provided a green with drying-poles and lines, or to have caused hedges to grow. The wet clothes are therefore taken into a room which is divided into two parts. A sliding iron ‘horse’ is pulled out that travels upon rails laid in the floor; it is covered with the clothes, and pushed back into the inner chamber. This chamber is supplied with a constant current of heated air, which, passing upwards over the clothes, escapes, together with the vapour arising from the drying, by channels made for its exit in the ceiling.

These ‘washings’ in Paul Street are accomplished in a short time, with little mirth, and without causing a complete domestic revolution, during which the goodwife reigns supreme. The age of romance is, indeed, gone. This mechanical era has divested the very washing-day of its rights and privileges. Instead of

‘A slowry’ hown between two verdant braes,
Where lassies used to wash and spread their clothes,’

the denizens of the north part of Liverpool have the use of a tub in the range of wash-houses in Paul Street, ‘for a length of time not exceeding six hours,’ on payment of one penny, and can have their clothes dried in a twinkling into the bargain by heated air. Well might Cowper exclaim, ‘God made the country, but man made the town.’

What these wash-houses lose in *romance*, they much more than make up in *utility*, and are conferring great benefit on the families of many poor men. The residences of all the women who use the wash-houses are registered; and, strange to say, very few are from the immediate neighbourhood, and only about one woman in two weeks will come to them from the street in which they are erected. Time, however, will surely change such a state of things.

ARE THE PLANETS INHABITED?

REASON is the distinguishing glory of man. It is this which raises him in the scale of being, and gives him his worth and pre-eminence in the world. The inferior animals possess a power or propensity, called instinct, for performing certain actions that are necessary for their existence and happiness. Some of them possess it in a higher, and some in a lower degree; but in its highest state and richest endowment, it is essentially different

from the reason of man. One grand distinction is this: instinct is perfect, while reason is progressive; that is, instinct is incapable of enlargement, it is always the same in all ages and under all circumstances. The swallow built its nest, and the bee arranged its cell on the morning of creation just in the same way and after the same pattern that they do now. But reason is ever susceptible of improvement, it is ever acquiring fresh accessions, making new discoveries, increasing its powers, and enlarging its triumphs. The beauties of the landscape, the glories of the firmament, the melody of the grove, or the magnificence of the ocean, the instinct of animals neither understands nor admires. But man is arrested; his feelings are excited; he turns aside to contemplate; he is delighted; he is improved. And what opportunities does our beautiful earth afford for the exercise and entertainment of reason! what scenes of beauty! what exhibitions of glory! what wonders teem around us! how varied! how inviting! But our present inquiry leads us away from earth. It invites us to a lofty elevation, and asks for the widest excursions and the highest soarings of reason. We are to leave the beauty of valley and mountain, the music of the woodland, the sound of the waters, the activities and raptures of day. We are to summon all our powers and stretch our imaginations to that mighty expanse that magnificently spreads above and around our globe. Our subject is the starry heavens.

It is night. Silence reigns. The queen of heaven has cast her silvery beams around us, and is walking her nocturnal path, attended by her brilliant and dazzling train. How beautiful, how calm, how vast, how cheerful do those heavens look! Who can gaze upon them without pleasure—without experiencing an expansion of soul—without desiring to become acquainted with their history and character? At this scene in all ages man has wondered, man has wept, man has gloried, man has adored. From this scene have been fetched some of the loftiest inspirations, some of the most thrilling emotions, some of the highest and purest ecstasies that have ever been experienced; and from this scene have been adduced some of the brightest and clearest demonstrations of the power and perfections of the Godhead. Here the Deity shines forth in wisdom and majesty, and here the soul has full range for her vastest powers, and may wander in thought over immeasurable regions. What, then, can these lights be that bestud our firmament, and which have so often enraptured the bosom of man? It is impossible as it is unnecessary here to enter upon the curious, contradictory, and ridiculous notions that have been entertained of them. Some have looked upon them as altogether mysterious things, and have not been able to conjecture anything respecting them. Others regard them as mere lights or sparks, to enlighten the gloom of night; but what they are, or how they can be lights at all, they are unable to conceive. But there is no longer any excuse for our ignorance; science has scaled the barrier, revealing the wonders that roll above us, and mapping down for our inspection the magnificence of the heavens. We may now gaze and understand. We may now lift an intelligent eye to the splendid concave that overarches our earth, for science has illuminated its gloom, visited its domains, and opened to our astonished view the nature of its territories and the riches of its possessions. Having recently given four papers in the *INSTRUCTOR* on the sun, moon, planets, and comets,* we will here confine ourselves to such a brief outline of the solar system as may be necessary, for the sake of distinctness and arrangement, to assist us in our present inquiries.

The sun, then, is an immense globe, suspended in space nearly 95 millions of miles distant from us, and about 1,400,000 times larger than our earth. These are tremendous numbers, and we can convey no exact idea of them by words. But dwell upon them, stretch the imagination, and try to grasp something of the immensity of God's works. Think of the sun, which has been proved

to be a body of magnificent massiveness, far, far away in the depths of space, travelling in its grandeur, and proclaiming the might and glory of its maker. It is found to be surrounded by a luminous atmosphere, from which light and heat are transmitted to us; and that through this atmosphere are seen large and perfectly black spots, which slowly change their places and forms, by attending to whose situation at different times, astronomers have ascertained that once in every 25 days it turns round upon its axis like our earth, and in the same direction, from west to east. Many fanciful notions have been broached as to the nature of these spots on the sun; but Sir John Herschel, in his beautiful treatise on astronomy, informs us, 'that they are nothing else than the dark, or at least comparatively dark, solid body of the sun itself, laid bare to our view by those immense fluctuations in its luminous atmosphere, to which it appears subject.' Round this glorious luminary a number of other globes called planets revolve at various distances.

The planet Mercury is the nearest to the sun, but distant from it 37 millions of miles. Of this planet little can be seen, except that it is round, and exhibits changes on its surface. It is too small, and too much concealed in the neighbourhood of the sun to allow astronomers to reveal much of its nature.

The next is Venus, the brightest of all our planets, which is distant from the sun 68 millions of miles. Our telescopes here, too, have not been very successful, for not many of this planet's peculiarities are ascertained, arising from the intense lustre of its illuminated part, which dazzles the eye of the observer, and weakens the power of the glasses. Yet it is clearly seen that what is called its surface is not mottled over with permanent spots like the moon; neither mountain nor shadow is perceived, but one vast and uniform brightness. Now, from this it is conjectured that the real surface of the planet is not perceived, but only its atmosphere, much loaded with clouds.

Our beautiful planet the earth follows next, and is distant from the sun 95 millions of miles. The moon is the constant attendant upon the earth, and is the nearest to us of all the heavenly bodies. From the recent brilliant discoveries in astronomical science, the physical constitution of the moon has been largely unfolded to us. It presents a striking and singular aspect. In its nature and appearances it claims an exception to the whole planetary system, so far as that has been revealed to us. Its mountains are astonishingly numerous, occupying by far the larger portion of its surface, and nearly all of a cup-shaped form, surrounded by what may be called a wall or embankment. Nothing having the character of seas is perceived, although there are regions perfectly level; it has no clouds nor any indications of an atmosphere.

The next in order is Mars, which is distant from the sun 145 millions of miles. In this planet continents and seas have been discovered with perfect distinctness. From the astonishing revelations which have lately been made by our astronomers, the similarity between this planet and our earth is established beyond all doubt.

Passing by the four small planets, Vesta, Juno, Ceres, and Pallas, of which very little is known, arising from their comparative diminutiveness, we come to the magnificent Jupiter, which is the largest of all the planets, being about 1300 times larger than our earth, and distant from the sun 500 millions of miles. Jupiter is remarkable for four moons, which move round it as our moon does round the earth, and during its nights they reflect upon it light received from the sun.

Next in order, and not much inferior in size, is the planet Saturn, distant from the sun 900 millions of miles. It is attended by seven moons, reflecting upon it the sun's light, and is encircled by two broad rings that will appear from those regions of the planet that lie above their enlightened side as magnificent arches spanning the sky from horizon to horizon.

Of the planet Uranus nothing can be seen except a small round, uniformly illuminated disc, without rings, belts, or discernible spots, and its immense distance precludes

* Nos. 105, 110, 113, and 115.

all hope of coming at much knowledge of its physical condition. It is attended by several moons, the number and orbits of which have not been finally settled. It is 1822 millions of miles distant from the sun, and takes 83 years to complete its revolution round it.

From the daring and searching powers of man, we can now add another planet to our system. At an immense distance beyond Uranus, but bearing all the marks of a vast globe, rolls Neptune, which was discovered last year.

Such then is a rapid outline of the solar system. There is the glorious sun, of inconceivable magnitude and overpowering magnificence, walking in silence and grandeur its majestic circles. Round this august luminary, at vast distances and at distant periods, revolve in beauty and harmony the planets we have enumerated. The question then arises, are these planets inhabited? Where are we told that they are not inhabited? Has revelation uttered its voice and announced them vast and unpeopled solitudes? Are we informed by God that there silence reigns; that their valleys never echo with the music of life; that their plains are never visited by the eye of intelligence? Have we heard of a decree that has gone out against them, dooming them to eternal gloom, and forbidding the high ecstasies of life to manifest themselves there? We hear nothing of this. But we are told of the majesty and grandeur of the Creator in the Scriptures we receive as a revelation of himself. We are told that he 'hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span.' We are told that he 'hath created those orbs on high, and bringeth out their host by number, and calleth them all by names.' We are told that 'the works of the Lord are manifold, and that by wisdom he hath founded the earth, and by understanding established the heavens.' But where could we discern the wisdom that displays itself in all the works of his hands around us, if we supposed those globes above to be void and desolate regions—regions of beauty and majesty, where the voice of intelligence never breaks the silence of their hills nor answers to the rush of their waters? Are we to gaze upon them as elaborate displays of power merely, as demonstrations of omnipotence, revolving in the heavens as parading manifestations of the eternal, answering no purpose and fulfilling no design? There is no reason to suppose that they were created for the use of our earth, for a moon one-thousandth part the size of ours would communicate more light, and supersede them altogether. Useless to the Creator himself, they would be useless altogether, if not serving for the dwelling-place and contemplation of intelligent beings. We are told that wisdom shines through all the works of Deity, and proofs and demonstrations are on every hand; but to suppose those regions above us dark and desolate, we can see nothing but a useless expenditure of power, an unmeaning display of greatness.

But one of the planets is inhabited, and the hum of its busy population sounds in our ears. What is our earth but one of those planets that revolve round the sun? Visit any of the sister globes, select the moon, for example, and suppose yourselves looking from it towards our world. Now we know with certainty, that our earth will present a very singular and inhospitable appearance from the moon—an appearance very different from its real character and constitution. Would we be correct, then, in pronouncing it unfit for habitation or the abode of life? But why should our earth be the only planet that is inhabited? Are there no more creatures in existence than what we see around us? Has Deity crowded into our earth, so insignificant in size, the whole assemblage of being? We take a drop of water, and there we find thousands of perfectly formed creatures. We examine a clod in the valley, and there we find multitudinous life. We notice the leaf in the forest, and there we behold teeming existence. Every thing around us is bursting with life. Worlds of creatures, diversified and numberless, spread themselves before us. All this we readily acknowledge. But what does it mean? Is our globe so full of life, and are all the sister globes empty? Or are we

to suppose that the Almighty is straitened in his power, and is exclusively engrossed with our puny world? There is impiety in such a thought. Here 'we are not straitened in the Lord.' Crowd every planet with teeming life, fill every globe with existence, carry it from sun to system and from system to sun, let every orb that rolls above us be pregnant with diversified life, and we tell you that God is there to give every creature its breath; and that, transcendantly more easy than we can conceive him presiding over one being, he presides over all. The noblest and most glorious conceptions of Deity that we can form, are from their very nature the most likely to be true. Let us not enfeeble our conceptions by human comparisons and creature achievements, but throw into our thoughts of Deity all the amplitude and majesty of which our minds are capable, and think of him as neither overcome by magnitude nor perplexed by multiplicity, but sitting unperturbed on the circle of the heavens, administering to the wants and guiding the movements of boundless multitudes of habitable worlds.

Take another view. Evil has entered our globe, and it is the seat of a deep and wide-spread opposition to God. Think of the effects of this opposition for thousands of years. Think of the fearful masses of the disobedient that have proceeded from it. To suppose, then, that our earth is the only habitable spot in the universe is to assign to moral evil a tremendous ascendancy, and place it in painful competition with the number of the faithful and redeemed. May we not suppose that Satan shall not possess so vast a proportion of God's creatures, but that there are worlds and systems of worlds filled with faithful and loyal subjects to Jehovah, that shall reduce the kingdom of the usurper to a very insignificance?

Again, by processes of measurement and examination, which are fully explained in treatises on astronomy, we learn that there is a striking resemblance between our earth and the other globes in the solar system. We have ascertained that the planets are round like ours, that they turn on their axis like ours, and that they revolve round the sun like ours. They have their days, their nights, and their seasons; they have also the sun to rule their days, and many of them moons to rule their nights. In these arrangements, and in many more that might be enumerated, we see that God has done for them what he has done for our planet, and because we are not able to carry our investigations further, and account for every little irregularity that we notice or suppose, shall we deny to them existence? We have stated that the moon claims an exception, and we readily acknowledge that there are great and pressing difficulties in believing it to be the abode of beings in every respect resembling men. We allow, likewise, that none of the planets can be suitable abodes for such a creature as man, as he is at present constituted. He was made for this earth as his dwelling place. His body is adapted to the condition and peculiarities of this globe. But is there existence in no other mode than in the one we are acquainted with? Who can tell what is adapted to the soul when loosed from the trammels of the body? And may not the inhabitants of the other planets be adapted to their respective abodes in the same way, or in a way somewhat similar to the manner in which we see the inhabitants of our own earth adapted to their various climates and countries? Place the shivering Iclander on the burning plains of Africa, and his body droops and dies, simply because it is unfit for the climate. But it would be very foolish for the Iclander to assert that those regions are unfit for existence merely because he cannot exist there. The eastern prince, who had always lived in a warm climate, and had ever seen the water in a fluid and yielding state, when he was informed by an inhabitant of the north that the water in his country was at times so hard that men and animals might stand upon it, at once treated this information with contempt, and pronounced the European an impostor. But was he wise in so doing? Frozen water did exist though he had never seen it; and is it not premature and unwise to pronounce upon the

unfitness of the planets for existence merely from what we see around us, when the very things that we look upon as strange and inhospitable may be but the grandest displays of wisdom and glory, the scenes of high and happy life? We see in these mighty orbs many things that correspond to our own—the rude furniture, if we may so speak, of habitation; and are we to suppose that one wide and unbroken dreariness presents itself, and that there is nothing of the beauty of vegetation, nothing of the raptures of life, nothing of the soarings of joyous and lofty intelligence among them?

We invite the reader, then, to gaze upon those planets that accompany our earth in its revolutions, and indulge the pleasing thought that they are mansions crowded with being. God has made nothing in vain, and we cannot suppose that they are left unoccupied, without any one to admire the works of his hands, to offer the adoring tribute of praise and thanksgiving, to appreciate and enjoy the grandeur and beauty he has scattered there.

But the sun and the planets that encircle it form only a very small part of the universe of God. You might blot them from the firmament, and their abstraction would be but like the removal of the leaf from the forest; the universe, in one respect, would sustain no loss, and their departure would be unnoticed. What are those innumerable sparks that gild our nocturnal heavens? What are those lights that have been emitting their splendours since the dawn of creation? We call them fixed stars. Above 1000 can be seen by the naked eye, while more than 50,000 have been noticed by telescopes, and the high probability is that there are thousands more. Stretch the imagination, then, further still, and let us wing our daring flight through the regions of space, and visit those vast and distant worlds. They must be masses of immense magnitude, or they could not be seen at the distance of place that they occupy. If a cannon-ball were shot from our earth, and proceeded at the rate of a million of miles a day, it would require thousands of years before it reached the nearest. The light they give must proceed from themselves, for the reflection of light from some other body could not bear itself through such immense distances. We have spoken of the inconceivable magnitude of our sun, but there is every reason to suppose that each star that shines beyond our system is itself vastly superior. We cannot resist the conclusion that every star is a mighty sun, round which may revolve other globes in overwhelming multitudes and majesty. But the mind is driven back, baffled and confounded, and we can only wonder and adore. So transcendently numerous are the stars, that in the part of the heavens called the 'milky way,' an astronomer directing his telescope to it, saw 50,000 pass in a single hour! What are they? Do they not present room and provision for countless races of animated being? Have they been thrown into the mighty concave merely to sparkle as a fragment void of beauty, as objects to dazzle the eye or engage the curiosity of the astronomer? Apply the argumentation to the fixed stars that has been offered respecting the planets, and is there any reason to doubt but that those mighty globes are the mansions of life and intelligence? May not Jehovah there display his glory, and manifest the perfection of his attributes to inconceivable millions of happy creatures? Is there any reason to conclude otherwise than that this boundless multitude of worlds are thronged with contemplators and worshippers of the divinity?

What grandeur such contemplations throw around the future destinies of man! We shall exist after death. We shall visit some other spot in the universe. Our souls must soar away from earth. Infidelity cannot rob us of immortality. It stands secure as the everlasting hills, and we must live on. Let us then raise ourselves above the low pursuits and mean delights of earth, and rest assured that there are *realities* in astronomy. The intention of the present paper was more particularly to encourage the young to the study of this sublime science. We trust that our youthful readers will regard these thoughts

as simple inducements to lead them to inquire for themselves, and thereby learn to raise an intelligent eye to the heavens above them, and love to think of the vast and infinite.

WE ARE BROTHER MEN.

For the Instructor.

Away with the embattled hosts that, deck'd in armour bright,
Go forth to wake the triumph cry of iron-handed might!
Away with oriflammes of war! away with spear and brand!
And let the shiver'd truncheon fall from every leader's hand!
And be the wrathful look and word unseen, unheard again,
To blight the peace and love of earth, for we are brother men.

There's donjon towers upon the hills, and castles on the plain,
Where dark defiance waves her flag and mocks each hostile train;
Where murder whets his thirsty sword and waves his gory spear,
And chills the fire of pity's heart, and freezes pity's tear;
But ruin'd shall their turrets be, their flags the ivy, when
The gladsome truth pervades the earth that we are brother men.

With head erect, and gaily dight in casque of silver sheen,
The warrior treads in peaceful halls, where woman's smiles are seen.
She binds the laurel on his brow, and deems it woman's part,
And to his fetid glory pays the homage of her heart;
But woman's hands shall scorn to weave the warrior's chaplet when
The angel's whisper fills her ear that we are brother men.

Beneath the spangled corslet dwells a latent fount of wrath,
And in the golden scabbard sleeps the bravo-brand of death;
And echoing, like the banshee's voice, above the bugle's tones,
Are heard the shrieks of wife and maid, and manhood's hollow groans.
Oh! who will worship martial pomp and battle's glory, when
The world awakes at last to know that we are brother men?

Oh! beauteous be the cottage-wall where honeysuckle clings!
And bright for ever be the hearth where guileless childhood sings!
And glorious be the peaceful bands who, with sustaining toil,
Uphold the throne of commerce, and imparadise the soil!—
Oh! they shall claim an honour'd rank and grateful homage, when
The earth in unity proclaims the brotherhood of men.

Hark! hark! from Cædum's choral bands of sinless seraphim
Awakes the melody of love, like music in a dream;
And echoing, like th' archangel's trump, from earth's remotest hills,
And breathing o'er her sunny plains, and murmuring in her rills,
The glad hosannah comes at last, to wake the farthest ken
Of nations, tribes, and empire states, that all are brother men.

J. B. SYME.

A LAPLAND WEDDING.

It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without her parents' consent; wherefore, if one bear affection for a young maid, upon the breaking thereof to her friends, the fashion is that a day is appointed for her friends to behold the two parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of a third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except willing of herself, that she should be overtaken. If the maid outrun her suitor, the matter is ended, it being penal for the man to renew the mention of marriage. But if the virgin hath an affection for him; though at first running hard to try the truth of his love, she will (without Atalanta's golden ball to retard her speed), pretend some casualty, and make voluntary halt before she come to the mark or end of the race. Thus none are compelled to marry against their own will; and this is the cause that in this country the married people are richer in their own contentment, than in other lands where so many forced matches make feigned love and real unhappiness.—*Fuller.*

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CRIMINAL STATISTICS.*

It is a gratifying circumstance that statistics are beginning to assume an importance which has been too long denied them. In this respect some of the continental governments are much superior to our own; and while they have encouraged scientific inquiries of this character, the British authorities have exhibited a culpable carelessness, and, for the most part, have allowed these investigations to be conducted by private energy and at private expense. Science has no honour in the land of Newton and Napier, except it be developed in immediate and practical issues; and our anticipations that statistics will soon have a high prominence assigned them, is owing to the circumstance that their direct connexion with practical effort is forcing itself upon the attention of all who must grapple with the great questions of the age. For what, after all, are those tables of statistics, with their formidable columns, their long rows of figures, and their decimal notation? They exhibit a vast collection of facts hitherto lying scattered and loose, like the leaves of the Cumean Sybil; these have been brought together at much expense and labour, which the clearest intellects have arranged and generalised, and reduced into a scientific form. They are not documents without meaning to the understanding mind, and in some cases their meaning is of a most solemn description. Are they commercial statistics? Then these figures, with their exact decimals, speak of famine and abundance, the alternations in trade, of health, excitement, and paralysis; and the change of a single figure marks the transition when the poor man is almost crushed to the earth from commercial distress, or when his home becomes again the scene of comfort and enjoyment. Are they vital statistics? Every column has its tale to tell, of births that give joy, of diseases that afflict us, and of deaths that make desolation; the addition of a single figure is a scientific expression for a thousand domestic histories—an increased vigour of life, a heavier pressure of disease, or an intenser activity of death. Are they criminal statistics? They afford us an indication of the moral condition of a country, in so far as that can be ascertained from the number and character of those offences which come under the review of the civil magistrate; and these cold-looking lists of the outcasts of society, who are kept in restraint solely by the strong arm of the law, speak to us of a neglected education, of violent passions, of sudden temptations, of wrecked hopes, of broken hearts of parents; and as we gaze on them while

the decimal increases, there rise up to our view more bridewells, more prisons, and more scaffolds.

Holding these opinions of the nature and value of statistical inquiries properly directed, we are glad to perceive from the pamphlets before us that science is directing its energies to the analysis of crime in this country. But some may still be disposed to ask, 'of what practical importance is it for us to become acquainted with the statistics of crime?' It is not the number of criminals that we care about knowing, nor the character of their offences. This may do very well for mathematicians and persons who are fond of calculating figures and summing up decimals. It may gratify a speculative curiosity, but it will do no more. It is of more importance to reform criminals than to number them; and we care little for the classification of offences compared with the method of diminishing them.' Be it so, but we claim for criminal statistics this distinction, that they are one of the means to this desired end—the diminution of crime. They are just as necessary for this purpose as the knowledge of a disease is essential to its cure. What is the nosology of a disease, as laid down in medical works? What are the peculiar circumstances in which the disease manifests itself? What are the classes of persons who are chiefly exposed to its influence? Are they males or females, and in what proportion? What period of life is the freest from its attacks, and when is its virulence most experienced? These and similar elements constitute the nosology of a disease, and it is upon these and similar facts that the physician proceeds. Now, crime is a moral disease, and our object is to ascertain its symptoms, the various forms it assumes, and the frequency or rarity of the specific forms; and how far these are affected by age, or sex, or employment, or education, singly or in their different combinations. This knowledge being once acquired, we have a body of facts in our possession which may prove of the highest service in solving this great problem—What must society do in order to weaken and neutralise this moral pestilence; and where can its energies be brought to bear with the greatest probability of success?

Mr Neison has published two contributions to the department of criminal statistics in this country. They were read before the statistical section of the British Scientific Association at its two last meetings. The first paper was read at the meeting which was held at Southampton, on the 15th September, 1846. It presents us with an analysis of the crime in England and Wales for the years 1842, 1843, and 1844. The second paper was read at the meeting which was held at Oxford, on the 28th June, 1847. It presents us with an analysis of the returns for the years 1834–1844. The analysis is conducted on the most rigid

* Statistics of Crime in England and Wales. By F. G. P. NEISON, Esq., F.L.S., &c., Actuary to the Medical Invalid and General Life Insurance Society. London: Hatton & Co. 1847.

principles, it has been prosecuted with immense labour, and it has brought out results which are not only curious and interesting in themselves, but which also throw much light upon the social condition of this country, and which, with other causes, may yet lead to the adoption of remedial measures. It is our intention to give some account of these valuable pamphlets. Scientific processes are not adapted for a periodical like ours, which makes its appeal to all classes of society, but the more important conclusions may be stated, and some of the trains of thought indicated by which they are arrived at. We now proceed to notice these results—how crime is influenced by sex, by age, by employment, by education.

What effect has sex upon crime? An answer is easily given to this question. The number of male criminals was 71,540; that of female criminals was 1592, for the years 1842, 1843, and 1844. This makes a distinction very much in favour of the female sex. There is five times more crime among men than women. Among males, there is one criminal to 336 of the population; among females there is only one to 1581. A far higher amount of virtue is what one would naturally expect on the part of the fairer sex, considering their position in society. They are surrounded with more restraints, and are less exposed to temptation than the rougher sex; and if men claim a superiority in intellect, women may demand it in morality. But few perhaps are prepared for the conclusion that there is such a large preponderance upon their side, and that of the unhappy class for which police-offices and prisons are constructed there are five men to one woman. An obvious lesson here presents itself—that whatever remedial measures are adopted for the prevention of crime, they should have an especial reference to the male sex.

The element of sex comes again into consideration when another question is asked. What connexion has age with crime? The former enumeration of offenders included all ages, but we now approach the solution of a more important problem—what is the proportion of crime at different terms of life? There are tables constructed for this purpose, to show the ratio of crime at various periods. Let us look at the male tables first. Under 15, there are about six times less crime than the average for all ages. From 15 to 20, there are about thirteen times more crime than under 15, and more than twice the average. From 20 to 25, it is still increasing, being nearly two and a half times the average. From 25 to 30, it is twice the average. It now gradually diminishes till the termination of life. Results both curious and valuable may be deduced from these tables in reference to these quinquennial periods. Crime has reached its greatest intensity between 20 and 25, more than a fourth part of all the offences under cognisance of law being committed during this period. Nearly one-half is committed between 15 and 25, and more than two-thirds between 15 and 30. These three quinquennial periods are the most dangerous for the commission of crime, the middle one taking a bad eminence among them. Crime having reached its maximum between 20 and 25, its intensity diminishes at each of the subsequent stages of human existence. This of itself would not be considered a remarkable circumstance, but it is wonderful to observe this decrease proceeding according to a given proportion. A regular law is found in operation from the maximum period, and the tendency to crime diminishes at every succeeding quinquennial period at the rate of 33 per cent. There is one-third less crime in the quinquennial period between 25 and 30 than in that between 20 and 25; and one-third less in the period between 30 and 35 than between 25 and 30. And so crime diminishes at this uniform ratio till the close of life. So exact and undeviating is this law, that supposing we were informed of the amount of crime at the maximum period, there would be no difficulty in determining from this single fact how many criminals would be found at any of the subsequent periods; and the number thus calculated corresponds very closely with the actual number when the two lists are compared together.

Upon examining the female tables similar results are observed, though with some difference. The first diversity

is, that in the female sex the intensity of crime is nearly equal in the two periods—from 15 to 20, and from 20 to 25. The maximum period with males is confined to the second 5 years; with females, it extends to 10 years, from 15 to 25. The second is, that while a regular law of decrease of crime from this period is found in operation, as among males, its proportion is much lower. It is only 25 per cent., instead of 33. While the tendency to crime diminishes with men one-third every five years, the tendency diminishes with women only one-fourth. It thus appears that the causes of crime, whatever they may be, act with a fatal power upon females at an earlier time of life than upon males, and that their energy is not exhausted by five years' indulgence, but is sustained continuously for the space of ten years. Upon what principle is this to be accounted for? That women should commence their career of depravity sooner than men admits of an easy explanation from the natural precocity of the sex; but this earlier development of mind and of body is of no assistance in determining the question, why should female wickedness retain its intensity for ten years, instead of five, as in the other sex? Again, to what are we to ascribe the fact, that while the decrease of crime commences with them at the same period as it does with males, and does so according to a regular law, it diminishes at a much lower ratio? What then is the philosophy of these figures and of these laws? Is it not this? Women, as a whole, are unquestionably far more virtuous than men. These tables tell us that there are five male criminals for one female. But if we confine our attention to that small class of females who become criminals, it is obvious that there is a greater chasm between them and the virtuous portion of their sex, than between male criminals and that portion of their sex who have never violated the law of the land. Females, from their precocity, enter upon their career of wickedness sooner, but their sense of degradation, their feeling that all is lost, render them more hardened and reckless than offenders of the opposite sex. With them there is a ten years' course of undiminished virulence in crime; and even when this dreadful moral crisis has come to an end, they are less susceptible than men of the decreasing influences of evil. The wave of reformation has turned for them as well as for males, but it flows on at a much slower rate, and once plunged into vice, it is too frequently the case of one who 'found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.' A woman, when pure, soars nearest the angels; when depraved, she sinks nearest the fiends.

An important lesson may be derived from a consideration of these critical periods of human life, as respects the commission of crime. The most dangerous period to women is from 15 to 25; the most dangerous to men is from 20 to 25. More than one-fourth of all the offences are committed during this latter period. Every means should thus be adopted to prepare society for passing through this dangerous period with the least injury. What are the influences most powerful at this time for the perpetration of evil? What are the chief sources of temptation, and in what form do they generally appear? How shall we modify or neutralise these injurious tendencies, weaken or eradicate the improper propensities, and excite and strengthen those motives which will bear them triumphant through all the inducements to evil with which they are then surrounded, and to which for the time they become the victims?

Another inference may be drawn. It is a lesson of caution, that we are not to form an opinion of the general moral condition of a district by merely ascertaining what is the number of offences committed there in proportion to the population. No correct conclusion can be obtained upon this matter, without taking into account the two elements of age and of sex. Let us look at age first. One-fourth of all the crimes in the empire is perpetrated within a limit of five years—from 20 to 25. It may happen that a community from various causes has a larger ratio than usual of persons during this and the other dangerous periods, where the greatest intensity of crime is found. Its moral state may be thus superior to what would be

indicated by a mere glance at the number of offences when compared with the population; that is, crime may be much less diffused over the community than a hasty examination of prison reports would warrant, because it has, from peculiar causes, more than the average of persons, at those critical periods which are most exposed to criminal influences. The reverse, it is obvious, will also hold good. Here is a rural district. Numbers are drafted from it annually into those scenes of industry where that labour is found which is denied them in their place of birth. A considerable proportion of these are at those terms of life when the tendency to crime is the greatest. The district thus relieved from this moral pressure should have less than the average number of offences, for the population, throughout the empire; and should it have no more than the average number, it is a proof that demoralisation has a wider influence in the locality than it has in the kingdom at large. And in like manner, take a district, one of the hives of manufacturing industry into which these young persons emigrate, and a higher average of crime may be expected from this cause, without the general community being vitiated in proportion. It may be a proof that crime is much more concentrated, not that it is more diffused. It may be operating with greater intensity within a limited range, without the general mass of society sharing in the apparent corruption. Hence it is not sufficient to look merely at the proportion of criminals to the population in a given locality, to pronounce decisively upon its moral condition as compared with others. We must ascertain whether it has a larger or lesser number of persons at those periods when offences are most generally committed. A series of valuable tables is drawn up for each of the counties in England and Wales. The actual number of offences is given for each county; the number that might be expected, assuming the ratio to be the same as that for England and Wales; the number of the population in each county, at the different terms of life; and the proportionate increase or diminution of persons from 20 to 25 to the average of England and Wales. Looking at these tables, with their various classifications and groups (for we must resist the temptation of giving illustrations and comments), it may be laid down as a general rule, that wherever you find the ratio of crime much beneath the average, there is a diminished ratio of persons between 20 and 25. Still this affords no indication of the general morality of the district. Society may nevertheless, as a whole, be more corrupt than in some other places, where the criminal returns afforded a higher proportion to the population. In like manner, allowance must also be made for the relative proportion of females to the other sex. Women are, as we have seen, five times more virtuous than men; hence a larger number than usual will keep down the average of crime in a community where the males, as a class, are very much demoralised; and hence, also, a smaller number than usual will raise the average of crime, where the males, as a class, have a less tendency to vice than is commonly found. It is manifest, then, from these considerations, that no correct idea can be acquired of the general morality of a district from the number of crimes committed, without taking into account at the same time the elements of age and of sex, and determining the ratio which each of the sexes and persons at certain periods of life bear to the whole population.

It is of great importance to ascertain the effect which age has upon crime in its aggregate character—the tendencies to the commission of offences in general at different periods of life; but it becomes a question of far more practical value to discover—What influence has the element of age upon the specific forms of crime? In the criminal returns of the Home Office for the years 1842–3–4, which were used by Mr Neison in the paper which he read in 1846, no classification was made of the kinds of offences committed at different ages. He regretted this defect, and expressed a wish that it might be supplied in future returns. He, however, afterwards learned that this information was given in the returns made to the Home Office, up to the year 1839. He was thus enabled to make a more search-

ing analysis of the connexion between age and specific forms of crime. This was done from the criminal returns for the six years, 1834–39. The results are presented in the second contribution, read in June 1847. It is somewhat unfortunate that in these returns there is a different classification of ages from those which were formerly mentioned, as this prevents an exact comparison in all respects. The periods are 12 years and under, 16 years and above 12, 21 years and above 16, &c. Still a very fair estimate may be made. We are now prepared to answer some questions.

1. Offences against the person. When are they most frequently committed? Most from 21 to 30; the tendency to this crime being upwards of 20 per cent. higher than at the previous period, from 16 to 21. It has increased more than one-fifth.

2. Offences against property with violence. Most from 16 to 21; the tendency to this crime being about 39 per cent. lower than at the subsequent period, from 21 to 30. It has diminished nearly two-fifths.

3. Offences against property without violence. Most from 16 to 21; the tendency to this crime being nearly 35 per cent. lower than at the subsequent period, from 21 to 30. It has diminished more than two-thirds.

4. Malicious offences against property. Most from 16 to 21; the tendency to this crime being about 8 per cent. lower than at the subsequent period, from 21 to 30.

5. Forgery and other offences against the currency. Most from 16 to 21; the tendency to this crime being nearly 8 per cent. lower than at the subsequent period, from 21 to 30.

In all these cases, the first excepted, the greatest intensity of the specified crime is found at the period between 16 and 21. At the subsequent terms of life the tendency decreases, but not according to any regular law. Formerly, when crime was viewed in the aggregate, a law was perceived in operation, according to which, after the maximum was reached, it diminished for males at each quinquennial period 33 per cent. But this does not hold good in reference to specific forms of crime. Offences against the person, instead of decreasing from 21, increase for the next 10 years more than 20 per cent.; while the diminution for the other four classes of offences ranges from 39 per cent. in offences against property with violence, to nearly 8 per cent. in cases of forgery and other offences against the currency. Upon examination of the periods beyond 30, a similar diversity makes its appearance.

The tables which give the ratio of each class of offences to the aggregate amount of crime bring out a most important result regarding the prevalence of one form—offences against property without violence. Under 16, nine-tenths of all crimes belong to this single class. From 16 to 21, it is a fraction more than three-fourths. It is less influenced by age than any other crime after this period. The ratio is very little altered at any of the subsequent periods, from which it appears that offences committed against property without violence constitute three-fourths of the whole amount of crime committed in this country during mature life. Can nothing be done to counteract the tendency to this particular form of crime? Could no measures be adopted to diminish the intensity of this specific offence? Is it a penalty that a commercial society like that of Britain must continue to pay, thankful that the vicious poverty in our midst has sagacity enough to appropriate our goods without having recourse to those deeds of violence and of murder which commonly attend the abstraction of property in communities less civilised than our own?

There is another question of the highest practical importance, which these tables enable us to solve. Is crime upon the increase or decrease in this country among the juvenile population? This is a matter which is exciting the attention of all who take an interest in the moral welfare of society. It is confidently affirmed that a larger proportion than ever of the rising generation are tramping upon the laws of God and man, and becoming the occupants of our jails, and bridewells, and penitentiaries. It is believed and declared that boys and girls are becoming every year more and more contaminated, and are

helping to swell in greater numbers the lists of those whom the French call the dangerous classes, and who are a pest and corruption to the whole community. Are these things so? Viewing matters upon a large scale throughout England and Wales, is it the case that juvenile crime is increasing with greater rapidity than crime committed at more advanced periods of life? There are materials before us which furnish the requisite information. The intelligent reader will observe the various steps by which the truth is discovered.

1. It was formerly shown that the greatest intensity of crime was found to exist between 20 and 25, and that more than one-fourth of all the crime committed belonged to this period; and that, in determining the general moral condition of any district, much attention must be paid to the ratio which persons, at this dangerous term of life, bore to the entire population. As respects males especially, this was the most critical period of their existence; and, in forming a general estimate of the character of a community, our mind was fixed more upon the number of persons above 20 than of those who had not yet arrived at this age. This seems an indication, when thoughtfully considered, that the moral tone of a district is less influenced by juvenile delinquency than by mature crime.

2. It was also stated, formerly, that tables were given for all the counties in England and Wales, exhibiting at one view the actual amount of crime, and the proportion which it bore to the average of crime throughout the kingdom. It is seen, then, in a moment, what the crime of each county is, whether it is under or above the general average, and how much under and above. This is done not only for the whole duration of life, but for every successive term. Upon looking at these tables, we perceive many fluctuations; some are much above the average, and others considerably beneath it; but the circumstance which bears upon our present topic is, that there is less variation between 10 and 20 than at the subsequent periods. The deviations from the general average of offences are found principally between 20 and 40. The pendulum of crime oscillates with a greater uniformity throughout England and Wales between 10 and 20 than between 20 and 40. The causes which operate in the production of crime are thus evinced to be of a more stable and permanent character at the younger periods of existence than at the mature. Crime at the more advanced stages of life comes more under the influence of external circumstances than juvenile crime, and it can be increased or diminished by impelling or counteracting agencies to a larger extent than those which are brought to bear upon the young. This seems to render it probable that, though crime were on the increase in the community, there would be a less proportion of this increase among the young than upon those of mature years.

3. Another step may be taken. Upon an examination of these tables a very interesting and valuable conclusion is derived. There is less deviation from the uniform tendency to crime at the juvenile than at the more advanced periods, but there is something more than this. Take a group of counties, where there is an excess of crime above the average of the kingdom, and it is manifest, not merely that the juvenile ages have no share in increasing this ratio, but that they have actually kept it down. The ratio of excess would have been higher had it not been for the diminution of crime among the young. There are the great northern and midland mining and manufacturing districts; form them into one group, and what is the result? As regards all ages, there is a small excess above the general average; but as respects the juvenile periods, there is a diminution. Under 15, it is nearly 2 per cent. below the average; from 10 to 15, it is more than 7 per cent. below the average; and there is an increase on all the periods between 20 and 60. There are the agricultural counties; form them all also into one group, and mark the result. With reference to all ages, there is an excess of crime, above the average, of 9 per cent. Under 15, there is a diminution of more than 12 per cent. Between 15 and 20, there is an increase of more than 3 per cent. But from

20 to 25, there is an increase of more than 19 per cent., from 25 to 30, of 10 per cent.; and from 30 to 40, of more than 13 per cent. Thus in this combination of agricultural counties, while there has been in the periods between 20 and 40, taking them altogether, an increase above the general average of crime of 14 per cent., there has been an increase only of 3 per cent. between 15 and 20, while under 15 there has been a positive decrease amounting to more than 12 per cent.

4. More decided evidence can be adduced by comparing the criminal returns of successive years.

Two classes of returns have been employed in the preparation of these contributions to statistics. The former embraced the returns of crime for the years 1842-4; the latter embraced those for 1834-9. It is thus in our power to compare these two returns, and ascertain from them whether crime has been on the increase or diminution, and whether this fluctuation has been diffused over all the terms in an equable manner. When this comparison is made, three facts are elicited.

The first is, that crime has increased from the former period about 19 per cent. The number of offences has been increased upon an average nearly one-fifth. This is an enormous addition to the criminal calendar; and from another return of criminals for 1840-1841, it is apparent that this accumulation of guilt has been going on gradually from year to year.

The second is, that this alarming addition has been confined to the criminals above 20 years. At every successive period there has been a greater proportion, the fluctuations ranging from nearly 20 per cent. to upwards of 35, and what is most singular, the largest increase has been among those who have farthest advanced in life. The excess is more than 35 per cent. among criminals of 60 years and upwards.

The third fact is, that amidst this increase of crime above 20 years of age there has been an actual decrease between 15 and 20. Nor is it a slight diminution. It is more than 14 per cent. Hence, so far from crime extending among the juvenile population, there has been a positive decrease, amounting to one-seventh, during the period of eleven years which ends in December, 1844. This is a result as astonishing as it is pleasing, but the accuracy of it cannot be disputed, without challenging the correctness of the criminal returns of the kingdom. Unwilling as we are to load our pages with tables, the following abstract is given in order to satisfy doubts which may be entertained. The second and third columns show the ratio per cent. of criminals in the respective periods mentioned, that is, the proportion which criminals bear to the total population:

AGE.	Ratio per cent. of criminals in		Excess per cent. of crime in 1842-4 above 1834-9.
	1842-4.	1834-9.	
15-20	.6841	.7839	-14.588
20-30	.6952	.5566	+19.937
30-40	.3794	.2928	+22.825
40-50	.2504	.1725	+31.110
50-60	.1694	.1202	+29.044
60 and upwards.	.0813	.0525	+35.424

This diminution of juvenile crime will gratify every patriot and Christian; for, under God, our hopes of effecting a moral regeneration in society must depend chiefly upon the young. Their hearts are comparatively tender and soft, and their minds are more susceptible to impressions of good than what they are when they advance in years. Public opinion has been affirming for some time back that there is an alarming increase of juvenile delinquency, and that more boys and girls than was formerly the case are brought every year before our police-offices, and are confined in our prisons; and good men of all religious sects have been urging each other, with an excellent rivalry, to increased exertions for rescuing this inte-

resting portion of the community from degradation and vice. Erroneous as this opinion is now proved to be, the very extent and prevalence of the belief may probably have originated and been kept alive by the circumstance, that increased attention is now paid to the moral condition of the young. There was a time when large numbers of them were allowed to grow up uncared for, and they were permitted to plunge in crime, and to rush on from one stage of depravity to another, as if this were an immutable law of divine providence. More juvenile delinquency was then committed, but it seemed less, because few were paying heed to it, and still fewer devising means for its prevention. Less juvenile delinquency is now committed, and it seems much larger than before, because our interest is excited, and its evils are pressed upon our observation, with a view to their being remedied. This diminution of offences among the young, however, instead of leading us to relax our exertions for their improvement, should have an effect the very opposite. It informs us that Sabbath schools, and other means of moral and intellectual culture which of late years have been so much employed, are beginning to exert a beneficial influence upon that class of persons for whose good they were originally instituted. Let Hope be written upon our banners in all our crusades to rescue neglected children from ignorance and vice.

In our next paper the question will be discussed—How is crime affected by employments and education?

TOM BENSON'S NOTES.

THE BROTHERS.

TAKE an old sailor's advice, lads, in opposition to your own foolish notions, and don't think a ship a palace, nor the sea a bed of down. I grant that there is a fascination in the voice of the foamy surge, as it comes rolling inshore, and then recoils into the element which it loves; I grant that there is a beauty which bewilders and captivates the imagination of youth in a proud and taut ship, with her running gear and rigging all a tanto, her white wings spread from truck to jib, and her brightly painted hull, tearing through the water; ah! I know it, for I have felt it, and the very recollection of a ship in Sunday trim going large before the wind makes my heart dance merrily as it did in days of yore; but yet, when my experience begins to foot up the dottings of my log, and reason squares the columns of profit and loss, the wreck of comfort, peace, knowledge, and home-love stand sore against the sea. It is true that we have the romance of 'the winds piping loud, and the good ship flying away, away like the eagle;' but when the winds pipe loudly, let it be recollected that poor Jack is piped to duty aloft; and I tell you I have seen many a fine young fellow piped to his final account while striving to furl the shrouds which the surly wind was tearing to ribbons. We have blue jackets of good quality and cut when we come on shore, and generally a few shiners in the locker; but we have damp hammocks and mouldy rations at sea, and less sleep than sour looks, and often hard knocks. I love the blue water and the clear cloudless sky; the scream of the albatross is not to me a doleful omen, and the phosphorescent flashes of the tropical waves are lamps to light me back to the deck whereon I nursed my young maritime affection; yet these are not parts of one in a thousand sailors' ideal, I tell you; he has little time generally to feed his mind with abstractions—work, eat, and sleep, are the three words which express the routine of his life at sea: work immoderately, eat in shark fashion, that is, bolt your grub without examining its quality, and sleep as dogs do when your watch is out, and you have a pretty correct enumeration of the alternations of a sailor's life on shipboard. Yet, alas! this is the life for which young, generous, and glowing hearts pant, regardless of the interdictions of fatherly affection and reason. They sigh for the salt water and the agitated billow, unmindful of the salt tears which mothers shed for the loss of those they love, and of the thorns which disobedience and false ambition plant in woman's pillow.

The star of my strange and wayward destiny saw me, in the spring of 18—, a lonely and friendless man in Liverpool, England, with only a few sixpences in my pocket, a few slops in my old sea-chest, a hammock, a sou'-wester, and a restless desire to do something. I had been laid up rather snugly all the winter in Glasgow with rheumatics, caught during a month's stay in Pomona, that is, one of the Orkney Islands, upon which we were cast away; and as the fruits of my sojourn on the rocky Pomona were racking pains and a shattered hull, I, after my arrival in Clutha's proud city, required to be docked in its large hospital, into which, by the by, it is right difficult to gain admission, but from which it is no difficult thing to be discharged. I lay upon my little cast-iron crib and groaned through many a long and weary day, and I sighed for my sea legs and elbow room through many a dull dim watch of the night. I do not know of any agony that a sailor can endure like that of being moored to a bed of pain and inaction, with a full consciousness of what is taking place around him, and little hopes of standing again with his foot on shipboard. The dull cressets that hung from the roof of the large ward in which I lay only served to render torture visible as they shed their dim, baleful blue light over the faces of restless sufferers like myself. There were two regular ranges of couches run alongside the walls, like ships alongside of a double wharf, and in each of them there was a look-out, who did not keep dog-watch, I tell you. Look around you at any hour of night or day, and you were sure to see eyes sparkling from out of red and striped flannel cowl, while pinched thin white faces, twitching and screwing in unintermitted suffering, were ever before you. Sometimes a groan or a stifled exclamation; sometimes the harsh tones of the person who received the title of nurse, as she impatiently administered to some patient; sometimes the crow of some healthy jocund rooster; sometimes the dull, ominous sound of the distant city bells; and sometimes the shuffle of feet and the bustle of taking away the dead from the society of the scarcely living, would awaken us up from our fitful broken slumbers to the sickening realities of life in an hospital. I shall never forget the dismal dreams that rose before my troubled vision as I lay upon that hard and ungrateful bed. I recollect of nothing palpable; I could not embody one single idea of all the images that flitted through the chambers of my brain, but still I have a deep, dead-like impression of turgid, rolling seas that moaned and struggled with some superior power, and rising, and twisting, and swelling, and shrinking, would gradually fall away from beneath the ship of which I unaccountably found myself commander, causing her to plunge a thousand fathoms deep into a black and wildering whirlpool. Comrades whom I had seen die in their hammocks, drop from the yards in storm, or cut down at my side in boarding, would flit with their pale, bloody, corpse-like faces confusedly before me until I would shout out in my agony, and the perspiration would pour from all the pores of my trembling body. Sometimes I would dream of old home—of my sisters, brothers, and father, ay, and of my mother and friends that once had been dear to me; and then in my loneliness and weakness I would weep over the follies of my youth and manhood, and sigh to think of the tears I had caused to flow, the fears I had created for those who loved me, and the love I had cast aside in the pursuit of a baseless chimera which had led me into toil, danger, pain, poverty, and grief, and had anchored me a friendless wreck upon the hard iron bed of charity at last. The reader who can realise the feelings of a proud and not insensible spirit under the foregoing circumstances will easily conceive the strength of that joy which made my heart dance in my bosom, when I found myself, one beautiful spring morning, in Liverpool, with a certificate of cured from the hospital authorities, and a consciousness of returning power flowing with my blood through every vein and artery in my frame.

'Hurra! here I am again!' said I to myself, scant of rigging and light of ballast, but I have a good hull, and hope's breezes are blowing once more through my skyscrapers; so keep a stout heart, Tom, and mayhap pro-

vidence has something in store for you yet.' I left my old sea-chest in one of the underwriter's sheds, with as many injunctions to look after its safety as if it had been an admiral's corpse in spirits, and I set out to look for a berth.

'Are you shipping any hands just now, sir?' said I to a consequential little gentleman who walked the quarter-deck of a brig which, I was told, was in the Canton trade.

The great man only looked at me without vouchsafing an answer; and as I stood with my feet a little apart, and thrust my hands in a free and easy way down to the bottoms of the larboard and starboard pockets of my jacket, he looked more astonished than pleased. 'What was the name of your last ship?' said he, eyeing me superciliously.

'The Shad, sir,' said I, squirting out my surplus juice and carceing my hat a little to larboard.

'Yankee or English?' said he, as snappy and short as a turtle, and eyeing me as if he could eat me.

'American, sir,' said I, in much the same tone, for I was riling up at the fellow.

'What trade was she in?'

'The Miramichi timber-trade,' said I; 'she was a Halifax-built boat, owners Jackson & Son, Commander Jediah Byers of Boston, Massachusetts; cast away last November on one of the Orcaeds, and she lies, as far as I know, waterlogged in a little bay off the island of Pomona.'

'Thank you for your information,' said he, 'and in return take my advice and mend your manners when you speak to a commander again.'

'My name is not in your ship's books,' said I, stoutly; 'and while nobody commands me, why, I am my own commander; therefore you might have taken the advice and digested it before you parted with it.'

I turned upon my heel and walked on shore again, whistling as loudly and shrilly as I could the tune of 'Yankee doodle,' when a stout, porpoise-looking man, with a fur cap and long rough pea-jacket, accosted me with 'Well, I guess you want a berth, boy?'

'Your New England education taught you that, sir,' said I, making an awkward attempt at a bow.

'Will you ship with me?' said he, quickly.

'I have no objection,' replied I, 'if the ship, pay, and rations, are half as good as the commander looks.'

He neither smiled nor seemed to otherwise notice this little piece of flattery, so that I felt rather uneasy about him; but I had little time for doubt, for, naming the pay, tonnage of the vessel, and pointing out where she lay, he had my word to ship, and accordingly left me to take my furniture on board.

We sailed with a crew of twenty-three hands, in the barque John Adams of Baltimore, for the South American guano trade. She had brought hither a cargo on the preceding fall, and finding the trade good, Mr Vans had determined to take out a supply of dry goods for the Brazilian market, and make his return one to England of this celebrated manure again. We had a six months' voyage before us, a good ship, an experienced captain, according to all accounts, and a clean active-looking crew, so that I felt tolerably at home. Amongst the most interesting of all the shipmates with whom I ever sailed were two young men of the name of Elliot who slung their hammocks with me in the hold of the John Adams. They were eighteen and sixteen years of age respectively, and their comparatively slight but active frames, their fair, intellectual faces, and their dress and manners, showed that they had not been trained amongst the loafers of a sea-coast town to handle an oar or haul a rope. The elder lad was of a fine manly mould of frame and feature. His sable curls clustered round his high pale forehead, and his black eyes flashed like lighthouses in a dark clear night in spring; and contrasting him with his mild and even beautiful young brother, I would have wagered my month's pay against the fin of a dog-fish that the elder was a likeness of his father, while the younger was the counterfeit of his mother. It was not much that either of them could do in seamanship when they came on board; but in a month there was not an old tar in the vessel that knew his duty

better or could do it as well. I felt a yearning towards the lads, and they at once took kindly to me. I never hinted at my suppositions relative to themselves, but I would tell them as feelingly as I could of my own desertion of home, and make regretful allusions to my poor old mother; and I invariably saw the tear start into the mild blue eyes of William, while Edgar as surely would turn his face slowly from me and whistle some lively air. I knew that the romantic dreams of these enthusiastic youths had been dissipated shortly after our departure from England, and that the air and conduct of the captain were as disgusting to their proud young stomachs as the company of the rough and ignorant sailors was disagreeable to them; yet no murmur escaped the lips of either, for each seemed to consider that his brother's happiness depended upon his apparent contentment; and so they both bore the semblance of the most cheerful and happy lads on shipboard.

We landed our cargo at Pernambuco, and afterwards stood, with favourable winds, to the south, finally casting anchor alongside of one of those guano formations which at that period thickly studded the rough rocky barren coast of Patagonia, immediately to the south of the point of St Joseph. We were not alone in this expedition, however, for several ships had preceded us and several arrived after us, so that, in the first place, we had plenty of company, and, in the next place, we were likely to have a division of the profits or a severe competition, which would benefit English agriculturists more than the owners of our ships. We plied the pickaxe and shovel with pretty amicable feelings at first, and shouldered the bags full of the noxious aromatic manure across our several gangways amid shouts of 'yo heave ho!' but gradually the spirit of rivalry and ill-will grew up between the masters, and, like all vices, descended by gradations to all their inferiors, till we had oftener fights than merry greetings, and wrestling-matches instead of hand-shakings.

The last bagful of this disgusting cargo was shipped, the hatches battened down, the decks holistoned, the spars rigged, and all the cordage repaired, and we lay waiting for orders to heave our anchor up, all trig and neat, and fit for sea, upon a beautiful evening in August. We had hauled out from the island a bit, according to orders—for the captains had constituted themselves into a council of supercargoes, and were peremptory in their lawless laws regarding the time and other *et ceteras* of lading—and we had nothing to do but look at the busy scene to leeward. The sea was almost perfectly smooth; the sun was setting, and his bright golden beams were so vividly reflected in the still, motionless water, that it seemed an ocean of flame. The crew either lay listlessly over the bulwarks gazing into the sea, sat in groups on the deck mending their garments, or busied themselves in arranging and lashing to the deck the articles which the fulness of the cargo had caused to be transferred from their places below. I felt listless and uneasy and not at all in a talkative humour that evening, and dissociating myself from my companions, I went forward to the bows alone and sat down and gazed abstractedly to the seaward. It was one of the most still and calm evenings that ever set in southern latitude; sometimes a flash and ripple might be seen to break the polished surface of the glowing water, and disturb by its transient motion the dead-sea-like serenity of the scene; sometimes an opening would take place in the warm haze that hung like a curtain fringed with gold on the horizon; and sometimes a solitary sea-bird would rise for a moment on the wing, then settle down again upon its aqueous bed. The sky seemed sleeping in the arms of the ocean goddess Amphitrite, whose own slumbers had been accelerated by the influence of her nursing; and the strength of this idea grew upon me as the clear melodious voices of William and Edgar Elliot joined in a song of their own distant Scotland.

'Don't you see some seed to seaward, Jackson?' said one of the foretopmen who had gone aloft, and the sound of his voice fell so distinctly upon my ear that I started and looked around.

'I don't like to see black clouds spreading in them latitudes so rapidly,' was the old seaman's reply.

Disturbed by this dialogue, I started to my feet and moved towards the brothers, who with their arms entwined around each other's necks were reclining over the larboard bulwarks, watching the approach of the captain's gig from the island. 'These lads pull with a will,' said I, as the skiff came bounding along; and scarcely had she touched the ship's side, when Mr Vans sprang on board, and immediately 'Man the capstan!' he shouted, and so sudden, quick, and startling was the cry, that the men looked astonished for a moment before they hurried to obey. It was too late, however; the sounds of warning were heard for a few moments sighing ominously amongst the cordage overhead; the black dark pall of night and storm settled quickly around the doomed ship; and one of those sudden hurricanes that the most practised seamanship cannot guard against tore the ship from her moorings and drove her madly upon the land. She went to pieces, that beautiful and stately fabric, as if she had been in a crystal jar. She was smashed upon a reef; her broken elements were sucked back into the sea, and I found myself tumbling amongst planks and surf, and floating with struggling men. We had shipped some Russian spars for jurmasts or such like service, should we have required them, and they had been laid loosely upon deck; and now I knew that I disputed possession of one of these with some of my comrades. Of all the phases of egotism that I have seen there is none to compare with the selfishness of the love of life; fierce, vehement, and indivisible is individuality when rushed into passion. I felt at that moment that to me I was all in all; that the world would be worthless, tenantless, soulless—nothing without me; so that in my madness of self-love I struck the man from the spar who disputed it with me. Let no man blame me for this confession. I deplore that I had not the fortitude to die that this man might be saved; but I tell the truth, and I illustrate another operation of the springs of human nature when the calmness of Christian love is forgotten in the whirlwind of passion. I was cast ashore bruised and bloody, but not materially damaged. When the sun rose and I looked around, calmness had settled down upon the scene again, but there was not a ship to be seen. Of thirteen that had rode in pride and strength the evening before, nothing was to be discovered but fragments, and all that mustered of captains and crews was forty-six men. Mr Vans, the two brothers Elliot, and myself, were all that escaped from the wreck of the John Adams.

We built some little huts upon the lonely barren isle with the wreck which was thrown on shore, and several chests having also come to hand, we repaired the boats and sent parties to the mainland to shoot a creature of the deer species, which the men called ginkners. They were never very successful, however, and one of our boats, with five of these hunters, having been lost in crossing the strait which divides Penguin Island from the continent, the expeditions were discontinued, and we had to subsist as we best could upon the livers of the penguins, which were very numerous and easily killed. Edgar and William Elliot lived in the hut with me, and never did lads sit down in such hopeless desolation with so little apparent depression. They were cheerful and even light-hearted, although it was too evident that some strong regret was tugging at their heart-strings and clouding their peace and hope. They smiled when we sat down to our unpalatable and constantly recurring meal, and sometimes would try to joke upon our situation, but I would now and again see a tear steal into Edgar's eye as it would rest regretfully upon the fading face and weakening form of his young uncomplaining brother, and I would see him tremble with emotion as some thoughts that had no tongue came over his troubled brain. We used to go out together to the shores of the island and look wistfully to seaward for some ship that might bear us thence, and we would dream and speculate, in the fulness of our hope, until the reality of our situation would vanish, and we would forget that we were shipwrecked lonely men on the shores of a barren and desolate land. At last the slow consuming fires of fever laid down William Elliot on his hard guano couch,

and it required the frequent graspings of his burning hand, and the beseeching glances of his eye, to still the frantic cries and stem the tears of Edgar when he found his younger brother unable to rise.

'Live, live, my brother!' he cried, 'live to save my spirit from undying agony and to bless my mother's sight again. Ah, Tom Benson!' he exclaimed, turning to me, his eyes swimming in moisture, 'you see in us the only children of our mother, and she is a widow.' His frame quivered as he sobbingly articulated these words, and he lay over his dying brother and bathed his cheeks with his tears and clasped him in his arms, as if afraid to lose him. 'William, it was my representations of naval romance that induced you to leave home; you never would have deserted my mother unless, and if you die I will be your murderer.' 'No, no, no!' feebly muttered the suffering boy, while he too wept; 'my own brother, Edgar! I fear it was I encouraged you.'

Day succeeded day, and still no relief came; night after night flung her dark shadow over the lonely dwelling-place of our fears, and yet no ship answered our beacon-fires. A blue dull blank was above us, and then it changed to black. The same monotonous roll of the waters inshore fell upon our ears by day and night; the same barren gloomy scene met our eyes as we looked to the west. But the angel of death found us out, solitary though we were, and he often struck down our comrades around us, as if to madden our already quickened sense of mortality. We buried our comrades amongst the remains of long-forgotten ages of birds, and we turned silently away, ay, almost indifferently, after each funeral, for we had latterly ceased to hope for escape from this charnel-house, this golgotha of the ocean. Poor Bill Elliot, his young and vigorous constitution wore away but slowly, and it would have rent the heart of the most flinty to have sat by him and listened to his ravings. Home and his mother—green fields and streams—the manse in which he was born—his brother—the sea and shipwreck—all mingled in his dreams and whispered strange confused tales into his burning brain. Never did a lake reflect the hues of a changing sky, and the alternate play of clouds and sunbeams, so perfectly as did the face of Edgar lighten or darken in unison with the changes on William's. He watched him with painful anxiety, moistening his lips with the brackish water which was brought from the hollow of a rock, and covering him with the old piece of sail which served for his curtain when alive and finally for his shroud. Ah, if ever fraternal affection was manifested in its purity, in its transparent self-sacrificing holiness, it was manifested by that poor sailor lad!

One morning Edgar had just rushed out to fetch some water, and I was left alone with the boy; Mr Vans, having made a hut for himself, lived apart from us. Our boats had been carried away by some of our companions, and the half of those left had already died, so that, with an approaching winter and failing strength, the majority of my comrades were in all but despair. I was well in body, and had become a sort of acclimated to this St Helena of our hopes. I therefore watched the sharpening features of the poor lad with something like composure, when with a wild shout Edgar rushed into the hut, and lifting up the faded frame of poor Bill, staggered with him to the beach, where were assembled the pale trembling remnant of forty-six men, who were in their pride and strength six weeks previously. Lying off and on to the island was a tall-masted barque, while two well-manned boats rapidly approached the shore. I tried to take the dying youth from the arms of his brother, but he clung convulsively to him, and when the first boat touched the strand he sprang with a wild cry into it, and then fainted in the arms of one of the horror-stricken boat's crew. The two brothers were kindly and gently raised up by the warm-hearted and feeling sailors, and when their faces had been anxiously and curiously scanned it was found that one of them was a corpse. William Elliot sleeps in the South Atlantic Ocean, his shroud and pillow the canvass that curtained him when his life was fading away on the noxious Penguin

Island; and his brother, sad and heartsore though he was, and tremblingly afraid to see his mother, lest his heavy tale might kill her, has I hope returned to console and bless her in some respect for the untimely loss of her younger son, by weeping his sorrow on her bosom and assuring her of a quickened appreciation of home and all its blessings.

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL.*

This book contains the coruscations of one of the most remarkable minds that ever was given to enlighten or dignify humanity. It illustrates the amiability, the moral grandeur, the power, and the profundity of one of the most independent and indomitable intellects that ever set itself to assert its dominion over physics. The history of education, of acquirement, of mental triumphs over knowledge, presents not another parallel to Elihu Burritt. Manual toil becomes the noble thing which it really is, when viewed through the medium of this illustrious working-man. We could admire him as a linguist; for, with the millstone of poverty crushing him to the lowly position of a mere physical drudge, he, during the intermissions of toil only, garnered up treasures, in his gleanings, more rich and abundant than the most herculean husbandman who had been trained to reap in the fields of science and knowledge alone had ever done. In his singularity—in his undivided application to a purpose—the most encyclopædical of all intellectual professionalists was left behind by this sturdy New England blacksmith. From the dust, and smoke, and din of a smithy, forth came this Xenophon of labour with a store of knowledge that would have won him pantheonic honours in old times, and the sweat of toil upon his swart and lofty brow—forth he came, with his horny hands and bare muscular arms folded over his glowing and purified heart—forth he came, with divinity stamped upon his forehead, and with divinity circulating through every purpose of his heart, and every dream of his future—and he calmly demanded a revision of the idea that had degraded labour and trampled it beneath the foot of chivalric war; and with the advent of Elihu Burritt the new era saw *chivalry* through its true medium, and admitted labour to be the first of its dignities.

We could admire Elihu Burritt as a linguist, we have said; but when we look at him as the greatest moral reformer of the age, our heart and spirit do homage to him as one whose sublimity of purpose throws a halo round his genius and position that render them brighter and more divine things than ever abstract genius and position could be. Elihu Burritt the greatest linguist, one of the most profound thinkers in the world, is lost in Elihu Burritt the large-hearted, the disinterested, the gentle, the generous philanthropist—the true, the earnest Christian. To hear of him, to hear him, to see him, and to listen to him, is to admire him; but to know him is to love and honour him.

Speaking of his acquisitions, and of the notoriety which, to his surprise, an allusion to his pursuits had brought him, Elihu Burritt, in a letter to Thomas Nelson, M.D., says—‘Those who have been acquainted with my character from my youth up will give me credit for sincerity when I say that it never entered into my heart to blazon forth any acquisition of my own. I had pursued the even tenor of my way unnoticed, even among my brethren and kindred. None of them ever thought that I had any particular *genius*, as it is called; I never thought so myself. All that I have accomplished, or expect or hope to accomplish, has been, and will be, by that plodding, patient, persevering, process of accretion which builds the ant-heap—particle by particle, thought by thought, fact by fact: and if ever I was actuated by ambition, its highest and warmest aspiration reached no farther than the hope to set before the young men of my country an example in employing those invaluable fragments of time

called ‘odd moments.’’ This declaration should be written in letters of gold, and nailed above the bench of every workman in the world. It is the talisman that, being followed, would work their social regeneration, and elevate them to their true and legitimate position.

Again, in the modest account which Elihu Burritt gives of his acquirements to the above-named gentleman, he says—‘With regard to my attention to the languages (the study of which I am not so fond of as of mathematics), I have tried, by a kind of practical and philosophical process, to contract such a familiar acquaintance with the head of a family of languages as to introduce me to the other members of the same family. Thus, studying the Hebrew very critically, I became readily acquainted with its cognate languages, among the principal of which are the Syriac, Chaldaic, Arabic, Samaritan, Ethiopic, &c. The languages of Europe occupied my attention immediately after I had finished my classics; and I studied French, Spanish, Italian, and German under native teachers. Afterwards I pursued the Portuguese, Flemish, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Icelandic, Welsh, Gaelic, Celtic. I then ventured on farther east into the Russian empire, and the Slavonic opened to me about a dozen of the languages spoken in that vast domain, between the Spanish and Portuguese. Besides these, I have attended to many different European dialects still in vogue. I am now trying to push on eastward as fast as my means will permit, hoping to discover still farther analogies among the oriental languages which will assist my progress.’

We have given our readers a rapid review of Elihu Burritt's character and purpose, and of the process of his education. We think that we cannot more appositely introduce them to his mind than in the following glowing and beautiful extract:—‘There is nothing in the might and matter exhibited in the material universe; there is nothing in the magnitude and mysteries of creation; there is nothing in the distance and dimensions—in the amplitude and infinity of Jehovah's works, so worthy of study and admiration as the intellectual soul. This among and above all the traces of omnipotence is the most legible footprint of the Godhead. The reasoning, immortal mind, whether, in the incipient stages of its existence, it be confined within these perishable tenements of flesh and blood; or whether, exalted to the most intimate proximity to its great incomprehensible source, it be the all-acting principle in the very next being less than Infinite Perfection; whether it shine in sun-like lustre hard by the throne of the Eternal, or be appointed to scintillate in solitude far out upon the extremest promontory of his universe; yet wherever and with whatever it may be found, it is the living evidence of Omniscience, the crowning characteristic of Divinity. Our earth might have been filled to overflowing with all the other monuments of omnipotence; it might have been furnished with all those scenes in nature which are fair and fascinating to the eye; every field and forest, every mountain and valley, every hill and dale might have gushed forth with the sweetest sounds that ever fell upon mortal ears; every hill might have been clad with everlasting verdure, and worn the diadem of an enduring rainbow; every tree, even those that now bear sparsely among their blunted boughs the bitter acorn, might have been overhung with flowers more lovely than the blooming rose, and have bent beneath a load of more enticing fruit than ever grew in Eden; every rivulet and river might have gushed forth from living fountains of ambrosial nectar; the heavens above us might have been inconceivably more glorious than those which we now behold and admire; our skies, like those of that far, belted planet, might have been girdled with golden translucent zones, which, for ever rolling between us and the burning eye of day, would intercept his fiery rays and transmit them to our eyes tinted with every rainbow hue; that distant planet might have lent us the peerless beauty, the simultaneous splendour of all her waning and crescent moons—might have put around this earth—her little twin-born sister—both her encircling zones of mellowed light; every realm and region of the universe might have

* By ELIHU BURRITT, A.M. London: Charles Gilpin. 1847.

been laid under contribution to have fitted up our heavens with a panorama of such magnificence and glory as would captivate an angel's eye;—all these things might have been on and above the earth, and others more numerous than man could desire or describe, and myriads of beings, too, might have tenanted this elysium—beings susceptible of all the varied pleasures of sense; yet had the reasoning, rational, reflecting *mind* been left out of the list, the most sapient of these created things could not have looked upon the scene, and felt, seen, and known that a *God* had been there. The *mind* among all the works of creative power and wisdom is the only one that bears the *private* mark of the invisible God.'

In the above extract we have furnished a glimpse of the author's mind; in the following beautiful and affecting little picture will be felt a few of the pulsations of his kind and gentle heart:—'There was sorrow there and tears were in every eye, and there were low half-suppressed sobbings from every corner of the room; but the little sufferer was still—its young spirit was just on the verge of departure. The mother was bending over it in all the speechless yearnings of parental love, with one arm under its pillow, and with the other unconsciously drawing the little dying girl closer and closer to her bosom. Poor thing! in the bright and dewy morning it had followed out behind its father into the field, and while he was engaged in his labour, it had patted around among the meadow-flowers, and had stuck its bosom full and all its burnished tresses with carmine and lily-tinted things; and returning tired to its father's side, he had lifted it upon the loaded cart; but a stone in the road had shaken it from its seat, and the ponderous iron-rimmed wheels had ground it down into the very cart-path, and the little crushed creature was dying. We had all gathered up closely to its bedside, and were hanging over the young bruised thing to see if it yet breathed, when a slight movement came over its lips and its eyes partly opened. There was no voice, but there was something beneath its eyelids which a mother alone could interpret. Its lips trembled again, and we all held our breath; its eyes opened a little further, and then we heard the departing spirit whisper in that ear which touched those ashy lips: 'Mother! mother, don't let them carry me away down to the dark cold graveyard, but bury me in the garden—in the garden, mother.' A little sister, whose eyes were raining down with the meltings of her heart, had crept up to the bedside, and taking the hand of the dying girl, sobbed aloud in its ears—'Julia, Julia! can't you speak to Antoinette?' The last fluttering pulsation of expiring nature struggled hard to enable that little spirit to utter one more wish and word of affection; its soul was on its lips as it whispered again:—'Bury me in the garden, mother—bury me in the—'; and a quivering came over its limbs, one feeble struggle, and all was still.'

These are of the 'sparks from the anvil.' The title is apposite in one sense, and yet the book is a misnomer. They are reflections from one of the most luminous heads and best and kindest hearts in the world. This work is published by a gentleman whose business is subsidiary to his love of good deeds, who combines with his worldly profession the purpose of the Christian philanthropist. The price of this volume of essays upon the most vital subjects of the present and all time, places it within the reach of every one of that class to whom its gifted author acknowledges himself proud to belong, and the proceeds of its publication will be applied to the great and divine work of 'human brotherhood.' We earnestly recommend it to the attention of all who can read, as a modest but splendid mirror of Elihu Burritt's mind.

THE ROMAN MODEL.

BY MADAME WOLFENSEBERGER.

WHILST political and religious disputes are agitating the Roman states, art still holds its court within the walls of the Papal city. Rome may be regarded as a university of art, whither English, French, Russians, Germans, and

Swiss throng in multitudes. Seldom less than two thousand artists come thither during the season, professedly to study the works of the ancients, and of those great men who shone at the revival of art under Leo X. Many remain in Rome as the place most favourable for the exercise of their art, where bright landscapes and beautiful living models are always readily to be found as subjects for their pencils. France alone protects her students by an academy, whence nothing great has ever yet proceeded, although Horace Vernet was at one time the president. The wealthy travellers from England, Germany, and Russia encourage their compatriots in the exercise of their talents by their protection; the Swiss alone, without a court, and without nobility or even rich gentry, have to fight their way by merit to reputation and employment. Imhoff, whose works for the Emperor of Russia and Lord T— have assured him an eminent position amongst the living sculptors of Rome, was a Swiss peasant, and there are several other distinguished artists who own no higher origin. Art is the business of Rome, and it has created a class of persons not to be found to the same extent in any other city, namely, that of models, or the men, women, and children who make it their profession to sit for daily or hourly payment to the painters and sculptors. Some of these people are of the most perfect face and form; the beauty of the women, broad and classic, is totally different from anything we are accustomed to see in northern countries; a collection of their portraits would form a splendid book of beauty, and their histories, if truly written, would not be less interesting. Marietta, a fair soft-looking beauty, frequently painted some years ago, was known to have killed a faithless lover with the silver bodkin that fastened up her long brown hair. Felicetta, a beauty of eighteen, who never entered a painting-room without her mother's escort, is on the point of marriage with an eminent German artist; but perhaps of all those whose fair faces have formed a subject for the pencil or the chisel, none was ever so frequently painted and modelled as Grazia, a poor girl from Capua.

For the last five or six years she has appeared upon the canvasses of the Roman artists in every possible variety of costume and character, from the half-savage wife of the bandit to the sublime and passionate Medea. The beauty of this woman consisted not in colour but in form. Pale and yellow, her features are strictly Grecian, and of the most perfect regularity. The forehead is alone defective, being too low, according to our ideas of beauty, and this contributes greatly to the evil expression of the countenance, an expression in fact only fit for a Medea. This girl was found some years ago by an artist, half starved, on the stairs of his painting-room, when, being struck by the regularity of her features, he employed her as a model. She became by degrees known to others, but her stern beauty, and the ill-tempered half-savage character which her face truly expressed, prevented her becoming a favourite till she was accidentally seen by an English nobleman, who at once declared himself her most passionate admirer. He pronounced her beauty perfect, employed an eminent sculptor to execute her bust at the price of a hundred guineas, and nothing else was talked of for the season in all the English saloons but Grazia and her charms.

The artist's study, where she was known to be sitting as a model, was actually besieged with equipages, whose fair possessors were eager to obtain a glimpse of the beautiful Capuan. She was engaged every hour during the day, for months beforehand; English amateurs paid her double to secure her regularly for one day every week during the season; and, to crown her celebrity, she appeared as the Poetry of Raphael and as Niobe, in a set of *Tableaux Vivants*, presented at one of the Roman theatres. Elated by flattery, when the theatre rang with applause of the admirably arranged representation, she forgot she was only an image, and taking all approbation to herself, she quitted her prescribed position and bowed her thanks to the audience. When afterwards called to

take a part in one of the exhibitions in the palace of a German prince, she boldly clapped his highness on the back, and desired he would send her some ices, as well as to the ladies in the drawing-room. He laughed and obeyed. Grazia was now completely spoiled. Her airs and her insolence drove the artists to distraction. Her promises were not to be relied upon, her ill-humour was insupportable, and it was well known that, in spite of her constant engagements at a dollar a-day, her extravagance and her increasing appetite for strong drink kept her without a penny.

In the middle of this celebrity and this ruin, Grazia was suddenly arrested and thrown into prison. Many and various stories were current as to the reason of her captivity, but nothing was positively known. After the lapse of a month, certain artists, and an Englishman who joined with them in their efforts, succeeded in procuring her liberation. She then returned to her old pleasures and her old occupations, and during the following carnival she actually pawned her bed and the rings off her fingers to procure carriages to join in the gay amusements of the Corso. At the end of that time she was found by an artist in the miserable room, near the bridge of St Angelo, which she usually occupied, so wearied by the gaieties of this idle week that she was unable to fulfil her first engagement to him, and when on the following morning she sat to him in her peasant's dress, she slept great part of the time till roused by questions as to her imprisonment. Then her eye flashed, and her stern brow became yet more severe, as she burst forth into a wild and passionate exclamation, now detailing a fact, now bursting into expressions of scorn and reproach, and at length recounting the details of her recent captivity.

According to her own account, this had been brought about through the agency of her father-confessor. Inquiry was at length made into the case, and, from the declarations which she emitted when under examination before one of the cardinals, directions were given for the apprehension of the priest, but for some time he was nowhere to be found. He had been obliged to conceal himself to escape the vengeance of Grazia's relatives. Her brother and two cousins had come from Capua to assassinate him, as soon as they had heard of her captivity, and he had narrowly saved his life by flying to Albano only an hour before they entered his abode.

As in all instances where intemperance prevails, the course of Grazia has been a melancholy and a short one, she flattered, insolent, and half savage beauty having been already above a year in the grave. Long after her history is forgotten, her features will be admired in the models of Gibson, Imhoff, and other sculptors, as well as on the canvass of many of the living artists of Rome.

PIZARRO AND THE CONQUEST OF PERU.

THE men who have most distinguished themselves in the annals of the world may be divided into three distinct classes, each class possessing its own sphere of action, its character, and degrees of genius. The first may be termed the moral regenerators and philanthropists, who, warmed by the aspirations of a benign religion, seek to mitigate the sufferings and extend the blessings of love to humanity. The second, or intellectual class, are those who, by the strength and originality of their speculative and knowing powers, extend the sphere of thought, and add to the mental opulence and actual capital of the world; and the third class are they who, possessed of strong perceptions and desires, act upon their unrestrained impulses, and energetically consummate their undertakings. The first class numbers amongst its immortals Wilberforce, Romilly, Howard, and Mrs Fry; the second is preeminent with the names of Newton, Shakspeare, and Watt; while Alexander, Napoleon, and Bajazet, are amongst the most glorious names of the third. To this latter class also belong the early European adventurers and conquerors of America. It is not necessary that one of this class should possess either high moral or mental qualifications, and consequently we find

the Spanish gold-seekers and conquerors destitute of either moral sentiment or intellectual refinement, but superlatively false in their dealings with the aboriginal Americans and each other, cruel in their actions, and indomitable in their brute courage and energy.

M. de Lamartine says that there are three aspects under which the people may be taught history—the aspect of glory, of patriotism, and of truth—and it is dependent upon the particular interpreter of the past through which medium the current of knowledge will flow. The truth of the above aphorism is evident upon the merest comparison. Rival factions invariably present distorted and diverse transcripts of identical circumstances, and historical accounts are almost always coloured according to the temperament or opinions of the narrator. We shall premise our account of the conquest of Peru by simply re-stating, that an author's reflections may be biased by his sentiments, but that facts can always be denuded of extraneous verbiage by a reflective reader, and, if fairly stated, are equal to each other, no matter through what medium they may pass.

The conquerors of Peru have been termed heroes, and their names have been enshrined in glory by their countrymen. They have been viewed through two mediums by the poets and people of Spain; it remains for the impartial to view them through the third. Conquest, like the tiger's first taste of human blood, has always whetted the appetite of the conqueror and sought to extend its dominions. Mexico had fallen before the disciplined forces of Herman Cortes and his coadjutors, and, like the Macedonian of old, the fierce veterans looked around for another theatre of murder and plunder. They had anticipated boundless wealth and luxurious dignity from the subjugation and spoliation of the Mexican nations, but their inordinate desires had not been satisfied, and they therefore determined to brave future dangers and cut down every obstacle that might step between them and that gold which was the abstraction upon which they lavished their fierce idolatry. Various expeditions were accordingly engaged in by adventurers who sought for themselves paths of wealth and fame; and although the results anticipated did not accrue from the majority of these undertakings, yet colonies were planted by their means on various parts of the western continent, from whence future expeditions of exploration emanated, in order that they might know and subjugate that *terra incognita* which their imaginations filled with gold.

In 1513, Vasco Nunez de Bilboa, penetrating the Isthmus of Darien, first came in view of the great Pacific Ocean, and from that moment the Spaniards who had settled in Panama turned their thoughts towards the wealth of the regions which might lie beyond it. Numerous unsuccessful attempts were made to explore the countries east of Panama, and various armaments were successively fitted out and sacrificed to the Moloch of conquest without any return to the adventurers, until the zeal of many began to slacken and the hopes of many to become extinct. There were a few, however, whose determination to find a country was stronger than their reasons for believing that such existed, and amongst these was Francis Pizarro. This famous adventurer was born in Trujillo, a town in Estramadura; he was the illegitimate son of a Spanish nobleman and a woman of the peasant class. The child was totally neglected in his earlier years, but his father, as soon as he had attained the first stage of manhood, made him a hog-driver. He soon quitted this occupation, however, for that of a soldier; and, having served in Italy, eventually followed Alonso de Hojeda to America in 1513. He accompanied this adventurer in his conquest of and in the foundation of the settlement of Uraba, where he was left as lieutenant. He was engaged in the expedition of Cortes, who seemed to esteem him highly for his distinguished courage and endurance. He was with Vasco Nunez de Bilboa in his expedition to discover the Southern Ocean, and was one of the most prominent companions of Pedro Arias de Avila in the conquest of Nombre de Dios and Panama. The distinguishing characteristics of Pizarro

were iron strength of frame and perseverance of purpose, and he was consequently esteemed in proportion to the value placed upon these qualifications by those with whom he was associated. Pizarro was determined to discover and conquer a great empire; and believing such to be perfectly practicable with certain means, he entered into a combination with two of the most influential men in Panama in order to prosecute his favourite design. Diego de Almagro, the first of these, was of an origin as obscure as that of Pizarro; he is supposed to have been born either in Malaga or Almagro, but it is probable, as he bore its name, that the latter was really his birth-place. He was a soldier of fortune, bred in camps, and intimate with battle; he was as unscrupulous as Pizarro in seizing upon the produce of the industrious Peruvians, but he was frank and intrepid, and less crafty and cruel than the former. He was more of the soldier than the politician, and knew less of men's feelings and ideas than of fighting. The third associate was Hernando Luque, an ecclesiastic, who acted as parish priest and schoolmaster to the colony. He was wealthy, and was ambitious to become more so by means of that opulence which he had already acquired. These three men, conjuring up ideas of glory and luxurious grandeur, bound themselves by a solemn oath to act together for the promotion of their scheme of mutual interest. They obtained the consent of the governor, Pedro Arias de Avila, to prosecute their projects, and for this purpose placed all their property in a common fund, unhesitatingly agreeing to equally share the profits of their adventurous enterprises. Pizarro possessed less wealth than either of his companions, but he was better endowed than either with all the requisites of a conqueror and commander, and consequently the active and primary operations of discovery and initiatory invasion were awarded to him. Almagro was to follow the first armament with reinforcements and supplies, while Luque was to remain at Panama as agent, whose duty was to raise future supplies and arrange matters with the governor.

After performing a solemn religious rite, in conjunction with Almagro and Luque, Pizarro departed from Panama on the 14th November, 1525, with a force of one hundred and fourteen men, embarked in a single vessel; and after buffeting about for some time, the adventurers landed upon a swampy shore, where dark mountains scowled, and disease circulated in the fetid miasma that floated over the face of the country. The natives of this part of America were as fierce as the climate was unhealthy, and the combined attacks of each destroyed the energies and thinned the ranks of the Spaniards. Unable to obtain any advantage in this gloomy region, and finding it daily more difficult to support the drooping courage of his soldiers, Pizarro reluctantly led his band to Chuchama, where he resolved to wait upon supplies from Panama. Almagro in the mean time had set off to join his companion with seventy men, and having landed upon the same coast, and endured the same dangers and calamities, he wandered about with his broken and dispirited followers until they accidentally united themselves with the soldiers of Pizarro. So powerful, however, are the promptings of ambition, and so determined were the characters of the Spanish leaders, that they resolved to prosecute their designs despite of all that they had endured. One hundred and thirty men had, in nine months, fallen victims to fatigue and disease, and now only about fifty remained to consummate the designs and realise the glowing expectations of Pizarro and Almagro. The latter, after sundry consultations, and in compliance with the resolutions of the most dauntless of the band, set out for Panama to raise fresh levies; but the failure of the expedition, and the sacrifice of so many lives, had damped the ardour of the colonists, and all that the efforts of Luque and Almagro could induce to enlist under their standard was eighty men. With these he joined Pizarro at Chuchama, and after a series of disappointments the two chiefs touched at Tacamez, on the coast of Quito. Here the more fertile aspect of the country, and the incontestable signs of wealth, created a revival of the hopes of the piratical white men. But the spirit and

numbers of the people induced the meagre band to retreat to the island of Gallo, which lies off the coast. The Spaniards who followed the confederates, being unsupported by the sustaining ideas of religion or duty, readily gave way to despair, and neither the inflated harangues of their leaders regarding glory, nor their promises of rewards, which were yet to be won, could rouse them to action. Almagro again returned to Panama, in order to recruit their shattered forces, but the new governor, Los Rios, refused to countenance the expedition, and sent a vessel to recall Pizarro from Gallo. In accordance with the advice of Luque and Almagro, and agreeably to his own stubborn will, Pizarro refused to obey the mandate of the governor, supported by only thirteen of his followers, the rest having taken advantage of this opportunity to return to Panama. It is to this band that the honour of discovering Peru belongs, and to them also is due the disgrace of having commenced that catalogue of abominable cruelties and mean acts of falsehood which characterised the conquest of that ill-fated country, and will yet bring the blush to the cheek of posterity. The fourteen martial fanatics passed over from Gallo to Gorgona, a most pestilential island, which had nothing to recommend it as a station in preference to the former save its greater distance from the coast, and here they determined to remain until levies could arrive from Panama. The sympathies of the residents in favour of the adventurers, and the exertions of Almagro and Luque, ultimately induced the governor to allow assistance to be sent to the wretched band; and when Pizarro's followers were on the point of committing themselves to the deep in despair, aid arrived. The hopes of the Spaniards were easily rekindled, and forgetting what they had suffered in anticipation of what they might acquire, they embarked, and sailing towards the south-east from Gorgona, after a few weeks arrived at the vale of Tumbes, a place of some importance to the natives, from its possessing a palace of the inca and a temple, and of considerable interest to the Spanish marauders, from the incontestable signs of wealth which it presented. The people were considerably advanced in agricultural pursuits, and their social condition evidenced a progressive state of civilisation. They were dressed in their own manufactures, and articles of domestic use were formed from the metals which were at their command. Yet the Spaniards, historians and conquerors, have the effrontery to term them savages, as if that term were sufficient to justify all the atrocities which have been committed by the powerful upon the weak under the assumption of superior civilisation.

Pizarro felt that his band would be inadequate to the conquest of so populous a nation as this evidently was; he therefore restrained his burning cupidity, and contented himself with cunningly maintaining friendly relations with the natives, and deriving from them as much information as possible concerning the internal aspect and resources of the country.

Having obtained specimens of the products and articles of worship used in Peru, Pizarro and eleven of his followers, after an absence of three years, returned to Panama. We could honour the courage and constancy which supported these men in their protracted and arduous undertaking, did not the motives which governed them obtrude themselves upon our recollection, and fill us with pity for the unnatural union of heroic endurance with perverted principles.

The governor still remained firm in his opposition to the projects of the companions; and neither the descriptions nor actual tokens of Peruvian riches could induce him to alter his determination. Pizarro was accordingly dispatched to Spain, where his confident assertions and tangible specimens of metallic plenitude soon induced the less scrupulous monarch to give his royal sanction to all the prospective plunder of, and a gratuitous jurisdiction over, regions possessed of governments and people, whose rights to their nations were at least as inviolable as his to Spain. Pizarro's selfishness strongly demonstrated itself in this embassy; for he neglected the

pretensions of Almagro, and thus laid the foundation of future enmity between them. He obtained an independent title to his prospective conquests, and induced his maternal uncle, Francisco de Alcantara, his three brothers, and several others, to embark with him; but he forgot to ask any governmental dignity for Almagro, and that soldier bitterly resented the neglect as an affront. Fernando Pizarro, whose temper was fierce and violent, encouraged his brother to treat Almagro's assumption with contempt, but Francisco, more politically, made concessions, which soothed the irritated chief; and accordingly Pizarro left Panama in February, 1531, upon the terms of the original compact between himself, Almagro, and Luque. He first landed on the coast about one hundred leagues north of Tumbez, and after suffering a repetition of the casualties already enumerated, he arrived in the district of Coaque on the 14th of April. The mask was at once thrown off now, and, falling upon the inhabitants, the adventurers robbed them of all their utensils and ornaments of gold and silver. Dispatching a large amount of the spoils to the colony, in order to quicken the zeal of the two associates, Luque and Almagro, and to incite the colonists to follow his standard, Pizarro prosecuted his bloody progress. His brutal antagonism received free and unchecked action now. The Indians were of a peaceful and simple nature, and conciliation might have bound them to the warriors whom they looked upon with a terrified veneration; but the pent-up passions of the Spaniards now exercised a licentiousness of destruction that it is mournful to contemplate, and the poor natives were either slain, subjected to slavery, or forced to flee to the interior. At the island of Puna, however, the people resisted, and six months were required for its reduction; this protracted struggle, and three months' subjection to the noxious vapours of Tumbez, once more reduced the inflated courage of the Spaniards to despondency.

Reinforced by sixty men from Nicaragua, under Fernando de Soto and Sebastian Benalcazar, Pizarro left Tumbez on the 16th May, 1532, and, arriving without molestation at the river Piura, he laid the foundation of St Michael, the first Spanish colony in Peru. Here he endeavoured to inform himself regarding the people whose destruction he meditated, and unfortunately internal jealousies offered too many facilities for Spanish aggression. In 1526, when the Spaniards first landed on their coast, the Peruvians were governed by their twelfth inca, whose race they regarded with peculiar veneration as of celestial origin. This prince, Huana Capac, being of a warlike disposition, had conquered the kingdom of Quito, and eventually manifested a marked partiality for its capital. Here, in defiance of the imperious and inflexible laws of the incas, which forbade marriage with any save of that sacred race, he united himself to the princess of Quito, by whom he had a son, the famous and unfortunate Atahualpa. Huana Capac died in 1529, dividing his vast territories between Huascar, a son of the pure race of the incas, and Atahualpa. This arrangement fired the religious zeal of the Peruvians, and the inhabitants of the district of Cuzco openly declared their opposition to Atahualpa's elevation. These demonstrations led to demands and refusals between the brothers, which ultimately produced the first civil war in the nation; and Atahualpa, being possessed of more talent and energy than Huascar, vanquished him, leaving him almost alone of all the legitimate descendants of the Sun. Atahualpa preserved his brother for none other than purposes favourable to his own political views. He was afraid to extinguish in him the last of the uncontaminated incas, lest by so doing he might drive the Peruvians into a frenzy of horror and revenge, and he assumed the sanction of his name for acts to which he wished the partisans of Huascar to yield a facile obedience. It was in this state of jealous antagonism that the Spaniards found the Peruvians, and in the relation of tyrant and prisoner that they beheld the unbrotherly brother princes.

Pizarro saw with delight that the rich country he gloated over possessed in its own bosom the elements of destruction, and he accordingly pushed into the disunited interior

with confidence and alacrity, having only one hundred and two foot-soldiers and sixty-two horsemen under his command, a garrison being left at St Michael in order to keep the country open in case of retreat. Atahualpa lay with a powerful force at Caxamalea, and thither the bold Pizarro directed his course. Instead of being opposed, however, the inca sent a messenger of note to welcome him, and present him with a gift, in token of amity. The crafty adventurer received the ambassador with apparent cordiality, and declared his object in visiting the country to be its internal welfare; at the same time he assured him that he would lend the aid of his arms to Atahualpa. The duplicity of Pizarro opened for his soldiers an unmolested path to Caxamalea, where, having arrived, he immediately converted a square into a place of defence, and sent his brother Ferdinand and Hernando de Soto to play upon the credulity of the inca, who was unsuspectingly celebrating a festival in his camp, about a league from the city. It was the intention of Pizarro to seize upon Atahualpa as Cortes had done Montezuma in Mexico; and, once possessed of the inca, he anticipated that the venerative and disorganised Peruvians would easily be forced to any terms which he might dictate; accordingly he disposed his forces in readiness for action, when, on the 16th of November, 1532, Atahualpa, attended by a magnificent host, set out to visit the Spanish camp. The interview between the native prince and his false friends is extremely characteristic of the whole tenor of American conquest. Immediately on his arrival at the Spanish headquarters, a friar, by violent gestures and vehement declamation, sought to enlighten the inca in the tenets of his religious faith, and threatened him with dreadful pains if he refused to instantly adopt them; but he declared that, in the event of his becoming a Christian, the King of Spain would protect him from his enemies. A debate, which was extremely irksome to the soldiers, whose fingers itched to despoil the rich Peruvians, now ensued; and Atahualpa having at last thrown a breviary contemptuously to the ground, which the friar had presented to him as an evidence of Christianity, the indignant priest immediately commanded the soldiers to revenge the profanation. A considerable number of the surprised Peruvians were instantly slain; others, with devoted courage, threw themselves around their inca, and died to preserve him; and it was only when Pizarro had seized the prince and borne him away a prisoner that they fled before their steel-clad foes. Historians variously estimate the slaughter of the natives at 7000, 5000, and 2000, while not a Spaniard was even wounded, save Pizarro alone. In order to procure his release from his unjust imprisonment, Atahualpa offered to fill the room in which he was confined as high as he could reach with golden vessels, as a ransom; and the bewildering proposal being accepted, messengers, attended by crafty Spanish spies, were sent to all the principal cities in order to raise the subsidy. The unprincipled conquerors stripped the temples of their rich ornaments without opposition from the natives, who bore their oppressors from place to place in palanquins.

Almagro arrived at St Michael in December, 1533, with a force equal to Pizarro's, and this circumstance increased the insolence and confidence of the Spaniards. Hernando Soto obtained an interview with the Inca Huascar at Sausa, where his brother had confined him; and the prince, having heard of the capture of Atahualpa and of the extent of his proffered ransom, eagerly sought to gain his own release through Soto, by offering an enormous amount of gold if the Spaniards would assist him to recover his throne. The assassination of Huascar, shortly afterwards, furnished the Spaniards with a pretext for refusing to grant liberty to Atahualpa, and opened the door to one of the most flagrant murders on record. Pizarro and Almagro constituted themselves judges over the wretched inca, and arraigned him upon a multitude of most insolently gratuitous charges. They accused him of the murder of his brother, which they were as likely to have perpetrated, and condemned him to be buried alive. This atrocious sentence excited the horror of even some of the Spaniards, but the judges were inexorable. With a re-

finement of cruelty which is perhaps unparalleled in history, Valverde, the friar, was sent to convert the condemned inca, who, eagerly yielding to the priest-incited idea of escaping death through this means, allowed himself to be baptised. No sooner had the rite been performed, however, than he was led to the stake and strangled—which was considered a mitigation and privilege, it having been intended to burn him at a stake. After this event, Pizarro, with disgusting effrontery, pretended to mourn for the death of Atahualpa, but his crocodile tears were soon dried; he had consummated a complete disorganisation of the Peruvians, and he had greatly destroyed their belief in the celestial nature of the race of the incas: taking advantage of this state of things, he accordingly led his followers on in their crusade of murder and plunder, and allowed no opportunity to intermit of adding to his own and companions' aggrandisement. Ferdinand Pizarro was, in the meantime, dispatched to the court of Madrid with immense treasures. Francisco was created a marquis by the delighted monarch; Almagro was named adelantado over an independent territory; and many persons of rank returned to Peru with Ferdinand, who was made a knight of Santiago, and bore back those titles of promotion to his brother and comrade.

Disputes, however, soon broke out amongst the ambitious and unprincipled Spaniards; and the crafty Francisco Pizarro only prevented a violent rupture with Almagro and his partisans by inciting them to attempt the conquest of Chili, and solemnly promising to share the spoils of Peru with them, should the southern expedition prove a failure. The hardihood of the Chilians was superior to that of the Peruvians; and Almagro soon found himself compelled to return to the scenes of his former contentions and jealousies.

The Pizarros had named Manco Capac, a brother of Huascar, as their man-of-straw inca, and they retained him in their power with jealous watchfulness, compelling him to reside at Cuzco. Although repeatedly urged, Francisco Pizarro always refused to listen to the remonstrances or pleadings for independence advanced by Manco, and consequently the native prince watched anxiously for some opportunity to forcibly justify his claim to liberty and sovereignty. Lulling their suspicions by apparent submission, Manco, upon the pretext of visiting some gardens, effected his escape from Cuzco, when, immediately, the whole country rose against the invaders. The devotion, courage, and energy evinced by the natives were worthy of a better return than that which they met. They no doubt reduced the Spaniards to the utmost distress, and had every appearance of extirpating them; but when the remnant of their distressed foes were pent up in Cuzco and Lima, when Juan Pizarro had fallen, and the bands of the brothers were divided, Almagro appeared before Cuzco. Knowing what jealousy existed among the Spanish leaders, Manco sought to prevent Almagro from communicating with those in Cuzco, and sought to gain his co-operation in the destruction of his countrymen. Almagro, who really intended to render himself master of Cuzco, found himself irresolute what course to pursue. Several days were consumed among the three parties in attempts at corruption—the Pizarros seeking to bribe the officers of Almagro, and Almagro alternately trying to make terms with the inca and the partisans of Pizarro. Tired with futile negotiation, Manco Capac attempted compulsion, when he was repulsed by Almagro's forces with great slaughter. Almagro now summoned Ferdinand and Gonzalo Pizarro to yield up Cuzco; but the brothers, declaring themselves to be merely the lieutenants of their brother, Don Francisco, prevailed upon their late companion to promise to suspend hostilities until the authority of Francisco arrived for either resistance or submission. Treaties were, however, lightly made and as lightly broken. Cuzco was attacked during a period mutually conceded to peace, and the Pizarros and their principal men were thrown into prison. Francisco Pizarro, who had obstinately defended Lima against the natives, upon hearing of the position of Almagro, immediately hastened to place himself in a position to punish his rival. His brother

Gonzalo, who escaped from the power of Almagro, had given him information sufficient to create undying enmity against his old companion; but his inadequate force and the captivity of Ferdinand induced him to protract the period of punishment by a show of amity and concession.

Almagro easily fell into the toils of Pizarro; he emancipated Ferdinand from prison, and otherwise performed the stipulations of the treaty; but Pizarro was no sooner freed from anxiety regarding his brother than he collected his forces, attacked, routed, and massacred the followers of Almagro, and finally, under the show of justice, tried, condemned, and executed his old friend. He was strangled in prison in his sixty-fifth year, leaving an only son, who was a prisoner at Lima. Thus did the Pizarros render themselves apparently sole arbiters of the fate of Peru, and destroy all appearance of formidable rivalry.

In our next we will show, however, how the sequel illustrated the axiom that 'evil generally rewards evil as wave follows wave.'

AN AMERICAN ON UTILITARIANISM AND THE PICTURESQUE.

I SEE not why this quality of picturesqueness is not quite as desirable in buildings as it is in scenery, and also in language, in opinions, in literature, in the whole of life. There is much more of it in every way in the Old World than in America, and hence in part the romantic charm, which everything wears to the eye of a transatlantic. Why should there be so much monotony with us? Why not more originality and variety? It is because of the irresistible despotism of associations, which are so much and so usefully the type of modern society, breaking down and repressing, or rather hindering, the development of individuality. The desire to produce uniformity, when unaccompanied with the idea and the love of the free and the beautiful, and unchecked by a regard to the rights of others, produces despotism and monotony in the whole domain of life, as well as in the church. Some men would push it even into the syllabic constitution of our language, which they would reduce to a monotonous regularity, quite undesirable, even if it could be accomplished. Why should we desire to do it, any more than we should put the stars in strait-jackets of squares or triangles, or all the trees into the form of quincunxes? There are men, Mr Dana once said, who, if they could have had the making of the universe, instead of the fair vault of azure hung with its drapery of gorgeous cloud, and by night studded with innumerable wild stars, would have covered the sky with one vast field of dead, cold blue. There are just such men in literature and spelling, for ever thrusting their dry, bare, sapless formulas of utility before the mind, telling you that nothing must be done without some reason, that everything must have its place, and its place for everything; and, in fine, with a multitude of wise old saws and modern instances, they come to the conclusion that the world, which has gone wild and crazy in freedom and beauty, wild above rule or art, is now to be constructed over again, according to the precepts and analyses of their utilitarianism. Woe be to a superfluous letter if these men catch it caracoling and playing its pranks in a word, which, though it may be none the better for its presence, yet, being accustomed to it, is none the worse; away it goes to the lexicographer's watch-house, till it can be tried for vagrancy. Instead of the good old word *height*, these men would have us drop the *e* and spell *hight*, but to be consistent, both the *g* and the *h* should be dropped, and the word written *hyt*. That would be strict utilitarianism. The word *pretence* they would change into *pretense*, and so with others of that family. The word *theatre* they would print *theater*, and others of the same clan in like manner. The expressive word *haggard* they would change into *hagard*, because, forsooth, two *g*'s are superfluous. In this attempt at change they are going contrary to good usage, which must ever be the prevailing law of language, and instead of producing uniformity in the language itself (in which irregularities are of little con-

sequence, nay, sometimes add to its beauty), they are causing one of the greatest evils of language, irregularity, uncertainty, and lawlessness in the mode of using it. This is owing in a great measure to Dr Webster's unfortunate orthographical eccentricities, which have set so many spellers and journeymen printers agog to imitate him. These surveyors of the king's English are going about to prune the old oaks of the language of all supernumerary knots, leaves, and branches. If there is any question as to the propriety of their course, whist, they whip you out of their pocket the great American lexicographer's measuring line, and tell you exactly how far the tree ought to grow, and that every part not sanctioned by his authority must be lopped off. It were well if these gentlemen were compelled to practise the same rules and attempt the same innovations with the bonnets of their wives, that they are attempting with the king's English. Let them cut off every supernumerary ribbon, and shape the head-dress of the ladies by square and compass, and not by the varieties of taste, and in this enterprise they would find somewhat more of difficulty in carrying out their utilitarian maxims.—*Cheever's Wanderings of a Pilgrim.*

THE CURRENT COINS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

In a recent number (126) we gave a pretty long extract, showing the necessity for a uniform law regarding the weights and measures at present in use. Since that time a third edition of Mr Taylor's pamphlet,* where the extract which we gave originally appeared, has come into our hands; and as the subject has of late attracted considerable attention, we now bring under the notice of our readers that portion of Mr Taylor's tract which treats of our circulating coins, and of accounts on the decimal plan. During the late session of parliament the advantages of the decimal plan of money were brought forward, and, after considerable discussion, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was prevailed upon to accede so far to the wishes of several influential members of the House of Commons, as to consent to the issuing of a new coin, representing the tenth part of a pound sterling—or two shillings. We are not enabled to give the name of this novelty in our circulating medium, but we understand that its issue from the royal mint, if it has not already taken place, may be daily expected. This is, of course, the first step in the decimal plan of money, taking the present pound sterling, or sovereign, as the unit; and although no farther alterations are yet decided on by the legislature, we may undoubtedly look forward to the time when the present troublesome and inconvenient system of money calculations and of account-keeping will be gradually superseded by something more worthy of the first commercial people in the world. In the meantime, the new system is fully explained in Mr Taylor's pamphlet, in which are given corresponding tables and calculations in the present and proposed decimal plan of money respectively.

Among the many improvements that have of late years been introduced in our social economy, is one which, though never entirely lost sight of, has not received the attention due to its practical importance, and, as many think, to our character, as the first commercial community in the world—I mean a scientific, or, in other words, a decimal arrangement of our circulating *coinage*. Various have been the suggestions, from time to time, for obviating the incongruities of our present unsystematical and complicated currency, in pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings; but they have rarely been divested of objections at the very outset, tending rather to deter than lead practical men to the consideration of a question in which they might be supposed to be specially interested. Indeed, I have seldom met with one who had ever gone into it sufficiently to know either its details or practical bearings; and few persons are aware how nearly decimal our money already is. It is not uncommon for individuals to inquire what they are to *gain* by a change. Dry and uninviting as to many it may ap-

pear, surely a matter affecting the daily and hourly transactions of life cannot, or ought not, be without its interest; not as involving a mere alteration of *coins* required in common barter (convenient as it would be), but as preliminary to a greatly needed reform in the entire system of our national *weights and measures*; with a consequent abbreviation and general improvement in *calculation and accounts*; in a word, to the universal substitution of *simple* for our present *compound* arithmetical rules. I have long been of opinion that the supposed obstacles to a reform in our money have been greatly overrated, even by those otherwise friendly to it, provided we abandon in part certain *theoretical* notions, that often prevent otherwise *practicable* schemes of improvement; with the special proviso, also, that the present *pound sterling*, unaltered both as to quantity of gold and silver, or in any other way, is the foundation on which to build; for certain over-scientific persons are only to be satisfied with a system constructed entirely on a fresh and fanciful basis, not only in money, but in our weights and measures; in short, with something that neither would nor ought to be for a moment entertained. Fortunately, our existing coinage presents facilities, with comparatively little innovation, for such a re-arrangement of its elements as sufficiently meets the emergency. As for the common and very hackneyed argument about the useful divisors in the shilling, with its twelve parts, more has been said than it really deserves; the most that can be made out is that they are convenient in the *present* money system, which I would supersede with a better one. Surely it is worth something only to be rid of the Pence Table—the puzzle of school-boys, and the nuisance to foreigners.

In our proceedings, however, every degree of deference must be paid to existing circumstances, which require that the present relative notions of value, so long associated in the public mind, should, as far as is compatible with the design in view, be prominently considered and preserved. This may be shown to be entirely feasible; and, in short, that a great national improvement in our currency and accounts is quite within reach, without the difficulty, confusion, and delay, that it has been common to believe would attend any attempt at change.

Several modes have, at one time or another, been proposed for decimalising our coinage. One writer suggests that 'a double shilling might be coined, and then we might say, ten shillings make a pound. If a double penny were coined, we might say, ten pennies make a shilling. We might then say ten farthings (or dimes) make a penny.' My attention, however, was more especially directed to the subject by an article in the 'Companion to the Almanac' for 1841, by Professor De Morgan, on the mode by which our existing coinage might be so altered as to be decimalised, and his remarks on the advantages that would result from it. In the detail of his plan, Mr De Morgan wisely leaves unchanged the pound sterling, or *sovereign* and its *half*. It is required so to divide it that each part shall be subdivided into ten others. The primary step in doing this introduces the tenth of a sovereign, a convenient coin, that would at first sight be recognised, termed by Mr De Morgan, for distinction, a *royal*, with its *half* and *quarter*—in fact, a double shilling, old shilling, and sixpence. These, he proposes, should circulate for some time before the next move is made. With the exception of a gradual withdrawal of crowns, half-crowns, and fourpenny pieces, our currency thus far would be scarcely altered, except in *names*. The next stage in the transition process presents the greatest novelty and difficulty. Here is required the decimal part of a royal. This new element in our coinage Mr De Morgan calls a *groat* (with its half), equal to two and four-tenths of the present penny, or 2½d. very nearly; and which he thinks might most conveniently be made of a mixed and more portable metal than copper. The remaining coin would be a *farthing*, ten constituting the groat. These new farthings are, of course, 100 to 96 of the old ones, a variation of four per cent. only, less than the constant fluctuations in the price of copper, and of no practical importance except in large quantity. Mr De Morgan's system is thus rendered a purely *decimal* one, with a name and a coin for every place of figures. The mode of procedure so laid down is supposed to be a very gradual one; needlessly, perhaps, prolonging the chance of confusion, by spreading the transition process over several years.

We have only, as yet, spoken of the coinage as a medium of *daily barter*, with no reference to *account-keeping*—a weighty consideration in the adjustment of any new system. Fortunately it is one with which the illiterate and lower orders of the people have little or nothing to do. Still, it is desirable to anticipate resistance, by avoiding every unnecessary approach to complexity; and I think it can be shown that by attempting *too much* we diminish the chances of any valuable change. All speculators on this subject have thought it necessary to insist on a system of coins strictly *decimally* divided throughout, which is not only not absolutely requisite, but has hither-

* Simple Arithmetic as connected with the National Coinage, Weights, and Measures. By HENRY TAYLOR. London: Groombridge and Sons.

to been the stumbling-block in the way of the improvement we wish to effect. The innovation of an entirely new denomination, like the tenth of a royal, appears too great a one, either for the actual requirements of the case or for public utility. In the first place, as to the coin itself (call it what you will), a substantial objection arises about its composition—*material*. Neither silver nor copper would be eligible; and the mixed metal that has been proposed, is declared, by those who best know its difficulties, to be inadmissible, from the facilities it would give, without chance of detection, to counterfeiting. We need not dwell long as to the temporary evil that would arise on the first introduction of these coins side by side with our present money. Thus circulated, they must pass for 2½d., ten of them, of course, making 2s. 1d., till the period should arrive when the entire new coinage was exclusively in being. The public, in the interim, would ill understand a coin large enough to sensibly bear an irregular relation to the old money, often requiring calculation, and where the link in the chain of association was not in some way rendered clearly intelligible. The mode of escape from difficulty is by the adoption of a compromise, excluding it altogether. In a word, instead of a money system in *four*, we must substitute one of greater simplicity, and more conducive to general convenience and brevity, in *three* denominations. I propose, therefore, to pass at *one step* from the royal, for which term I would substitute the more significant one, *dime*, to its *hundredth*, or farthing, changing this name to that of *cent*. Many objections might be urged against the retention of old money names, with altered value. The terms *dime* and *cent* have the merit of being brief and characteristic, at the same time that they give a meaning and clue to the entire scheme. For this mode of subdivision, the dime is a happy medium between the American dollar and the French franc, with its two minute centimes at one end, and an appalling row of figures, sometimes threatening almost to defy computation, at the other.

I think little of the argument that a scheme so arranged presents a compound of the *decimal* and *centesimal* systems. So much the better, if it more perfectly answers the purpose in view, and gives the advantages of both. It has been urged that a mixed arrangement like this would tend to procrastinate time when commercial operations shall be absolutely identical with others: but it is one so easily reduced, that this objection weighs as nothing against the certain conveniences; and it is equally shared by the simple centesimal system of dollars and cents, bequeathed to the Americans by Dr Franklin; and by that of Russia, where the rouble (rather more than three shillings) is divided into 100 copecks.* We must especially look to this part of the question, as it would practically work in the money transactions of humble life, where a large proportion come in value below the royal. These probably seldom ascend by *fives* than halfpence, or even by farthings. The association of a farthing, as identical with a cent, or twenty-five cents as equivalent to an old sixpence, would speedily lead to the concise mode of pricing all articles, when the royal is excluded, in *cents* alone; which an intermediate denomination would only serve to perplex and complicate both in speech and writing. If, additionally, we have now the royal, matters in this respect become worse; *three* denominations being then requisite in which to express ourselves. These minor details are not beneath notice in considering a new system; for the chain of association connected with the three divisional lines in an account book would be irresistible with most persons; and no doubt, if retained for a time, would be best understood, and most conducive of clearness with the public. Suppose we take the sum, £13:6:3¼d.: this would be written in the *three* proposed denominations, £13, 3d. 13c.; and on the purely decimal plan of *four* denominations, £13, 3d. 1g. 3f.; thus perpetuating, or rather increasing, in the proportion of 10 to 4, the ugly excrescence of farthings at the tail of a money sum. The very term *farthing* (*fourth-thing* or *fourth-ling*) marks the impropriety of ever divorcing it from its legitimate parent, the *penny*. However, independently of account-keeping, simplicity would seem to be best consulted by omitting any mark of division beyond the pounds. Thus we should write decimally, £4·925, for our old £4:18:6d.

We have already described our altered coins, so far as gold and silver are concerned; and have also seen that as regards the hundredth of a dime, the old farthing is practically a sufficiently near approximation to it. To perfect our whole series, therefore, we must add a *one*, *two*, and *five-cent* piece, in copper; a *three-cent* coin also would

be convenient in the odd numbers. A further useful coin would be one of *fifteen-cents* in silver, scarcely differing from our present *four-penny* piece, or groat. Those who might be disposed to demur to the completeness of this series without a *ten-cent* copper piece, could have a lumbering coin, which few persons would prefer to two *fives*. Our final coinage would be—in gold, the *sovereign* (ten dimes), and half-sovereign; in silver, the *dime*, with its half and quarter (respectively stamped, one hundred, fifty, and twenty-five cents), and a *fifteen-cent* coin; in copper, *one*, *two*, *three*, and *five-cent* pieces. Some might desire to retain the crown, or *quarter-pound*; whilst others believe that a three-quarter dime piece would be more generally approved than coins so large as either crowns or half-crowns. Indeed, the policy is very questionable of retaining anything in a new system, not actually required, that has a tendency to keep up old associations.

We may now stop to consider what portion is likely to be realised, as regards the public, of the confusion and difficulty which it has been common to represent would be the certain concomitant of a reconstructed money system. Let it be imagined that all the present coins in the pockets of the first fifty persons we might meet were by some means changed at once, piece for piece, into the proposed new ones; what practical difference could it make to one of these individuals? Every coin, silver or copper, would be stamped with its component hundredths; each having its counterpart, or nearly so, in those now in use; so that actual relative value would be understood by the most ignorant; nor would the small supposable clashing at first, from the 4 per cent. difference in the copper, sensibly alter the price of a single common article. Old *names* would probably linger on for a while, as we still continue to speak of *guineas*, if that is important; but as far as mere innovation in our coins is concerned, we have had much greater in the eighteen-penny, three-shilling, five-and-sixpenny, and seven-shilling pieces, besides Spanish dollars, that were, in our own time, blended with the circulation. In short, the public would have little choice in the matter, and no room would be left for refusal to receive the national coins.

As respects the power of making a change in our coinage, it is fortunate that any government can do it whenever it thinks proper, and as speedily as it chooses. Of course the operations at the mint must be powerful in influencing the establishment of any new money scheme; for I believe that, when begun, nothing would be gained by a long-protracted period of transition, particularly as respects displacing the pennies, the copper being chiefly affected. 'Where there is a will there is a way;' and some thirty years ago, the entire old silver money of the country was simultaneously replaced by new. What was possible at that time might doubtless be repeated when it was needed; though as regards shillings and sixpences, they would for a time sufficiently well represent and circulate with half and quarter dimes. The discrepancy in the two sets of copper coins, though not perceptible in small dealings, ought, however, to be adjusted in some way, without loss of unnecessary time. In the instance just alluded to, of altering the silver currency, it was conveniently done in every principal town, by exchanging on the spot the old for the new—coin for coin. Whether the like could be done now, as respects copper, I am not sufficiently informed to be able to say; but if this is impracticable, at least at once, a temporary purpose would be answered, were the old farthings and halfpence to be sufficiently stamped as *one* and *two* cents. The difference of value should at the same time be allowed; that is, to the present worth of the old copper, either exchanged or thus stamped, must be added 4 per cent. We must, under any circumstances, avoid the stupid blunder of the French, who introduced a decimal money, leaving the old coins, partly to the present day, jumbled with the new, to the confusion of both; so that it is not unusual in business to reckon on one system and pay in the other.

The mode of calculating and account-keeping, in conformity with the new coins, would gradually become a matter of general convenience, if not of necessity; and as this took place, the ease in practice, and positive advantages of the decimal system (if I am to be allowed the term), would become proportionably apparent. The government would compel its adoption in the public offices, though as concerns all articles of revenue the duty is fixed in the existing currency by act of Parliament, and so must remain till altered. In receiving everything of this kind, the amount would have, in the first instance, to be calculated in the present way. This would be brought into the new money for payment, the work of a few moments only, and be so entered in the books. The same would also be done in all cases in which dues or claims, of whatever nature, had become the objects of legislative enactment. But, in truth, as relates to subjects of taxation in any way, it would be most convenient to re-enact them in the new money, a matter rendered still more easy by the recent curtailment of the tariff list. Minor imposts alone would be liable to any controversy. The most remarkable of these are the newspaper and postage stamps of

* To these examples I might add that of Holland, where the very change in the arrangement of the coins I am advocating in our own country, has been recently actually accomplished. The guilder (one shilling and eightpence of our money), formerly equivalent to twenty stivers, has been subdivided into *one hundred cents* (of course one sixth part less than our farthing). All calculations and accounts, by the Dutch, are now rendered centesimally, in guilders and cents.

a penny in each. The newspaper stamp offers no difficulty, as, if the tax is fixed nominally at *five cents*, an allowance in payment of sixteen per cent. would leave the amount as at present. Not so with postages, collected singly, where the penny, received as *four cents* new money, would leave the revenue deficient four per cent. Whether a government, willing to favour such a change as that we have been contemplating, ought to suffer importantly in consequence, would be decided by me in the negative; and I think, on the contrary, that no reasonable person ought to grudge the addition of sixteen per cent. mean gain, as a compensation, involved in fixing a *five-cent* piece as the postage of a letter.

Professor De Morgan, in allusion to a decimalised coinage, says: 'If the preceding scheme were looked at all at once, it would appear liable to a great deal of confusion. But, in order to judge of it fairly, it must necessarily be looked at in detail, and it must be asked how much of this plan is in operation at once? What quantity of change is required to be learned at any one time, that is, in any one year? We will state a few of the advantages of a perfectly decimal coinage.'

'All computations would be performed by the same rules as in the arithmetic of whole numbers.

'An extended multiplication table would be a better interest table than any which has yet been constructed.

'The application of logarithms would be materially facilitated, and would become universal, as also that of the sliding rule.

'The number of good commercial computers would soon be many times greater than at present.

'All decimal tables, as those of compound interest, &c., would be popular tables, instead of being mathematical mysteries.

'When the decimal coinage came to be completely established, the introduction of a decimal system of weights and measures would be very much facilitated, and its advantages would be seen.'

'We will now place the two systems in contrast, by giving an exemplification of *pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings*, brought into *pounds, dimes, and cents*. Annexed to the amounts, on both systems, are given the number of coins (the pounds being excluded) requisite to pay or receive them, respectively. In doing this, the shortest are used, with the exception of crowns, which might be common to either scheme; and, on the whole, it seems probable that considerable economy in coining would result from the adoption of the decimal system of money, particularly when the habit of reckoning by *five*s should become general. In order farther to illustrate the convenience of the decimal plan, a few common calculations and sums are given in the usual rules of *Compound Arithmetic*, as pertaining to the present coinage; contrasting with each the corresponding calculation in the new money, in *Simple Arithmetic*, with the number of figures respectively employed. This latter, however, is not the only criterion of advantage, as a practised hand will perceive that the old method not only involves a larger degree of thought and trouble, but requires more figures often than are shown, with a corresponding liability to error. The relative totals will not in all instances be perfectly equivalent, owing to the small variations, unnoticed, in the old farthings and new cents.

Professor De Morgan, in the article in the 'British Almanac' before alluded to, gives a method of approximately converting the old into the new money; for, for most purposes, the following simple table will suffice, dividing the parts of 12 old pence into new cents. If the amount exceeds a shilling, 50 more cents must be added.

PENCE $\frac{1}{2}$ 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

CENTS 1 2 4 8 12 16 20 25 29 33 37 41 45 50

£ s. d.	Coins.	£ d. cts.	Coins.
8 2 0	2	8 1 0	1
7 1 6	2	7 0 75	2
2 7 0	4	2 3 50	4
5 0 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	2	5 0 27	2
4 12 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	5	4 6 5	3
1 6 8	5	1 3 33	6
6 2 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	7	6 1 15	2
3 16 2 $\frac{1}{2}$	7	3 8 10	6

38 8 4 34 38 4 15 26

768 shillings
12

384 dimes
38,415 cents

Deduct 1,535 4 per cent
difference

9220 pence
4

26,880 farthings

36,880 cents

From £ s. d.
25 2 5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Subtract 17 9 8 $\frac{1}{2}$

£7 12 8 $\frac{1}{2}$

From £ d. cts.
25 1 21
Subtract 17 4 85

£7 6 36

£ s. d.	
Multiply 58 17 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 35	
11	
647 8 4 $\frac{1}{2}$	
3	
1,942 5 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
117 14 3	
£2,059 19 4 $\frac{1}{2}$	
38 figures	

£ s. d.	
Multiply 562 10 4 by 125	
10	
5,625 3 4	
10	
56,251 13 4	100 times
2,812 11 8	5 times
11,250 6 8	20 times

£70,314 11 8
49 figures.

£ s. d.	
Divide by 6) 331 15 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	
£55 5 11 $\frac{1}{2}$	

Divide by 450) 3,252 16 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ (£7 3,192

60
20

450) 1,216 (2 shillings
912

204
12

450) 3,650 (8 pence
3,648

2
4

10
£7, 2s 8d.
55 figures.

79 lbs. at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ per lb.
d. £ s. d.
4 1 6 4
1 6 7
1 3 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
1 7 $\frac{1}{2}$

£1 17 10 $\frac{1}{2}$
21 figures.

1,149 yards at 18s. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per yd.

s. d. £ s. d.
10 0 574 10 0
5 0 287 5 0
2 6 143 12 6
1 0 57 9 0
0 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ 2 7 10
0 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ 1 3 11

£1,066 8 3
40 figures.

Cwt. lb. £ s. d.
50 55 at 4 13 10 per cwt.
10

46 18 4
5

234 11 8
2 6 11
4 8 $\frac{1}{2}$

£237 3 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
36 figures.

£
Multiply 58 853
by 35
294 280
1,765 68

£2,059 960
26 figures.

£
Multiply 562 516
by 125
2,812 580
11,250 32
56,251 6

£70,314 500
37 figures.

£
Divide by 6) 331 782
£55 297

Divide by 450) 3,252 810 (7 133
3,192

60 8
45 6

15 21
13 68

1 530
1 368

162
43 figures.

79 pounds
at 24 cents per lb.
316
158

£1,896
14 figures.

1,149 yards
at 928 per yd.

9 192
22 98
1,034 1

£1,066 272
27 figures.

Cwt. lb. £
50 55 at 4 691 per cwt.
50

234 550
2 345

234

£237 129
29 figures.

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Francis Jeffery

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PRICE 1½d.

LITERATURE OF THE SCOTTISH BAR.

NO. II.—LORD JEFFREY.

WITH literature and law the name of Jeffrey is inseparably connected, and it would be difficult to determine which of the two pursuits has engrossed most of his enthusiasm and activity, and is the largest debtor to his distinguished talents. He really did serve two masters, almost from the commencement of his career, and is a rare example of *innocent double-dealing*. In old age it is still doubtful which of the two retains him, for he is seen alternately in connexion with both. The public are alike familiar with his wig and with his mask as a writer in the 'Edinburgh Review.' Formerly as an advocate and a critic he stood between the bar and the press; and now, as a calm and dispassionate judge, and as the retrenching and softening editor of his previous reviews, he still appears to occupy the same place. The very mention of his name calls up a fairly mixed idea of legal speeches and literary articles, and his portrait will ever represent him as a *Janus*.

A third sphere of employment and distinction he once attempted to fill, and he coveted pre-eminence in parliament, but failed, no one can tell why. Brougham, indeed, succeeded in rising to be the first orator in the House of Commons; but both for legal and literary accomplishments and honours, he has never taken the rank which his friend has, for many years, held undisputed. The literature of the Scottish bar could not be discussed, even in the most cursory and superficial manner, without a pointed reference to Lord Jeffrey. To use an oft-repeated simile, it would be as if, in the play of 'Hamlet,' the part of Hamlet were omitted. It is not the custom, however, of dramatists to introduce their hero immediately on the rise of the curtain; and, accordingly, we have caused a very portly personage to precede the prince of literary lawyers. The subject of our former sketch, Lord Robertson, is scarcely known out of Scotland, either as a lawyer or a literary man—he is a cuckoo that visits and enjoys no other spring than that which blesses our northern latitudes; but Lord Jeffrey, whom we now mean to notice, has a *European reputation*, as it is phrased, and his writings have been carefully read and warmly admired, both throughout the old and the new world. As a lawyer, he stands without a rival at the head of the Scottish bar; and as a critic, he has gained over a far wider and loftier range a far greater pre-eminence. He is now universally and deeply revered, and the impression of him in the minds of intellectual men partakes largely of that fond idealism which retains and enshrines the dead. Once the object of fear to some, and of fervent adoration to others, he is now to all the object of the tenderest esteem. He is

removed from 'garish day' and its feverish activities and strifes, into a sphere of serene repose, where we may contemplate him. We could not previously have conceived that a halo of such veneration would have encircled the aged head of a life-long lawyer and critic. It is the same mild lustre which invests a very different man—the greatest warrior of our country—the Duke of Wellington. Had either of them expired in the midst, or immediately at the close, of their strenuous struggles and exertions, our feelings of admiration would not have been so much, if at all, modified and softened by affection. We must, however, forego the idea of him which, in his old age, he inspires, that we may feel at liberty for a sketch, with the accompanying criticism.

Touching the personal appearance of this distinguished man, he presents as complete a contrast as could well be imagined to Lord Robertson. He is slight in form and small in feature, but his whole person is pervaded by vivacity, and he moves, looks, or speaks with mercurial rapidity. The lower part of his face is delicate and expressive; his lips quiver responsively to the pathos, or curl sympathetically with the scorn of the oration with which they are burdened; and his eyes have great quickness, brilliancy, and penetration; but his brow is neither ample nor lofty, and has as often been referred to as a satisfactory refutation of phrenology as has his famous article in the 'Edinburgh Review' upon that modern science. But, in this case, the low and narrow forehead has battered down many a score of *grand developments* which George Combe would have loved, and has inflicted great temporary mischief upon the majestic and Miltonic front of William Wordsworth. This instance, we may remark, seems to strengthen the objection which Professor Wilson proposes against phrenology—that whilst the *quantity* of each organ may be determined by it, the *quality* must remain unknown.

Before beginning his career as a lawyer, Lord Jeffrey connected himself with the '*Speculative Society*,' of which Sir Walter Scott, and several young men of most promising talents, who were preparing for the bar, were members. There he trained himself to rhetoric, sharp discussion, and minute criticism. Political, historical, and black-letter subjects were handled, after careful study, if not after exact verbal preparation. The society at that time appears to have been in its glory; and, certainly, at no subsequent period have there been so many eminent men enrolled in it. Yet this and other debating societies in Scotland must evidently have been of a far less exciting kind than the similar ones in Dublin, out of which all the brilliant Irish orators, both at the bar and in the senate, have come in the panoply of eloquence. There was less of political ardour and partizanship in the Scottish Society, and more

of literature and calm logic; and the Irish society was the arena for sharpening the intellect and arousing the eloquence which were afterwards to astonish the British nation. The first night of Jeffrey's introduction to the *Speculative Society*, his attention was specially directed to the secretary (Walter Scott), who 'sat gravely at the bottom of the table in a huge woollen nightcap, and when the president took the chair, pleaded a bad tooth-ach as apology for coming into that worshipful assembly in such 'a portentous machine.'" Now, we can scarcely fancy a huge woollen nightcap as being upon the fiery brains of the young Irish debaters. Curran, Grattan, Shiel, and O'Connell, would have no such crown of Morpheus. Their grand theme was Irish independence—a theme to be discussed with flushed brow and dishevelled locks.

Jeffrey's success at the bar was early, progressive, and complete. He acquired wealth and fame together. From his brethren he bore away the palm for subtlety, promptitude, learning, and eloquence. At the English or Irish bar, there has been more fervent and impassioned rhetoric than was ever exhibited at the Scottish one, which has generally been distinguished by sobriety. Jeffrey's manner as an advocate was a union of Scotch clearness with English warmth, of Scotch sagacity with English energy and animation. His shrill tones and rapid pronunciation had electric power upon the judges and the jury. He had the most effective wit at command, and though it never spread itself out into broad farce or strong caricature, it could convey the most galling and damaging ridicule, as the counsel who happened to be on the opposite side almost invariably experienced. In the most polite and personally inoffensive manner he would laugh their case and their elaborate pleadings out of court. During a serious trial, and when defending a criminal, whose sentence, if he were proved guilty, would have been death, he rose to his highest strain; and, whilst with the finest subtlety, he was secretly working upon the confused sense of justice and mercy in the minds of the jury, his outward manner was that of impetuous eloquence. He blended the parts of a defender and an intercessor inimitably. A weak case was thus made to gather strength, in the convictions of the twelve honest and simple men, from the awakened and excited sympathies of their hearts.

But what distinguished Jeffrey, in his displays at the bar, above all his brethren, was the literary charm and finish of every sentence which he uttered. It must be confessed, that the oratory of lawyers, as well as of divines and legislators, is frequently careless and positively uncouth in style, and requires considerable correction and polish from the kindly hands of reporters ere it can be pleasantly read by the public. But a classical elegance was stamped upon every speech of Jeffrey's, however brief and unimportant. The language, without being finical, was always most choice and felicitous. There was no ostentation of his rare attainments in literature, for he seldom quoted from or made the remotest allusion to the works with which he was so familiar; but his mind was so thoroughly formed and pervaded by their spirit and influence, that all that escaped his lips might have been carefully prepared for an essay, so perfect was the style. The most petty plea received all the graces of his mind, even though it might not have lain for five minutes in his mind, and though it was utterly destitute of any interest to him. Sergeant Talfourd is reported to prove himself a poet at the bar; and this often gives his speeches an air of absurdity, for there must be many occasions and scenes in which an outburst of poetry will look ridiculous. Jeffrey proved himself the prince of literary men; but this distinctive character, even in the most trifling cases, could not provoke laughter, as it did not necessitate on his part any enthusiasm which might soar above the atmosphere of the hour and the place. It only made him classical, and this is quite proper and graceful in the slightest conversational efforts. His wit, his very badinage, would have adorned the dialogue of a comedy; and his eloquence was never overstrained or extravagant, but chaste and self-possessed. Literature often spoiled Shiel's speeches, both at the bar

and in the senate, but never those of Jeffrey. We need not recount Lord Jeffrey's legal triumphs, which have been crowned with judicial honours, for the public are aware of them.

When rising to eminence in the legal profession, he and a few associates of kindred talent and energy projected the 'Edinburgh Review,' which was to be of an original character and aim, and on the most extended scale in every respect. All literary, metaphysical, scientific, social, and political questions were to be discussed vigorously and thoroughly by a direct reference to unchangeable principles and unalienable rights. It was to be an innovation of searching tests and bold and independent judgments concerning all matters, and to oppose at every point the universal system which prevailed. The design was magnificent, and more than national, and in singular contrast with the petty periodicals then existing. That a few young men, without rank or social influence, should have organised and successfully carried it out, is most wonderful. Tameness had long been the uniform characteristic in the world of letters and of politics; but a spirit was now to trouble the waters, not for a passing moment, but permanently and effectually, and this country will never settle on its lees again. Hitherto criticism upon every subject was dogmatic enough, without being searching or clever, and was formal enough, without being in the least mindful of principles. Indeed, it consisted of little else than the published notes of booksellers, recommending or condemning works from mercantile views. The previous age was incomparably better in this respect, since it could boast of Addison and Johnson, both of whom, in many departments, were eminent critics, though they were of a popular rather than of a scientific class. Addison's lengthy critique upon 'Paradise Lost,' though it was the first which rendered anything like justice to Milton, resembles too much a mere commentary. Johnson's method was more scientific, though it was very elementary and much restricted, adequate enough for determining the character of second-rate poets, but wholly incompetent to give an insight into the genius of Shakspeare or Milton. Satirical and moral pieces, and epics and dramas, such as Pope and Dryden had produced, were the ones on which he could pronounce a valuable judgment. There was, therefore, a necessity for the 'Edinburgh Review.' A new institute of criticism, to displace the criticism which was *falsely so called*, was imperatively required. But, besides, not only was the criticism upon literature dull and worthless, the literature itself had miserably degenerated. Art and conventionality, instead of nature, were followed. Burns and Cowper had indeed spoken their oracles of genuine passion, imagination, and common sense, but the schools of the sickly and fantastic prophets were still triumphant. Affectation had drivelled down into sheer inanity, and both deserved the lash. A new race of poets, of politicians, of historians, and philosophers was about to be heaved up from the gulf of the French Revolution; and there must also be a new race of journalists to appreciate and second these.

The 'Edinburgh Review' started; and its comprehensive plan must have been fully matured, at least, immediately after its first publication. In a short time it passed from the care of Sidney Smith to that of Lord Jeffrey. The humourist was qualified to be a subaltern, but not a leader. That it had a definite object, and made a consistent impression in the discussion of all important questions, is owing to Jeffrey, and not to his able coadjutors. The reckless genius of Brougham was kept in harness, and made to follow in the course marked out by the sagacious editor; and Jeffrey, without visible effort, kept such a rein upon this wild Arabian as the governments of Earl Grey and Lord Melbourne never could gain. Sydney Smith's jokes were also made subservient, and the fat and gay canon became—almost unconsciously—a brave and resolute agitator.

Speedily did the 'Review' obtain immense, even paramount influence. It grew up at once to be a 'fourth estate.' Governments hated and feared it. Authors trembled ere its decision was pronounced, and withered

immediately after; for a state of painful suspense was followed by a state of acute suffering, from the keen and deadly sarcasm which had been inflicted. Their claims and merits were most rigorously canvassed, and when they were found wanting, punishment of the severest kind was dealt out, as justice to them and as mercy to others. Dull heads were made to know that they had sensitive backs. Effeminate poets were crowned with thorns instead of garlands, for they were treated as public criminals, who could not, with honour to the republic of letters, be overlooked or forgiven. The same style of courageous and independent investigation and censure was employed in discussing the politics of the day. Men and measures, protected though they were by an awe and superstition which no longer surround either, were boldly impeached, and—in the light of principles which were now most eloquently propounded and illustrated—they were tried and sentenced. The councils of majesty were invaded by the same searching light, and this new Inquisition entered into the very places and privileges of 'our glorious constitution,' which had hitherto been regarded as most sacred and inviolable. It was a grand practical and living demonstration of the freedom of the press.

But that our remarks upon Lord Jeffrey's works and general influence in the 'Edinburgh Review' may be more orderly and satisfactory, we shall speak of him, in the first place, as a *literary critic*.

The contributions which he and his coadjutors made to the 'Review' have within the last few years been respectively collected and republished, and we are thus able to apportion with accuracy nearly exact the proper share of merit to each. Sydney Smith's articles being political or ecclesiastical, lie entirely out of the class of which we are now speaking. Poets, philosophers, moralists, and novelists were untouched by him. He never animadverted upon a couplet of rhyme; never called it good, bad, or indifferent. Brougham, also, may walk out along with his gay associate, for—with a few exceptions, amongst which may be mentioned his bitter critique on the youthful Byron's 'Hours of Idleness'—history, education, and politics, and not literature, engrossed his industry and energies as a contributor. For many years Jeffrey had the superintendence of the muses all to himself; and the whole nine of them could never coax him out of his stern fidelity, nor steal away his scourge. By and by, Macaulay came to his assistance; not so much, however, as a critic, for he furnished essays, which, brilliant though they were, were very general and vague concerning individual authors or particular works; and it must be said of him, that he was a *phenomenon* rather than a *power* in the 'Edinburgh Review.' To Jeffrey, chiefly, if not entirely, fell the duty of examining and estimating the current literature; to him especially did the lurking fears and misgivings of poor authors point; and to him, therefore, almost exclusively, should be ascribed whatever good was achieved by the literary criticism of this famous periodical. He addressed himself to a thorough analysis, description, and judgment of the books which he professed to notice. They were texts for his close examination, and not mottoes from which he might start off into a separate disquisition of his own. What Robert Hall humorously observed, in a reported conversation, concerning several of the articles in the 'Review,' is utterly inapplicable to any of Jeffrey's:—'The writers have a contemptuous practice, that of stringing together the titles of a number of books at the head of an article, hanging up the authors as so many rabbits, and then introducing an original dissertation, without noticing the books, except perhaps in the concluding sentence, when they give a kick to the rabbits to make them dance.' Jeffrey's rabbits did not receive such very pleasant and gentle treatment.

But whilst Jeffrey made the books and their authors pass through his crucible, he at the same time exhibited his tests, and verified, out of the grand history of past literature, their justice and propriety. While furnishing the finest specimens of criticism extant, he has also most philosophically and eloquently educed the character and rules,

the designs, and methods of all criticism. From him we have not merely resolute practice, but also fundamental laws. Whilst keeping closely to the books under review, there was yet far more of bold and subtle speculation about the nature and conditions of poetry, and far more of instructive allusion to the merits of various bards, than can be found in the essays of Macaulay. Jeffrey is entitled to all the praise, which, in the preface to his four volumes (consisting of his select contributions), he gives in general to the 'Review.' 'It refused to confine itself to the humble task of pronouncing on the mere literary merits of the works that came before it, and it professed to go deeply into the principles on which its judgments were to be rested, as well as to take large and original views of all the important questions to which those works might relate; and, on the whole, I think it is now pretty generally admitted that it attained the end it aimed at.'

Wandering through Jeffrey's literary articles, we could collect and arrange materials for a very comprehensive history of literature, and obtain the means of establishing a harmonious system—a complete institute of principles for all literary criticism. Both his analysis and generalisation are incomparably superior to what can be found in the contributions of Macaulay. The latter aims continually, and succeeds almost invariably, it must be admitted, at being picturesque; and is, therefore, neither general enough nor minute enough. His magnificent 'Essay on Milton,' lengthy and elaborate, introducing the bard's political and religious companions—the Roundheads and the Puritans—instead of the bard's works, how much inferior is it to the memorable passage occurring in a notice of 'Hazlitt's Lectures,' in which Jeffrey describes the universal genius of Shakspeare! And are not Jeffrey's articles upon Dryden and the elder dramatists both more minute and more comprehensive than those of Macaulay, in which he attempts to sketch the literature of a class, a country, or an age? Macaulay gives a highly coloured panorama—the canvass broad, and the figures placed artificially for effect; but Jeffrey's is a natural scene, with the objects that are near most definitely seen, and the others retiring, less distinctly, but still luminously, into an ample horizon.

Having made these general remarks upon Jeffrey's manner as a literary critic, it will be necessary to particularise some of his verdicts—and we choose out of those pronounced upon poets, and pronounced with too complacent an air of infallibility. It is strange, that whilst he lashed with due severity the artificial and sickly productions of the imitators of Pope, he applied the scourge with equal good will to the works of some of the most natural and spontaneous poets that have ever freshened our literature. From a delicacy which was so refined that it had invariably passed into insipidity and often into inanity, he turned away with proper scorn; and yet, in a few cases, he was not more courteous to the unaffected sentiments and the genuine passions and aspirations which were poured forth in artless music by the men who succeeded the contemptible manikins. After sneering at the foppish tribe that were expiring just as he started his critical career, he was inconsistent enough to hint some occasional dislike of the healthy, robust, and manly glow of face which characterised Robert Burns. On the transition from art and conventionality to genuine and unchangeable nature, his mood was scarcely cordial or grateful enough. In 'Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk,' Lockhart took the opportunity of defending the Ayrshire ploughman from the somewhat fastidious and petty criticism of Jeffrey.

But concerning what was called 'The Lake School,' Jeffrey's verdicts were highly objectionable, and they have been universally and entirely reversed. The very men whom he led to the lowest seat in the synagogue, and to whom he hinted that it was his charity that offered them a seat at all, now and for ever occupy the first places in the temple of fame. Their poetry will at least survive and bury his criticism. Their reputation comes forth unscathed from all his witty attacks. They are even now far removed above all his petulance and detraction. Throughout the whole mass of criticism in the 'Edinburgh Review,' we

cannot discover anything like a fair sympathy with or a just appreciation of the transcendent genius of Coleridge. But Coleridge possessed a mind around which Jeffrey could never throw his arms for measuring the dimensions, nor could he stretch forth his finger to point out the characteristics. He was far more of an equal to Southey, and perhaps his criticism is the most just though not the most generous which has yet appeared upon that romantic poet. It is obvious, however, that had the critic applied the same high standard by which he pronounced both of these great bards to be found wanting, to Rogers, Campbell, and Crabbe, he would have excluded these three from the domain of poetry altogether; and yet these comparatively inferior poets are most cordially, and with unqualified frankness, eulogised. Such is the evil incident to capricious or prejudiced verdicts. Either the one class of poets was decried, or the other exalted, undeservedly. *An unjust balance is an abomination to—literature.* Southey and Coleridge may have exhibited more weaknesses, more affectations, more extravagancies, more glaring offences, than the others, who were favourites; but surely they had also more numerous excellencies, and these of a higher order; and why should such a small account have been made of the merits, whilst the faults were discussed with an amplitude utterly disproportioned? Men, we suppose, are more grievous sinners than brutes are; brutes don't break the moral law in thought, word, and action; and yet, we also suppose that men are somewhat greater and more honourable than brutes. Crabbe can never rise to reach the feet of Coleridge, but very different were the respective places assigned to them by the editor of the 'Edinburgh Review.'

But to the greatest of the 'Lake' poets Jeffrey was most extravagantly unjust. Wordsworth was his laughing-stock; Wordsworth, who is now hailed as the chief of the sons of song in his generation. The author of the 'Excursion' was assailed for many long years with the most galling ridicule, and treated as if he were the impersonation of silliness and conceit, all his verses being laughed at as poor nursery rhymes. There was, indeed, much in Wordsworth's smaller pieces to provoke mirthful criticism. The wondering mood of a child, as it looks upon trifles, was at times taken entire into Wordsworth's mind, and fitting expression was given to it in the most absurd and childish rhymes. His new theory of poetry, grand and true, was often very imperfectly reduced to practice by himself, and then, instead of exemplifying the simplicity of majesty, he had the nakedness or the rags of beggary. Such pieces as 'Goody Blake and Harry Gill,' 'Peter Bell, in three parts,' the 'Waggoner, in four cantos,' and the 'Idiot Boy,' were caricatures which Wordsworth executed of his own poetry, and over these Jeffrey was justified to indulge his most poignant sarcasm. But, as in the cases to which we have already referred, such performances were brought out in the strongest prominence, whilst the associated works, of a widely different character, were almost overlooked. It was quite proper that Wordsworth's puerilities should be severely exposed, but these should not have concealed his grand and unrivalled excellencies. Blame was prodigally measured out to trifles, and praise was very sparingly and reluctantly awarded to numerous and substantial merits. Old Alice and her duffle cloak were made Wordsworth's herald and banner, whilst scores of immortal pieces, not to speak of all of his greatest work, the 'Excursion,' were wholly kept in the rear. The wart on Wordsworth's 'human face divine,' was far more minutely examined and criticised than was the sublime face itself. In short, no proper estimate of Wordsworth could be formed from the many articles which Jeffrey wrote; whilst a few pages, taken at hazard out of the notices either by Wilson or De Quincey, would quickly and truly give us the poet's image. The critic may well regret now, that no future student of Wordsworth's character will ever consult the 'Edinburgh Review' for assistance in discovering anything save mere momentary weaknesses and slight affectations. If the poet is to be despised by coming ages (a thing not very probable, as it would be

the strangest revolution in taste that has ever occurred), Jeffrey has set the example and furnished the sneers; but if (as we believe) he is to remain crowned, the garland owes nothing to the hands of Jeffrey. What literary man will envy Jeffrey such a consciousness as this? His lordship, in the preface to his selected contributions, when vindicating the judgment which he had passed upon Wordsworth, affirms concerning the review of the 'Excursion,' 'I think I may venture to say, that if the faults are unsparingly noted, the beauties are not penuriously or grudgingly allowed, but commended to the admiration of the reader with at least as much heartiness and goodwill.' With this opinion we humbly but totally disagree, for whilst the reviewer expatiates in all the versatility of his wit and sarcasm upon the faults, he merely gives a few extracts of the beautiful passages, with little note and less comment. He does not allow the faults to speak for themselves, he exposes them at unnecessary length and with superfluous minuteness, as if his task were a labour of love; but the beauties are simply quoted as beauties, without any cordial examination, as if the exercise of praise were exceedingly irksome and uncongenial. This, in the case of Wordsworth, is singularly unjust, for whilst this poet's faults are very obvious, his excellencies do not strike the common eye. There is not a smart youth in the kingdom whose superficial glance can fail to detect all the puerilities and conceits of Wordsworth which Jeffrey exhibits in elaborate sarcasm; but how many thousands are there who cannot of themselves perceive or appreciate either the beauty or the sublimity of Wordsworth's descriptions and reflections? Jeffrey having shown with such particularity Wordsworth's foibles and weaknesses, was in conscience bound to unweave and unfold the locks of his real strength. How widely different was the manner in which both Sir Walter Scott and Southey spoke of their brother poet! They were not insensible to his faults, but they regarded these as occasional detractions from his greatness, and not as being in themselves overshadowing and eclipsing qualities. Scott professes his amazement that Wordsworth should 'sometimes choose to crawl upon all-fours, when God has given him so noble a countenance to lift to heaven;' but Jeffrey makes him *uniformly* a quadruped, and seldom ascribes to him the '*os sublime*.' Southey says, 'Both Coleridge and Wordsworth, powerfully as they can write, and profoundly as they usually think, have been betrayed into the same fault—that of making things easy of comprehension in themselves difficult to be comprehended by their way of stating them; instead of going to the natural springs for water, they seem to like the labour of digging wells.' These stringent remarks recognise genius, though they esteem it as a little perverse, or as occupied in unnecessary toils. But what we complain of in Jeffrey's profuse criticism upon Wordsworth is, the studious concealment of the great body of the poet's excellencies. To use a simile of Burke, the critic has seized a handful of grasshoppers, which he presents as the riches of the land, while altogether unmindful of the noble herds quietly browsing around him.

On a perusal and consideration of the 'Edinburgh Review' articles about the 'Lake Poetry,' we have been forcibly struck with an idea, which we have not seen expressed, though it be a very obvious one. It is this—their character and tests are at utter variance with the principles laid down and the illustrations employed in Jeffrey's celebrated contribution upon 'Beauty and Taste.' In the last, he makes the mind the fashioning artist of external objects, and represents mental associations as imparting colour and form, beauty and sublimity, and the everchanging expression of life to the material world; but in the first, he gives external objects a self-originating, independent, and isolated character, and classifies these as literally as he would in a map, pronouncing some poetic and others prosaic, not as determined by the mystic laws of the soul, but as they necessarily and unalterably are in themselves. Upon his own principles of beauty, Alice Fell's duffle cloak, at which he kept tearing in scorn, may be as interesting, and may float as finely in a poet's song, as the purple robe of

a Cæsar. The SEAMLESS COAT, which was the outer cloud of the veiled God when he stooped to earth, where is the robe to match with it in glory? for, compared with it, poor and mean is the bright-spotted vesture of the sky. The startling inconsistency which we have thus barely indicated, leads us to conclude that the ideal theory which Jeffrey expounded had no hold or image in his heart—that it was not the expression of his own triumphant consciousness, but simply the ingenious construction, the artificial essay of his fancy awakened to imitate. Otherwise, he would have treated Wordsworth's poetry very differently. Indeed, he has nothing of the transcendentalist about him. He has not imbibed the following sentiments of Emerson, for if he had, Wordsworth, for his very faults, would have been loved and praised:—'Nay,' says the American, 'the most wonted objects (make a very slight change in the point of vision) please us most. In a camera-obscura, the butcher's cart and the figure of one of our own family amuse us. So a portrait of a well-known face gratifies us. Turn the eyes upside down, by looking at the landscape through your legs, and how agreeable is the picture, though you have seen it any time these twenty years.'

But to the other poets of the age Lord Jeffrey was most just, and whilst, with playful satire, he freely exposed their common faults or their occasional shortcomings, with admirable discrimination also did he unfold and eulogise their excellencies. His criticisms upon Scott and Byron surpass those of all cotemporary reviewers; and, as searching, comprehensive, and complete estimates of the character and rank of the two bards, and given forth in a style calm yet vivacious, they are not equalled by the respective articles of Macaulay or Wilson upon the same subjects. The son-in-law and biographer of Scott would evidently have been better pleased had Jeffrey's exceptions to Scott been fewer and less important, but he betrays, also, the conviction that they must stand as they are, being the marks of impartial justice; and no admirer of Byron need attempt to expunge the serious charges which the reviewer brings against the moral tendency of such pieces as 'Cain,' 'Manfred,' and 'Don Juan,' whilst he will in vain try to speak more nobly and worthily than the reviewer concerning the fertile, passionate, and powerful genius which, alas! too often debased itself. It is true that Lord Jeffrey has never written in such a grand and glowing strain as distinguishes an article which appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review,' from the pen of Professor Wilson, instituting a comparison between Byron and Rousseau, for that article is a perfect poem; but then it wants the fine subtlety and discrimination peculiar to Jeffrey.

We have yet to speak of the province in which, as a critic, Jeffrey most frequently, and to the greatest advantage, appeared, viz., that of *belles lettres*.

J A M E S A.

A CIRCASSIAN TALE.

'I HAVE not a kopeck, and Jamesa is on the hills,' said old Zoe, as she wrung her hands and rocked her head from side to side, and looked at the Russian tax-gatherer in unutterable suffering and perplexity.

'You have robes in the guest-house, and there are two mares with their foals in the paddock yonder,' answered a surly insolent-looking soldier, perfectly indifferent to Zoe's wailing; 'so we wont trouble your coffers, nor wait for Jamesa's return.'

'The tribute is only two sheep in the score, or a money equivalent,' said the old woman, quickly; 'you would not surely take the horse creatures and the furniture of the divan for what Jamesa's tribute comes to?'

'The transfer is to Jamesa's advantage,' said the official, coolly; 'you see he has a hundred score of sheep, which makes him owe the emperor ten score; mutton, horns, and wool. Money is heavy, especially the price of ten score of sheep in kopecks, so that we would be burdened with its weight to Kleti, or retarded in the valleys by the slow pace of the ewes and lambs. But the mares will

carry both us and the clothes, and Jamesa can borrow more if he needs them.'

'One hundred score or sheep!' exclaimed Zoe, rocking backward and forward, and turning her eyes upward as she clasped her hands together convulsively; 'oh, the consciences of these Russians! the poor youth has scarcely five score, and yet they make his absence a pretext to rob him of his only wealth—his horses and his robes.'

'Take care that we do not take your ears with you Tcherkessian rebel,' said the Russian, as with the utmost coolness he began to collect the robes and arms which were suspended from the long ox-horns that garnished the walls of Jamesa's lodge. 'Ay, and put a bridle on your tongue, lest we be constrained to cut it from your head and give it to the dogs to eat.'

Zoe looked at the stony agent of the czar with astonishment, and fear that he would carry his threats into execution kept her silent for a few seconds; but she saw him, without the least compunction, take possession of all her own and Jamesa's garments; she heard him order his subordinates to catch the mares that grazed in the beautiful paddock which Jamesa had fenced for them; and, being a woman with generous sympathies and a goodly proportion of the chivalry of her sex, she forgot all her hazards and opened the battery of her voice and wrath upon the brutal tribute-gatherer. 'You have built your forts and lodges at Kleti and Anapa,' she cried, 'and you have made yourselves masters of Nefl and Vastoghai; you say that you have come to protect us and to be our friends—such friends as the eagles of Noghai Huskha are to the lambs of Elbruz, or your red-haired tribe proved to the cringing Mengrelians; you are robbers and cowards, for you dare not go up into the mountains of Notwhatsh to meet the men of Circassia, but you crawl tremblingly through the valleys and rob from women and children.'

'Peace, hag!' exclaimed the passionate Russ, as he sprung upon the excited old woman and caught her by the throat; 'I will crush thy venomous spirit out of thy mouth if thou sayest another word.'

'And I will trample thy cowardly one from all thy body, thou wretch!' exclaimed Jamesa, as he bounded into his lodge, caught the Russian in his arms, and throwing him on the ground placed his foot upon his neck.

You would have gone to many councils on the hills, and to many harvest-feasts upon the plains of Circassia, before you would have beheld a nobler-looking youth than Jamesa; yet there was something anomalous in his character after all. Eight-and-twenty glowing summers and an equal number of cold winters had passed over the head of the young man, and although few in the valley or on the mountains of Nefl could manage the steed or use the rifle with him, he had never been an active or prominent agent in the wars. He lived close upon the Kuban, and had often been the victim of plunder and destruction, but he seemed to possess a patience superior to Russian malignity, and an attachment to his native home which was strong enough to outlive his possession of one blade of its grass. His father had been slain by a band of soldiers from Kleti; his aged mother had died from exposure on a winter night, when all the villages of Nefl were razed and burned down by the same agency; and his brothers had gone to the south to fight against the hated Moscovs; but Jamesa had again and again repaired his ruined home, collected a few sheep, and with old Zoe and a few shilts of his tribe he was still content to dwell in Nefl. The face of Jamesa was peculiarly soft, and his features wore an expression of composure which some people might have construed into an indication of either indecision or insensibility, yet he wore his little round sheepskin cap rather jauntily, and his tunic and wide brown trousers were so fashioned as to show off to the best advantage his tall and handsome form. He was spare but muscular, and few could wrestle with him or carry such a load of wood from the hills of Vastoghai; yet he was so modest and so retiring that the young maidens laughed at him, and the young men pretended to pity him as they called him a soulless fellow. But Wusu, the snowflake, who dwelt in the valley of Vastoghai with her

little brother Ozban, the storm, knew that Jamesa had a heart full of strong and warm attachments; and the Russian, who lay beneath his feet, felt that he was a man of fierce energy and reckless courage when roused.

'You are a coward,' said Jamesa at last, addressing the prostrate soldier, while an expression of the direst contempt overspread his flushed face; 'I dishonour the foot of a brave man by defiling it with the contagion of thy body. Rise!'

The Russian gathered himself to his feet at the authoritative mandate, and looking furtively around him and then timidly at Jamesa, whose scimitar was in his hand, he awaited his sentence in silence.

'Go tell thy master at Kleti,' said the angry mountaineer, 'that he is a thief, and that thou art his brother. I have never paid tribute, I will never pay tribute; and now I am determined to exact restitution for the losses which I have already borne through you and your robber master. You will find your subalterns on the march to Kleti, with a Circassian escort with them; go, and be thankful that you do so, if not in peace at least in safety.'

That evening the flocks, steeds, goods, and few retainers who had dwelt in Nefil with their poor vork Jamesa, were all on their way to the deep defiles and rocky barriers of the southern mountains, for well did Jamesa know, when his fit of passion had subsided, that the vengeance of the commandant was as certain as it would be speedy. His herdsmen and friends had set upon a party of the representatives of the czar and had driven them away, and he himself had violently assaulted their leader; so that when the fugitive Tcherkesses looked back from the hills to the valleys, and saw the flames of their blazing homes rise high and wildly into the bosom of the night, they sighed, but they were not surprised.

The spell that had so long bound Jamesa to his native valley had neither been weakened nor removed, though his connexion with it was ruptured at last; and although his passions had caused him to forsake his home, his prudence, while it counselled flight, almost censured his precipitancy.

To those cognizant of Circassian customs and education, Jamesa's celibacy and pertinacious adhesiveness to locality will not appear strange. He had whispered to Wusu, who of course was of a stranger fraternity, that he would make for her a bower of myrtle and hawthorn in Nefil, and that fifty sheep and oxen would scarcely pay her ransom, while a horse would not be able to carry the stuffs which he would present to the pshes and vorks of Vastoghai when he took her home. Wusu had smiled when the bashful Jamesa had made his proffers, but it was not in scorn; fifty sheep and oxen, with cloths of Stamboul, and two steeds of Arabistan, were a splendid estimate of the value of the daughter of a vork; so that Wusu was proud to be so highly esteemed, and she pledged her word, on the purity of her name, to wed no other man save Jamesa. The course of true love, like the course of everything else but rapine, and oppression, and desolation, was disturbed by Russian influence, and Jamesa was fated to find a horde of invaders, time after time, spoil his home, dash the cup of hope repeatedly from his lips, and leave him too often a poor and almost hopeless lover. But Wusu, instead of fretting, rather the more admired the constancy of Jamesa for his trials, and if it had been seemly in a maiden of her caste to have told him so, and of him to have taken a wife from her kindred without an equivalent, she would have shared his lodge and poverty, and would have sung to him until she had dispelled every frown from his soft and handsome but sometimes gloomy face.

The fort of Kleti stands by the waters of the Kuban, a few miles above its junction with the lake Keziltash, which is, properly speaking, a portion of the Black Sea. Around this embattled fort the homes of colonists, traders, and speculators had been built, transforming the meadow upon which it stood into a busy little town, and rendering it an important entrepot for the merchandise brought from the southern provinces of Russia to the fort and settlement of Kojil, and then conveyed across the Kuban for sale at the fairs which were often held in the subdued valleys of

northern Circassia. One of the richest and most important personages whom the czar's protection and encouragement had induced to build their homes at Kleti was Hamed, a Turk, who had fled from Constantinople to save his neck from a howstring and his carcass from a sack, but who, contriving to bring with him a goodly purse of gold, traded in salt and manufactured goods, and lived, if not in safety, at least without dread of any one save the dauntless Tcherkesses. The commander or governor of Kleti was one of those needy unscrupulous wretches who almost universally constitute the agents of the emperor; uncertain of the tenor of his office, and fearful lest he should be superseded before he became rich, he robbed and plundered the flocks and herds of the mountaineers with insatiable rapacity, and seizing upon the maidens and youths, sold them, through Hamed's agency, to the Turkish smugglers who landed goods on the Circassian coast, despite the ukase of Nicholas and the lubberly look-out of his fleet. Nirkoff received a consideration for shutting his eyes to the trade of the Moslems, and he found in them willing agents when he had fair young Circassians to send to the market at Stamboul, so that, instead of acting for his government, he acted, no matter whether wisely or well, very diligently and undividedly for himself.

'Jamesa has rebelled at last, has he?' cried Nirkoff, with a sneer, as the discomfited party told their tale; 'and he has called me thief, and threatened me, has he? ha, ha! The silly coward that he is, does he think that I do not know how to tame him. Go, Warok, take a hundred men, burn the hogstyes of Nefil, and as the valley of Vastoghai has several surplus damsels, in consequence of their mates swallowing Russian musket-balls, bring a few hither, especially that Wusu, whom fame reports so beautiful.'

The valley of Vastoghai was attacked that evening, when all the people who dwelt in it had sunk to sleep, and Wusu and several others were captured. In the confusion and noise of the evening attack Ozban contrived to escape; he was either too young to think of rescuing his sister, or he was prudent enough to subdue his desire to attempt doing so. He saw Wusu, however, mounted before a man whom he suspected by his dress to be Hamed, and following the robbers with all the speed and energy of a young mountaineer, he beheld a portion of the prisoners lodged in the fort of Kleti, while several of the most beautiful maidens, among whom was Wusu, were conveyed to the house of Hamed—the former to be sent across the Kuban as an evidence of the vigilance and honesty of the commandant, Nirkoff; the latter to await the felucca of the Turkish contrabandists, that they might be sold for his particular advantage. Ozban turned his face towards the south-east, and with the speed of the antelope made for the nearest friendly village; the horses, heavily clogged, were grazing in the little enclosure, and he without hesitation caught and mounted one of the fleetest. Agitated with fear, and almost beside himself with indignation concerning the abduction and destiny intended for his sister, he urged the horse to its utmost speed, and dashed onward like the storm, from which he derived his name, for the home of Jamesa in Nefil. There he was greeted by sable desolation and the silence of death; ruin had preceded him to the pastoral home of his friend, and he looked around in bewilderment on smouldering ashes where he had hoped to find sympathy and succour. 'Whither shall I turn?' exclaimed the agitated boy, in tones of eager expectancy; 'where can Jamesa have gone?' The steed, that had stood with its head inclined towards the earth for some time, at this instant suddenly tossed its forelock on high and pricked up its ears, and as Ozban bent on the sagacious creature's neck and listened, he heard the cadence of one of the war-songs of his people come pealing on the night breeze from the mountains. A tremour passed over the frame of the youth, as if he had been electrified, when the deep tones of the warriors, mellowed by distance, fell upon his ear; and then his eyes shone like the stars above him when his sense resolved the meaning of the sound, and shouting, 'Sons of the Adjijhe, flash your red

sabres in the faces of the trembling Moscovs!' he struck the gallant horse, and, scouring up the valley, boldly approached the fastnesses of the mountains. In a comparatively short period the boy Ozban stood amongst a group of his manly and picturesque countrymen. A fire, supplied by withered shrubs and fragments of decayed ash boughs, threw a strong and flickering light upon the tall athletic men who bivouacked around it, revealing the diverse colours of their picturesque garments and the character of their arms, while it exaggerated into gigantic proportions their reclining or flitting forms. Several of the shepherds who had escaped from the sack of Vastoghai were already here, muttering vengeance on Nirkoff and his myrmidons, and inflaming the wrath of their compatriots with recitations of their fathers' wrongs and of their deeds of retaliation; but Ozban passed them all without noticing any of them, and placed himself silently beside Jamesa, who sat upon a rock with his hand supporting his head. 'You know it, Jamesa,' said the boy, in the ear of the warrior.

'Ozban, son of Mafoo, and brother of the Snowflake,' whispered Jamesa, without altering his position, 'tell me where they have imprisoned thy sister?'

'In the house of the Moslem who sells salt and cloth to the Tcherkesses on the Kuban, and who sends our brothers and sisters to be slaves at Stamboul,' answered the boy, in the same suppressed tone.

It is only when the cold and obdurate pebble is struck by some hard antagonistic substance that the fire-flashes of its essence sparkle forth to illumine its own nature, and to rouse the wonder of those who had never dreamed of the light and heat that were hidden beneath its lustreless surface. Jamesa, the cold and phlegmatic; he who in derision had been called by his comrades the 'tame;' he who had suffered and plodded on in his hopeless existence as a shepherd, had suddenly become transformed in nature. He rose from his recumbent position, and drew his tall form up to its full height with a dignity and look of firmness that impressed his companions with wonder. A steel plated casque covered his head instead of his sheepskin shako; hazzirs, or steel tubes full of powder, were arranged upon his breast; a chain corslet supplied the place of his tunic of linseywolsey, and stockings of brown wool fitted tightly to his spare but muscular limbs; a long carabine was slung upon his left shoulder, and in his belt were his bent scimitar and dagger.

'Brothers,' he said, 'I have slept too long in the valley while the Moscovs were crushing my people; I am awake now, however, and Nirkoff must know of it. Rouse the Tcherkesses of the mountains, and meet me two nights hence at the grave of fair-haired Ardan, who sleeps by the ruined church on the borders of Lake Keziltash. I am the son of Indar-Oku, and I feel my father speaking in me at last.'

'At the grave of Ardan, and with well-tempered swords, we will meet you,' responded all the warriors simultaneously; then they drew their swords, kissed them, and looking upward again sheathed their gleaming weapons and settled into silence.

Next morning a poor Circassian lad, lame and ragged, but with an eye that belied the assumed stupidity of his countenance, limped through the little settlement of Kleti. A rope of plaited grass was slung over his shoulder, and two little baskets full of trout were suspended upon it, one hanging behind, the other before him. He was a handsome athletic boy, and would have brought a goodly price at Stamboul, but his left leg was a bad match to its dexter companion, and a rude crutch had to assist him in his locomotion, so that Hamed and Nirkoff would have wasted little upon a slave so useless save the stroke of a knife or a bullet perhaps. 'Buy my mountain trout, brave Russians,' cried the boy, in discordant querulous tones; 'oh, give a few kopecks to the poor lame Tcherkess!' The indifferent looks that were thrown upon him by the lazy military, who began to saunter about the alleys of the irregularly constructed town, and the careless glances that were cast upon him by the civilians, showed that his

presence created neither pity nor wonder. He kept bawling his merchandise, however, and limping onward till he arrived at the door of Hamed's dwelling, where sitting down, as if greatly fatigued with walking, he shouted more loudly than before, 'Buy my mountain trouts.'

'Go away, you lazy fish-seller,' exclaimed an old woman, opening the door and eyeing the boy angrily; 'go away to the fort, and don't disturb people; General Nirkoff will buy your trout and pay you handsomely for them.'

'Ah, madam,' said the boy, softly, 'I am weary, and the fort is distant. General Nirkoff might pay me handsomely,' he continued, looking timidly up, and modulating his tones to the softest and most deferential cadence they could assume; 'but he is not so good a judge of trout as thou art, I am certain; nor would his handsome payment equal the handsome hand that will dole me a few kopecks for this, and this, and this.'

As he spoke, the face of the duenna relaxed into a smile, and when he drew forth the silvery fishes and laid them out before her eyes, she quickly lifted them up, beckoned him into the house, and closed the door.

'Lady,' said the child, hesitatingly, after he had been seated a few seconds, and had looked indifferently around him; 'now I bethink me, I will not take money for the trouts. Will you fill one of my baskets with Stamboul salt, and all my fishes shall be thine? They have none in the valleys to the east.'

'Alack, my dear,' said the garrulous dame, in affected sorrow, 'how unlucky! I have not a pile till to-night.'

'Then I will come for it to-morrow,' said the lad, quickly.

'Not for two days,' said the old dame, in a whisper. 'Rameth lands his cargo to-night, one hour after sundown, by the fane of Keziltash, and he departs not till the same hour to-morrow night, with the felucca and the slaves; so let it be two days before thou comest.'

'Ah! mother, how happy they are that are handsome enough to be taken to beautiful Stamboul, where the streets are strewn with gold and diamonds,' said the boy, in affected wonder. 'Ah, how happy they must be who are taken there!'

The old crone laughed, patted him on the head, and called him a silly child; then lowering her voice, she said, in low rapid tones, as if afraid to be heard—'Ay, boy, there is a girl in the harem of Hamed who might grace the seraglio of the Grand Turk. Nirkoff asks two thousand dollars for her, and Hamed has paid the money; she will be a bargain at four thousand, and Rameth will take her away and bring back that sum for her, or I am no judge of beauty.'

'Well, mother, I will come in two days for the salt,' said the boy, rising quickly.

'In two days, my little man,' and she opened the door cautiously, gave egress to the lame fish-seller, and then quickly shut it behind him.

Next evening, the moonbeams were streaming through the broken crumbling walls of the ruin which stood upon the borders of the lake. It had been built, according to tradition, by a colony of Armenians, who had fled from Turkish oppression, and had settled upon this spot, and traded with the Tatars of the Crimea. They had been extirpated, however, by a band of mountaineers from Not-whats, whose chief, 'the fair-haired Ardan,' had fallen in the attack, and from that circumstance the spot had become classic ground to the tradition-loving Circassians. The walls of the building had crumbled to within a very few feet of the ground, and the trees and shrubs that clung around it and curtailed its little subterranean cells invested the ruin with a dull sepulchral aspect which awed even the smugglers, as they hid their contraband goods within its dark cavernous shades.

It was to this ruin that Jamesa led his band; for the information which Ozban had received while disguised as a fish-seller pointed it out as the rendezvous of the agents of Nirkoff and Hamed. The eager and courageous Circassians had not lain long concealed amongst the under-wood which grew so plentifully around the solitary pile,

when the sound of voices were heard, and two poplars that seemed to grow on the very verge of the water moved slowly from their places, disclosing to the cautious Jamesa the disguised masts of a felucca, which now sought a convenient place for the embarkation of passengers. The Turkish mariners busied themselves in arranging the cordage and sails of their little vessels, and seemed quite indifferent to everything else, even to the conversation of Rameth and Hamed, who, each holding a hand of Wusu, were absorbed in the discussion of their own speculations. Hamed and Rameth were men of widely dissimilar temperaments, and it was easily to be observed that in physical strength and activity there was a great disparity between them. The agent was muscular, prompt, and cruel; the seaman was of a phlegmatic cast of body, and of a slow turn of mind; yet he was prudent and doggedly brave, and in his nefarious and hazardous calling he had acquired the fame of unimpeachable integrity.

'You will bring me her worth in brown silk and gold and silver lace,' said Hamed; 'for I sell most of these to her finery-loving sisters on the mountains.'

'Three thousand dollars' worth is all I will promise thee, Hamed,' replied the other, slowly. 'The risk of running here is greater than it used to be, you see, and the blockade is stricter; and another thing, the Franks are persuading the viceregent of the prophet that this traffic—this selling of infidels, is sinful.'

¶ 'Bah! Rameth, you are growing covetous as you grow old,' answered Hamed, quickly. 'You will gain a thousand dollars by the maiden at my price, so let us say four thousand.'

Rameth was in the act of shaking his head in contradiction to this appeal, when he suddenly uttered a scream, sprung up into the air, and then fell dead at the feet of Wusu. The sharp reports of the Circassian rifles now mingled with the shouts of those who plied them; but as Jamesa sprung sword in hand towards Hamed, no one of his companions followed him, for Hamed was the only one, save Wusu, that the ambuscade had left alive. The maiden had been a shield to the Turkish agent, and he knew this well as he clasped her in his arms, and hurried with her into the skiff. He had been spared the contents of a rifle, not that he might be taken alive, but lest harm should come to the girl, whom he threw violently into the bottom of the bark, and pushed vigorously out from the shore. Hamed was strong, and possessed of that quality of brute courage which becomes a passion in meanly selfish minds when it is called into action by the desire to defend what they esteem their property. To lose Wusu was to lose his wealth, which he valued as his life, and only in parting life would he part with his slave.

Jamesa, his equal in daring and physical strength, was impelled to rescue Wusu by one of the strongest of human incentives; so that, when Hamed pushed off from the shore, the lover, holding his scimitar with his teeth, dashed into the water, and swam rapidly after the fugitive Turk. It was but a few moments and the Circassian's left hand was upon the stern of the boat, while the sword of the implacable Hamed flashed in the moonbeams over his head. The captive maiden beheld the movements of the agent with a beating heart, for well did she know whose was the hand that grasped the bows of the bark. But she was a Circassian, who had lived too much a life of troublous action to be paralysed by the imminency of Jamesa's danger; so springing upon Hamed, she pushed him aside, and allowed her lover time to pull himself on board. The Turk recoiled before the impetuous onset of the girl, and almost fell as he placed his foot upon the corpse of one of the boatmen. But he recovered himself in a moment; his keen blade flashed in the broken rays of the moon for an instant, and then the headless trunk of Wusu sunk with extended arms towards Jamesa. Uttering a cry of horror and agony, the mountaineer sprang like a tiger upon the merchant, who, laughing in derision, leaped into the sea. For some time there was a wild commotion of the waters around the rocking vessel, a fearful muttering and gurgling sound, and then the Circassian, throwing himself into the skiff, and drag-

ging the body of Hamed behind him, pushed the boat with its bloody freight towards the shore.

The girl's corpse was conveyed to the mountains, and buried according to the forms and amid the silence of her people. There was not a tear shed as the flowers were showered upon her grave, nor was the voice of a warrior heard to bemoan her fate; but Jamesa and Ozban grasped each other's hands over her green narrow couch, and vowed that they would never live at peace with Turk or Moscow more.

These are no imaginative details of Russian turpitude and Circassian suffering; they are but faint shadows of barbaric aggression, and that reaction which cruelty and injustice educe from rude primitive natures. Jamesa and Ozban have often driven their foaming steeds into the very hearts of the czar's ranks, and shouted the name of Wusu a hundred times in Russian fort and village; and the settlements on the Kuban know no more fearless freebooters nor more terrible warriors than the son of Indar-Oku and the Storm, who are always seen side by side upon steeds of the jettiest hue, frightening the boors during the hay-harvest, and cutting down the soldiers who are sent to protect them. Oh, war and slavery! who can tell how many warm and generous natures ye have perverted, and how many bright and glowing spirits ye have blighted and cooled! Must the rocks of the Caucasus ever echo the shout of battle, and its green valleys, so formed for temples of peace, ever be desolated and deserted, that the wolf of St Petersburg may satisfy his lust of power and batten on the bones of liberty? Must the poor weary Tcherkesses, who have flashed the red scimitar for a hundred years, never know 'how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of those who bring glad tidings of peace?'

THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT;

AND THE DUTY OF MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL IN REGARD TO IT.

THE early closing movement is a noble field for contemplation; it is a noble field for exertion. Thousands of Britain's youth, at this moment borne down by injustice, and groaning under an oppressive yoke, must be raised to their proper position in society, and installed in their just rights and privileges. Crushed in body and mind by an enervating round of toil, under which humanity is unable to bear up; denied by an inconsiderate public the pure atmosphere and relaxation from business so necessary to their healthful and vigorous existence, is it wonderful that so many of the young men employed as shop-assistants should lose all self-respect, and plunge into every kind of dissipation and vice? But they must regain their mental and moral dignity. And how is this to be effected? We endeavoured in a recent number (120) to show that the evils of this system of slavery were to be traced more to the public than to employers, and that the community alone had it in their power to apply a speedy and effectual remedy. To this end the public mind must be enlightened—the long-cherished habits and customs of society must be uprooted—selfishness and avarice must be assailed in their strongholds. Here, then, is work for the Christian and the social reformer; here is a cause worthy of their most persevering efforts—a field wide and broad enough for the exercise of their highest affections and sympathies.

And who are the parties best qualified by influence, learning, and ability, to act as pioneers in the cause of the oppressed? Unquestionably the ministers of the gospel. Holding these views, it has often pained and surprised us that so few clergymen have identified themselves with this movement. That men whose duty it is to sound in the ears of transgressors alike Sinai's thunders and the mercy-strains of Calvary, and to see that in all things Christians obey the will of their Master, should stand quietly by and see the laws of nature and of the God of nature outraged—should remain indifferent while a grievous wrong is being inflicted by one portion of the community upon another—that such conduct should be matter of fact and not of fiction, is indeed passing strange;

but so it is. Young humanity, unsustained but by a small and chosen band, is left to fight its own battles, and no look of condolence, no voice of sympathy comes to cheer the weary captive in his prison-house. Yet, amidst prevailing clerical indifferentism, a few noble spirits have spoken manfully out on this great question. Among these we rejoice to number such men as the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel and Dr Campbell of London, both of whom, through the press and by the living voice, have done signal service to it.

Let us not, however, be understood as belonging to that class of persons who suppose that, because ministers of the gospel do not come forward into public notice upon every occasion, and speak upon this or the other popular topic, therefore they have not the real welfare of the people at heart. We know well that if a minister of the New Testament faithfully discharges the duties of his office, he will find little time to engage in platform speaking or political controversy; but we also know that the Christian religion, as a system, is broad and comprehensive, opposing itself to every existing sin and abuse, adapting itself to every condition and complexion of society; that its teachers are required to be faithful to the souls of men, and that if they fail to do this, they come far short of the scriptural qualifications of a minister of the cross.

We have by no means to complain of error being proclaimed from our pulpits, but of general, undefined, abstract statements of truth, which people can listen to quite unconcernedly, and of a too frequent avoidance of every thing that would grate upon the ear, or arouse, by its homespeaking power, the indignation of the hearers. We much desiderate in our day, plain, earnest speaking in ministers of the gospel. Such were the characteristics of our Saviour's preaching—of the apostle Paul's—of Martin Luther's, and of John Knox's. They spoke with a freedom, a fervour, and a power, which carried conviction to the hearts, and told with marked effect on the lives of those who heard them. So let the modern teachers of religion dare to think for themselves, and then let them speak out those thoughts, to call things by their right names, regardless alike of present and prospective consequences. Let them not so much enforce general principles of morality, as apply those principles in detail to the customs and current vices of the age and of individuals. In doing this they will require perchance to speak in language offensive to 'ears polite,' yet in kindness. Instead of denouncing all oppression as sin, let them specify the particular forms of it practised at the present time in the various classes of the community; and, among others, the late-hour system might be enumerated as one variety existing in the world of commerce. Having traced it in its causes and effects, let them with distinctness and precision charge home upon those who uphold it the accumulated guilt of both. Scripture texts thus, instead of being used as mottoes to discourses, or brought in to round off a period or surmount a climax, would have full scope and legitimate application. The Bible is a book of precepts as well as doctrines, addressed to men as they are, with the design of making them act well their part on earth, and fitting them for the felicity of heaven.

If ministers, however, would do lasting good to their fellow-men, they must not confine themselves to their pulpit ministrations. The value of these it would be exceedingly difficult to over-estimate, but they are by no means the most important part of their work. Let them study to gain the affections of the people by evincing a warm sympathy with the labouring poor, and aid them in their efforts to render their condition one less of hardship and suffering. When principle is trampled publicly under foot by any community or body of men, let them come openly forth and avow their attachment to truth. Ministers have happily a power possessed by no other class in this country, and the present is a cause where great service may be done to the interests of religion. Young men have united together for the purpose of reasoning with the public and their employers about the impropriety of long hours of business—of showing the vast amount of

evil it entails upon them, both physically and mentally, and through them upon society at large—of urging them by every consideration of humanity and common justice to reduce those hours, and thus afford them leisure for cultivating and informing their minds. Ministers of the gospel! the upholders of this species of slavery require not to be sought for among those who wield the lash over the dark-skinned Ethiopian; they are the British public—those over whom your admonitions are all-powerful, the members of your own churches—those whom you address week after week. Be it yours, then, to lend your aid in the removal of this blight upon the Christian name.

It may be said by some that the early-closing movement is a 'secular affair,' only to be brought about by secular means. It is not a secular affair. Can a system upheld almost wholly by professing Christians, having for its victims a most interesting and important portion of the community—a system which is productive directly of so much mental and bodily suffering, and indirectly of so much irreligion, poverty, and disease—can that be called secular? But even were the cause a secular one, it would still be your duty as ministers of the gospel to lend your aid. Although it be your professed calling to declare unto men the will of God with regard to their souls, you are not thereby isolated from the world. You are still members of society, still liable to be affected by the circumstances and events which tend to its retrogression or improvement; and being so, you are bound to discharge those duties which devolve upon you in common with your neighbours, in a manner corresponding to the amount of talents and influence you possess as individuals. Here then is an evil afflicting the rising race, preventing them from acquiring knowledge, that source of all power, and sowing in many cases the seeds of weakness and disease in their physical constitution. This, surely, is a social grievance—a matter in which all have an interest, and in which all ought to evince an interest. Come forward, then, and with the many talents at your command, aid the young men in accomplishing its downfall. Animate and sustain them by your counsel, by your prayers, and above all by your efforts. Show to the world that religion is a vital, active, living principle, which, when received into the heart, heals the moral maladies of our nature, and manifests itself in a warm compassion and sympathy for all the woes and sufferings of humanity.

PIZARRO AND THE CONQUEST OF PERU.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE death of Almagro seemed to restore tranquillity among the rival factions of Spaniards, and to establish upon an unquestionable basis the authority of Francisco Pizarro. Yet there seems to have been a dread mingled with the base triumph of the governor, for he sent his brother Ferdinand with rich presents to the King of Spain, in order to justify his conduct and subvert the influence which the friends of the deceased adelantado might otherwise gain to his disadvantage at court. Diego de Alvarado, a partisan of Almagro, had however anticipated him, and when Ferdinand arrived in his native country, in 1539, he found a strong prejudice existing against him and his brothers. The energy of Ferdinand's representations, and Charles's dread of losing the probable advantages of Francisco Pizarro's conquering zeal, prevented for some time, however, the adoption of decided measures. At last a commission of investigation was sent out to Peru under Vaca de Castro, who was ordered to transmit a faithful account of the conduct of the Pizarros towards Almagro, and Ferdinand, as a concession to the Almagrians, was cast into prison, where he lingered for twenty-three years, being only liberated when age and infirmity had rendered life burdensome, and the poverty of his condition added to the bitterness of his reflections upon the tardiness of his liberation. Meanwhile Francisco Pizarro devoted himself to the extension of his territory and the acquisition of gold and silver. These spoils he seldom divided with impartiality, always taking care to reserve for himself and

brothers the lion's share, and consequently his followers, who had as warm desires concerning the less glorious incentives to conquest as himself, murmured and became rebellious. The politic Pizarro always sent the more turbulent spirits of his hands to vent their passions upon the defenceless natives, thus adding to his own territories and engaging in active aggression the fiercer and more impatiently avaricious soldiers.

An expedition to Canela, or the Land of Cinnamon, under the direction of Gonzalo Pizarro, was undertaken in 1539, which in its incidents strikingly brings into bold relief all the characteristics of these Spanish conquerors—the courage and endurance of the leaders, the impulsive exertions and alternate prostration of the soldiers, and the selfish and dishonourable avarice with which all took advantage of every opportunity for self-aggrandisement. In these plundering expeditions the poor natives were made to suffer evils unaccountable; they were robbed, and then doomed to bear, in passive misery and hopeless toil, their wealth to the colonies of their oppressors. Sometimes, in their despair, they would rise against their conquerors, but the disciplined cavaliers of Spain trampled them down beneath their horses' hoofs and shot them into submission with their arquebuses. Thousands perished in following the Spaniards upon their marches as sutlers, thousands fell beneath the burdens imposed upon them, and multitudes perished by the unscrupulous blades of Pizarro's soldiers. It is almost a pity to think that we owe several important discoveries in physical science to men possessing sentiments such as these adventurers possessed; yet the phantom pursuit of the philosopher's stone led to many important results in chemistry, and the search after Eldorado led to an extension of geographical knowledge. The expedition of Gonzalo to Canela was productive of nothing save pestilence, fatigue, and death to the majority of those who accompanied him; their two years' sufferings, if endured in a noble cause, might have canonised their names; as it is, we can only admire the abstract strength of the survivors' constitutions. While in a most miserable plight, and when all save Pizarro were hopeless of reaching the colony again, Orellana, a young officer, embarked in a hastily constructed vessel upon the Marañon or Amazon; and leaving his leader and companions with promises of speedily returning with succour, he sailed down the mighty river, intent only on winning wealth and fame, and reached the ocean, after seven months' voyage, in August, 1541, being the first European who ever floated over this mighty fresh-water sea. After tremendous suffering and fatigue, Gonzalo Pizarro reached Quito with the remnant of his army; two thousand Indians had perished out of less than four thousand, and only eighty squalid Spaniards, out of three hundred and fifty, returned from the exploration of the Land of Cinnamon.

In the mean time, the discontent which these collateral expeditions although they dissipated could not extinguish, had been organising against the Pizarros. The young Almagro, who had been detained a prisoner at Lima, had become the ostensible head of a cabal, and the partisans of his father were active in their endeavours to constitute him governor of Peru, in place of that stern Francisco who had caused his friend to be strangled. Young Almagro possessed all the necessary constitutives of a leader; he was graceful, accomplished, and generous in his deportment, and brave in the field. Pizarro strove to circumscribe the growing influence of the young man, and degrade him as much as possible by subtracting from his wealth, trusting by this means to deprive him of the life-blood of conspiracy, but his partisans only became the more virulent towards Pizarro and devoted to their chief. It is wonderful to contrast the murderous promptitude of Francisco Pizarro's conduct on every occasion save in connexion with this conspiracy. A remarkable fatuity seems to have possessed him, for although warned of an intention to destroy him on the part of Almagro's friends, he merely assumed a position of passive caution instead of his wonted celerity of action, and thus fell a victim to his temerity. On Sunday, June 26, 1541, the Almagrians broke into

the palace of the governor at Lima, and after a determined defence on the part of Pizarro and a few surprised adherents, slew the discoverer of Peru and proclaimed Almagro governor. This conspiracy and its catastrophe, instead of producing unity, drove the two factions into active antagonism, and the fierce partisans of the dead Pizarro and the living Almagro determined to decide their superiority by the arbitrement of the sword. It was at this juncture that the king's commissioner, Vaca de Castro arrived in Peru, and, supported by the king's authority and his own good fame, he soon found himself in a position to interfere in the discordant affairs of his countrymen. All the followers of the late Pizarro sought for their leader one who was commissioned by their sovereign, conscious that although he might not crush Almagro for the deed of assassination, yet it was certain that he must come into collision with that usurper in the assertion of his own position. Gonzalo Pizarro, although only arrived from the Land of Cinnamon, and worn out with suffering, immediately sent from Quito an offer of his services to De Castro. This, however, the latter courteously declined, assuring the veteran that he required him to remain at Quito that he might preserve the loyalty of his followers and recruit his own strength. At last, after various futile attempts at a peaceful arrangement of differences, the armies of Vaca de Castro and Almagro engaged in sanguinary battle on the plain of Chupas, about two hundred miles from Cuzco. The combat was conducted with unusual fury and slaughter; but although Almagro and his followers fought with the energy and fury of despair, they were almost all destroyed by the soldiers of De Castro; and Almagro, after a vain attempt to escape, was tried, condemned, and executed at Cuzco, upon the very spot where his father had suffered.

Amidst all those contentions and suicidal reactionary movements amongst the Spaniards, however, the poor Peruvians knew no mitigation of their wrongs and woes. They were allotted in bands to the various leaders, that they might be used as agents in the production of wealth, or as beasts of burden to bear it to the various entrepôts. With a refinement of cruelty only paralleled in the anomalous social economy of a modern republic, the poor natives were doomed to death in order to minister to the aggrandisement of the barbarians who trampled them, together with religion and humanity, under foot. Less robust than their conquerors, and born in a climate where even European exertion had never been demanded of them by nature, they sunk in fearful numbers beneath the unhallowed yoke of their brutal and avaricious masters. So dreadful was the mortality of the natives, and so plain was the approach of their extinction, that it hardly required the remonstrances of the celebrated ecclesiastic, Las Casas, to rouse the court of Madrid to a sense of the consequences likely to flow from the intolerable yet court-tolerated licentiousness of the adventurers in Peru. It is pleasing to turn from the wo-stained annals of the destructionist to a contemplation of the principle of conservatism; and the exertions of Las Casas to mitigate the horrors which his vicious countrymen had entailed upon a once flourishing and happy people, are certainly a series of redeeming accidents to the all but universal baseness manifested by the Spaniards at this period, from king and prelate to friar and peasant. At last a code of laws was drawn up; Blasco Núñez Vela was appointed governor of Peru, with the title of viceroy, and he and several other functionaries departed for the colony in the year 1543. As might have been expected, and in strict accordance with modern experience, the laws, which sought to give the Indians personality and a species of individual independence, were received with marked disapprobation by the Spaniards. So perfectly rivetted to their iron hearts were egotistic cupidity and aggrandisement, that they cared not for the woes of their victims, but viewed the sacrifice of their own luxurious indolence and voluptuous ease as too great an alternative to the misery and death of a nation. So strenuous and fierce was the opposition to the new code, that all the exertions of Vaca de Castro could hardly

prevail upon the excited Spaniards to receive the viceroy with respect. That functionary, who was as firm as the malcontents were angry, landed at Tumbez on the 4th of March, 1543, and regarding himself as an executor of the royal will more than an independent diplomatist, he refused to listen to the remonstrances of the rebels. He summoned the civil authorities to accede to all the provisions of the new laws, and determined to employ force if compliance was refused. Vaca de Castro had striven to preserve tranquillity by holding out the prospect of a probable modification of the statutes, but the temper of the governor soon undeceived him, and his conscientious adherence to the instructions of the king, and his unyielding endeavours to free the natives from their dreadful bondage, ultimately caused the Spaniards to rise in arms against Nunez Vela.

It was at this point of affairs that the name of Pizarro was again destined to blaze in the annals of Peru. The recollection of his brother Ferdinand, a prisoner in Spain, and of the children of Francisco, who were also kept in bondage by Nunez Vela at Lima, were sufficient incentives to produce rebellion in the heart of the brother Gonzalo. Accordingly, when protestations of adherence through life to his fortunes, and appeals to become the leader of the insurgent Spaniards, were sent to him from all quarters, he at once allowed himself to be elected general-in-chief of the forces in Peru. He speedily raised an army, seized upon the royal treasure, appointed civic functionaries, levied contributions, issued decrees, and, in short, assumed all the functions of an independent monarch. Gonzalo now advanced with a well appointed army from Cuzco to Lima, where Nunez Vela in vain strove to raise an opposing force. Indeed, the civil authorities were at first so apathetic in his cause, and then so actively antagonistic, that they defied his authority, and constrained him to barricade himself in his palace in order to escape from their violence. He was eventually seized, however, and ordered back to Spain, while the military judges of Lima proclaimed the suspension of the obnoxious statutes, thus dooming the Peruvians again to inevitable extinction. Although rebels to the mandates of the king, and contemners of the authority of Nunez Vela, the judges of Lima still did not wish to succumb to Gonzalo Pizarro. They made a show of independent action, and upon being summoned by the general to recognise his title to chief power, they hesitated, were arrested, thrown into prison, and on the morrow three were hanged on a tree by Carvajal, one of Pizarro's most active partisans, who, although nearly eighty years of age, was so inhuman as to taunt his victims in their dying throes. This execution struck terror into the minds of the other judges, and accordingly, upon the entrance of Gonzalo into Lima, on the 28th October, 1544, he was solemnly recognised as governor of Peru. The conduct of Pizarro was consistent with the whole tenor of Spanish rule in America; tournaments and bull-fights, it is true, hailed his advent to power, while reckless murders and cruel oppressions received no check from that circumstance. Old Carvajal, his prime agent and counsellor, presents a most disgusting picture of atrocious cruelty, combined with extreme senility. The very hypocrisies of cruelty were disregarded by this inhuman octogenarian, for he scrupled not to indulge in buffoonery and indecent levity at an execution, and grimaced and chuckled over the bleeding corpse of a butchered countryman. Such conduct was not calculated to establish the authority of Pizarro upon a very permanent basis, and scarcely had he been placed upon the elevation of supremacy than the very height of his position enabled him better to discern the elements of discord that circulated around him.

Nunez Vela, instead of returning to the eastern continent, was landed again in Peru by Juan Alvarez, who had been deputed to convey him to Spain. Fear of incurring the displeasure of the monarch, from a full sense of the illegality of the whole procedure against Nunez Vela, seemed to actuate Alvarez in the course he pursued, for no sooner was he at sea, and freed from the influence of his associates, than he recognised the paramount authority vested in the viceroy. Nunez Vela, immediately upon

landing at Tumbez, took active measures for the re-establishment of his power, and the licentious acts of cruelty perpetrated by Pizarro and his associates induced many to join his standard. Pizarro immediately adopted measures to crush the viceroy; he raised an army and marched towards Tumbez to meet him. Aware of the inability of his forces to contend with the superior numbers of Pizarro, Nunez, in order to gain time that he might recruit his ranks, commenced to retreat towards Quito. The sufferings and toil of the two armies in this pursuit of nearly three thousand miles, were equal to those endured by Pizarro in his expedition to Canela. The activity and vigilance of Vela and Pizarro seemed to have been singularly well balanced; the former, although his rearward troops were sometimes seized and butchered by the cruel Carvajal, who led the advance, yet eluded every attempt of Pizarro to bring him to battle. He arrived at Quito only to find himself driven forth by the rapid advance of Pizarro to Ponpayan; yet he still managed to recruit his army and protract actual hostilities. At last, by a stratagem which proved successful, Pizarro placed Vela in a position which forced on a battle, when, after a long and malignant struggle, the forces of the viceroy were routed and Nunez Vela himself slain, on the 18th of January, 1546.

The lenient course pursued by the general towards the adherents of Vela, and the respect which he apparently paid to the remains of that gallant and firm Spaniard, contributed more to consolidate the power of Pizarro than the force of his arms. Pizarro, by his rebellion and the discomfiture of Nunez Vela, had placed himself beyond the pale of royal pardon; he had come prominently forward as a despoiler of the decrees of his sovereign, and as the murderer of those who maintained his authority, consequently it required few arguments and adjurations in order to induce him to assume independent sovereignty in Peru. Dazzled and delighted with the prospect of a bauble crown, Pizarro, like a child who timidly yet fondly gazes on a new toy, delayed to proclaim himself king. There was an awe in the name of sovereign that excited the exaggerative reverence of the soldier, and yet there was an influence in it that produced a feverish desire to clutch at regality. The uncertainty of Pizarro's mind produced delay in action, and finally he resolved to send a messenger to the court of Madrid, in the vague hope that a knowledge of his power would induce the king to give to his position and mandates the sanction of his authority. He accordingly sent one of his adherents, Alvarez Maldonado, to Spain, and in the mean time took up his residence, with all the pomp and circumstance of royalty, in the palace of his late brother Francisco at Lima. It was evident to the home government, even despite of the one-sided statements of Maldonado, that Pizarro had been active in promoting anarchy in Peru, and the king was both shocked, scandalised, and indignant when he heard of the death of Nunez Vela. He declared Pizarro and his adherents to be rebels and traitors, and resolved to treat them with the utmost rigour, but his inability to execute what his mind impelled him to, forced him to temporise with his now powerful subject. It was therefore resolved to make concessions to Pizarro, rather than provoke him to throw off his allegiance, by seeking to forcibly bind him to it; and consequently, instead of an iron-minded soldier like Nunez Vela, Pedro de Lagasca, a supple priest, was appointed to visit Peru as the ambassador of Charles.

Lagasca landed at Nombre de Dios on the 27th July, 1546, and although his humble demeanour and priestly character at first provoked the contemptuous laughter of the soldiery, yet he soon gained a powerful influence over several of the leaders, and by his insinuations and arguments induced them to place themselves under his command as the legate of Spain. After winning a strong force to the royal standard by the effect of his persuasions and appeals, Lagasca sent the king's letters to Pizarro, demanding of him to acknowledge Pedro's superiority. In answer to these letters, Pizarro sent back a tissue of semi-loyal protestations and querulous complaints of royal in-

gratitude to his family, which, although they manifested a disposition for peace, did not manifest any strong desire to avoid war. The truth is, Pizarro beheld in Lagasca one authorised to supersede him in his government and to redress the grievances of the people. Pizarro's prudence seemed now to forsake him, and without any justifiable cause he determined to oppose Lagasca with force, and at the same time, with preposterous audacity, sent a messenger to Spain to insist upon the confirmation of his governmental authority in Peru. The position which Pizarro had so unprovokedly assumed towards Lagasca was highly detrimental to his cause, and he soon found that the foundation of his power was melting away from him like sand; his courage, however, and the determination of his followers, were sufficient to impel him to meet the president, but that wily old man had drawn forces from all the colonies true to the mother country, and while the governor's soldiers were deserting, reinforcements by sea were coming to Lagasca. Fortune seemed for a time to smile upon the falling Pizarro, and if by the baptism of his cause in blood it could be rendered honourable and glorious, the issue of the battle of Huarina, and the discomfiture of Centeno, were sufficient to have done so. The cause of Lagasca was rather advanced than otherwise by this battle, however, and Pizarro soon found, by the declarations of various cities, that his downfall was approaching. His only hope lay in his army, and therefore, rejecting the advice of his former advisers and friends to peaceably accommodate matters, he resolved to brave the president to the last, and encamped with his soldiers at Cuzco. Lagasca was too well practised in diplomacy to allow any opportunity to intermit of subtracting from the power of his opponent; he had consequently succeeded in corrupting the adherents of Pizarro, and therefore marched against him with the utmost confidence. The armies of Lagasca and the governor drew near to each other and began to skirmish on 9th April, 1548, but suddenly almost all the rebels deserted, and Pizarro, instead of boldly following the advice of old Carvajal, to rush upon the enemies' swords and die, pusillanimously exclaimed, 'Since my soldiers go over to the king, I will follow their example!' and he accordingly rode over and delivered himself up to Lagasca. The president immediately cast him into prison, and next day he and his principal partisans, Carvajal, Acosto, and Maldonado were publicly slain as an earnest of Lagasca's desire to tranquillise Peru. Pizarro was beheaded, and buried beside the two Almagros, in Cuzco. Thus died the last of the brothers who swayed the destinies of Peru.

The measures of Lagasca were eventually productive of apparent unity amongst the Spaniards in Peru, but the land of the Incas continued to be a scene of sorrow to the unhappy people. There are many dark and terrific pictures of invasion and rapacious conquest staining the annals of almost every European people, but foulest, darkest, and most debasing are those which start into terrible existence at the name of Pizarro and Peru.

THE MAN IN DEBT:

OR, BOB OWENS BEFORE THE RECORDER.

.... The recorder heaved a deep sigh, bit the shaggy end off the nail of the forefinger of his right hand, and, as if struck by a sudden thought, called out, 'Bob Owens!' Instantly a tall, bony man, in a threadbare suit of rusty black, arose, and, resting the edge of a sharp chin on what had once been a green velvet stock, he thrust both his hands in his breeches pockets, and answered, 'Present.'

'Owens, you were taken up last night for roving about the streets.'

'No, sir,' said Owens, 'you're mistaken; I was not roving but raving about the streets.'

'Have you any home—any place of residence?'

'Yes, sir, I have a home in town and a residence in the country; but a friend of mine hires out my country-house in the summer, and I make it a point never to live in my house in the winter.'

'Well, where do you reside in particular?'

'Oh, sir, I reside everywhere in general, and that is the reason why I was trying to locate myself for the night when I was found raving about the streets by an amiable gentleman with a very bad cold and a short club.'

'What do you mean by raving?'

'Rave, sir, means mad—raven means a dove-like bird, of a negro colour, that is always particularly hungry; and raving, when applied to humanity, means a man with a strong appetite, no money in his pocket, and a paradise of a restaurant, glowing with angelic pieces of cold baked pork and seraphic sirloins of roast beef directly under his nose.'

'Explain yourself, for surely a man who speaks as well as you do cannot be in want of food.'

'You're right, sir; I am not in want of food, on the contrary food is in want of me. Yes, sir, I repeat it, there are thousands of famishing grave-worms that are in eager expectation of enjoying a banquet at my decease; but, sir, they'll be disappointed, for I've eaten nothing but pickled onions and dusty crackers for a week past. I appeal to you, your honour, if pickled onions and dusty crackers are calculated as a general diet to fill a man's muscles with strength or his ribs with fat?'

'You talk very strangely and yet rationally; tell me how it was you became so poor?'

'Your honour, I commenced business in life with a great many large weights on a very small scale, and the consequence was, the beam of prosperity went up and that of misfortune came down. I graduated as an M.D. when I hadn't even as much as a homœopathic dose of medical knowledge in my whole brain. I never had but one patient, and she was a widow of a very dropsical habit. I tapped and tapped her, but the more I tapped, the more that woman swelled, until one day her watery spirit burst its fleshy prison, and, for aught I know, plunged into an ocean of bliss. Finding that I had no luck as a dropsy doctor, I dropped that part of the profession, and took to pulling teeth. That, sir, was glorious for a while, and I'll venture that none of my patients, even at this time, know whose teeth they have got in their mouths. But, sir, 'a change has come o'er the spirit of my dream,' and when mineral teeth were invented, with a holy horror I bade dental operations and operators *avaunt*, for I had been brought up in the vegetable school of medicine, and the Thompsonian system, we all know, is opposed to minerals.'

'A very praiseworthy conclusion; but what fruit did your prolific genius bear after you had dropped dentistry?'

'Sir, to tell you the truth, I went no further in the science, but devoted my entire attention to the art of borrowing.'

'The art of borrowing—what is that?'

'It is that delicate tact, sir, gained only by experience and observation, by which men who fail in getting along easily in the world manage to live off their fellows. There are some men who ask you for the loan of a V with such charming grace, that it is impossible for you to refuse them; but I, sir, I commenced gradually.'

'How is that, Mr Owens?'

'I, sir, commenced on the fifty cent principle, and since then—to my shame be it said—I have descended to that minute coin, a five cent piece. Well, sir, to make a long story short—which, I take it, means to *change* the subject—I soon had a hornet's nest about my ears. I forgot men's names, and only knew them by the amount I owed them. For instance: short, fat men and half dollars were always synonymous in my mind, and there are but two tall men, with long legs, to whom I do not owe two dimes. The bar-keepers got to know me; and whenever I asked for liquor they always held the decanter by the neck, as if they were going to strangle it, until I had pulled out my money. I went down in caste at the 'dime houses,' my bony elbows looked through the sleeves of my last coat, and I was forced to patronise the picaunt groggeries on the Levee. At all political meetings I was in my glory, and for a time was particularly

attentive to the interests of 'the poorer classes of the community;' but this, like the liquor, didn't go down long. At last I found myself without either board, lodging, clothing, or credit. All of the principal streets I have 'blocked up'—that is to say, I owe so many small debts in them that I am ashamed to walk in their vicinity. For the last five days I have managed to pick up a scanty subsistence by mingling with the crowds that cluster around the eleven o'clock lunches at the bar-rooms on the Levee. There is always a huge plate of smoking roast pork on the centre of the counter, and on either side innumerable dishes of all sorts of eatables; but at the extreme ends of the counter, you are always sure to find pickled onions and dusty crackers. On these two last mentioned dishes I have managed to live for the last five days, and if your honour refuses to send me to the workhouse, if I don't exhibit myself in public as the original, resurrected Calvin Edson.'

Bob Owens looked determined, and fearing that he would put his threat into execution, the recorder sent him down for sixty days.—*N. O. Delta.*

SCOTTISH SCENES.

CALLANDER—TROSACHS.

THE drive from Doune to Callander is of the most interesting description. The distance is eight miles. On the left rolls the clear waters of the Teith over a rocky channel, through numerous graceful windings. The banks are richly wooded all the way. Now the road skirts the margin of the stream, and then strikes through some cultivated peninsula formed by the rude bend of the river. On the right, the district called the 'braes o' Doune' gradually passes into a series of round hillocks, clothed with low fern and stunted furze. Among and beyond these, however, there are numerous patches of arable, and a wide stretch of pasture land. Here numerous families manage to pick a scanty living between the precarious product of their agricultural labours and the fluctuating results of their pastoral arrangements. Should the harvest be late or wet, the patches of corn never come to perfection; should the summer be dry, the pasture is burned up. There are others, however, who not only keep their families in respectable circumstances, and give their children a good education, but also are able to provide for the future. Perhaps the worldly circumstances of this class are better than appearances would indicate.

Callander is situated in an opening of the rocks that flank the southern slope of Benledi. This conical mountain stands on the north-west of the town, while a huge cliff, with a steep wooded declivity below, overhangs it on the north. The country to the east and south is open, and under cultivation. The locality is a most interesting one, and the scenery passes from the beautiful into the sublime. The town consists of a long street stretching east and west, with numerous good houses on either side, and a cross street, which connects that part which stands on the south side of the river with the main portion of the town. It is much more regularly built than most of our country villages; and the houses present a peculiar appearance, being composed almost entirely of conglomerate stone, which abounds in the neighbourhood. The whole presents an air of cleanliness. The Teith flows through the town; and from the bridge the view is varied and delightful. Beneath is the crystal stream, fringed with the rich dark meadow-grass. The view to the south-west is cut off by a long heath-clad brae. Due west the eye pierces far among the hills, along the valley in which lie the still waters of Loch Venachar. Before you, but slightly to the right, rises, in all his majesty, the rocky peak of Benledi. Turning northward, you perceive a gorge, closely wooded, and apparently too narrow to admit the safe passage even of a pedestrian: that is the pass of Leny, through which passes the great north road, and down which dashes an angry stream. This narrow pass is extremely beautiful, and would well repay a visit before the tourist has gone to the Trosachs. It is about a mile

in length, with the wooded rocks rising sheer from your path on the one hand, and the tumbling, foaming waters roaring far below on the other. A few brave spirits might easily defend this pass against a whole regiment; the space on which footing can be found being no broader than a few feet, scarcely admitting of the passage of two carriages at a time; and in former days, before the Highland roads became what they now are—really excellent—it must have been considerably narrower, probably nothing more than a track by which the clansmen came down from their mountain fastnesses, and returned with the cattle of their lowland neighbours when on a predatory excursion, or when gathering 'black mail.' At the mouth of the pass stands the small village of Kilmahog, just where the road to the Trosachs turns to the left, and winds round the southern base of Benledi. Beyond the pass is Loch Lubnaig, a remarkably pure sheet of water, of five miles extent. It encircles the northern shoulder of the mountain, and gives rise to the stream that pours down the pass of Leny. The heights on either margin of the lake are bare and uninteresting to the common visitor; but to the geologist they assume a very different aspect. The rocks are raised into a vertical position; and mica-schist, clay-slate, quartz, and greenstone are met with side by side. From the bed of clay-slate, roofing slate for the use of the neighbourhood has been extracted for many years. It is high in colour and coarse in texture. The road skirts the eastern margin of the lake, and leads to Balquidder and Lochearnhead. About two miles from its lower extremity stands, in a sweetly wooded recess of the mountains, the plain mansion in which Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, for some time resided. To the east of the pass, and between it and the wooded crags of Callander, stands the fine mansion-house of Leny, surrounded by its beautiful pleasure-grounds. Completely sheltered by the high hills, whose wooded base contrasts strongly with their bare summits, this is one of the most delightful spots imaginable. The vegetation has crept far up the mountains, where the overflowing torrent has left a sprinkling of soil on the rugged banks of its course; and here are formed numerous shaded walks of a most romantic character. The Bracklin Bridge is an object of considerable interest, and is visited by strangers sojourning in the vicinity. It is about a mile from the town, to the east of the range of crags formerly referred to. The bridge consists of three or four young trees laid lengthways across a narrow but deep chasm, at the bottom of which leaps a foaming torrent. In dry weather the water is light, but when rain has fallen for some time, it pours down a perfect flood. It presents, on such occasions, a sublime spectacle, as the boiling waters leap from ledge to ledge with maddening fury, dashing the spray high among the bending branches that seek to hide the fearful chasm, till they reach the great cauldron, excavated to the depth of many feet by the force of their fall. Here the scene is changed. The cauldron, indeed, presents an excited surface, and wreaths of foam twirl upon its centre; but the flood that tumbles into it with so much fury is tamed in its dark recesses, and escapes at the lower margin in a smooth, fan-like swell, and proceeds on its way, murmuring the while sweet music, to join the crystal Teith. The rocks at the bridge belong to the old red sandstone formation, and are perfectly vertical. The thickest of the beds, and those that have suffered least from weather and water, are a very hard conglomerate. These are associated with numerous other beds, some of which are much softer, consequently they have yielded to the influence long brought to bear upon them, thus forming large excavations in the sides and bottom of the chasm. The more durable beds have, in several instances, been undermined, and immense masses have been laid flat upon their sides; while others, still more large, are so insecure to appearance that the gentlest touch might serve to make them topple over. The narrow, rudely constructed bridge is furnished with a side-rail; but, till of late, it had no such protection. It requires some little courage to stand on this aerial point and look down upon the boiling surge,

and accidents have occasionally happened. Some years ago, the bridge was visited by a marriage-party from Stirling. They were all in high spirits, and bent on enjoyment. As is customary on such occasions with the class to which the party belonged, spirits had been used after the performance of the ceremony, but not to excess. When the bride and bridegroom had crossed, the bride's-maid refused to follow, and proposed to await their return on the green bank that overhangs the torrent. Her companion urged her to accompany the party, but failed in persuading her. Determined that she should not be left behind, he seized her in his arms, and by force placed her on the bridge. Greatly excited, she struggled to get free, while he, seeing the imminent danger to which she was now exposed, kept his hold. They fell upon the railing, which, being old and broken, gave way, and both were precipitated into the fearful gulf. The young woman fell upon a ledge of rock, and was taken up insensible; after a few days passed in unconscious suffering, she was relieved by the approach of the welcome hand of death. Her companion was swept by the current into the cauldron, and, though the most searching examination was made of its deep and dark recesses, the body was not recovered for many days.

Below the town a little, on the left bank of the river, there is a fine mansion, called the 'Camp,' which takes its name from a long, somewhat regular earthen mound, said to have been a Roman fortification. Of late years, confidence in this notion has been somewhat rudely shaken. Some distinguished men are of opinion that the northern parts of Scotland were, in a former geological era, wrapt in eternal winter. Snow covered the tops of the mountains, and mighty glaciers filled the valleys, and pushed themselves far out over the plains. These icy masses were in perpetual motion, and they carried on their bosom vast quantities of rubbish, gathered in the course of their journey, in the shape of round and long drawn earthen mounds. The same process is going on in a hundred valleys in the Alps at the present time. When the glaciers reached the thawing point, of course the rubbish would fall to the ground, and precisely in the form in which it was accumulated on the ice. These mounds of earth are called *moraines*. The opinion is gaining ground, that the famous Roman camp at Callander is an ancient moraine, and marks the locality or course of a glacier. Whilst this opinion strips this region of its long-enjoyed military renown, which the remains of a Roman camp naturally brought to it, it attaches to this much-frequented mound a deeper and more interesting antiquity. The glaciers had retreated from the valleys of the Grampians long, long before the foot of the all-conquering Roman had touched the soil of Caledonia.

A few hundred yards above the Bridge of Callander the stream that issues from Loch Lubnaig joins with that which issues from Loch Venachar, and together form the Teith. The origin of this river has been much discussed; some maintaining with great warmth that the branch that flows down the pass of Leny, from the former lake, is truly and properly the Teith; while others, with equal keenness and probability, contend that the branch which issues from the latter alone deserves the name. This last opinion traces the origin of the river to Loch Katrine, as the stream which issues from that lake traverses Loch Achray and Loch Venachar. Into the discussion of the question we do not of course enter; it is perhaps enough to say that the river does not take the name of Teith till the junction of the two streams above Callander. On the peninsula formed by the streams there stood, in former times, the house of Bochart; at present there is a farmstead and a graveyard. The Teith, though not large, is one of the sweetest rivers in Scotland. It reminds one greatly of the Tweed, from the purity of its waters and the beauty of its banks. The Forth, in which it sinks at once its name and its waters, is not to be compared with it for a moment in this respect. Nor, if the following statement, extracted from a published letter by Thomas Noton, Esq., Deanston, is correct, and there is no reason for doubting it, does it contain more than one-

half the volume of water: 'For many years, daily observations and notes have been made as to the weight of the water flowing over the Deanston dam, and the average depths taken, as indicated by the scale, for twelve consecutive years. I find the average flow of water in the river Teith would be equal to 620,748,000 gallons in 24 hours; allowing 10 lb. for each gallon, there would be 6,207,480,000 lb., or 2,811,375 tons of water contributed daily to the Forth from this source alone. I have no means of ascertaining what is the daily flow of the river Forth before it joins the Teith, near the bridge of Drip, but from what knowledge I possess of that stream, I presume it would not be more than one-half of the water that is daily contributed by the Teith.' Mr Noton informs us, that during the sudden and extraordinary rise in the river, on the 6th July, 1846, the water flowed at the rate of upwards of five million of gallons per minute, that is, considerably over thirty-three million tons in twenty-four hours!

The view from Benledi is most magnificent. The eye ranges over a vast extent of country, much of which is finely cultivated, but the great proportion is mountainous. The beautifully wooded vale of Teith, which takes its rise just at our feet, stretches far away till lost in the more extensive and better known, but not more beautiful valley of the Forth. The silvery stream may be traced almost the entire distance, sparkling between its richly covered banks, till, mingling with the waters of the Forth, it rolls slowly past the rock of Stirling, and at length swells into an important arm of the sea. The ships are seen riding on the Forth, and the steam-boats plying their busy courses. The snorting of the engine is not indeed heard, but the dark smoke curling high above the funnel, forming an aerial pyramid resting on its apex, is distinctly seen. There nestles the massive ruins of Doune Castle, in the midst of towering dark-foliaged trees, on the left bank of the river; while the ramparts of Stirling Castle, high on their rocky pinnacle, meet the gaze on the right. Even the dim outline of our good city is traceable in clear weather. On the occasion of our visit to this mountain, a dull lazy mist rose in the south and west, which effectually cut off the view in these directions. But as we turned towards the north, the scene was most exciting and sublime. Nature had lifted high her cloudy curtain, as if to confound us with the extent and grandeur of her northern regions. There stretched as far as the eye could pierce a perfect sea of mountain tops. So clear was it, that even the remotest appeared distinct, though much diminished by distance. But as the eye examined the picture, nearer and nearer the point on which we stood, the mountains stood forth in truer proportion and accuracy of outline, whilst the opening valleys began to show their rich vegetation, intersected by some sparkling stream, or reflecting its beauties in some silvery lake. After feasting on the scene for some time, and enumerating no fewer than thirteen lakes within sight, we descended with our guide on the side of the mountain opposite to that by which we had ascended, greatly delighted with the excursion.

The Trosachs are ten miles from Callander, the road to which winds round the southern base of Benledi. When you have travelled two miles, the eastern point of Loch Venachar is reached. This is a noble sheet of water, but lacks much of the beauty and has nothing of the sublimity of many of our highland lakes. But it is rich in associations of an interesting nature, to which we will briefly refer. This, and the mountainous district to the west and north, constituted the country of the McGregors; and in former times witnessed often deeds of daring and bloodshed by Rob Roy and his lawless associates. It was just at the spot which we have reached, that Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu are represented to have fought that desperate single combat described so powerfully in the 'Lady of the Lake.'

At the western extremity of the lake the romantic bridge of Turk spans a clear stream that finds its way down Glen Finglass. The scenery here is remarkably

fine. Trees in richest foliage clothe the sides of the rocky heights, and throw a perfect covering over the round hillocks that rise in the opening of the glen. The glen is partially wooded, and contains patches of cultivated land, beside which stand humble whitewashed dwellings. The road to the Trosachs now winds round the steep face of the hill, which is clothed with rich copse-wood to the very edge of Loch Achray, which we have now reached. The scene is very fine. Sometimes the road is washed by the tiny wave of the lake, and sometimes it rises many feet above the level of the water on the face of the cliff. It is delightfully shaded throughout its entire length, and the silvery surface of the lake, seen through the rich foliage of the trees, produces no ordinary impression upon the soul. Well has the great novelist selected his language when he characterises it as the 'lovely loch.' There it sleeps the whole season through in the bosom of lofty mountains, seldom agitated beyond the gentlest ruffle, which serves to cast over it the feeling of life and beauty. A mile brings the tourist to the far-famed Trosachs Inn, situated most romantically at the northern point of the lake. You now enter the pass known by the name of Trosachs. It consists of a narrow valley, about a mile in length, running northwards between two lofty mountains, whose grey peaks rise far above the neighbouring heights. The pass is filled with numerous miniature mountains, each distinct from the other, and each covered with the varied vegetation peculiar to these parts, except where the splintered perpendicular rocks forbid the lodgment of the scantiest soil. It is impossible to describe this locality; we make no attempt, persuaded that if we did we should inevitably fail. On entering the pass, many years ago, ere yet we had looked on much of the rugged scenery of our native land, we remember how completely our soul was subdued. Never before had we felt the sublime impression of the greatness of the Creator, which his works are calculated to produce. Like Fitz-James, we

'Often paused, so strange the road,
So wondrous were the scenes it shew'd.'

So narrow is the pass, and so perpendicular the rocks, especially on the west, that the following beautiful description from the 'Lady of the Lake' is not more poetic than just:—

'The western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way.
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire,
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravine below,
Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle.

'So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.'

Loch Katrine breaks suddenly upon the view, but so insignificant does it at first appear, that you fancy you have stumbled on some mountain stream rather than one of the most interesting of Scottish lakes;

'Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As served the wild duck's brood to swim;
Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing,
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark blue mirror trace.'

The walk up the side of the lake is uncommonly fine. On the left hand is the water, studded with wooded isles, and on the right a dense forest stretching far up the mountain. Two miles from the foot of the lake the view downwards and along the whole expanse of water to the west is very imposing. But the beauties of the scene are best appreciated from the boat. Darting from the rude quay, you quickly find yourself threading a labyrinth of islets. Anon you come in view of 'Ellen's Isle.' There, below that aged oak, lay moored the little skiff that shot to the bay at the sound of the huntsman's horn, under the gentle guidance of the Lady of the Lake. A flight of rude steps conducts from the shore to the island, where,

on a narrow green, in olden times, 'some chief had framed a rustic bower,' for a safe retreat in the hour of danger. The 'silver strand' is just to the east of the isle, and is overshadowed with fine spreading trees. Near this spot is the dark ravine in which Fitz-James lost his 'gallant grey,' and down whose wooded gorge he groped his way to the shores of the lake. On the other side of the loch, in the bold face of Benvenue, is situated the 'Goblin Cave,' a most romantic and interesting locality. Here the Douglas is said by the poet to have hid his daughter when no longer safe on the isle. As you sail upwards the water expands, and the mountains recede in terraced ridges; vegetation becomes less luxuriant, and the islands altogether disappear. Looking back from this point upon that portion of the lake just traversed, the view is striking in the extreme. The boat rises gently on the tiny wave. On either hand rise the grey peaks of lofty mountains—on the right Benvenue, on the left Ben-an. Their sides bear a rich and variegated covering down to the very water's edge. The lake itself is studded with islets, over which is thrown a similar covering, pierced at intervals by the grey peaks of shattered rocks. Beyond and above these rise the copse-clad hills of the Trosachs. What a scene is spread before you.

'Cragg, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world!'

BULLION.

BULLION is commonly understood to be a generic term for uncoined gold or silver in bars, plates, or other masses, but by the bank the name is used to embrace both coined and uncoined metals. The word 'bullion' first became familiar to English ears when an order of council was issued that the bank should discontinue the redemption of its notes with specie from 1797 to 1823; when specie payments were resumed by a previous law, the bank was authorised to redeem its notes in uncoined gold and silver, according to its fineness. The bullion office of the bank of England is in a part of the original bank or structure erected in 1734. It consists of three spacious compartments—a public room for business transactions, a vault for the public deposits, also one for the private stock of the bank. Superintending these are a principal, deputy principal, clerk, assistant-clerk, and a number of porters, the government of the entire bank being under a governor, directors, and their subordinates. The silver deposits in the bullion office consist chiefly in oblong 'pigs' from South America, and semi-globular masses from Valparaiso—the former weighing on an average 65 lbs. Bar silver also from South America of a finer quality—plata petra or rocksilver, a name given to silver that is not in a consolidated or completely metallic state. Sycee silver—a name with which the public has become perfectly familiar since the receipt of the Celestial ransom money from China. Sycee, strictly rendered, means fine silk; but is also construed to fine silver—that which has been properly purified. The proper Chinese term for it is winyan, and the average quality is said to be 13 dwts. better than British standard. It contains an average of 12 grains gold in a pound troy. The ingots or shoes of this silver are stamped with the name of the assayer, and reigning emperor, the year and the month when assayed, also with the words 'assayed and cast,' which signifies that the silver is of the proper fineness and purity. Spanish dollars—these are brought to the bank in immense quantities, packed in kegs and barrels. They are then assorted and put in sacks of 1000 each, weighing 21 lb. These are piled in stacks of 200 each in the bullion vault. Following these are Mexican, Brazilian, Peruvian, Bolivian, and North American dollars in lesser quantities. Dollars bought by the bank are melted and refined at the establishment of Brown and Wilgrove, Wood-street, Cheapside, where specimens of 'bogus' are sometimes found—and the sycees are always sent to the mint. Native silver—is now procured in several of the northern counties, especially in the Northumberland lead mines, and has a place in the

vaults. It is stated that England produces enough native silver to manufacture all the plate made in London within any given period. Gold is almost exclusively obtained by the bank in bars or slabs, weighing about 16 lb., valued at £800. No form, however, of the precious metals is rejected. These are only understood to be the general arrangements of the bank.

VIRGIL'S TOMB.

A bay-tree once crowned the tomb; but the English travellers, as the *custode* informed us, not only stripped it of its branches, but when they had all disappeared, cut the roots, so that no trace of it is left. This desire to possess memorials connected with celebrated persons is a weakness from which few are exempt; nevertheless, if we analysed the feeling, we should be led to allow that it is puerile to attach value to mere perishable memorials of even a more perishable substance, the human frame, when we have the emanations of the mind which lent the frame its honour, preserved fresh and unfading as when the immortal spark that dictated them animated its frail tenement of clay. Let us place in our libraries the works of the master spirits of past ages, instead of filling our cabinets with lumber, only prized by some remote association connected with the mortality of those whose writings are immortal. The grave of an Englishman, whose name I could not learn, is, by his last desire, close to the tomb of Virgil, and a more beautiful view than the spot commands it is impossible to imagine. A nameless grave, and particularly in a conspicuous situation, is always an object that awakens melancholy reflections in the mind. It denotes that he whose frame moulders in it was uncheered by the hope—a hope so natural to many—that after he should repose in it, some who loved him would seek his tomb, and read his name with pensive eyes. This return to eternity without leaving a trace behind, indicates a broken spirit which had outlived hope and affection. How many pangs must the human heart have endured, ere it was tutored into this last desire of despair, of dying unknown and unnamed! He could not have been poor, who could pay for a grave in this spot; consequently it was not poverty that compelled a nameless grave. Whoever may have been the sleeper within it, I gave to his memory a sigh; and to the *custode* an additional fee, for the care bestowed in preserving it from profanation.—*The Idler in Italy.*

IMPORTANCE OF HOME DUTIES.

Were home more attractive, there would be less temptations to seek amusements abroad: many a wife would see more of her husband, if attention were paid to these apparently small matters. A painful contrast is perhaps brought before his mind. Wheresoever he goes it is all smooth and pleasing before him, even though some carelessness may lurk behind. If he return to an untidy house, his wife slatternly, his children disorderly, if a gay and thoughtless man, he will leave his own fireside for others more attractive—if a domestic and religious man, he will suffer in silence, and feel all his comfort destroyed; while affections are trifled with in one case, and destroyed in the other. A cheerful countenance, a well-regulated house, and pleasing manners, will make the domestic life the happiest in the world. Were early education made more practical, such women would be less rare than they are. If young ladies would use their accomplishments, their talents, and dress, not for display, but as a means of usefulness, their brothers would be more disposed to stay at home, and much innocent amusement would take the place of idle dissipation. If we felt here, as everywhere, 'thou, God, seest me'—if we remembered the account is to be given to God, and not to men—we should be impressed that our accomplishments are not for display, but as occupation in the absence of that which belongs to the working classes; that a certain appearance in dress, and an attention to neatness, is a duty belonging to our station, and that an agreeable manner is a talent given us to improve. The way in which things are done, often

materially lessens or increases their value. Much unhappiness in families arises from the trifling way women have of passing their time, and of gratifying only their eyes and ears, instead of their reason and understanding. The utmost of a woman's character is contained in domestic life—first, by her piety towards God; and next, in the duties of a daughter, a wife, a mother, and a sister.—*Life of the Rev. Robert Anderson.*

KIND WORDS.

What a world of sweetness
There is in the tone
That comes to us kindly
When weary and lone;
Enwreath'd with the laurel,
What rest could we find,
If love never cheer'd us
With words that are kind!
The floating of music,
When morning is bright,
May fall on the spirit
Like droppings of light,
For, oh, they are pleasant,
The hymns of the birds,
But never—no, never—
So sweet as kind words!
I've sat in the shadow
Of twilight's short wing,
And dream'd about angels
And songs that they sing:
They're lovely, such visions
By fancy combined,
But, oh, how much sweeter
Are words that are kind!
O, thou who art favour'd
With fortune and friends,
In whose cup of gladness
No bitter drops blend,
Wherever the tempter
Is spreading his snare,
Remember, I charge thee,
Thy brother is there;
And though all degraded,
And sinful, and blind,
Thou yet may'st redeem him
With words that are kind.

PRESENT AND FUTURE.

The affections and the will know nothing of a future; the mind—the judgment—calls it up, and gives it the force and life of the present. The mind alone is free, self-acting, and directed toward the unknown: the heart is bound to what is before it.

DISCOVERIES OF THE MICROSCOPE.

Leuwenhoeck tells us of animated insects seen with the microscope of which twenty-seven millions would only be equal to a mite. Insects of various kinds are observable in the cavities of a common grain of sand. Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves, flowers, and fruit, fully discernible. Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover 150 of these scales; and a single scale covers 500 pores; yet through these narrow openings the sweat exudes like water through a sieve; how minute then must be its particles! The mite makes 500 steps in a second. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea. Each leaf is a colony of insects grazing on it like oxen in a meadow.

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CRIMINAL STATISTICS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

IN our former paper on criminal statistics an attempt was made to ascertain the effects of sex and of age upon the commission of crime in this country. In the present, two other aspects of the general question will be prosecuted—How is crime modified by employments and by education?

What influence, then, has employment upon crime? Judging beforehand, one would immediately come to the conclusion that the variety of pursuits in which human beings are engaged, for the supply of their material wants, must have a most important bearing in affecting the number and character of the offences that are perpetrated. How striking is the diversity! Some sit at the desk, wielding no instrument heavier than a grey goose quill or a steel pen, while others have their bodies almost perpetually covered with the sweat and the dust of honourable toil; some lead their flocks by the green pastures and the still waters, while others labour amid the clank of hammers and the dizzy whirl of machinery; some are digging for precious ores in the dark caverns of the earth, while others are driving the plough through the stubborn soil, where they hear the singing of the lark and can look on the pleasant face of the sun; some are roaming upon the ocean wave, while others obtain their support in the smoke, noise, and confusion of a large city. It seems almost an inevitable result, that our moral character will be much modified by external agencies so numerous and different. What then is the testimony of facts upon this subject, before which all our foregone conclusions must bow?

In considering this question, one obvious distinction presents itself—the division of the country into rural and manufacturing districts. On which side is the preponderance of crime to be found? Are more offences committed in the crowded and busy haunts of industry, or in those secluded spots where no sounds are heard breaking in upon the deep silence of nature, except the bleating of sheep, the lowing of oxen, and the whistle of the ploughboy? Let us inquire. There are two important tables before us. The one is headed Great Northern and Midland Mining and Manufacturing districts; the other is headed Agricultural Counties. They are both subdivided, and they show at a glance the difference between the actual amount of crime in each district and the average for England and Wales.

Let us now examine the great northern and midland mining and manufacturing districts. It has four subdivisions. The first is the northern mining district, including Cumberland, Northumberland, and Durham. What

is the character of the mining population as regards offences against the law of the land? The answer is as gratifying as it is unexpected. They stand very high. There is less crime committed, to the amount of 52 per cent., than the general average of the kingdom. This diminution of crime characterises all the periods of their existence. It is never lower than 29 per cent. under 15, and it is nearly 57 per cent. between 15 and 20. Here is a class of persons who, it is commonly supposed, are reduced very much to the conditions of mere animal existence, and yet in point of morality, so far as this can be determined by criminal returns, they are superior to the aggregate of the community by more than one half. How can this extraordinary fact be accounted for? Is it that their labours are severe and oppressive—is it that these are so often carried on when the earth is covered with that darkness which is so favourable for the commission of evil—is it that they are deficient in that energy and tact which are requisite to make a successful appropriation of the property of another—is it that, dwelling much among themselves, they are not exposed to those temptations which surround those who are living in the centre of a crowded and wealthy city? Whatever are the causes, the result is unquestionable, that the mining population perpetrate fewer criminal offences than any other class of the community.

The second subdivision is the cotton and woollen manufacture, which includes Lancashire and Yorkshire. A great number of young people are employed in the mills and factories of these two vast seats of the cotton and woollen trade. Upon looking at the table, it is seen that, combining all ages, there is less than the average amount of crime to the extent of 7 per cent. There is a diminution at all the various terms of life, with the exception of those between 30 and 50, where there is an excess of nearly 2 per cent. Under 20 there is a decrease of nearly 11 per cent. Between 20 and 30 there is less variation from the average of crime than at any other period, being a diminution only of about 1½ per cent.

The third subdivision is made up of the cotton, woollen, silk, and lace fabrics. It includes Chester, Derby, Nottingham, and Leicester. At some of these branches there is a much younger population at work than in the cotton or woollen manufacture. Taking the aggregate of the various ages, there is an increase of crime above the average for England and Wales of 8½ per cent. There is an increase of nearly 10 per cent. under 15; there is a diminution between 15 and 25, the most dangerous periods of life, of about 2½ per cent. From 25 to 30 there is an increase of nearly 10 per cent.; it diminishes about 20 per cent. from 30 to 40; after which period, to the close of life,

it ranges above the average from 17 per cent. to 35, each term becoming more criminal than the one which preceded it. It thus appears that there are influences in operation in these districts which give an increased activity to criminal tendencies, at the very youngest and the most advanced stages of life, but which disappear during all the middle periods, except that between 25 and 30. What these are, our knowledge does not enable us to determine.

The fourth subdivision consists of the hardware, pottery, and glass manufacture. It includes Staffordshire, Warwick, and Worcester. Here the picture is dark and distressing. The amount of crime exceeds the average for the community more than 33 per cent. There is an excess for every period of life, ranging from 24 to 43 per cent. This is accordingly the worst of all the industrial districts, and one cannot avoid the seemingly resistless conclusion, that there must be something, real or adventitious, in the modes by which these beautiful productions of steel, clay, and glass are prepared for our markets, that has a demoralising tendency. The counties which are distinguished for the manufacture of hardware, pottery, and glass are one-fourth more criminal than those where the cotton, woollen, silk, and lace fabrics abound. They are two-fifths more criminal than the seats of the cotton and woollen manufacture; and not much less than nine-tenths more criminal than the mining districts. The miners, as a class, must be very inferior to the workers in steel, clay, and glass, for skill and ingenuity, and yet it will be seen that they stand decidedly above them as respects their freedom from criminal offences.

Great, however, as are these variations in the criminal calendar for these four districts, it is astonishing to observe how they neutralise each other when a general summation is made. Blending them all together, the mining and manufacturing districts show a decrease in the average of crime of more than 2 per cent. Under 15 the diminution is nearly 2 per cent.; from 15 to 20 it is a good deal more than 7 per cent; at all the subsequent periods to 60 there is an excess, never reaching so high as 7 per cent. This is a corroboration of the statement made in the former article, that juvenile delinquency is upon the decrease in our land.

The agricultural counties are divided into three sections. First, the north-eastern and eastern, including Lincoln, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex. The second, midland, including Cambridge, Northampton, Herts, Beds, Bucks, Oxford, and Berks. The third, southern and south-western, including Sussex, Hants, Wilts, Dorset, and Somerset. There is not such a diversity of occupation in the rural districts as is to be found in the manufacturing ones, where we have every variety of labour from the heaving of coal to the blowing of glass, from casting huge masses of iron to the making of textile fabrics, light as woven wind and gorgeous as the colours of the rainbow. In consequence of this, there is not the same interest in examining the details of crime in these three districts. Whatever differences may exist, and the tables present considerable variety, they cannot be ascribed to any peculiarity in ploughing, casting in the seed, cutting down the harvest, and thrashing it in the barn, which may distinguish the agricultural practice of one county, or group of counties, from another. We shall merely mention a few results. In all the districts there is a diminution of crime beneath the average of England and Wales at the youngest period, under 15: blending the three sections, it amounts to more than 12 per cent. With one exception, in the midland district, where there is a remarkable decrease of juvenile crime, there is an increase from 15 to 40. The three sections when combined present an increase, at all the periods above 15, ranging from 3 to 19 per cent. The excess for the three groups above the average of the kingdom is nearly 6 per cent.; this does not vary 1 per cent. from the excess in any of the sections.

Upon comparing the results in the combined manufacturing districts with those in the agricultural groups, very little dissimilarity is found from what might have been anticipated. There is an excess of crime in the agricultural

districts, and a diminution in the manufacturing ones, the decrease being more than 2 per cent., and the increase being nearly 6, which exhibits a difference of about 8 per cent. in favour of the miners, spinners, weavers, cutlers, potters, and glass-blowers. The wonder with some will be that the preponderance has not been in favour of the peasantry. They are preserved from many of those temptations to crime which abound in large and luxurious cities, and to whose fatal influence the inexperienced so often fall victims; and they have a less proportion than usual of persons at the dangerous periods of life, from the number of youth who leave the quiet scenes of their nativity and congregate around those tall chimneys, where physical strength and mental energy are in the highest demand, and can be most profitably employed. All other things being equal, one would expect a higher morality in the rural than in the mercantile districts, from the two causes that have now been mentioned, and yet the very reverse is the fact, though not to any great extent. It is thus manifest, on the one hand, that if the seats of manufacturing industry be not the hotbeds of vice that some suppose them to be, neither, on the other hand, are the agricultural districts those scenes of Arcadian simplicity and paradisaical purity, for the possession of which they have been so often honoured in speech and in song.

A remarkable peculiarity appears in a comparison between the crimes committed in the mercantile and rural districts. It is this. In the former the variations in the amount of crime in the different sections are very great, in the latter they are very small. Take one of those manufacturing sections, and its moral character rises 52 per cent. above the average for the kingdom; take another, and it sinks more than 33 per cent. below it. Examine the agricultural districts, and in no case will you find a variation exceeding $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The moral pendulum in the seats of manufacturing activity oscillates over an arc of 85 degrees; in the homes of agriculture, it moves over an arc of not more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ degrees. The vibrations of crime are fifty-six times more in the one department of labour than in the other. Far greater uniformity of moral character exists in the rural than in the manufacturing districts, and the inducements to the commission of offences by agricultural labourers have little of that instability which is found among mechanics and tradesmen.

An attempt to solve the same problem, whether manufacturing or agricultural pursuits have the greater tendency to crime, has been made by new groups and combinations. Upon these we cannot enter, save to present a few results in the simplest possible form. The average ratio of agriculturists to the whole population is 7.9 per cent.; of manufacturers 16.5 per cent. Take those counties where there is the least ratio of agriculturists, and there is an excess of crime above the average of the kingdom of about $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Take those counties where there is the highest ratio of agriculturists, and the excess of crime is exactly the same, to the very decimal. Let us now try this plan with the manufacturers. Take those districts where there is the highest ratio of manufactures, and there is an increase of crime by nearly 18 per cent.; take those districts where there is the least ratio of manufactures, and there is a decrease of crime of nearly 3 per cent. Here is another combination. Select the counties where the manufacturing population exceeds the average manufacturing population for the whole kingdom by at least one-third, and the increase is nearly 11 per cent. Select those counties where the manufacturing population is one-half above the average, and the excess of crime is a fraction more than 4 per cent. Select those counties where the agriculturists and manufacturers are nearly equal, and the excess is exactly $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. These results seem very discordant, and they only serve to show that no positive dependence can be placed upon the relative numbers of manufacturers and agriculturists, in determining the moral condition of any given community. That cannot be a permanent element which, when thrown into various combinations, brings out such opposite conclusions. This part of our labours is very unsatisfactory.

Before leaving this altogether, let another question be asked—How is crime affected by wealth and poverty? There are tables before us drawn up for this purpose. The average proportion of persons of independent means to the whole population is 2.8 per cent. Take four counties where the number of persons of independent means is at least one-third above the average for the kingdom. What is the state of crime there? It is nearly 9 per cent. beneath the general average. If offences are thus diminished in the richer districts, the poorer districts may be expected to show an increase of crime; but what are the facts of the case? Take eight counties where the number of persons of independent means is one-third below the average. What is the state of crime there? There is a diminution, but only to the lowest fraction above 1 per cent. Crime has actually decreased in the poorest counties as well as in the richest, though not to the same extent; and hence as little confidence can be placed on the comparative wealth or poverty of a district, as upon its agricultural or manufacturing character, when an endeavour is made to ascertain whether it stands high or low on the criminal scale.

We have now advanced to a question of far greater importance than any of the preceding—What influence has education upon crime? It would seem not difficult to answer this generally, and in a very decided form. Patriots and philosophers in every age and of every country have so far identified knowledge and virtue, ignorance and vice, that their aim has been to diffuse, as far as possible, the blessings of education, as the best means of elevating the morality of individuals, and of promoting the welfare of nations. There have been exceptions to this general rule, and there are some among ourselves, at the present day, who cry out so loudly against the evils of unsanctified knowledge, that they become almost unconsciously the panegyrists of ignorance. It is quite true that a man who has not learned the art of writing will never be guilty of forgery, but this does not seem a good argument why the community at large should be deprived of its benefits. It is quite true that if a person has lost both his arms he will be very unsuccessful as a pickpocket; but what would be thought of the legislator who would seriously propose a wholesale amputation in order to keep down the tendencies to theft? It is quite true that if there were no printing-presses there would be far less impiety and sedition circulated through the country; but this does not prevent us from recognising the press, and a free press, as one of the greatest instruments which God has put into our hands for extending the knowledge of divine truth to the farthest extremities of earth. The question is not, whether a knave who has received a good education is not thus better qualified for carrying on with success his schemes of iniquity, for this is universally admitted; it is the following: Take ten thousand children in the same circumstances of life; confer upon one half of them the blessings of a good education; leave the other half to grow up in their native ignorance, without any acquaintance with letters; which of these two classes will furnish, in after life, the greater number of paupers and criminals?

One caution, however, should here be made. There is a danger of confounding education with a mere knowledge of reading, writing, and ciphering. These are the instruments of education, not education itself. They have the same relation, even to intellectual education, that tools have to a mechanical business. A chest of tools does not make a good tradesman; neither does a knowledge of reading and arithmetic entitle a man to the honour of having received a fair education. But education, rightly understood, applies to the whole man, moral as well as intellectual. Hence our author states the proposition in this form: 'If the term education were held to signify the culture and elevation of the moral character, it is evident that its immediate and essential influence is to destroy crime; in fact, in this sense, education and freedom from crime must bear the relation to each other of cause and effect, and, therefore, when education is at a maximum, crime must of necessity be at a minimum: but if the term education be used in its ordinary acceptance, and merely

imply instruction, it then becomes an important question, whether education, in this limited sense, has any influence on the development of crime.'

There are several tests which may be employed for this purpose. The first is that which is furnished by the returns of the registrar-general. It is well known that under the new marriage-act for England and Wales, every person married must sign the marriage-register. An abstract has been made for each county, showing the number of persons in each that signed with their names or scrawled their marks. Let it be premised that one-third of the married persons sign with their marks. This is not a very definite test, but let us now see to what conclusions it leads us. A series of tables is now before us, prepared with great labour and skill, which make our work here comparatively easy.

Here is a group of eight counties, that stand lowest by this test in the scale of education, for the number of persons signing the marriage-register with their marks exceeded the average for the kingdom at least one-third. What is the condition of crime here? There is an increase of more than 13 per cent. Here is another group of seven counties that stand highest by this test, for the number of persons signing with their marks was less than the average by at least 25 per cent. What is the state of crime there? There is a decrease of nearly 31 per cent. This makes a difference of 44 per cent. in favour of education between the highest and the lowest educated counties.

But it may be said that there are other influences in operation in these districts which have a tendency to the increase or diminution of crime. It may be argued, and with some truth, that a good education is generally an index of a more advanced position in society, while an imperfect one indicates the reverse; that persons in good circumstances have fewer temptations to criminal offences than those which assail the man who is struggling with adversity, and does not know where food for the next meal is to be found; and hence that education may be thus receiving a credit for the diminution of crime to which it has no just claim. A more refined analysis is thus requisite, and the truth must be elicited from new combinations. Take those which were formerly classified and used under the section of employment. This will prevent any appearance of partiality.

The first group represents those counties which have the least agricultural population. What is their condition as represents crime and education? The least instructed counties have an excess of crime amounting to nearly 26 per cent. above the average for the kingdom; the highest instructed have a diminution of more than 12 per cent. This shows a difference in favour of education of upwards of 38 per cent.

The second group represents those counties which have the greatest agricultural population. The least instructed have an increase of crime of more than 8 per cent., the highest a diminution of nearly 1 per cent. This is a difference in favour of education of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

The third group represents the greatest manufacturing counties. The least instructed have an excess of crime of nearly 25 per cent.; the highest have also an excess of a fraction more than 24 per cent. This exhibits almost no difference; but if Lancashire be excluded from the section of least education, and Middlesex from that of highest education, the results are these: The least instructed have an increase of more than 48 per cent.; the highest have still an increase, but it is only about 16 per cent.; thus making a difference in favour of education of about 32 per cent.

The fourth group represents the least manufacturing counties. The least instructed have an increase of more than 4 per cent.; the highest a decrease of nearly 8 per cent. This makes a difference in favour of education of 13 per cent.

The fifth group represents those counties in which the manufacturing interest exceeds by one-third the average for the kingdom. The least instructed have an increase of crime of 23 per cent.; the highest an increase of 7 per

cent. The difference here in favour of education is 30 per cent.

The sixth group represents those counties where, the proportion of agriculturists is at least double the average for the kingdom. The least instructed have an excess of crime of more than 10 per cent.; the highest a diminution of more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Here the difference in favour of education is 13 per cent.

The seventh group represents those counties where the agriculturists and manufacturers are nearly equal. The least instructed have an increase of considerably more than 15 per cent.; the highest a decrease of more than 9 per cent. The difference is here 25 per cent.

The eighth group represents those counties which have the greatest wealth. The least instructed have an increase of crime of more than 11 per cent.; the highest a diminution of more than 29 per cent. The difference here is considerably above 33 per cent.

The ninth group represents those counties which have the least wealth. The least instructed have an excess of crime of more than 11 per cent.; the highest a diminution of $13\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The difference in favour of education is here nearly 25 per cent.

It thus appears from this analysis that education has a most important influence upon the virtue of a community. Its uniform effect is the moral elevation of society and its freedom from criminal offences. In none of those groups has the section of highest education exhibited an increase of crime over that of the least education. With one exception, the section of highest education has a diminution of crime when compared with the average for the kingdom. Taking the totals of the various groups, it is found that in the section of least education the increase of crime above the general average is more than 19 per cent. (nearly one-fifth), while in the section of highest education there is $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. less crime than the average of the kingdom. And combining the groups, a remarkable difference appears in favour of education, amounting upon an average to upwards of 25 per cent. The mere power of reading and writing has thus a tendency to diminish crime one-fourth.

In examining these tables a remark has suggested itself which is here put down. Education has least influence in the diminution of crime where there are the most agriculturists and the fewest manufactures. Its influence is the greatest for good where manufactures are in the ascendant and rural pursuits are engaged in by a smaller portion than usual of the community. It was seen formerly, that in the agricultural districts the fluctuations in crime were far fewer than those which obtained in the various seats of mining and manufacturing industry. And now it appears, from another analysis, that the agricultural mind exhibits by comparison a dull and dreary uniformity, and that even when the quickening impulses of education are brought to bear upon it, they do not act with the same vigour as upon the more active and excitable class that dwell in our towns and cities. The presence of education or the want of it has not the same moral influence, at least as yet, upon rural labourers that it has upon mechanics and tradesmen. In the country, the difference in favour of education never exceeds 13 per cent., in the busy haunts of manufactures it runs so high as 25, 38, and even nearly 44 per cent.

A second test is furnished by the criminal population themselves. The Home-office returns are classified. They show, for each year, the number of criminals who can neither read nor write, who can read and write imperfectly, who can read and write well, and who have received a superior education. Taking advantage of these returns, the counties have been thrown into three groups, exhibiting certain ratios of crime above and under the average of the kingdom, and the educational test, in the above specified degrees, has been applied. The same combinations, as regards employment, that were used formerly, are again subjected to a rigid analysis. The results are thus stated: 'From the preceding abstract, it however appears, that in nine out of the eleven combinations represented there is a

marked difference in favour of education; or, in other words, there is constantly an increased ratio of uninstructed criminals where crime is above the average, and also a reduced ratio of uninstructed criminals where crime is at a lower ebb. In the greatest agricultural district it will be seen that in the group in which crime is least, there is 8.6 per cent. less of uninstructed criminals than in the other group of the districts where a higher ratio of crime prevails. Again, take the districts in which the manufacturing and agricultural interests are nearly equal, and it will be found that in the group of least crime there is 8.9 per cent. less of uninstructed criminals than in the parallel group of higher crime. Also, take the groups representing those districts of the country in which persons who marry, signing the register with their marks, exceed the average of the county by $33\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and likewise the groups in which those so signing are less than the average by 25 per cent., and it will be found that the former shows an increase of 43.9 per cent. over the latter district, and at the same time an increase of 7.7 per cent. of uninstructed criminals. In this instance, as in all the others referred to in the same abstract, we may observe the following most important combination represented:—The districts of the country in which the general population is worst educated, the districts in which the greatest amount of crime prevails, and in which there is the highest proportion of uninstructed criminals, are found constantly assimilating; while, on the other side of the question, we have to view those districts of the country which are best educated, the least criminal, and in which a less proportion is found of uninstructed criminals identified.'

A third test is furnished by the character of the offences committed, viewed in connection with the education of the criminals. Take the males first. The criminals who can neither read nor write commit the greatest number of malicious offences against property, and the least number of forgery and other offences against the currency. The criminals who read and write well commit fewest offences against property with violence, and most of currency offences. The criminals of superior instruction are highest in the class of forgery and other currency offences, and lowest for offences against property with violence. As regards females there is some diversity. Female criminals who can neither read nor write commit fewest malicious offences against property, and they commit most currency offences; the latter result admitting of the easy explanation, that women of this class are the dupes and companions of well-informed men, who employ them to pass bad money. Not a single female has been returned as committing a malicious offence against property who is described as being able to read and write well or as possessing superior instruction. In the class also of offences against property committed with violence, or of forgery and other currency offences, during the years 1836–7–8–9, no female was committed who had superior instruction.

It is impossible for any candid person to resist the conclusion, that of all other elements education has the greatest influence upon the moral condition of a country. Account for it as any one may, there is less depravity among a thousand enlightened men than among an equal number of ignorant persons. There is nothing so deplorable to the moralist as a dull stolid ignorance; and if the imperfect education, as signified by signing one's name to a marriage-register, diminishes crime upon an average more than one-fourth, what may not be expected from a better education among all classes, and especially when pervaded with a religious spirit? A sound national education, that is, an education which embraces the whole nation, will be a better protection to our persons and property than our army and police. Great and good men may differ very widely as to the best mode by which this can or should be effected, but as to the object itself, they are all agreed. More schools and fewer prisons; more schoolmasters and fewer constables and soldiers; more education and less crime. Most cheerfully do we adopt the words of Milton as our own: 'The end of learning is to repair the ruin of our first parents by regaining to know God aright, and

out of that knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as he may be the nearest, by possessing our souls of true virtue, which being united to the heavenly grace of faith make up the highest perfection.'

A VOICE FROM LEBANON.*

Our impressions, from a perusal of the introductory pages of this book, would have impelled us to write down Assaad Y. Kayat as a coxcomb and somewhat of a charlatan; before we had gone half through the history of his life, however, he had risen in our estimation to the position of a man of energy and talent; and when we had closed the book he appeared to us in the light of a great social and moral reformer. His history affords a vivid and curious illustration of eastern life and manners, and is another to the many proofs already existing in the western world of what an amount of learning and knowledge may be gained in the most unfavourable circumstances, and of the vast amount of good that may be accomplished by the most apparently humble and inadequate means. The East, at the present time, presents all the aspects which prophecy indicated as sequences of its former grandeur and power, and consequences of the pride and perversity of the people who dwelt in its gorgeous cities. The fertile and beautiful plains of that land, which was once 'flowing with milk and honey,' are now desolate and bare; the Syrian temples and palaces, of which the very ruins are tremendous, are now rude indigested masses of broken stone mingled with desert sand; and the descendants of that people who were first called to and embraced the faith of the Lord Jesus, are crushed and lorded over in their own land by fatalist strangers, who came from the east and raised the crescent over the broken cross. The phlegm which is incidental to warm climates, and which is encouraged by the Mahomedan belief, seems to have extended even to the Christians whom the Moslem leaders saw fit to tolerate in Syria. The influence of the more numerous section of the Orientals ingrafted an identity of manners upon those with whom they differed in faith, and the Christians seem to have spontaneously adopted Moslem conventionalisms, although they were derided and despised by their conquerors and oppressors. Prejudice, and that palsying dread of change which paralyses the energies and shackles thought and labour, seem to have settled down like a cloud of locusts upon the east, perpetuating agrarian sterility and destroying human volition. And the Christians, who profess a faith which enjoins hopeful labour, and which encourages mankind to advance in arts and sciences, seem oppressed with the same satisfaction which, in conjunction with other causes, will ultimately work the extinction of Mahomedanism. At last, however, there is the dawn of a reaction in Syria, and Assaad Y. Kayat seems to us to be a most efficient and philosophical pioneer of a new era in Asia Minor. In his education, which he acquired through an indomitable energy and great aptitude for learning, and in his habits, courtship, marriage, and style of living, he set an example of breaking through the prejudices of his countrymen, which is being gradually followed by the Christian part of them; and in the conversations which he uses in the prosecution of his missionary labours among the Mussulmans he is so mild and forbearant, and possesses so thorough a knowledge of eastern habits, that he has been very successful in the work of conversion. He has been three times in England: first in 1835, as dragoman to the three Persian princes, Nuib Alayaleh, Wali, and Hussam Aldawle; next in 1837, as the independent advocate of native missionaries being educated in England and sent to Syria by a society of Christians, which object he in part accomplished; he also studied the subject of missions during this time, and gained some knowledge of medicine, in order to qualify himself for an efficient and acceptable missionary, by mingling the office of the physical with that of the spiritual physician.

Assaad was again in England, with his wife and child, in the year 1846, in July of which year he was admitted a member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England.

Assaad Y. Kayat was born at Beyrout, in Asia Minor, in the year 1811; his parents were Christians of the Greek Church, and consequently suffered all the privations which the scarcely tolerated adherents of Christ are forced to endure from rampant Moslemism, yet they were in what may be termed good circumstances, and his father especially seems to have possessed a germ of that progressive spirit which is so largely possessed by his son. The father of Assaad was impressed with a respect for education, which induced him to seek out a tutor for his son. The first teacher to whom Assaad was sent was a Bey-routine tobaccoist, who was almost as ignorant as his pupil, and who, in conjunction with his wife, kept the child of five years of age running messages and preparing vegetables for culinary purposes while he professed to be teaching him Arabic. Salem Bassala, the tobaccoist, could scarcely form the letters of the Arabic *aleph-be*, and yet there was scarcely another Christian or Moslem of his station in Beyrout so well educated. During a period of household seclusion in the east, which is called quarantine time or 'shutting up,' for fear of the plague, the uncle of Assaad initiated him a little more thoroughly into the mystery of letters than Salem was qualified to do, and at six years of age he was placed under the tutorage of a Greek named Theophilus, who knew no Arabic, while Assaad was as ignorant, on the other hand, of the vernacular of the *didascalos*. By a system of severe verbal drilling, and latterly by the naming of visible phenomena, Assaad arrived at a knowledge of both ancient and modern Greek.

The government of Ibrahim Pasha had been an especial blessing to Syria. Mehemet Ali had thrown aside some of the rigid prejudices of his faith, and his son, who is as liberal and energetic as his father, had given liberty to Jews and Christians, and had placed them upon a footing of equality with the Mahomedans, and the consequence was that the ships of Christian traders began to visit the eastern ports very frequently, and to trade with the Syrians. Assaad, although quite a child, began to interpret between his countrymen and the mariners, and the result was that he soon acquired considerable wealth. His aptitude for and desire of acquiring languages were very great; the motive seems to have been, that he might acquire money by entering extensively into the business of interpretation; he evidenced wonderful anxiety, however, and rather sacrificed wealth to learning, begging of the foreign priests and missionaries that they would instruct him in their particular tongues, and giving up going to the quay during a portion of time that he might study. By attending faithfully both to his education and business, Assaad found himself, when yet a child, possessed of a reputation for learning, of diligence in his several callings, and reputed wealthy. He had taken to the purchase of old coins, which he resold at considerable profits, and acquainting himself with the different values attached to gold in the several cities of Syria, he set off on pious pilgrimages, which by the operations of his trade involved no pecuniary sacrifice. The plans adopted by Assaad to conceal his wealth from the Mussulman rulers, and convey it in safety from place to place, were worthy of an older trader and more experienced traveller, and they were always successful; and his fame for learning and mercantile acuteness, among his brother Christians of the Greek Church, secured him a hearty welcome amongst the most eminent in any of the cities which he visited.

Travellers, who have neither introductions nor any other of the means which unlock the doors of eastern hospitality, have still the khans or caravansaries, however, to which they can resort. N. P. Willis, in his 'Pencilings by the Way,' particularly describes one of these public establishments, which, if an accurate portrait, was a dismal enough dwelling-place in all conscience for the most cynical ascetic in the world. Assaad gives a somewhat more brightly coloured picture of them. 'From Homs I went to Hama, where having no acquaintance I lodged in the caravansary.

* Life and Travels of ASSAAD Y. KAYAT. London: Madden & Co. 1847.

These caravansaries, called *khans* or *kissareh*, exist in all the towns of Syria. They are beautiful square buildings, chiefly the property of noblemen, built on speculation, and often yield a very handsome income. Each caravansary contains about a hundred rooms; in many of them there are suites of apartments consisting of two or three rooms each. They let by the year to the highest bidder, generally a porter of the highest respectability; and he re-lets the rooms to merchants and travellers at a rent of from ten to a hundred piastres per month each room (that is about twenty shillings sterling per month). These places are very safe, and generally the customhouse is in one of them. There the merchants lodge all their goods and transact all their business.

People of wealth in the east are very hospitable, and can entertain any number of guests with comparatively little trouble to any one, save cook and cupbearer. The arrival of a number of guests in a Syrian's house does not produce a tithe of the trouble and bustle of one in this country. 'All merchants and travellers are generally received at the houses of their friends when passing through the country. It may be difficult for British readers to understand how so many people can be entertained by a family, but the facility is owing to the eastern patriarchal mode of life. At this very day there is attached to every residence the *manzool* or 'guest-chamber,' which varies in size according to the circumstances of the family. It is used for the reception of strangers and visitors, who are welcomed on their arrival by the host, and coffee, sherbet, and pipes are served. If the guests arrive early in the morning, they partake of their host's breakfast, called *futtoor*, which is generally served about twelve o'clock, and requires no great extra expense or trouble. The host goes into the inner court of the house and says to his wife, 'Mother of George,' or whatever may be the name of the eldest son, 'we have so many guests.' In the east the husband calls his wife after her first son, and, in like manner, the wife calls her husband; and this accounts for 'the father of Zebedee's children.' The lady, by ordering a few more eggs to be fried, an additional supply of milk, rice, a few pieces of cheese, and bread *ad libitum*, with a basket of grapes, which costs about twopence, provides the whole party with a comfortable meal. When the gentlemen have finished their repast, the servants sit down and take theirs, and they are thankful for bread and cheese and grapes. The servants of the guests attend on their masters at the host's table and divan. If the guests have no servants, and the host has none, the younger members of the family consider it an honour to wait upon their father's guests; indeed the coffee is generally handed round by the sons. If the father asks for a cup of water, the son will fetch it and wait standing till the father or guest has finished drinking, when the son says, '*Hanich*' or 'salute,' health. Coffee is served frequently during the day, in little cups set out upon a kind of round tray placed upon a small table, and as many sit round it as can be accommodated. If the number of visitors be unusually large, a tablecloth is spread on the carpet and the parties sit on the floor round. If the guests arrive in the afternoon, the host informs the lady, and a few more pounds of rice, boiled in the broth, suffice to serve them. With regard to the sleeping apartments, generally three or four beds are laid down in a room, and the whole party are thus accommodated. In the morning, a servant brings a jug or copper full of water, and a large metal basin with soap, and a towel hanging over his shoulder; each gentleman washes, and all are ready.

Assaad's travels considerably extended his knowledge of men and manners, and, in conjunction with his lingual acquirements, peculiarly fitted him to be dragoman to John W. Warren, her Britannic Majesty's consul-general for Syria, which appointment he received immediately upon his return to Beyrout from a journey through Syria. This appointment was particularly gratifying to Assaad, as it raised him from a position of prescribed inferiority to one of some splendour, and enabled him to exhibit a portion of that eastern love of grandeur which was pretty

strong in his nature. 'This unexpected appointment made a great revolution in my dress. Christians at this time were allowed only to wear black turbans and red shoes. I now had to change my black turban, the sign of humiliation, for a white one, the sign of liberty; my red shoes for yellow ones; my poor sash for a Cashmere shawl; and I was mounted on horseback instead of walking on foot. This style was required to maintain the dignity of the office, and must be kept up for the sake of influence. This right of dress, which I was anxious to display, astonished the people, and a man asked a friend of mine, afterwards my father-in-law, 'O, Habib! is Assaad Kayat married? What is all this new style about him?' My friend replied, 'Sir, he has just become a dragoman to the great Englishman that is just arrived.'—'Then I must say nothing, if that is the case,' replied the Moslem, who could not endure the sight even in Beyrout.'

Assaad accompanied Mr Warren in all his journeys, and was of most material advantage to him in his diplomatic business with the Orientals; he visited Egypt, and, being promoted to the office of chief dragoman, went with Mr Charles Warren to Damascus, when that city was taken by Ibrahim Pasha, and, as the representative of the consul-general, paved the way for that functionary's reception in this most splendid and ancient city of the east.

Assaad acquired considerable wealth by his various speculations, which, by connecting himself with other merchants and employing his capital and the influence of his position, he was enabled to carry on, even more extensively and profitably than if he had been less employed as a dragoman, and consequently less influential. It was with the full consent of Mr Warren that Assaad left his employment to accompany the princes, Nuib, Wali, and Husan; and certainly, for a young man of twenty-four years, he discharged his duties most efficiently and creditably. His parents and relations were averse to his far journeys, but his father was generally brought to view his son's wanderings with complaisance and to give him his blessing, when the young man would depart with satisfaction. Assaad's impressions of England were very correct, and we can easily discern, despite of his eastern exaggerativeness of language and paucity of observation, that he was qualified to give a pretty true estimate of this nation to his countrymen. It was from contrasting the active aspect of Britain with the inert spirit of his own land that he was led to reflect upon the cause of the contrast; and, impelled by a belief that the fatalism of Mahomet hung like a pall of darkness over his native land, like a good patriot and a true Christian, he determined to devote himself to the expurgation of Moslem superstition by the healing medicine of the gospel. He interested many eminent individuals in this country in his philanthropical schemes, among whom were the benevolent and indefatigable William Allen, E. Fry, the family of Gurney, and others of the Society of Friends, who kindly conjoined with several of the aristocracy and members of other denominations to assist him in the prosecution of his plans.

During his second sojourn in England he lectured very extensively upon the manners, condition, and claims of the east, and raised considerable funds for the realisation of his views. After one of these lectures at Halifax, having to leave immediately for another place, Assaad found himself in the following rather peculiar position for an utter stranger and foreigner:—'When it was over, having no time to lose, I went to the coach-office and secured the only vacant place in a coach that was going to start. While I was paying the money, a man holding a green bag was standing by, as if trying to get the place cheaper; but finding I had taken it he was disappointed, as there was no other coach that day. Still he thought he could outwit 'the Turk'—a name commonly given in this country to every one who wears an eastern dress. He arranged with the coachman to say that the place was already taken, though the book-keeper was ignorant of it when he booked me; so after I had taken my seat inside, the coachman came to me, touching his hat, and said, 'I beg your pardon, sir, the place is taken.' I kept silent. He continued—'Do

you speak English, sir?' Crowds had already assembled round the coach. 'Yes,' answered some of the bystanders, 'he speaks English, he knows what he is about.' This gave me courage, for I could see that the mob was in my favour. 'Sir,' continued the coachman, 'we must start; our time is up.' I then said, rather indignantly, 'I booked myself, I paid my fare, I have taken my place, I will not move.' The bystanders were delighted; they shouted out — 'Bravo! he knows what he is about! Don't cheat the foreigner!' The crowd increased, numbers came to hear the story, and the coachman, defeated, mounted his box and drove off, to his great mortification and that of the bearer of the green bag, who had flattered himself with having gained the day. The multitude shouted, 'Hurrah! hurrah!' which convinced me that the English, as a nation, loved to see the triumph of justice.

The great primary agent of Assaad's plans for the regeneration of Syria consists in the education of youth, and this liberal and enlightened reformer looks upon the instruction of females as of paramount importance. In this country female education is notoriously neglected, and they are yet alive who look with jealousy upon the instruction of girls in aught save the merest elementary symbols. In the east, where Moslemism has any influence, woman is looked upon with greater indifference than even in the most despotic nation of the west; and consequently the difficulties of arousing the females themselves from the influence of the idea which enslaves them is greater than even with us. Assaad succeeded by patient argument, however, in impressing females with the value of education, and induced the attendance of their daughters at his schools. War, however, has for ever destroyed or checked the labours of philanthropy; and to the shame of the British cabinet be it spoken, that in trying to prop up what is termed the balance of power, they drove a popular and progressive leader from Syria, and placed that land again under the yoke of Turkish bigotry and oppression. The object of the war of 1840 was to drive Ibrahim Pasha from Syria; it was to expel the best government that had ruled the country for many years. He entered Syria in 1831, and was welcomed by all sects of the Syrian population. He gave equal liberty to all, no matter what their religion, and gained their love by imposing no new taxes and administering the law impartially. Syria was rising under his sway, and facilities were offered for Assaad prosecuting his missionary labours, 'when, behold! the British man-of-war the Liverpool, and two others of the same size, arrived in Beyrout harbour, under Commodore Sir Charles Napier. The sight of these ships agitated and perplexed the whole city. The people crowded to the beach to see them. Omar Bey, a most intelligent civilian governor, left Beyrout, that he might not be suspected of holding any intercourse with the ships. The reports were various, the people became more and more anxious and terrified, and before the day closed it was reported that the commodore had resolved to fire on the town the following morning. No sooner was this report spread than the inhabitants began to run away to the mountains for safety, leaving everything behind, and all the Europeans and Americans embarked for other countries. When I returned home in the evening, I found my house and grounds filled with my own relations and the neighbouring families, all in confusion, all in despair, all perplexed, and not knowing what to do. They all looked to me for advice, and fancied I must know everything, as I had lately returned from England. Many of them were crying, their children screaming; the sight was overpowering, and at one time I felt tempted to run away too, and leave the country. As night approached the alarm increased. It was evident that on the following day every one would be in the greatest danger. After committing the event to God in prayer, I made up my mind to remove all these people to the hills, and, laying aside all ceremony, I went to the house of my father-in-law, and with the rest of the family, I brought my betrothed Martha to my house. I placed her on my own horse, her mother on a mule, my own dear mother on a donkey, and I loaded our camel with rice and other provisions. Under

my horse I put my saddle-bags, containing a few clothes and the medical chest. No mules or donkeys could now be got for hire. All night long the Beyroutines, chiefly the Christians and the Jews, were moving, leaving all their property behind. I took my party in the moonlight, but I was obliged to give up the horse I rode to an old woman who was utterly unable to walk farther, and I had to do the work of ten grooms. One child fell from a donkey, another was left behind; one woman was crying for her daughter, another calling for her mother; one wanted a cup of water, another fell from a horse, and many halted and slept on the road. It was to me a night of toil, of trial, and of sorrow. Oftentimes I sinned and wished I had never been born, or that I had never left England.'

This evacuation of Beyrout and its bombardment by Sir Charles Napier entailed as much disgrace upon the fleet as suffering upon the poor people. Disease, and famine, and death, and ruin to hundreds of peaceable unoffending Christian people resulted from Britain's participation in a war to uphold Moslemism and tyranny. Assaad lost a great deal of property by this heartless invasion, and he was not alone in this respect. He is prosecuting his labours now, however, peaceably among his countrymen, and we trust that Providence will abundantly bless his ministry. His 'Voice from Lebanon' is a most instructive and interesting volume, and will repay a careful perusal of its varied contents.

THE PRINCE AND THE COUNCIL; OR, A DAY IN VENICE.

THE retinue of a proud and powerful German prince dashed, upon a beautiful morning in summer, into the famous and mighty city of Venice. The sunbeams were streaming brightly from the clear Italian sky, and dancing around the tall minarets of the church of San Marco and the high towers of the convents, as if they at least were determined to be cheerful and enlivening if nothing else was so about those gloomy buildings. The windows of the Doge's palace flashed back the ruddy morning light, and the waters of the lagunes rippled and curled as if smiling in the face of the radiant orb. The gondoliers raised themselves from their lairs, shook themselves, and muttered their *aves* as the equipage swept on, and the few persons who were stirring on the streets merely glanced at the cortege as they walked with half stealthy and timid step towards the Rialto.

'And I am in Venice,' said his serene highness, Alberto, walking up and down the splendidly furnished room into which the Italian master of the hotel had shown him. 'I am in Venice, the city to which the argosies of the east come laden with the treasures of distant lands, where the merchants are princes, and the nobles more haughty than kings. Ha, ha!' he continued, looking first at the carpet of Turkey that covered the floor, then at the mirrors of Spain that were suspended on the walls, and lastly at the rich arras that had been wrought in the looms of Lombardy; 'if the pride of the nobles equals the pomp of the hotel-keepers, verily I am in a city where magnificence and dignity have reached their acmé.' Alberto took a few more turns through the splendid apartment, and looked around him with a curious and inquiring eye, as if to satisfy himself of the splendour that surrounded him, and then raising a silver hand-bell, that stood upon a table formed of the richest ebony, he rung, and a phlegmatic German entered. 'And so we are in Venice, Carl? said his serene highness, with an assumed incredulous smile.

The attendant almost bowed to the carpet.

'And what is to be seen?'

'Wine shops, your highness,' exclaimed the ready attendant, 'wine shops as large and beautiful as the palace of Hesse Brandt, churches and convents as huge and as high as Drachenfels, and monks as fat as the wine casks *van Rijn*.'

'You would be looking for what portended good-living and ease, Carl, while everybody else was gazing on works of beauty in art,' said the prince, coldly. 'Is there nothing else to be seen in this city?'

'Dirty lagunes and bare-legged fishermen and gondoliers,' replied the dull German.

'What is that?' said the prince, as the full wild sweep of a chorus of nearly twenty voices rose beneath his chamber window and gradually floated away like the passage of the morning breeze.

'That is the song of the fishermen going forth to the Adriatic, your highness, to cast their nets,' said Carl, as he threw open the window that Alberto might look forth, and then stepped respectfully back.

'They sing beautifully!' exclaimed the prince, as he leaned from the casement, and the full sonorous swell of the manly chorus was borne back upon his ear; 'and they pull well,' he muttered, as their oar-blades flashed in the sun and they swept along the house-bounded lagunes towards the open sea. 'It is from such hardy cheerful men that Venice supplies her fleets of merchant argosies and doubtless her war-ships. I see that even amidst the magnificence and dignity of this proud republic there is poverty and scantiness of habiliments,' said the prince, as he turned away and closed the casement.

'They are the hardest workers, too, who are worst clad,' said Carl; 'yet they are wonderfully light of heart.'

The Prince Alberto and his suite, despite of the unfavourable report of Carl, found much to interest and delight them in this 'city of the waters'—the ducal palace, in all its rich and elaborate grandeur; the spacious edifices of marble and stone; the busy Rialto, where thronged the keen-eyed merchants; the canals, along which the gondolas glided in all the varieties of paint and form which were pleasing to their proprietors. The aspect of life and activity, the bustle of trade and commerce, the vitality of prosperity and power, were so visible in all the marts and quays of this proud city, that Alberto found the reserve of royalty melting in the sunlight of republican grandeur, and he began to find himself less a king as he looked upon the plebeian wealth and dignity that surrounded him. As he walked along the streets and gazed into the bazaars of the merchants, full of the richest and most beautiful fabrics of cloth and other manufactures, and as he beheld the lofty and superb appearance of the homes of the merchant nobles, he wished that he could inoculate his own little state with a portion of the wealth-bringing energy that he saw everywhere exemplified around him. At last Alberto stood before a splendid emporium of all the richest fabrics of Italy. The velvets of Genoa hung in rich profusion at the bazaar, and the silks of Piedmont, and the lace, and linen, and woollen cloth of the Low Countries, mingled with the shawls of Cashmere and the carpets of Constantinople. One gorgeous piece of brocade, glittering with gold and the richness of its texture, caught the prince's eye. To see and to admire is almost equivalent to have, with princes; money could purchase this brocade, and so it became his forthwith, and was transferred from the bazaar of Hermio Rigaro to the arm of the slow but trusty Carl. There were so few streets comparatively through which horses and equipages could prance in princely style, that Alberto was content to saunter through the lagune-intersected streets with a few attendants. After having seen the Bridge of Sighs, the state-prisons, and the Cathedral of St Mark, with its celebrated 'lion,' and when he began to feel the incipient approaches of that ennui which princes under the most favourable circumstances will feel, Alberto inquired at Carl what he thought of the brocade, as a specimen of Venetian merchandise?

'The brocade!' said Carl, looking about him in surprise. 'Now I bethink me your highness did intrust me with such a substance, but it is gone as an evidence of the perfection of Venetian robbery, as well as of the greatness of Venetian trade—that fellow who brushed past me so rapidly in the strada we have just left has gone to make a mantilla of your highness's purchase.'

'I wonder how such a thing could happen in Venice,' said the prince, aloud; 'in Venice, which boasts of the omnipotence of its power and the ubiquity of the law.'

Carl shook his head, but did not speak, for a stranger who had been lingering near the group of Germans sud-

denly pushed through amongst them, and, leaping into a gondola, pulled rapidly along the canal which flowed at their side, and was quickly lost to view.

Prince Alberto was sitting alone, enjoying a siesta and meditating a voyage on the Adriatic for the morrow, when he was aroused by the sudden entrance of a stranger.

'What seek ye here?' said the prince, haughtily, at the same time eyeing the stranger with marked surprise and scorn.

'I seek thee,' said the Venetian, calmly. 'I summon thee before the Council of Venice.'

'I have done nothing to give any council power over me,' said Alberto, still haughtily. 'I am not amenable to your fantasies; I will not obey them.'

'All in Venice are subject to the laws of Venice,' said the messenger, in slow, deep tones. 'If you refuse to accompany me, I shall cause my emissaries to take you by force; and beware of your tongue if you would wear the head which contains it,' he whispered.

Yielding to what he felt to be an iron necessity, Alberto accompanied the functionary to one of the public offices, and was immediately ushered alone into a dark and gloomy hall, where sat three men dressed in vestments of the most appalling hue. A profusion of black cloth hung suspended from black rods on the wall; the cloaks of the judges were black, and the chairs on which they sat, and the table before them, wore the same grim aspect. The prince stood in the centre of this gloomy chamber for some time, until the silence and awe became so dreadful that he trembled with an undefined apprehension. This feeling was not in the least lessened when one of the judges, in slow, deep, sepulchral tones, demanded his name, his condition, and his motives for visiting Venice. If ever he had rejoiced in exaggerated notions of power, he felt now its utter worthlessness and his own helplessness. It was with a faltering voice, therefore, that he answered these gravely preferred questions. His querist seemed to be satisfied, however, and then another demanded, in a stern tone, if he had made any reflections upon the government of Venice.

'None,' said the prince, with trepidation.

'Reflect,' said the judge, sternly and coldly, and he repeated the same question.

Appalled by the circumstances in which he was placed, and by the manner of his catechists, the prince repeated his negation, when the third, in a loud and stern tone, bade him recollect himself again. The first judge then demanded if he had not purchased something in the morning.

'Yes,' said the surprised Alberto, recollecting the brocade which had been stolen from Carl.

'And didst thou not censure the government of San Marco,' said the second judge, 'in consequence of that loss.'

The prince at once recollected and admitted that he had made some remarks, not of censure, but of surprise. He had scarcely made this admission when the third judge struck the table which stood before him with a rod, and immediately two folding doors were thrown open. In an instant the light of a highly illuminated chamber streamed into the cloister-like hall of judgment, and the terrified prince started with afright. The dim, solemn, sepulchral obscurity of one half of the hall contrasted so forcibly with the blaze and radiance of the other, that day and night seemed to have met and divided the empire of this scene with each other. But if the prince had been surprised at the suddenness of the action, what was his horror when, at the further end of the lighted hall, he beheld a corpse suspended upon a gibbet, with the identical piece of silk which had been stolen from Carl beneath its arms!

After allowing him what might be considered sufficient time to look at this spectacle, one of the judges addressed the prince; and, without taking the least notice of his rank, informed him 'that, as a stranger, his language was excused. But mark in yon suspended criminal,' he continued, 'an evidence of the ubiquity and promptitude of Venetian law, and do not be rashly censorious until you have had time to judge. You are at liberty,' he continued, in a milder tone, 'to remain as long as you please in Venice; and now you can depart to your hotel.'

The bewildered and terrified Alberto hurried towards his temporary residence, and, ordering his retinue, immediately departed, having passed, as the most eventful of his life, a day in the city of Venice.

Times are changed now, however; the pride and independence of Venice have departed with its wealth; and its mockery of republicanism has been exchanged for Austrian dominance. The stranger may now walk its streets without dread of the awful Council of Three; but wo to him still if he mutters one word above his breath in disapprobation of despotism or governmental injustice.

LITERATURE OF THE SCOTTISH BAR.

NO. II.—LORD JEFFREY.

SECOND NOTICE.

WE have already referred to Lord Jeffrey as a critic of poetry, whose judgments, if they are in a few cases erroneous and prejudiced, are in general calm and accurate, and delivered after a searching analysis of qualities compared with functions. They will be transmitted to posterity with few modifications, for both their substance and their style are worthy of preservation and study. It would be impossible to over-estimate the value of his services to literature in this chief department. He is, pre-eminently, the man whom the muses should delight to honour. Without being himself a poet (for, so far as is known to us, he is only the author of a single sonnet, which modestly appeared in a lady's album, and certainly deserved no other place), he has yet done more for the muses, by his jealous guardianship over their professed lovers, than if he had been a sincere and passionate lover himself. In chastising and discarding Dermody and Hayley, and in punishing the freaks of the wanton little Moore, he has decidedly done better than if he had himself cultivated the art of rhyme. On reading Lord Robertson's volumes of verse, we were grateful that Jeffrey was merely a critic. He may almost be said to have created some genuine and noble schools of poetry, although he belongs to none himself, but only waits at the posts of their doors.

If we were asked to distinguish the respective results produced by the criticism of our two greatest leaders in periodical literature—Jeffrey and Wilson—we should say that Jeffrey has emphatically taught what is *not* poetry, whilst Wilson has genially and enthusiastically expounded what poetry *is*; and it is well that each has chosen the office which suited best his abilities. Adopting the old theological distinction, we should mark out Jeffrey as the cherub—the *knowing one*, and Wilson as the seraph—the *loving one*, at the gates of the temple of the muses. The former has driven bad or weak poets to despair; the latter has encouraged and stimulated true poets to a full development of their nature and a confident and bold exercise of their gifts. Of course, at times they have exchanged their vocation, and Wilson has applied the lash, in vigorous style, to poetasters and mere versifiers; whilst Jeffrey has soothingly spoken words of warm affection and of eloquent and inspiring hope, to induce bards to persevere in their tuneless labours; for he was a very different man from Gifford, who appears to have fancied that he did well in being always angry and severe, and who was visited with no remorse for having put his 'hangman's hands' upon the premature, unformed, but noble genius of Keats—that 'Hyperion to a satyr.' Wilson has occasionally, with his humour, blistered the irritable race, and Jeffrey has applied balsam to the wounds. Nay, it is generally understood that his lordship—the fear of authors as he was—not only took pleasure in praising the worthy, but has also liberally assisted them when they were under the pressure of misfortune. His active generosity towards poor Hislop, the writer of the 'Cameronian's Dream,' was no solitary or exceptional instance. He and *poverty* were often represented as the twin enemies of genius, but the truth is that he was almost invariably the best friend of genius, and, in some cases, strove even to annihilate the other enemy—*poverty*. He freely chastised dullness and affectation, inanity and eccentricity, and who will now regret that he

did not spare these? Who will mourn for anything save that he has not utterly extirpated these? Perhaps, also, his bustling and feverish course of life led him to commit the injustice under which the serene and meditative muse of Wordsworth suffered. The '*wee reekit de'il of criticism*,' as he was wickedly named by Lockhart in 'Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk,' could scarcely be expected to sympathise altogether with the pure murmurings of the *fresh-water* Lakes, the contrast being so extreme. But, intentionally, a foe to genius Jeffrey never was. He might be its hard task-master; but this was for the sake of its own glory, and not from natural tyranny or cruelty.

But we dislike the phrase, and would banish it back into the elements of the alphabet—an *enemy to genius*; for genius, sooner or later, will have all the world on its side, and may therefore courageously endure passing opposition with the calmest assurance of future appreciation. The most malignant and witty review may annoy, but can never crush. A simple sonnet, if it be a genuine utterance of the soul, will survive the widest outpourings of scorn. A few drops of hostile ink will not, surely, overwhelm a true bard! He will be, like Byron, aroused to a fuller and more pungent consciousness of his own inherent might, and not slain. It was not Gifford that slew John Keats. Consumption had previously been at work—far too great an enemy in itself to need to borrow an arrow from the quiver of any review. The youth was already fatally struck, and Gifford was but a grave-worm coming forth early to prey upon the dead. It would indeed be strange, as Byron humorously says, if

'The mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article.'

Wilson failed to extinguish, or even to dim the light of Alfred Tennyson; and after the ominous storm of ridicule and contempt which Christopher sent down from his high throne, the luminary has become brighter than ever. Nay, we believe that, unless other circumstances conspire, the power of a review to annihilate *false* pretensions is far from being instantaneous or direct. In open spite of Macaulay's crushing onslaught, the Rev. Robert Montgomery still lives to write, and the public are still eager to read his poetry.

In the writings of Lord Jeffrey there is no appearance of any one hardened and confirmed peculiarity of intellect to strike us. It is not size, nor outline, nor feature, that arrests attention, but it is the *expression* of his character, as a whole—an expression intensely intelligent and vivacious. Hence, he was fully qualified to furnish the most graceful and fascinating contributions upon the various mass of light literature. His glancing eye and facile hand were equal to the diversity of the works presented. He was an instantaneous and close mirror to every changing hue of theameleon. Fictions must have been a relaxation to him after the hot bustle of law; and for him to read them was to be ready to criticise them, so quick was his insight into their character, and his perception of all the salient points which he could make effective in the pages of the 'Edinburgh Review.' Novels of a high order of merit were discussed as carefully, though not as seriously, as if they had been poems—and such truly they are; and the critiques upon the 'Waverley' race were equal to those which he had previously made upon the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' 'Marmion,' and the 'Lady of the Lake.' His object was a twofold one—to give an idea of the novelist's art, and to afford specimens of the interest which the book might contain for readers. After a profound though vivacious introduction, which determined with extreme subtlety and pointedness the peculiar class to which the writer belonged, and the differential qualities which the writer might possess from that class, Jeffrey proceeded, with light and airy touch, to cull from the bypaths of the tale the beauties; and on these he descanted with enough of softness in his manner to please and charm ladies, and with enough of philosophy in his tone to enlighten and instruct men. Immense as was the fame which the 'Waverley novels' obtained, and universally as they were read, and spoken and written about, Jeffrey is the only critic whose remarks

upon them will go down to the next age. Perhaps other cotemporaries have displayed equal discrimination and eloquence, in summing up and describing the general character of Scott as a novelist; perhaps the exhaustive essay of Mr Adolphus, written to prove who the 'Great Unknown' was, before Scott's confession was publicly made, deserves to be placed first on the list of critiques; but no one has furnished such a fine analysis, and such a definite estimate of several of the works, taken singly, in that remarkable and unrivalled series.

We may here notice, that his ancient friend in the critical art, Professor Wilson, was always but a very indifferent reviewer of novels. Christopher lacked the necessary patience to follow the writer through the labyrinth of his tale, and would either at the very commencement seat himself in his chair of fun and eloquence, from which he would cast a casual and brief glance upon the course and movements of the writer, or, if he shouldered his famous crutch and followed him, he would suddenly break off into a path of his own, in ardent chase of his own crowding fancies, and never, probably, to return to the progress of the book until the end. We need not, however, say that in several departments of light literature, Wilson, as a reviewer, was absolutely unmatched by the editor or by any contributor of the 'Edinburgh Review.' We have merely indicated his indisposition (whatever were the causes) to institute such an analysis of a novel as is essential to a thorough and critical estimate of its kind and merits.

We have seen how Lord Jeffrey treated the highest efforts of fiction. To novels of an inferior grade his manner was sarcastic, though the sarcasm was very playful. The extracts which he made were introduced with exquisite irony, and were dismissed with inimitable quizzing. A running commentary upon the development of the plot and the growth of the incidents was executed in a spirit of fun, which approached, and yet never crossed, the boundaries of caricature. The characters of mock heroism and sentimentalism were handled with the most charming scorn. Who can refrain from lamenting that Lord Jeffrey's critical pen was laid aside ere the writings of Mr Dickens could be reviewed? We should otherwise have been privileged with a thorough investigation of their character and tendencies, and this as yet is a desideratum which no periodical has promised well to supply.

In another field of literature, also, the tact and finish of Jeffrey's articles were unsurpassed, and well did they deserve to be included by him in his 'Select Contributions.' The biographies, which threw a familiar and homely light upon the notorieties or the eccentricities which had been extant in ages or in classes of our country, were most gracefully discussed, and as alluded to by him ceased to be trivial gossip. We would particularise those articles on Mrs Hutchison's memoirs, Lady M. W. Montague, Madame Duj Duffand, Pepys, and Cumberland, as inimitable for their ease and elegance. They partake of the wit with which he abounded and sparkled in the conversations of select coteries. Of a still higher character, in the same line of subjects, was his review of Sir Walter Scott's 'Life and Edition of Swift.' Mr Lockhart is obliged to acknowledge its singular merits. 'Mr Jeffrey,' he says, 'attacked Swift's whole character at great length, and with consummate dexterity; and in Constable's opinion, his article threw such a cloud upon the dean, as materially checked for a time the popularity of his writings.'

In short, on all subjects save those of the pure sciences, Jeffrey's pen was as accomplished as it was versatile. He was up to the mark of the endless themes which engrossed him. He wrote frequently for all the departments in his periodical, and bore away the palm from the different contributors. But even this was not all which he did for the interests of the 'Edinburgh Review.' With his wit, he, as editor, enlivened the most ponderous and dull articles of his associates, and with his gentlemanly spirit he assuaged and softened the bitterness and invective of others. Papers upon the physical sciences were thus made to exhibit occasional paragraphs of witty allusion, which relieved the surrounding heaviness, and sober *savans*, otherwise

wrapped up in self-abstraction, were thus taught to give out many brilliant jokes amid their quiet lectures. So we learn from a letter written by Sir Walter Scott, when the 'Quarterly Review' was being projected as a rival. 'One great resource,' he says, 'to which the Edinburgh editor turns himself, and by which he gives popularity even to the duller articles of his 'Review,' is accepting contributions from persons of inferior powers of writing, provided they understand the books to which the criticisms relate; and as such are often of stupefying mediocrity, he renders them more palatable by throwing in a handful of spice, namely, any lively paragraph or entertaining illustration that occurs to him in reading them over. By this sort of veneering, he converts, without loss of time or hindrance of business, articles which in their original state might hang in the market, into such goods as are not likely to disgrace those among which they are placed.'

Even John Foster, the essayist, though quite out of those editorial secrets which Sir Walter knew so thoroughly, had been struck with the same fact, and was unable to account for it. 'It is most wonderful,' he writes in 1807, to a friend, 'how a parcel of *young* men have acquired such extensive and accurate knowledge, and such a firm, disciplined, unjuvenile habit of thinking and composing. But I shall not be made to believe that they have not an old fox or two among them. Yet they all admirably support the general level of able performance. The *belles lettres* critics seem to be stocked with logic as well as principles of taste, and the *scientific critics* to be fraught with satire as well as definitions.' And let it be remembered, that at this time Jeffrey was absorbed in law, and had more numerous and important cases to consider and plead than had any of his brethren at the bar. Besides, from his social qualifications and attractions, he was compelled to spend the most of his evenings at parties and the like. We need say no more concerning his versatility and industry.

Before leaving the literary portion of Lord Jeffrey's labours, we may glance at the difference exhibited between the 'Edinburgh Review,' as it was under his management, and the same periodical since it came into the hands of other editors. *Then*, it recognised and estimated the literature of the day; *now*, as if in an effort at dignity, it will only mention and canvass the literature of yesterday. *Then*, it laid hold of new books, in their very first editions, and gave its final verdict as soon as the author or publisher afforded it the opportunity; *now*, it leisurely and calmly waits until books have attained both age and fame. A work must have gained for itself a reputation ere the 'Edinburgh Review' will now condescend to criticise it at all. Much trouble is thus saved; credit for infallibility is also more easily and cheaply acquired; and though familiar and second-hand opinions must be its oracles, yet these are less liable to be erroneous. Not only are the tares and the wheat allowed to grow together until the harvest, before the 'Edinburgh Review' will proceed to discriminate and separate them, but the public must have first carefully separated them ere the 'Review' will do anything at all, and then it only attempts the process of sifting the wheat. Thus, what may strictly be called present literature—the literature of the age—remains untouched until it is old. Besides, once the 'Edinburgh Review' took delight in the unmerciful scouring of dullness, affectation, and eccentricity: but, now, books most broadly marked by these qualities are passed unnoticed by it; execrable poems and their authors have now a license to go at large; and the 'Edinburgh Review' is no longer a literary censor.

Apart from literature, Lord Jeffrey made several valuable contributions to metaphysical speculation. He had not the insight of a philosopher, like Coleridge, one of whose pages is a deeper revelation of the mysteries of the human mind than the many elaborate papers which Jeffrey has written. The Scotchman was extremely acute and keen, whilst the other was infinitely subtle—a general difference which Coleridge once very happily defined in calling it the difference between the *point* and the *edge* of a knife. Neither was Jeffrey such a profound metaphysi-

cian as Sir James Mackintosh. Robert Hall very correctly estimated the qualifications of the two, when he affirmed that though 'Jeffrey might expound a metaphysical theory with more vivacity, he could not do it with equal judgment and acuteness, or go so deep;' adding, 'I am persuaded that if Sir James Mackintosh had enjoyed leisure, and had exerted himself, he would completely have outdone Jeffrey, and Stewart, and all the metaphysical writers of our times.'

But one essay of Jeffrey's has never been surpassed by any one on the same subject—his essay on 'Beauty.' His doctrine is expounded most amply, clearly, and forcibly, and is illustrated by all the appropriate riches of his fancy. He gives, in perfection, the *science* of the subject, though we believe him to have been incompetent for either the philosophy or the poetry of it; and it is our conviction that, in this generation, there have only been two men who could take it up in these nobler aspects, namely, Coleridge and Emerson.

In these neutral pages, we shall not be expected to be particular about Lord Jeffrey's political history and exertions. In this important department, the 'Edinburgh Review' is as much indebted to him as it is in the field of literature. His articles have a perspicuous, decisive, and statesman-like character, which we fail to perceive in those of the other contributors. His discussions, whilst they frequently turn upon men and measures, and therefore exemplify great piquancy, expatiate with enlarged and just conceptions over the general and fundamental principles of all governments, both at home and abroad. Politics were evidently a science with him; and in handling the most petty details and the most temporary expedients, he was ever referring to broad and first principles. His sagacity was most conspicuous; for seldom have the predictions which he openly risked failed of their exact accomplishment. He well knew the state of parties in the country, the force of circumstances, and the impulse of the age; and his calculations were made with calmness and circumspection. In an article written in 1826, there is a very remarkable prophecy concerning the lot of the Whigs, and, not being given to politics, we quote it simply as a proof of Lord Jeffrey's deep sagacity and penetration: 'The inherent spirit of monarchy and the natural effect of long possession of power, will secure, we apprehend, for a considerable time, the general sway of men professing Tory principles, and their speedy restoration, when driven for a season from their places by disaster or general discontent; and the Whigs, during the same period, must content themselves with preventing a great deal of evil, and seeing the good which they had suggested tardily and imperfectly effected by those who will take the credit of originating what they had long opposed, and only at last adopted with reluctance, and on compulsion.' The merest tyro in the recent history of political parties and measures in our country will be able to see how literally these ancient sayings of Lord Jeffrey have been verified.

Jeffrey discussed political questions, not with the ardent and savage power of Brougham, whose articles in the 'Edinburgh Review' were inflamed with the same qualities which burned forth in his speeches in Parliament, nor with the exuberant humour and exhaustless drollery of Sydney Smith, whose papers were like the clever and telling squibs, after dinner, which set the table in a roar—yet his manner was more effective than that of either, and his contributions will far more frequently be consulted by legislators, political economists, and essayists. There was less of formal reasoning than in Brougham, but more than in Sydney Smith.

This, however, is not the proper place in which to attempt to determine whether the politics of the 'Edinburgh Review' were beneficial and salutary; but there can be little doubt that Jeffrey was the ruling spirit in it. Nor is there reason to believe that, in the views which he so powerfully advocated and so effectually urged upon the public mind, he was under any other motives than the impulses of patriotism and the conviction of truth. Mr Lockhart, in his 'Life of Sir Walter Scott,' has scattered

here and there some half-insinuations that Jeffrey attached himself to a political party almost at random; but there are many facts and scenes recorded even in that 'Life' which render these insinuations altogether unjust, and leave them to be regarded as petty attempts on the part of one literary and political writer to detract from the well-earned fame of another far greater than himself.

We cordially wish that in another range of most important questions the views of Lord Jeffrey and his coadjutors had been so comprehensive, scientific, and earnest as they were in politics. Would that Divine Providence had been as emphatically acknowledged as a Tory government, that the Bible had been as respectfully treated as a ministerial bill, and that Christian missions throughout the heathen world had received no more sneering than was directed against a British embassy of state to foreign powers!

This brings us to the last aspect, namely, the *religious* one, in which we mean to speak very briefly, of the 'Edinburgh Review' and its famous editor; and we regret to say that this was by no means very creditable to either. We could not reasonably have expected a decidedly theological character in such a periodical; the writers were chiefly lawyers and not divines, and the object which they contemplated was a literary and social reform and not the conversion of sinners. Properly evangelical doctrines, with their proofs, they were not bound to furnish. But they were *men*, and the religious element ought to have pervaded their humanity; they were moralists professedly, and they should have constantly revered the everlasting laws of God; they were philosophers, and the depths in the human heart, and the heights in the universe, which Christianity alone has disclosed, ought to have been sacredly explored. And yet, in all their literature, they repudiated and excluded, as painters and sculptors even have never done, the supernatural influence of Christianity. Artists have been most frequently and fully inspired by religious subjects, and the masters among them have ever loved to pourtray the attitude and the expression of worship in man. But the 'Edinburgh Review' scoffed at and would not recognise the natural bent and elevation of our race to God. Let us see the aspect of humanity to God—an aspect which painters have always been ready to sketch and universal genius to embody—but at which the 'Edinburgh Review' only sneered. Man is so constituted that whilst he seeks to be the superior of all around him, and the owner of wide possessions, he also recognises, far beyond the sphere of his lordly ambition, a superior being, and fills himself with the consciousness that he belongs entirely to that being. Wishing to obtain the mastery of his fellows, and covetous of all that is theirs, he is miserable until he occupy and realise the relation of a servant to the great ruler above. On the throne of the world, and advanced to the loftiest pre-eminence over the creation, his nature, rebellious though it has become through sin, inclines him to bow at the footstool of heaven, and be the lowly and disposable subject of the Creator. Let all things existing belong to him, still there is written upon him, 'I belong to the Lord; these things may be mine, but I certainly am His for ever.' Adam, at his formation, was appointed owner and lord of the earth. He had over it an unlimited and exclusive dominion, and its treasures were his estate. Yet as all things looked up to him, so he looked up to God; as the earth was his, so he was the Lord's; and he rejoiced more in the one relation than in the other. Absolute authority over the other objects of this creation would not have filled with delight his best capacities nor gratified his noblest aspirations; and absolute dependence upon God was the grand, precious, and ennobling idea to be cherished. Undisputed government was his, but he would far rather have relinquished that, and have lived uncrowned, untitled, and powerless over his inferiors, than have ceased to be under law and responsibility to God. Man is so constituted, that with the highest title and the largest property he cannot be happy, unless he have a *King of kings* and be His property. With all his schemes for acquisition, accumulation, and

ascendency, he is miserable as long as he regards himself as his own and is left to live unto himself. *Self*, and all that is after its small image, cannot fill up the void in his soul. He governs and possesses, but he is wretched until he is laid hold of by another and governed. Make him lord of all things, but his very being requires that he too have a lord—not from among his equals—not from among archangels—but from off the glorious and inaccessible throne of the eternal God. Now, this grand characteristic of human nature, the vivid consciousness of which is the basis of all religion—a characteristic which painters, and poets, and philosophers alike have ever sought to unfold and express, is overlooked, and often worse than overlooked, by the 'Edinburgh Review.' Morals, philosophy, and literature were widely and searchingly discussed, without a reference, save a satirical one, to it. Scepticism was the creed of this periodical, and often was it plainly indicated, and not a sublime and earnest kind of scepticism, but a very vulgar though a very clever and polished kind. The anti-evangelical character was not the product and formation of deep philosophy but of shallow wit. It was not the melancholy and bewildered search of Carlyle after the everlasting *Yea*, but the petulant and blasphemous *No* of Voltaire, sounded forth not unfrequently from the coarse and foul lips of Paine. In truth, we believe that the current infidelity of the 'Review' was of the most insignificant description. It betokened no penetrating intellect, no profound spirit. Its speculations are the reverse of being either grand or original, and its advocates were but children treating the subject. Hence sarcasm from the opposite quarter could effectually defeat them and demolish all their engines of war. John Foster, without the necessity of using an argument, could overthrow Sydney Smith by a heavy retort of crushing jokes; whereas, if Foster had advanced to encounter Thomas Carlyle, he would at once have acknowledged that he stood against a great and earnest philosopher. Men of genius will never see their peculiar and agonising doubts reflected in the pages of the 'Edinburgh Review;' and if they were so unfortunate as to be sceptics, they would disdain to take and employ a single weapon which Jeffrey, Smith, or Brougham may have forged against Christianity. The infidelity which is to be found in the 'Edinburgh Review' is that of smart talent and not of intuitive genius.

It is but justice to Lord Jeffrey to say, that he appears to have written few of those articles which were so obnoxious to the religious public. Sidney Smith's wit was the unbaptised essence which gave most of the offensive and hurtful qualities to the pages of the 'Edinburgh Review,' though it must be lamented that even Jeffrey, responsible as he was for inserting the objectionable passages of his clerical yet scoffing contributor, was also culpable for venting occasional sneers of his own against the Christian faith and its most earnest professors and advocates. The tone of the 'Review' is now happily altered. As religious periodicals are now displaying a new care for literature, so this leader of the literary periodicals exhibits a new and becoming care for religion.

We have thus, at some length, examined the character and traced the results of Lord Jeffrey's connexion with the 'Edinburgh Review.' He long swayed a despotic sceptre in the kingdom of letters. His power suffered a considerable check from the establishment of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' when Wilson, Lockhart, and a few others displayed a more daring, humorous, and sarcastic style of criticism. They chastised with scorpions many authors whom Jeffrey had praised, and occasionally they were so free as to administer the severities of their discipline upon himself. In their own slang phraseology, they 'gave him his supper' at the 'Noctes.' His authority was further weakened by the starting of the 'Quarterly Review,' though this journal has never equalled Jeffrey's.

Lord Jeffrey's 'Select Contributions' will have a high and permanent place in British literature, and it is to be hoped that he will enrich the stores of British eloquence by collecting and publishing his best speeches.

After a youth and manhood of glorious and varied enterprise, which has gained for him almost all the honours for

which his ambition struggled, Lord Jeffrey has retired into the leisure and calm of private life, save when the duties of the bench summon him forth. He graces the intercourse of society by his rare qualities of intellect and heart as much as he ever adorned and influenced public movements. He has reached a venerable old age, with few or no enemies, and with a large circle of personal friends, whilst his country is proud of his fame and grateful for the many lessons which sometimes in severity as well as in gentleness he has impressively taught her. Though he appears now to have given up writing, yet never has he heard the voice of the public saying, '*solve scenscentem*,' and any new production of his would be cordially hailed. Report indeed says that he has been busy for the last few weeks in preparing an article for the 'Edinburgh Review' on the disputed question whether Watt or Cavendish made the discovery of the composition of water.

RENE DUROC.

THE *Maire* of Dinon looked pleased, and stroked his fat chin with a smile of great satisfaction as he turned to the little ferret-eyed notary; and the notary rubbed his hands with infinite glee and seemed to wink at the tall grave-looking prefect; and the prefect looked mightily well satisfied with everything around him, and himself in particular. What a happy trio that *maire*, *notaire*, and *prefect* did constitute, and how benign, and gentle, and soft, and kind they did seem under the influence of that happiness and satisfaction which sat so sweetly on their anything but pleasant faces!

'I apprehended him,' said the *maire*, at last, snapping his fingers.

'I recognised the evidence,' said the notary, in a tone of triumph.

'And I condemned him,' chimed in the prefect, gravely.

'We have trussed him for the guillotine very neatly,' cried the *maire*, laughing loudly. It was a good joke to say *troussé*, the *maire* being a poulterer.

'We have signed his mittimus to the other world,' shouted the little notary.

'We have asserted the omnipotence of the law,' growled the prefect.

'He was a daring villain,' said the *maire*, swallowing a glass of champagne.

'And very cute,' exclaimed the man of law.

'And very hardened,' responded the prefect.

'We are well satisfied with what we have done,' they all exclaimed, and they touched their glasses and drank, and laughed, and joked, as if their business had been a pleasant one, as doubtless it had been to them.

Alas, their joy was the misery of another! Their rejoicings were the agony of a poor culprit. Rene Duroc had been a peasant, and a decent and stout one. He had driven his team over the fertile sunny fields of Languedoc with a light heart, and he had guided his plough over the same with a strong hand. But that heart was not schooled enough to submission, and his hand was not sufficiently passive, for when the young Marquis d'Olier had called him a base hound and horse, his heart had leaped to his head and his hand had come in contact with that of the marquis so forcibly, that it threw the young lord from his centre of gravity and made Rene Duroc an outcast. The prison had closed upon Rene a bashful, warm-hearted, passionate, but innocent youth; it sent him forth a fierce and determined man. The Marquis d'Olier was in Paris, passing the summer carnival, while Rene was walking on the treadmill; but if the marquis was satisfied Rene was not. The peasant had a strong desire to talk with the lord of the Chateau d'Olier concerning his incarceration, for he considered that a blow was hardly sufficient payment for calling a man in scorn a hound and a horse. He thought that the marquis owed him something for that three months' loss of liberty, and as he could not find the count that he might direct his discourse to him, he directed his musket at the pheasants and hares, and became

in fact a noted poacher. Poachers are not allowed to exercise their calling with impunity in France any more than in Britain, so that as the report of Rene's gun brought his whereabouts at night to the knowledge of the guardians of the hares and pheasants, he found himself reported, apprehended, and condemned to another term of imprisonment for killing the fowls of D'Olier. Crime has its initiation and its gradations, as well as anything else in nature or art. It is wonderful to contemplate the results of little circumstances—to trace from its source the current of an event. Rene Duroc went on from bad to worse, believing himself an injured suffering man, whose sufferings and whose injuries were deepened and increased with every prosecution, and whose revenge grew up into a mountain under a sense of wrong. From poaching, which he had at first shrunk from as bad enough, he became an incendiary, and the property of D'Olier was consigned by him to the flames without compunction, six months from the date of a period when he would have been the first to have tried to save it. He had been apprehended upon a charge of arson, he had been tried and condemned, and he who was a useful peaceful peasant, when the spring was smiling in its beauty, was now, when the autumn leaves were falling, a man condemned to die.

When we think merely upon D'Olier, and the *maire*, *notaire*, *prefect*, and Rene, there is not much to rouse our sympathies or excite our indignation. Divest man of all the relations which he occupies to life and society, and he is a very finite and not a very interesting creature after all. Any one who had looked into the little chapel of Dinon (it was used as a prison too), and had gazed upon Rene as he sat with ragged blouse and soiled shoes and trousers, they likely would have called him a dirty fellow, and have thought no more about him. If they had been told that he was a culprit condemned to die on the morrow, they perhaps would have pitied him for a few seconds and recommended his soul to God. But otherwise Rene, the ragged dirty poacher and incendiary, would not have provoked a sigh.

Ah, poor Rene! there was an aged woman, poor, very poor, and weak, who lived in a little cheerless hovel on the roadside of Dinon, and she sat and wept for thee. Thou wert an outcast and a criminal to almost all the world, but she had thee enshrined in her heart of hearts; she loved thee, and prayed for thee, and wept for thee, for she was thy mother. There was sorrow in her dwelling for thy fate; thou hadst her sympathy, even though condemned and despised of men. This was one link that bound Rene to the world beyond his prison; he was a son; he was of the great brotherhood of humanity, and one heart acknowledged so although all the world beside might deny it. Ay, and there was a dark-haired maiden, who had known Rene in his better days, and who had gathered the fruits of autumn by his side with rapture, and who had laughed at his contagious laughter, and had sighed for time to speed away until one day of days should arrive. She too sighed and wept for the fate of poor Rene. Her father and mother had interdicted her from conversing with him; and they had driven him away with scorn and taunts from their little garden wicket, for he was a poacher, and they the peasants of D'Olier; but they could not drive him from Antoinette's sympathies and sorrows, and so she continued to weep and pray for him, despite the scorn in which other people held him. Alas, Rene was not alone in the world! lonely though he seemed, in that chapel-prison, there were two hearts that yearned towards him through the cold and cheerless walls. True to their woman's nature, devoted in their constitution to love, they loved the son and lover even though men of law and might considered him worthy of nothing save being hanged upon a tree. The three worthies who sat at the well-furnished table of the *maire*, and felicitated themselves upon having done their duty, were what might be termed the lights of capital punishment. Rene, with his sad regrets for life misspent, with his bitter sense of wrong grown stronger, with his yearnings for life and liberty, even though it should be of drudgery upon the green fields, and the

mother and maiden, weeping in the silence of their disgrace and despair, were the shades, the dual part of that picture, one of coldness and of sorrow.

Rene rose from the recumbent position in which he had been lying, and looked round about him; there was no means of escape save by a high window, and that it was impossible for him to reach. There was an altar and a chair at his disposal, but even with these he would not be able to reach the lofty oriel, and so it was of no use speculating upon escape. 'Oh, if I were only free,' sighed Rene, 'I would become a peaceful peasant again. I would leave this country of Languedoc, and go where no one would know me.'

Was it his better angel that had heard his promise, and resolved to give him the means of practising it; or was it the messenger of Azriel that came to extinguish his last spark of hope? The lock of his prison-door creaked, and then it swung upon its hinges, and a priest, with cloak and cowl arrayed, walked slowly and silently towards the prisoner. 'Peace be with you, my son,' said the father, seating himself, and looking calmly on the youth.

'There can be no peace with me,' replied Rene, sullenly.

'To-morrow will finish for ever your worldly strife,' said the priest, calmly, 'let peace and joy be in your heart, or you are ill prepared for the journey that begins with ending life.'

'Father,' said the youth, in a subdued tone, 'dost thou think it fair to kill me to-morrow?'

'I do not interfere with the law,' said the priest, timidly, 'I have come to shrive thee.'

'I have only slain a few birds and quadrupeds,' said Rene, still looking at the father anxiously, 'and I burned one rick of hay. Is not my life too much to pay for this? I had cause too, father, for what I did,' he continued; 'D'Olier called me a hound and horse.'

'Alas, my son!' said the priest, softly, 'what can I do? I can only smooth thy way to another world; I cannot assist you to reach again the highway of this.'

'I am young, father,' pursued Rene, his dark eyes filling with tears, and his lips quivering with earnestness, 'and I have an old mother who has no other son save me.'

'I can weep for her,' said the priest, whose sympathies were aroused, 'but I cannot restore her son.'

'You can,' said the poacher, slowly, 'and you can restore a useful man to the world. I have lived a lifetime in the few hours I have spent in this prison as a doomed man. I have beheld the criminality of revenge and the folly of my retaliation. I shall be a wiser and a better man if thou wilt assist me to escape.'

'Willingly,' said the priest, throwing back his cowl and exposing an honest, open face. 'Tell me how.'

Rene placed the portable altar below the high oriel, set a chair upon it, and then he asked the priest to stand upon the chair, and, climbing to his shoulders, he placed his foot upon his head, sprang at the window, and reached it. The priest pronounced a valediction, and, descending from his lofty position, removed the altar and chair to their places, and quietly seated himself, with his eye fixed upon the window through which the poacher had escaped.

'Where is the prisoner?' cried the jailer, as he ran from corner to corner, and looked into the most impossible hiding-places in the world in hopes to discover the fugitive. 'Where is the prisoner, father? What have you done with him?'

'I saw him escape by that lofty oriel,' said the priest, solemnly; 'he is a wonderful being that was never meant to be hanged, I am sure.'

'Where is the prisoner?' cried the *maire*, and notary, and prefect, as they rushed simultaneously into the chapel cell, and ran frantically round about, gazing at the roof and walls as if they had expected to see Rene sticking to either like a fly or spider.

'He is gone like a winged bird,' exclaimed the priest, in the same calm tone; 'he has more than astonished me.'

Oh, there was great talk that evening in Dinon about

Rene's escape, and there was much disappointment amongst the refined people who had expected a treat at the execution; but Rene was gone, and, despite of maire, notary, and prefect, could not be found again; so that the sight-seers had to find something else than a sweet little public murder to amuse them.

It was upon a beautiful summer evening that the good Abbe Real—bent upon a mission of piety and mercy—entered the forest of Ardennes. He had seen full sixty summers pass over his head, and sixty harvest and seed-times too, but he had never felt the beauty of the woods so strongly as he felt them now. The tall poplars shot up into the air like green pyramids, and the box and spruce clustered round them like temple-domes and church-steeple. The dew, as bright as ever shone in happy Eden, glistened on the green grass and upon the petals of the flowers, and the birds sang so sweetly, and the cows that grazed upon the sheltered herbage lowed so contentedly, that the good Abbe Real almost wished that he had not been a priest, or rather that he had been a recluse, whose cell had been built in the wood of Ardennes.

Who knows but that the spirit of Rosalind was fanning with its magic joyousness the boughs that waved over the abbe's head? or that the voice of the young Orlando was singing in the stream that wimpled past him? He could not find it in his heart to urge his ass on through the green devious way; and little sleek Poko felt himself so much at home that he did not care to hurry along. He cropped the little tender tufts of grass like an epicure, ass as he was, and he whisked at the gnats and flies, as if he did not like their nonsense; but yet he lingered on the way until darkness closed him round, and neither Father Real nor he could reach the path from which, in their musing forgetfulness, they had wandered. Abbe Real was perplexed—Poko could make his bed upon the grass, and liked nothing better than an alder branch for a curtain; but the abbe, good man, was old now and rheumatic a little, so that dew and the night air, together with a damp couch, were not for him; and Poko had picked up a supper by the way that many an ass would have considered a very luxurious one, so that he, although a little epicurean, had no craving for other creature comforts; but the abbe was hungry, and grass could not supply him, good man.

'Well now, Poko,' said the abbe, quietly, to his asinine friend, 'some men who would grow angry at the name of ass would be proud, in my condition, to share your natural privileges. How we men vaunt of our superiority,' he continued, 'and yet here art thou, a poor dumb brute, with nothing of mind about thee, save what thou bearest on thy back in the shape of man; and I, that man, am hungry, perplexed, and tremulous, with a dread of lying out of night; whilst thou art as content as was ever the most philosophical of cynics.' While the good father was musing thus, he heard the clear voice of a man raised in happy song, and then he heard the jingle of bells, and then the trampling of horses' hoofs, until at last a peasant in the prime of manhood, with a clean blouse hanging loosely from his broad manly shoulders and a team of sleek horses, emerged from a point in the forest.

'Hillo! canst thou put me on the highway, my son?' cried the abbe, with much joy.

'Ah! that I can, good father, after I have shown thee to my dwelling and made thee to eat of the supper which my Antoinette is at this moment cooking,' replied the peasant, in a free, hearty way; and, so saying, he came and laid hold of the bridle of Poko, and led him to the mainway through the forest.

'This is a beautiful forest,' said the Abbe, when he felt himself all right and fit for conversation again; 'it is so retired and so peaceful.'

'Yes, father,' said the peasant, 'it is very beautiful, but not if you are alone. Look you, I lived here by myself for six years, and it was nothing so beautiful then as it is now, when I have my Antoinette, and my four boys, and two little girls.'

'Ah! you lived here six years alone!' said the priest; 'why did you do so?'

'That I might prove that Rene Duroc had got a lesson, and could keep his word to the good father who trusted him.'

'Eh, what! Rene Duroc!' exclaimed Father Real, leaping nimbly for a man of his rotundity from the ass's back, and holding the peasant's blouse while he looked in his face.

It was a thoughtful face, embrowned with exposure to the sun, and roughened by the storm, but it was full of the assurance of peace within; and as the astonished abbe recognised the poacher and the poacher his deliverer, they clasped each other's hands, and the tears started into their eyes.

The Abbe Real sat that night beside one of the brightest glowing hearths in Christendom; and his supper was served by one of the fairest, meekest-looking wives in France. His host tended him with the assiduity and affection of a son, and his host's boys fed little Poko with sweet hay and grass until he refused another pile. On the morrow, Rene filled his guest's panniers with provisions and little cordials, that he might distribute them to the poor on his way; and he placed all the wealth that he had acquired by his industry since his reclamation at the disposal of the abbe, telling him that it was his.

'Ah! my son,' said the good priest, while the tear stole down his cheek, 'I consider that one of the best things I ever did was to allow thee to escape. To kill a man is to close the door of reclamation to him, and to do no good but evil to society.'

Would that for every man, no matter how deep the dye of his guilt or superlative his debasement, the law would leave open a little oriel as an escape from death! Would that mercy, like a good priest, would build upon the criminal code of all nations the Christian altar, as an escape from the insatiable destructiveness of that death-idea which is incorporated with almost all human laws!

GOSPIINGS BY AN OLD MAN:

THE AULD KIRK YARD.

THE Auld Kirk Yard! There is sweet music in the words which recall the days of childhood and soften the world-hardened crust that has grown over my heart, summoning up childish thoughts, dreams, and feelings long gone by. I love its green mounds and low stones, which tell a simple tale of life, death, and hope of immortality. Curiously shaped are some of the old tablets, and fashioned with rustic art, and full of quaint simplicity are the inscriptions thereon. Some among them stand erect, others lean forward, moss grown and grey, nodding with age over the swelling mounds at their feet. The hard-toiled-for pitance has been hoarded, the widow's mite saved, and the pinching of stern want borne, to raise these lowly testimonies of love; and surely the affection they speak, though thus clad in homely guise, is as deep and holy as the proudest monument could testify.

The Auld Kirk Yard! To you, my country's children, in whatever land you may sojourn, there is something most touching in these words. Your thoughts fly homeward at the sound to the quiet village, where mayhap passed your childhood; and seared and hard though the world may have made you, there lurks in your heart of hearts the wish yet to return and sleep with your kindred there. Our hearts at home, too, thrill at the sound, and our best and holiest feelings are bound up in that little spot. Each one of our community has there a tie—a father, mother, children, or friends—and no one here but has a link betwixt it and him. It is the converging point of our sympathies, and our spirits fly at times from worldly occupations to meet over the hallowed spot. Our tongues are silent regarding it, for the full heart uttereth no sound; but being our Holy of Holies, the Kirk Yard and its inmates are spoken of only to our God.

How vividly art thou before me now, resting-place of my humble home, with thy old grey kirk and quaint belfry standing in the midst! It is the Sabbath morn in bright summer, and the old beadle has come from the

manse, Bible and psalm-book borne reverently in hand, to toll the bell, and call the people to the house of God.

Over the wide common, stretching away before me south, east, and west, may be seen the old and infirm leaving, before the bell begins to toll, their low thatched cottages sprinkled over the moor. Old men come pacing on, with flat blue bonnets on their heads, their grey hair waving beneath and fringing with silver the necks of their coarse blue homely coats. Their silver shoe-buckles, family relics descending from father to child, sparkle in the morning sun, and their velvetreen breeches fastened with buttons of snow-white mother-of-pearl, glisten with flashing sheen, as they step onwards. Behind the old man may occasionally be seen the partner of his joys and sorrows, with whom he has climbed life's hill, and with whom he now toddles downwards. She carries in one hand her Bible, a snow white napkin over it, and has a bunch of peppermint and balm in the other; while her crimson plaid is brought primly round her face above her snow-white cap, and fastened beneath her chin. Slowly across the moor they come together, he leading the way with hands clasped behind his back, slightly bent with age and toil, and she following him in Indian file, for the foot-path is narrow, and the long grass at its sides is yet wet with the dews of heaven.

And now the bell breaks musically on the Sabbath quiet, and the broad flats beneath sparkle with crimson plaids, as each old dame comes hastening on, and from each door comes forth a household. There is no staying at home, but grandson, parents, and children all come forth, the mother last of all. Carefully she locks the door and slips in the cumbrous key at the window-sill, where the rose-bush clusters thickly. There is no gloom in their religion, but they feel as they enter the house of God that awe and reverence are due, for hath he not said, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, *there will I be* in the midst of them, to bless them, and to do them good.'

At length they have all assembled, and wait their pastor. There is a slight movement, and a glance is given to the door. The man of God, preceded by Robin, comes slowly and feebly down the old aisle. See how anxiously they look into his face, furrowed with age and sorrow (for he has been tried deeply and is now alone); and now he is at the pulpit stairs, and the hoary headed men and aged widows seated there reverently make way for him to pass. Deeply do his words tell on their hearts, and they dwell on the promises of his heavenly Master, which they are so soon to test. The song of praise, simple but general throughout the old kirk, is raised, and the service of the day is commenced.

It is one o'clock, and a day of glowing sunshine, bright and beautiful. The forenoon service is finished; the crowd comes forth, and those who live nigh at hand go to their homes for an hour. Numbers, however, have come from afar—from cottages three or four miles distant—and wait the afternoon sermon, in the Auld Kirk Yard. There are groups scattered over the long grass, and seated at the side of the green mounds. The Bible is in the hands of some, and the old man, the widow, and the young child, may be seen near the green hillock, under which, perhaps, sleeps a relative. It is a fitting place to read His holy word. How deeply felt is the truth of its sayings, of the vanity of this life, its cares, its toils, and troubles, while we sit on the tombs of those who have fretted their brief hour, and gone to that dim and undiscovered country where we, too, must soon follow! And here at our feet the wild flowers proclaim the truth of a resurrection, living their short day, fading into nothingness, and flashing into life again. Truly all nature telleth thereof, and in the Auld Kirk Yard it is doubly clamant. And our parents, who lie beneath, speak to us by the white daisies that sprinkle the sod above their graves. They tell us they have died, are purifying for a better world, and that they, the sweet flowerets, are the offspring of this process. We incline our ears to the little petals, part and essence of their loved selves, and they sigh forth as if in earnest

whispers—Adore Him, who thus forms your griefs into the instruments of your pleasures; who thus enables us to revisit in embodied loveliness the spot whereon your hearts dwell, and to meet with you on earth's surface again; who never utterly separateth the quick and the dead, but allows the dead parent thus to instruct and comfort the living child. Spirit of my father! how oft hath thy child lain on thy lowly grave in the Auld Kirk Yard, wondering in his infant fancy if thou didst know of the yearnings of his heart towards thee—if thy spirit hovered over and blessed him! How oft have I plucked from thy grave the blue bell, which drooped its gentle head, as if it felt the pressure of thy floating presence! and how longingly have I gazed on the azure heavens for thy loved features, till I had almost embodied thee! and when the fitting vision passed away, how the young heart swelled to my throat, and thou didst to me die a second death! How have I felt awed by the whispering of the summer wind among the tiny leaves of the old beech-trees above thy grave, and fancied it the rustling of the spirit struggling to make *palpable* thy presence to my mortal ken!

My poor mother, too! She never could approach thy grave, for thy death was terrible; but I have watched the hurried glance, the trembling of the pale lip, the moistening eye, and felt the tight clasping of my little hand, as she hurried us from the kirk yard, to spend the interval at the burnie's side, and eat our homely fare in peace together. Then did I love to chase the wild bee and gaudy butterfly, or catch the flickering minnow in the little pools. Ah! these are days long gone by, but never to be forgot!

And now I am an old man, and soon to be carried home, to lie with my kindred in the Auld Kirk Yard. Come the time when it may, I shall be glad to go; for though I love this great and beautiful earth and my fellow-men, I have laid those beneath the sod who never can be replaced; and on a quiet summer evening such as this, when the spirit of her from whom I have parted is felt by me in the breathing of the soft wind among my grey hairs, I sometimes, while the tear trickles down the furrows on my cheek, and my wasted arms hang heavily at my sides, pray to be taken hence. I trust I sin not in doing so, for my petition is ever that it should be 'in thine own good time.'

A NEW ZEALAND HARPOONER.

BEMBO was far from being liked. A dark, moody savage, everybody but the mate more or less distrusted or feared him. Nor were these feelings unreciprocated. Unless duty called, he seldom went among the crew. Hard stories, too, were told about him; something, in particular, concerning an hereditary propensity to kill men and eat them. True, he came from a race of cannibals; but that was all that was known to a certainty. Whatever unpleasant ideas were connected with the Mowree, his personal appearance no way lessened them. Unlike most of his countrymen, he was, if anything, below the ordinary height; but then, he was all compact, and under his swart, tattooed skin the muscles worked like steel rods. Hair, crisp and coal-black, curled over shaggy brows, and ambushed small, intense eyes always on the glare. In short, he was none of your effeminate barbarians. As may be believed, Bembo was a wild one after a fish; indeed, all New Zealanders engaged in this business are; it seems to harmonise sweetly with their blood-thirsty propensities. At sea, the best English they speak is the South Seaman's slogan in lowering away, 'A dead whale, or a stove boat!' Game to the marrow, these fellows are generally selected for harpooners—a post in which a nervous, timid man would be rather out of his element. In darting, the harpooner, of course, stands erect in the head of the boat, one knee braced against a support. But Bembo disdained this, and was always pulled up to his fish, balancing himself right on the gunwale. But to my story. One morning, at daybreak, they brought him up to a large lone whale. He darted his harpoon, and missed; and the fish sounded. After awhile the monster rose again, about a mile off, and they made

after him; but he was frightened, or 'gallied,' as they call it, and noon came, and the boat was still chasing him. In whaling, as long as the fish is in sight, and no matter what may have been previously undergone, there is no giving up, except when night comes; and now-a-days, when whales are so hard to be got, frequently not even then. At last Bembo's whale was alongside for the second time. He darted both harpoons; but, as sometimes happens to the best men, by some unaccountable chance, once more missed. Though it is well known that such failures will happen at times, they nevertheless occasion the bitterest disappointment to a boat's crew, generally expressed in curses, both loud and deep. And no wonder. Let any man pull with might and main for hours and hours together, under a burning sun, and if it do not make him a little peevish he is no sailor. The taunts of the seamen may have maddened the Mowree; however it was, no sooner was he brought up again than, harpoon in hand, he bounded upon the whale's back, and for one dizzy second was seen there. The next all was foam and fury, and both were out of sight. The men sheered off, flinging overboard the line as fast as they could, while ahead nothing was seen but a red whirlpool of blood and brine. Presently a dark object swam out, the line began to straighten, then smoked round the loggerhead, and, quick as thought, the boat sped like an arrow through the water. They were 'fast,' and the whale was running. Where was the Mowree? His brown hand was on the boat's gunwale, and he was hauled aboard in the very midst of the mad bubbles that burst under the bows.—*Omoo, or Adventures in the South Seas.*

CHANTREY'S EARLY OCCUPATION.

In the breakfast-room of Mr Rogers, in his house in St James's Place, stands a mahogany pillar or pedestal, about three feet high, on which a vase is usually placed, and which is ornamented with carvings very ingeniously done, and evidently executed by the hand of an artist of no small skill. It happened about twenty-five years ago that Chantrey, the sculptor, was one morning breakfasting with Rogers, when the latter, seeing the eye of his guest directed towards the pillar, took occasion to mention the ornamental part of it as the work of an unpretending, but ingenious carver in wood, whom he had employed to do it about twenty years before. 'And do you not remember the name of the artist?' asked Chantrey. Rogers replied that, from the time which had elapsed, he should not be able to recall either his name or his person to recollection. Chantrey then informed him, no doubt much to his surprise, that it was he himself who had executed these ornaments before he entered upon his career as a sculptor, when, we have heard, Sir Francis was in the habit of executing carvings in wood for any one who might employ him.—*Church of England Journal.*

A HERO NONPLUSED.

Vice-Admiral Sir Alan, afterwards Lord Gardner, a man of undaunted bravery, but of a remarkably sensitive and retiring temperament, being at that time member for Plymouth, was, according to custom, to receive, through the Speaker, the honour of the thanks of the House, in his place in Parliament. On the appointed day, before the commencement of business, he entered the Speaker's private room in great agitation, and expressed his apprehension that he should fail in properly acknowledging the honour which he was about to receive. 'I have often been at the cannon's mouth,' said he, 'but hang me if I ever felt as I do now! I have not slept these three nights. Look at my tongue.' The Speaker rang for a bottle of Madeira, and Sir Alan took a glass. After a short pause he took another; and then said he felt somewhat better; but when the moment of trial arrived, and one of the bravest of a gallant profession, whom no personal danger could appal, rose to reply to the Speaker, he could scarcely articulate. He was encouraged by enthusiastic cheers from all parts of the House; but after stammering out, with more than the usual amount of truth, that 'he was overpowered by

the honour that had been conferred upon him,' and vainly attempting to add a few more words, he relinquished the idea as hopeless, and abruptly resumed his seat amidst a renewed burst of cheers.—*Life of Lord Sidmouth.*

THE SONG OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

Away, away, I burst!
Who will follow me? who?
I have quenched my burning thirst,
And I'm off!—Whiz, whistle, whew!
With my glowing heart of fire,
And my never tiring arm,
And my whisp'ring magic wire,
With its space-destroying charm,
From the city I sweep along,
Like an arrow swift and true;
And before the eyes of the dazzled throng
I sing out—Whiz, whistle, whew!
The citizen stood in my path,
With the bower of delights he had made,
And proudly he vow'd, in his wrath,
That his privacy none should invade;—
My gold in his purse dropped sweet,
My iron o'er his lawn I threw,
And I laugh'd at the calm of his snug retreat,
With a merry whistle, whew!
The peer, from his old grey towers—
His forefathers' proud domain—
Look'd down on my new-born powers
With a lordly and high disdain;
But he started to see my breath
His ancestral oaks bedew;
And I greeted his ear, his window beneath,
With a piercing whistle, whew!
The Scot on his wild hill stood,
Defying my onward course,
And, pointing to mountain and flood,
He dared me a passage to force;
But my arch o'er the gulf I flung,
And the startled heathcock flew,
As the cavern'd breast of the lone hills rung
With a tearing whistle, whew!
Poor Pat from his bog look'd round,
And mock'd my advancing tread;
But I taught him to drain the deceitful ground,
And his little ones bless'd me for bread;
For famine forsook his door
When I made him my servant true,
And wherever I pass'd on before,
To make way for the whistle, whew!
When I came to the crowded town,
They said I must stand outside;
But from high on their roofs I look'd down,
And they stared at my giant stride:
Then hiding, with enning art,
I tunnelt in darkness through,
And came rushing up in the city's heart,
With a fierce whiz, whistle, whew!
The old royal mail dash'd on,
With its coachman and guard in state,
And its foaming steeds, and its bugle-blower
In its glory and pride clate;
To a creeping 'bus' it shrunk,
As my steam-cloud arose in view,
And its haughty guard, to a cabman sunk,
Came to meet the whistle, whew!
'Tis good that I pass along;
From the smoke of the city I bear
A pale and o'erwearied throng
To fields and the fresh sweet air.
'Tis good, for my path is fraught
With boons for the country too—
I waken men's spirits to life and thought
With my stirring whistle, whew!
I fly like the tempest's wing,
Yet the timid have nought to fear—
A great but gentle thing,
An infant might cheek my career.
Away, away, away!
Who will not follow me? who?
Peasant and prince the shrill summons obey
Of my proud whiz, whistle, whew!

—*Tait's Magazine.*

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REMINISCENCES OF A TOUR TO ENGLAND.—No. IV.

BY THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

MANY are the insoluble problems that have been presented, in various ages, to the hopeless ambition of the human mind. But not the finding of the longitude, nor the solution of the old difficulty concerning Achilles and the tortoise, presents a more formidable front of resistance than did to us the question—how shall we see London in ten days? And yet, with a sort of desperate determination, we set to work and managed to see more in proportion of London in ten days than we had seen of Scotland for thirty years. The first of the sights of London we saw was the Polytechnic Institution. With the nature of this institute most of our readers are acquainted. Models of machines of every variety are found in it, and lectures, illustrative of them and of all the new discoveries of the day, are delivered every quarter of an hour. The visiter passes in rapid and agreeable interchange from an explanation of the solar microscope to the electric telegraph, thence to the diving-bell, and thence to the dissolving views. The wonders of the solar microscope, with the deep silent satire which it reads upon human greatness, with the mysterious glimpse it gives us of war, animosity, and death peopling each drop of muddy water, with the awful question it suggests to the mind, Why is this—under what law can you rank, and by what theory explain, such portentous phenomena, which in all probability abound in the stellar masses as well as in those drops from the ditch?—affected us deeply. Well did Arnold shrink from contemplating the relations which bind to us the inferior creatures, they are so numerous, so complicated, and shaded all of them by such melancholy mystery. The glance upwards through the midnight heavens, and those multitudes of beings which we suppose to people them, is often truly a ‘sad sight,’ till indeed we remember that our elder brother constructed them all, and that go on wherever we may—till we have lost sight of the earth on which we tread, and of the sun by which that earth is enlightened, and of the system to which that sun belongs, and of every system from which that system to which the sun belongs is visible—still the hand of Christ has been before us; that he who made all those strange suns and all those mighty systems is the very victim who expired on Calvary, and that thus the heavens which the telescope seeks to thrust away from us back into the fathomless void, will not depart but stand still in wonder and adoration over the cross. But the glance downwards into the worlds of worms beneath is as terrific as that into the worlds of worlds above. Multitude, even when apart from magni-

tude, produces an overwhelming effect upon the imagination, and we shudder as we look down the vast convoluted chain of being between us and nothingness, more than when we try to trace the golden links which bind us to the throne of God. And here, too, Christianity alone casts even a gleam of light upon the deep questions connected with those races which have been ‘subjected to vanity,’ but subjected in hope; and while through the telescope, as through a trumpet, we may hear the anthems of universal praise ascending to the Lamb, so through the microscope our ears may catch the faint echo of the groanings of a creation which, down to its minutest living voice, ‘sighs to be renewed,’ and shall not always sigh in vain.

Watching the descent of the diving-bell, as well as the gambols of a ‘diver lean and strong’ who amused the company, our thoughts recurred to Schiller’s matchless ballad of the ‘Diver,’ and Bulwer’s equally matchless version of it. This version may not be faithful in all minute particulars to Schiller’s sense, but surely, more than any other version we ever read, it gives us Schiller’s soul. Its words now hurry with the quick step of its hero plunging into the deep, now pause and shudder with the anxiety of the waiting multitude, now roar with the returning maelstrom, now sleep a ‘still and awful red’ with the silence and horror of the abyss, now heave with the pants of the delivered diver, and now wail up from the ‘innermost main’ a lament over his final doom. Surely poetry, original or translated, possesses no catastrophe more striking, more sorrowful, and more sublime! We know not whether any critic or commentator ever made the remark before, but we cannot help thinking that Schiller intended a strong moral in this poem of the ‘Diver.’ Not to gain the paltry guerdon, the goblet of gold, but in the glee and glory of youthful courage, nay, in the confidence of piety and in the strength of prayer, did the youth make his first plunge into the abyss and return in safety; but ere he sprang in again an earthlier though innocent motive had entered his soul. Without committing himself to Heaven, and in the power of mere human passion, he enters a second time, to return no more. His first plunge is that of a Curtius, his second is a mere ‘lover’s leap,’ and no power interposes to save and no wave to restore him. The moral therefore is—great deeds may be attempted in passion, the greatest can only be done in God.

Thence we hurried to the dissolving views. None of them struck us with such power as the wilderness surrounding and including Sinai, which in various aspects and angles recurred. That, we said, is the very hill on which the Ancient one descended! Those scathed wildernesses, those torn and shattered cliffs, constitute a fit

pedestal for the fiery feet of descending Deity. Nowhere else could such an Avatar have rested. And all the stern splendours of the ancient economy—its severity, justice, and magnificence—seemed carved out on those frowning rocks as on mightier and more enduring tables. Moses could break the tables of stone, but *these* stand this day as at first ordained—as at first baptised in the blackness of the frown and irradiated by the brightness of the feet of the Lord God of Israel—and can only be melted in the flames of the last burning. It was a soul-thrilling thought, and to our excited fancy the cliffs seemed waiting for the downcoming darkness and glory, till, lo! they began to tremble, to recede, at last to melt and disappear, and the meek Mount of Olives reigned in their stead.

On our return from the Polytechnic Institution, we looked in at the Pantheon. Connected with it are some exquisite paintings. Haydon's Raising of Lazarus we did not admire so much as the public. Byron, indeed, is happily introduced as the Sadducee. But that comely florid face, we felt immediately, gives us no idea of the face which was more marred than that of man—of the Man of Sorrows. Nor does there hover around the picture the weird feeling which David Scott could have given, springing from the sense of one returned from the dead. Our ideal of a risen man is of one combining the grandeur of a purely spiritual presence with the freshness and fellow feeling of a human being, whose face and bearing discover at once that he *is* with us, and rejoices in being, but that he *has* been elsewhere, and that memories of that strange world are still hanging like a mantle around him. It must not be merely the feeling of one risen from sleep that should be impressed, nor of one awaking from a dream, but of one who has seen, and makes you see that he has seen, eternity. We desiderate that 'Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,' which should testify him 'come from a pensive but a happy place.' Poor Haydon! *he*, we thought, shall return no more. He had long meditated his purpose of self-destruction. He happened to succeed us in lecturing at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, and we understood afterwards that his last words to the secretary, on mounting the homeward coach, were, 'I'll go home and cut my throat.' Within three months, he had retired into his closet and shut the door behind him, not to fast nor to pray, but to perish by his own hands. His exclamation, when he first saw Edinburgh rearing itself through the early morning air, was, 'It is like a giant's dream.'

Two other pictures specially impressed us. The one is by a German artist—of the Deluge. It does not, like Martin's, drown the victims in the sublime confusion *before* they are overwhelmed in the waters, so little and so lost do they appear; it does not, like Poussin's, exhibit a few figures struggling with the advancing waves, and cowering under the leaden sky, which seems closing in over their heads: it concentrates the interest upon a large group of human beings, assembled upon apparently the last uncovered rock of earth. And wonderful is the power discovered in the various expressions of fear, rage, defiance, despair, grief, submission, worship, which are cast from that little sea of faces in part down to the insurgent waves and in part up to the angry sky. You shrink away from a crag so fully and fearfully peopled. One objection, however, there is to this picture. The painter does not give you the impression of a *universal* deluge—of a sweeping judgment—of a God angry with the whole human species—and of these as the last victims of his world-wide fury. The interest is narrowed in and rivetted to the one spot and to the one cluster, and, for all that the painting tells us, the rock may be standing in the midst of some partial and alluvial flood, and its occupants may be the survivors of a drowned village and not of a drowned world. That picture of the deluge would be the best which should, on the one hand, contain an individual interest, and show us, on the other, nature expressing on a wide scale the ire of its God. The glare and gloom should fall strongly on single persons or single groups, but should be manifestly the 'scowl of heaven.' In such a painting, two figures

might be powerfully introduced. One is a mother, herself deep in the waves, but holding her infant high above their reach. The other would require almost the savage genius of an Angelo: it is a blasphemer standing on the highest pinnacle of a mountain—he is alone but unsubdued—he is spurning with his feet the foaming surge—he is warming his hands at the lightnings—his voice is mating with the storm—his eye, like a kindred power, is contemplating the raging elements and the darkened sun—his giant stature seems a second mountain the deluge must climb—he is the last, worst, greatest man alive, and Satanic lineaments in his face and form attest him the conscious and proud survivor of a world.

In another part of this room we came upon a picture of a very different character. We had no catalogue, and in this case we needed none, the picture told its own sad and simple story. The scene is the bed of a dying lady; her confessor, a young priest, kneels at its side; with one hand he points to a crucifix, his other is clasped, ah! too closely, in hers, for now, and not till now, has a secret, mutual, long cherished, closely suppressed, and guiltless love been to both, by the terrible tell-tale death, revealed. The two figures are seen in the dim rich colouring of an Italian sky, but you need not that religious light to assure you that the ground is holy, nor that crucifix to say, as it points upwards, 'They shall meet in heaven.'

On the next day (the 16th June) we found our way to the British Museum, and its 'vonders above vonders.' It was a palace of enchantment. It seemed as if with Briarean arms it had plucked in not merely most but all the curiosities of the earth; and you were disposed to ask, 'Can aught more of worth or beauty remain in sea, shore, or the bowels of the earth?' This was the first confused but vast sensation; but finer far the visions of the world which were suggested by its teeming objects—those myriad lines which imagination traed and drew out, not merely to each part of this present planet, but to remote systems and to ages immeasurably gone; for was there not a pile of meteoric stones, those links so fearfully and wonderfully connecting us with the infinite, those sole but significant sparks of intelligence between the ships which sail 'the illimitable deep that hath no shore,' and which, unearthly in themselves, give us always unearthly feelings, till we can handle them no more, but lay them aside as if they were still on fire? and were there not missives from Chaos in those fossil remains? and had not that gigantic creature, a mastodon (which might have swallowed two elephants and hasted not), walked down hither from the depth of two millions of years? British Museum! it is the museum of the world—of the universe.

On the 17th, we saw a multitude of interesting spectacles. There was first St Paul's, the sensations springing from the sight of which in all minds are so much alike that it were wasting time to describe ours. But, hold! we recall the expression 'in all minds,' for we heard, the other day, of a Scottish clergyman on a visit to London, who remained totally unmoved and silent before all the sights till he came to St Paul's, when he exclaimed, 'Weel, that *is* a gey big kirk.' It was scarcely so good as the Aberdonian, whose panegyric was, 'Eh, wow! this just maks a perfect feel o' the kirk o' Fitty!' We find since that a great many of the visitors omit seeing the *vaults*. We went down there, and thought ourselves richly rewarded. There, in darkness, directly under the dome, lies Nelson; and the torch by which they show you his tomb seems an emblem of the lurid and melancholy light which forms now all his fame. Near him rest Collingwood and other heroes of the wave; and, in singular proximity, repose some of our leading painters—Reynolds, Fuseli, Opie, and Barry. Ah! restless Barry, we thought, art thou here, in very deed, caught and caged? Thou, the Ishmaelite of art, whose hand was against every man, and every man's hand against thee! Nought surely but 'the strong grave could hold the dweller!' And is this chiaro-scuro the permanent dwelling of the bland Sir Joshua? Who shall dare to break through and take *his* portrait? 'Why, even the worm at last disdains the

shattered cell.' But fitly, under a dome so proud, in company so congenial, and in darkness so sublime and so haunted, rests Fuseli, the bold, the original, the mystic, the Angelo of Lilliput, the painter of shadows, moonbeams, and all misty forms, for whom ghosts were too substantial, and fairies too large, and Proteus too still a sitter, and hell too clear a light, and chaos a shape too orderly—here moulders that quaint and unearthly brain, and here repose that tremulous and slender frame, never much more than a phantom. Fuseli, of all men, was perhaps best acquainted with the springs of the terrible. He was fastidious, even in his diet of poisons. Common terrors moved him not; he laughed in the face of ordinary ghosts, and turned them to the door; his fancy could coin, each night, new, sublimer, and more shadowy horrors. His imagination slept or stormed within his bosom—a whole Dead Sea of fear and bitterness. He sought to reduce the blackness of darkness to an essence. 'How dreadful,' said he once, 'were you coming home at night and finding *yourself* sitting in your study-chair;' and, on this hint speaking, he represents the phantom head which rises from the abyss to Macbeth, a colossal image of the tyrant's own countenance. Dante could only have equalled this by fixing one of his heroes in fascinated and tormented gaze upon his own miserable face, as reflected in the lake of darkness—the Narcissus of the infernal pit.

The Tower, with all its equestrian statues and glittering regalia, affected us less than we had expected. 'Why,' asked we at one of the beef-eaters, 'have you no statue of Cromwell here?' 'Oh, sir, he was not *royal*!'—a reply at which the author of the 'Letters of Cromwell' laughed heartily when reported to him some evenings afterwards. The 'crowns' made less impression on us than have often the cones of a pine-tree; yet we could not feel altogether indifferent within the once dreaded circle of the

'Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
By many a foul and midnight murder fed,'

but now so silent and so peaceful in their age.

The Tunnel is one of those prodigious works which, after all, are not sublime. It excites neither fear nor admiration, and hardly wonder; and, from its threatening to excite all three, leaves the impression of being nothing else than a giant humbug.

In the evening we sailed down the river to Greenwich. 'Standing in Fleet Street,' says Lamb, 'I am sometimes like to weep at beholding *so much life*.' He might have spared his tears for the Thames. It is the very carnival of life. In the streets the life is confined and curbed; on the river it flows free, it riots in its power, and seems to imbue all things about it with its own motion, and renders you intolerant of all rest as insipid, and makes you fancy the sun himself a great staring idler, looking down upon the moving barges, steamers, ships, waves, and human multitudes crowded into one stream, which you may by accommodation call the 'River of Life.' From this busy scene you pass in a few minutes with almost a shock of surprise into the cool and quiet recesses of Greenwich Park, which, with its oaks and ancient memories, its beautiful neighbour Blackheath, and the pleasant places beyond it, we do not stop to describe; nor shall we dilate, though we could with much gusto, on the delight with which we witnessed the pensioners at tea, and heard the gruff murmur of their voices, like the indivisible sound of the sea-surges.

On the two last days of this week we saw little but the Parks, except, indeed, that in our way to and fro we had occasion to pass a great many minute objects of interest. Like Johnson, when we saw St John's gate we beheld it with reverence; but, alas! a public-house now takes the place of the old printing-office of Edward Cave, and gin instead of genius is now dispensed. Smithfield seemed irradiated with the double light of burning and blood—the burning of bishops and the blood of calves. In our wonted admiration for genius loci, when it is also the locus genii, we touched our hat at the church where Milton was baptised, and felt, or deemed we felt, no common glow while pacing (hard by) Bread Street, where he was born. We

were in very appropriate exercise, we trust, as we passed by Newgate and Bow Street; the Post-office made us stare and gasp; Temple Bar looked like a thing of eternity suspended over the great roaring river of modern life which flows below; Whitefriars reminded us pleasantly of Nigel and the ancient privileges of Alsatia; the newspaper offices had each their share of notice, and so had the churches. The Bank of England and the Guild Hall were the two most intensely English spectacles we beheld, except the gin-palaces and White-conduit House. In Bunhill-fields we remembered that Bunyan was sleeping his *dreamless* sleep, and recalled the affecting story of Macginn, who a little before his own death had been attending a funeral to that great cemetery; struck by a sudden and unusual impulse, he asked the keeper to show him the spot where Bunyan lay, and, after contemplating it for a long time with an air of profound and melancholy interest, said, as he turned away, 'Sleep on, thou prince of dreamers.' Paternoster Row, Little Britain, Oxford Street, Regent Street and its Quadrant, Pall Mall, Piccadilly, &c., had all their associations of interest. The parks are fine manors dropped down into this wilderness of brick and stone. In Hyde Park, on the afternoon, we saw the rich red current of English aristocratic life flowing on in its own proud channel 'Poor pets and puppets of fortune,' was our somewhat splenetic feeling, 'were God but to blast this one year's harvest, as surely as that bright sun is shining above us, your equipages would be fit only for waste fuel, and yourselves wanderers among the nations, or beggars along the side of that very way which ye now so beautifully adorn!'

With such feelings, we turned westward toward Chelsea, in search of the abode of the man of all men in London whom we most wished to see—Thomas Carlyle. But of that visit, and of the other sights, dead and living, which we saw in London, we must defer speaking, till our next and concluding paper.

IRON STEAM-SHIPS.

THE insulated position of Great Britain, her internal resources, the genius and character of her people, and her extensive relations with almost every portion of the habitable globe, have rendered her the first maritime nation in the world. The invention of the mariner's compass, about the middle of the fifteenth century, and the discovery of the great western continent by Columbus in 1492, two events which exerted a vital influence upon the rise and progress of nautical history, found Britain occupying a very subsidiary position in a naval point of view. But while the former discovery in science opened up the dark untrodden track across the deep for the hitherto timid coasting seamen, the discovery of America gave an impetus to Britain's natural capabilities for maritime ascendancy which soon placed her above all rivalry. To no branch of practical science has the British mind been more devotedly or successfully applied than to that of naval architecture, and for no part of her reputation is Britain more jealous than for her character of skill in ship carpentry.

Ship-building has attained a very high state of perfection in this country; indeed, so much so, that it may almost be doubted whether the genius of future times will be able to add to the symmetry, strength, velocity, and durability of the ships of the present period; yet the subject of improving the construction of vessels occupies so large a portion of public attention, and speculation and experiment are so actively engaged upon it, that the question becomes one of considerable interest. The establishment of a very simple fact in philosophy often involves a very great amount of experiment. Though theory and speculation are active and essential elements of improvement, experiment is the foundation and bulwark of truth; the former may be, and often are, false in their assumptions, while the latter exercises a correctional power that invariably leads to fact, or at least drives error from its untenable positions. The many attempts to propel steam-vessels by several applications of machinery, although in

the majority of cases they may have failed, have been the means of materially advancing the science of steam navigation; theorists and experimentalists, in their zeal for their own favourite agencies of propulsion, have generally applied themselves with the eagerness and energy of active rivalry to the perfecting of their inventions, benefiting society in so far as they improved what already existed, or developed means more practical than any hitherto known.

The introduction of iron into the construction of ships, which is but of recent occurrence, and the applicability of so corrosive and ponderous a metal to such a purpose, has caused considerable discussion both in Britain and America, the result of which, however, seems to be in favour of the affirmative of the proposition. It was to be expected that the prejudices of the people would cling to oak as the best material for ship-building; and when experiment proved that iron ships drew less water and were better fitted to brave a rocky bottom than wooden ones, the advocates of the old material shifted their ground, and declared that as vessels of war the iron-built ones were wholly inferior to those of oak. The discussion on the respective merits of the two materials has latterly resolved itself into a very narrow compass, namely, that of expense. This circumstance, it will be seen, is wholly dependent upon locality. In the United States, where timber is in great abundance, wooden vessels can be constructed at thirty per cent. less expense than iron ones, while in Britain, where wood is scarce and iron abundant, the converse of this happens. The comparative cheapness of oak or iron, however, cannot affect the essential qualities of either, and we will therefore lay before our readers sufficient evidence to prove that in our iron mines are contained a latent naval power which supersedes entirely the necessity for the growing of oak.

Dr Junius Smith, an American, maintains, with some show of argument but little actual force, the superiority of wood to iron in the construction of vessels, and contends that experiment is against the durability of iron steamships as vehicles for ocean transit. As a proof of the truth of his hypothesis, he illustrates the case of the *Montezuma*, a Mexican iron steamer, built at Woodside, opposite Liverpool, in England, and sent to New York, together with the *Gaudaloupe*, in 1845, to be repaired. The *Montezuma* had been in service about three years, and when she was laid up in the hydraulic dry dock, Dr Smith went to examine her condition. He found between wind and water a streak from stern to stern where corrosion had taken effect, and the whole line was eaten in from one-sixteenth to one-eighth of an inch, resembling a honey-comb. The cause of this corrosive action was attributed to the alternate dipping and immersing of the ship at sea, which, by always exposing a streak of water to the hot sun, and allowing of the evaporation of the fresh particles and the concentration of the muriatic acid, formed a powerful solvent constantly acting upon the iron. It may be further observed, that Dr Smith contends, that in its character iron is not at all fitted to exist for any time in salt-water. 'It has a strong affinity for muriatic acid, which rapidly dissolves the thin sheets of iron with which it comes in contact, being forced by attraction and pressure into the cavities of the metal, expelling the globules of air and assuming their place, thus breaking the strength of the iron just in proportion as the attraction of aggregation is overcome.' Dr Smith acknowledges the efficacy in some degree of galvanism in preventing the corrosiveness of iron, but he still maintains, that wherever there is a perforation, or screw, or rivet, the canker and destroyer will find ingress to his work of destruction.

Another objection, according to the above authority, to the use of iron in the formation of vessels of any size is found 'in the impossibility of rendering vessels so constructed waterproof. The rivets which bind the iron plates to each other, or to the iron ribs of the ship, are the bearings which are to sustain the warping and straining of the ship at sea. By constant action, there being no elastic medium such as oakum between the joinings of the plates,

a gradual though minute opening, sufficient for the admission of water, is made throughout the ship.' The drawing of the head of a rivet, a screw, or a bolt through a plate, causes a leak not easily remedied. The learned opponent of iron also makes a serious objection to what he considers the impossibility of caulking vessels so constructed, and asserts that the repairs of an iron-built ship are far more difficult, and expensive, and ineffectual, than the repairs of a timber-built one, as few people can work on iron, while every sailor can work on wood. 'Paint is completely ineffectual in preventing the corrosion of the iron plates, as the formation of lamina, or thin scales, is a natural consequence of exposure to the action of salt-water, and becomes more particularly visible after having been fresh painted. The oil of the paint loosens the oxidated scale, so that it peels off, leaving its original place upon the plate untouched by the paint, and ready for the repeated action of the muriatic acid; the abstraction of every scale being a diminution of the strength of the ship.'

The objections suggested in regard to the cost, durability, waterproof, and expense of repairs of the mercantile iron steam-ship marine are common to all iron-built ships; but with respect to ships-of-war, there are other objections, arising from the peculiar nature of their employment. A shot will penetrate the side of an iron-built ship as well as that of one built of wood; in that event, the first thing that occurs to the mind is the difficulty of stopping the hole. A wooden plug is effectual in stopping a hole made by a shot penetrating the side of a wooden-built ship, but in consequence of the shaggy nature of an orifice made through an iron plate, it is quite impossible to exclude the water by a wooden plug. The iron fragments detached from a plate would also be nothing less than a volley of shot sweeping through the ship, and doing more execution upon a crew than the shot itself. It will be seen that the objections of Dr Junius Smith to iron, as an element of ship-building, are based upon no stronger foundation than one examination of the *Montezuma* when laid up for repair, and that his estimates of the durability, strength, and liability to leak of iron ships, are more conjectural than experimental.

In opposition to his opinions, the experience and convictions of Christopher Nugent Nixon, Esq., late of the India navy, may be cited; and an account of the active employment of the British iron steam-ship, *Nemesis*, may be placed in juxtaposition with that of the 'laid up' *Montezuma*. The *Nemesis* took an active and prominent part in the late Chinese war, and was of essential service in the expedition, being unquestionably the most available ship employed. She was 630 tons burden, 184 feet long, 29 feet at the beam, and 11 feet deep. When she started, although loaded with twelve days' supply of coals, together with duplicate machinery, and provisions and water for four months, in addition to miscellaneous stores capable of serving for two years, she drew only six feet of water. This fact is worthy of particular observation, as illustrative of the superior buoyancy of iron; for it is well known that a wooden steamer of equal dimensions and under similar circumstances would have drawn more than double that amount of water. Two days after leaving port she struck upon the 'stones' at the entrance of St Ives' Bay, and knocked a hole in her bottom. She was carried with little difficulty, however, round the Land's End, and anchored in Mount's Bay, when, with the assistance of an additional pump, the water was exhausted from out of the compartment in which the leak was, the hole was entirely repaired, and the vessel proceeded on her voyage. This is a beautiful example of the foresight exercised in dividing the vessel into watertight compartments, or tanks; a wooden vessel in all likelihood would have foundered. On another occasion she struck heavily on a reef off the point of Chuenpee, in China; but her iron frame did not hang upon it, as a wooden one would probably have done, and she proceeded on her way without even a stoppage of her engines. The blow she sustained was not of a trivial character, however, for the outer paddle-ring of one of the

wheels was broken, together with two of the long arms attached to it, leaving it to be inferred what would have been the fate of a wooden vessel when such was the effect of the concussion upon iron. Again, in proceeding along the Upper Channel towards the Macao passage, she struck heavily upon a sunken rock. The concussion made the ship tremble as if she had been electrified, and had she been built of wood she would inevitably have suffered severe injury.

After Amoy was captured, the *Nemesis*, in running along the shore to avoid the swell which was setting in, unexpectedly found herself encircled by a patch of coral rock which was not visible above the surface. Several ineffectual attempts were made to extricate her from this curious position, but the passage by which she had gained admission into this dangerous basin could not be found, and no alternative was left but either to dash over the reef or remain environed by the sunken wall of calcareous rock. The ship was set against the reef and took it at half-speed, dashing over it and gaining the open sea, without her hull suffering any material damage. The blow was very severe, however; the vessel bounded right over the reef, but the sharp coral rock cut her bottom completely through, making a leak in the engine-room. This was stopped from the inside without much difficulty, and no further notice was taken of it until some time afterwards, when she arrived at Chusan, where the damage was repaired.

The very circumstance of Captain Hall attempting to cross the reef in this manner is a wonderful example of the reliance which he had placed in the invulnerability of his iron ship. It is true that the damage, although comparatively trivial and immaterial, was greater than was anticipated. Yet what commander would be foolhardy enough to dash a wooden steamer at a reef with the anticipation that she would survive it. 'On a subsequent occasion, when employed on important service to the south of Chusan, the *Nemesis* had her false rudder carried away; and owing in a great measure to this accident, and to the remarkable strength of the current, as she was attempting to pass between the island of Luhwung and another small one lying off its eastern point, the current caught her bows and threw her *broadside on the rocks*. The vessel was soon got off, but she had bilged in the starboard coalbunker. The water was pouring in fast, but it was thought that the engine-pumps would suffice to keep it under, until a good sandy beach could be found to run her ashore upon. But the water gained so fast upon the pumps that the fire would not burn much longer, so that it was necessary to run her ashore upon the nearest beach. As the tide ebbed the water ran out again through the leak, and then, by digging a deep hole in the sand, it was easy to get down below the ship's bottom, and stop the leak from the outside. During the night, in spite of an anticipated attack from the Chinese, the vessel was repaired and got off again. Information of this accident was conveyed to the admiral by the *Clio's* boat, and he immediately sent down the *Phlegethon*, with the launch of the *Cornwallis*, to render assistance. By the time they arrived in the morning, the vessel was already, to their astonishment, prepared to proceed to Chusan, where she arrived in the course of the day. This is a convincing proof of the facility and dispatch with which an *iron* steamer can be repaired and rendered fit for service again, a circumstance of essential importance, especially when off an unfriendly coast, where delay might be the cause of capture.' Again, 'on one occasion, and without any warning, the *Nemesis* ran at full speed and at highwater upon a dangerous conical-shaped rock off the north-eastern extremity of Deer Island, near the southern coast of Chusan, although she had frequently been through the same passage before without having discovered the danger. The tide began to fall immediately after she struck, so that she was left with her bows high and dry and her stern deep in the water, while she had seven fathoms close alongside of her. It was a remarkable position for a vessel to be placed in: part of her bottom was completely clear of the rock and the water too, the vessel being only held by its

extremities; and when the tide rose, every attempt to haul her off proved ineffectual. A large indentation, or hollow, was supposed to have been made where she rested upon the rock, which of course held her fast. By means of junks and casks she was at last, as the tide rose, fairly lifted off the rock and launched into her own element, without having sustained any material injury.'

These experiences of the strength and durability of iron completely contradict the hypothetical enunciations of Dr Smith with regard to its inapplicability as a ship-building material. On her return to Calcutta, after her arduous services of some years in China, the *Nemesis* was laid up in dock and examined, before being sent to Bombay for a thorough repair. She was pronounced to be in a perfectly fit state to perform the voyage without risk, and she ultimately arrived safely at Bombay, where she was docked, and, after careful examination, the strongest testimony was borne in favour of her durability. One gentleman, in writing of her, said—'The *Nemesis* has been for some time past in our docks, and I have carefully examined her. *She displays in no small degree the advantages of iron*. Her bottom bears the marks of having been repeatedly ashore; her plates are indented in many places—in one or two, to the extent of several inches. She has evidently been in contact with sharp rocks, and one part of her keel-plate is bent sharp up, in such a way that I could not believe that *cold* iron could bear; indeed, unless the iron had been extremely good, I am sure that it would not have stood it without injury. Her bottom is not nearly so much corroded as I expected to have found it, and she is as *tight as a bottle*.' These are also convincing proofs of the *flexible* strength of iron steamers, a quality denied to them by those who prefer timber; and a dissemination of these facts will serve to soften, if not to entirely dispel, the prejudice which exists in the public mind against the buoyancy and with respect to the fragility of iron steamers. Contrasted with the perilous positions in which the *Nemesis* was often placed, and from which she escaped with comparatively no damage, are the recent wrecks of the *Tweed* and *Atlantic*, the latter an American steamer. She is said to have struck upon a rock and to have fallen in two, and the only relic of the ill-fated vessel on the following day was an upright beam, on which hung a bell which was tolled by the sea. Forty-five persons were drowned and killed, and thirty only escaped of the crew. The *Great Britain*, in her late awkward position in Dundrum Bay, bade defiance to the elements with a strength and endurance which are attributable alone to her iron constitution; had she been of oaken construction, there is little doubt but she would have quickly floated from the mudbank in fragments, instead of being taken out of her singular position entire, as she ultimately was.

With regard to the *Nemesis*, it may be stated that she was not built according to the present most approved plan of steam-boat architecture, being of an extraordinary length and disproportionate narrowness of beam, yet, independent of these disadvantages in construction, she was superior in every respect to wooden-built vessels, and lived in circumstances that must have proved fatal to the latter. The dangers in which she was placed and the manner in which she braved them may be cited as an example of her sea-worthiness. 'After leaving the Cape of Good Hope, the first few days of her passage alternated between gales and calms, and the high seas she encountered only served to test the good qualities she possessed as a sea-boat. In a few days, however, she met with a severe misfortune, to which her construction predisposed her, namely, a perpendicular crack on either side, just before the after-paddle or sponson-beam, which extended in a fearful manner toward the keel; but, in spite of this, and a succession of storms and heavy seas, and one paddle-wheel in a fractured and unserviceable state, she arrived safely at Delagoa Bay, was refitted, and ready for sea again in twenty days.' There can be little doubt that a wooden vessel in a similar position, that is, broken-backed, must have inevitably foundered, and in all probability every soul would have been lost.

The assertions and suppositions of Dr Junius Smith have been completely controverted in all essential points, both by the experience of the *Nemesis* and the *Ariadne*, a much smaller vessel than the former. With respect to buoyancy and durability, wooden vessels are not to be compared with iron ones, and the supposition that the corrosion of the plates and rivet-heads would cause leaks has been proven to be completely erroneous. The *Ariadne*, as an example, never made a drop of water; and it was a common practice, when her hold was clear of coals, to wash it out and scrub her dry, in order to keep her cleanly and clear of vermin, which latter torment are never very plentiful in iron ships. As ships of war, iron ships are undoubtedly more exposed to danger from shot than those of wood. Lieutenant Walter, R.M., has patented a cork and caoutchouc composition called *kamptulicon*, however, which, when used as a lining or sheathing, prevents the necessity of plugging, as it immediately collapses after the passage of a shot, and preserves the vessel from the danger of leakage. To a nation which has every incentive to perfect her mercantile steam-marine as an agent of peace, the inferiority of iron as a material for the construction of a war navy can be of little consequence. It can be satisfactorily shown, however, that, with the *kamptulicon* as a sheathing, it is better adapted than even oak for this dangerous game. Time has gradually developed the vast metallic resources contained in this our island of Great Britain, and to none has she assigned a higher place in the scale of utility than iron. The advancement of practical science and experiment has at last rendered it an almost universal element of construction in the place of wood or stone, but in no condition is its adaptation so singular and efficacious as in the case of ship-building.

In a future number we will give a minute description of the various processes employed in the manufacture of iron.

LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.

We have viewed the formation of educational associations of the working-classes with much satisfaction, and we have watched their progress and hoped for their permanency with much anxiety. We hailed them as evidences of the general desire for knowledge, and as embodiments of the most cultivated and active intellects amongst the great body of the people; and we hoped that they would materially produce an elevation of the character of our artisans. We are sorry to learn that two of the London institutions of this nature are entirely abandoned, and several others are struggling in difficulties which are likely to destroy them. We trust that the cause of this decadence is to be found somewhere else than in the apathy of those for whose especial advantage they were established.

It has been repeatedly objected to these institutions that the lecture-room is not the legitimate sphere of genius, and that smug-faced, ample-whiskered, taper-fingered lispers of small nothings cut a better figure upon the rostrum than the deep thinker who emerges from his closet with a well cultivated profound intellect, but a small practical knowledge of theatrical delivery. We do not doubt but that such may be the case, and that the desk of the institute may often in this way be usurped. There is an empiricism in literature as well as in physic, and lacquered brass may often outshine gold; but we know that the people will not long submit even to this pleasant imposition; and perhaps the present indifference on the part of the London workmen is the result of their disgust for lecturing quacks. We believe, however, that the lecture-room is the legitimate sphere of genius, and that the aspect of the audience is the circumstance which gives character and dignity to it as a medium of instruction. Genius, divested of self-conceit, or a panting dread of humiliation, will always consider itself well engaged in delivering its prelections to thoughtful, listening men; and men who set any value upon knowledge are not likely to intermit the substantial for mere sound. The lecture-room is a counteract to the tap-room; and even the dandy who

lounges at the corners of the seats, and looks at the teacher with the air of 'one who knew all that and much more before,' is in a better atmosphere than if he were in the vicinity of billiards and cigar-smoke.

Nobody ever supposes that public lectures will produce profound scientific and literary men; neither would university lectures nor private lectures, although they were as continuous and protracted as those of Pythagoras. Lectures, however, do point the way in which the student should go; and every one who has attended an *alma mater* knows that a diligent student's notes are more calculated to produce inquiry than satisfaction. We have every confidence in Mechanics' Institutions producing a vast amount of moral and intellectual improvement, if they are managed with that zeal and perseverance which generally characterise the more thinking portion of the working-classes, and if that spirit of unanimity pervades their councils so essential for their existence. There is nothing so dangerous to the stability of these institutions, however, as a want of self-reliance amongst the members. They must remember the fable of the lark and her young ones, and apply themselves diligently to the work of improvement; for people's neighbours are never very willing to help those who wont help themselves. Now, fine mincing speeches are not the things likely to improve or keep together young men who are anxious for improvement. 'Common sense, that stalk o' earl hemp in man,' though delivered in homely phrase, will conduce more to produce an earnestness of purpose and adhesion to it than all the world of gossamer twaddle. Let the young men composing these associations fearlessly apply themselves to the business of tuition, with undoubting and active zeal, and they may depend upon the attainment of knowledge and respectability.

We know that there are amongst the working-classes many men of very extensive information and clear vigorous minds; we also know that, amongst these industrious, thoughtful sons of labour, there are many who have individually singled out some particular science to which they have devoted themselves with diligence and attention. These men are perfectly capable of instructing their younger or less educated brethren; and, in addition to the privilege of intellectual communion and friendly fellowship, nothing, we think, could be more pleasant to intelligent workmen than such an occupation. The weekly meeting in the Mechanics' Institute would be a weekly re-union of hopeful progressive men, who met not merely to satisfy the desire of association, or the craving for relaxation after severe labour, but to cultivate that most important part of man, the intellectual soul. It should be a maxim amongst the members of these institutions to be satisfied with their means—never to incur debt upon prospective security; and each member should consider himself as an elemental part of the whole, whose duty it is to work if he can, and, if he cannot, to listen till he gathers strength sufficient to do so. Regularity in attendance, and an *effort* to discharge all that is required of him, must prove of advantage to any young man; for with effort there must reside will, and he that *wills* to gain knowledge cannot be disappointed.

One prime element of stability to these institutions we would apprehend to be the formation of libraries. Many might be induced to attend, and to contribute to their support, from an idea that they were proprietors as well as students. There is a tangible centre of union in the book-property which some would see and feel more forcibly than they could comprehend the nature of a higher and purer bond of association; and, although such natures may not be enviable, they are general, and those who possess them are the fittest subjects for cultivation.

We cannot as yet point to the Edinburgh Mechanics' Institution as an old established association, but we can point it out as one containing all the elements of permanency, if the young men who constitute its members are true to their purpose. Only in two instances, during the last session, did they receive any instruction from persons whose professions were literary; and the essays and lectures of the members were highly creditable per-

formances indeed. If the young men are true to themselves they will soon find men with high attainments and warm hearts willing to inspire them on in their noble efforts at self-culture.

There is an association in Edinburgh, however, which has pursued its quiet and modest course for sixteen years; and which occurs to our memory as an example of what amount of good very humble agencies may accomplish, and which we would strongly recommend to the attention of every young man. It is distinct in its constitution from a debating club, and it differs from the Mechanics' Institution in one feature. The Edinburgh Young Men's Society was established with the design of improving the class indicated, in religious, moral, and intellectual attainments; indeed its chief object is to preserve, strengthen, and establish young men in the faith of Christ, while, at the same time, it encourages the cultivation of those talents with which they have been endowed by God that they may advance the glory of the Creator in this world.

The Young Men's Society differs from the Mechanics' Institution in this, that the latter admits to membership all who desire that privilege, while there is a distinct and specific qualification of admission to the former. There is no religious discussion allowed in either; and yet, in neither, are allusions to the truths of revealed religion objected to. 'The Young Men's Society takes the Holy Scriptures as its guide, but intermits all religious or political controversy. It is required that the members of the society shall be young men between 14 and 35 years of age, of good moral character, and professing their belief in the following doctrines:—The doctrine of the Trinity—the incarnation of our Lord—the sinfulness of all men in consequence of the fall—their being born under the curse of God's righteous law, and their continuing in this state, till, by the effectual influences of the Holy Spirit, they are enabled by faith to embrace Christ for salvation as freely offered in the gospel.' It will be seen from this that the Young Men's Society is exclusively of a religious character, in the first place; but at the same time it is a school for the development of the intellectual faculties. The exercises of the members consist of literary compositions and friendly criticisms upon the same, and there is a sort of censorship exercised upon the reading of the young men. Under prudent and enlightened management, there cannot be a more beneficial characteristic in literary societies than direction in reading. The time sacrificed by the young in desultory dancing over books, and the actual evil entailed upon the reading youth by a promiscuous swallowing of all the garbage that is now so easily procured, are immense; so that, if even a society were starting ostensibly for no other purpose than to point out what books are profitable to be read, it would confer a great amount of benefit upon those who were acquiring a taste for reading. The Young Men's Society is based upon the stable principle which we have ventured to declare the only secure basis upon which such institutions can be founded—that of internal action. The members may have occasional lectures from their guides and seniors, but the active machinery is wrought by the young men themselves.

A writer in the *Athenaeum* of the 18th of September last, deprecates the failure of the London institutions, and attributes that circumstance to the introduction of those jealousies of caste which flow through all the channels of British society. 'The results which have sprung from the formation of mechanics' and literary institutions are not directly evident,' he further asserts; 'but, although they may not have realised the hopes of their most sanguine founders, it is certain that they have assisted in diffusing over the length and breadth of the land a passion for knowledge which never previously existed in this or any other country. The mechanic was to have been schooled into the enjoyment of the delight of intellectual recreations; but it soon became evident that the machinery of these societies was more fitted for the middle than for the working-classes; and, consequently, but few of these institutions were in spirit what they professed to be in name. The British workman, with the prejudices of his class, found

himself brought into connection with another order of men, full of the pride and prejudices of theirs. According to the rules of classometry (so very generally denied, but constantly discoverable), the mechanic was gradually moved out of any power in the management, and his place was occupied by some one whose claim was rather the smoothness of his hands than his intellectual acquirements or business habits. The current of pride, which unfortunately perpetuates a marked system of castes among us, continually turned up that feeling of distrust which prevents assimilation between men whose standard of position is regulated by false ideas, and the hard-headed and frequently the strong-headed man left, with feelings of distaste, the society where mere pretension and external appearance presumptuously assumed a superiority. From the operations of this evil—which, had it been foreseen, would have been difficult to regulate—these institutions have not worked as it was intended they should have done.'

We are no advocates for exclusiveness nor for those splittings and subdivisions of men into little coteries so fertile of narrow prejudices and unfriendly feeling, but we think that we see in the recent formation of Mechanics' Institutions an assertion of the principle of independence among the working-classes. We think that they are, like the giant Samson, beginning to feel their strength, and to walk alone in their power; and we tell them that in this independence consists the stability of their institutions and their own elevation.

LILLY BEGG.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF THE COVENANT.

PART FIRST.

RATHER more than a hundred and fifty years ago, there stood at the west end of the town of Paisley a long straggling row of cottages, occupying the position of modern Maxwellton. They had been erected, and were principally occupied, by the more thriving class of artisans. To the back of each cottage was attached about thirty falls of ground, constituting a little garden and green, in the former of which the heads of families, on a summer's morning and evening, might be seen rearing and tending their flower-beds, a pursuit which formed a humble yet healthful source of competition and rivalry. At the time our narrative commences, one of these cottages was occupied and possessed by Widow Begg and her daughter. It was a new-year's day morning. The sun had not yet made his appearance, but Lilly Begg, our humble heroine, had forestalled him for once. There she stood, arranging her auburn locks at a small black-framed mirror, by the light of the oil-lamp which hung from the mantel-piece—so plump, rosy, and fresh—a paragon of grace and comeliness. But there rested on her countenance a shade of sorrow, that ill consorted with the joyous welcome usually ushering in the birth of a new year, the sounds whereof even now echoed loudly from some of the adjacent cottages. What could Lilly be doing so early up? Was she going a first-footing, as that mythological Scotch practice of knocking up your friend out of bed at any untimely hour on new-year's day morning, and insisting with impunity on his drinking a glass of raw Glenlivet, is termed? If so, what could Lilly mean by packing up in that white napkin such a quantity of provisions? Could she be going on a journey?

Let us turn to her widowed mother (who was engaged in placing some billets of wood on the hearth) for an elucidation of the matter, and who, after Lilly's arrangements had been completed, inquired—'Are ye ready, my bairn, to gang yet? The mornin' seems dowie and snell; but why should we, wha hae comfortable bein hames, complain o' the elements, when sae mony o' the Lord's faithfu' servants are oot, lyin' in the cauld an' weet, among the bleak hills and muirs—persecuted, but no forsaken; cast doon, but no destroyed? Ay, though the world may despise them, they are precious in His sight; and it is weel for the vain and frivolous that a remnant o' them still

are left, though scattered and hunted like wild beasts on the mountains.'

'I'm ready, mither.'

'Dinna tarry, then, on the gate. We're sair beset, an' its hard to ken friens frae faes.'

'I hope,' suggested Lilly, 'naething has befa'en Mark. I had a wacsome dream aboot fechtin' and bluidshed yestreen. There was Clavers and six wild dragoons standin' ranged in a raw, wi' their muskets in hand, and a form kneelin' on the grass afore them. I saw the flash o' the guns, and as I turned to glint at the mangled corpse, oh, mither! I thocht the face, sae white an' bluidy, was Mark's; and the poor girl shuddered involuntarily as she spoke.

'Be na dismayed nor cast doon, my lassie,' replied the parent, slowly wiping her spectacles with the corner of her apron. 'Sae lang as the bluidy sword hangs ower this land, there will be the cry o' Rachel weeping for her children heard in our dwellin's, and mony called to seal their testimony wi' their death. But place na your faith in dreams; they are an uncertain guide. Look to Him wha promiset to befriend the orphan an' fatherless, an' sae lang as ye continue in his ways he will let nae ill come nigh you.'

Lilly gathered her bundle under the cover of her ample cloak, drawing which closely around her, she lifted the latch of the door and departed.

We may as well state that she was bound to Mark Aitken by rather more than the mere ties of philanthropy or kindness, else it is doubtful if she would have undertaken her present mission. Mark and Lilly were to have been married ere this, but he, having taken his stand with the covenanting party, was obliged to flee from place to place, often for days and nights exposed to inclement weather among the mountains; and not a few almost miraculous escapes had he experienced. Seldom, however, was his place of concealment unknown to some few of his friends, who by stealth ministered to his more immediate necessities. His present hiding-place was a rocky glen, about four miles distant from Paisley, situated to the west of Gleniffer. Here Lilly, his betrothed wife, to whom he managed to pay occasional visits under cover of night, at present wended her steps.

Ere the grey dawn of the morning, Lilly had proceeded on her mission of love for upwards of an hour, her almost only guide being the little burn of Patrick, which issued from the glen where Mark lay concealed, and wound through a tract of moorland downwards towards the extremity of the town. By and by, as morning began to assume a clearer aspect, she diverged from the side of the stream into the open country, in order to avoid the circuitous route occasioned by its windings. During the night there had been a tinge of frost in the atmosphere, and the ground was white and crisp, clad in delicate network of nature's manufacture. As Lilly proceeded, her countenance flushing with the exercise, she observed at some distance before her, half-enveloped in the haze, the figure of a man clothed in russet grey crouching by the side of an old dike. A coarse plaid was thrown across his shoulders, and a huge bonnet almost shrouded his features from observation. He sat with a lighted pipe in his mouth, puffing away miniature clouds of smoke into the atmosphere, with his gaze directed towards a clump of whin a little beyond him. Lilly paused for a moment and looked at the figure, but a second glance apparently assured her as to its identity, and she walked boldly forward. She knew the solitary individual as one from whom no danger could be apprehended; and, indeed, Wylie Track, the bird-fancier, was well known to all the countryside as well as Lilly. Far and near, by wood and moor, Wylie might at most seasons be seen plying his vocation. He had few intimate friends and fewer enemies; for Wylie, though a man of little speech, was kindly-hearted, and whilst laconic enough to strangers, was outspoken and even jocular at times with those he knew. On the present occasion he was following his calling, as might be seen from the aforesaid whin-bushes covered with limed twigs, and by the side of them, in a little wicker cage, a

linnet knocking its head against the bars, and uttering at times, when it beheld a flock of birds, the sharp expressive call peculiar to its species.

As soon as Lilly recognised Wylie her fears vanished, and walking boldly forward accosted him:—'Airly asteen you are this snell mornin', Wylie. I think yours maun be a cheerless an' weary trade.'

'Ilka trade has its pleasures as weel's its discomforts, Lilly, lass. I trow there's mony mair honourable callin's in the warl' than mine, but few sae peacefu' thac troublous times,' replied Wylie; and drawing the pipe from his mouth and exhaling slowly, with evident satisfaction, a long wreath of smoke, he added—'I needna speer what gate ye're gaun at this untimely hour, but I bid ye tak tent; the birds are abroad this mornin'. I hae heard the ca' o' iither birds than linties, an' wad advise ye, gin ye value safety, no to venture near the glen.'

'But I maun gang, scaith or no scaith. It's sheer necessity; and provisions must be got to him or he'll starve; and wha fitter than mysel' for the task?'

'Weel, weel, lassie, ye're on a brave errand. God's blessing rest on ye, and preserve ye frae snarcs an' pitfa's!'

Wylie resumed his pipe, and Lilly proceeded on her route. Genial day was now shedding his influence over nature. The sun waged fierce battle with the thick mists, which, yielding to his power, were slowly uprising from brake and fen, and dissolving into clear cerulean atmosphere. With quickened pace the maiden approached the defile of the glen, where the burn came hurrying down through the cleft rocks, tossing and foaming over precipices, and amid masses of tangled brush, fern, and fallen trees. Numbers of huge stones, which had from time to time been loosened from the craggy sides of the defile, and hurled by the impetuous winter torrent down into the level ground beneath, bestrewed the path. Urging her way along, amid obstructions of various kinds—now clambering over slippery rocks, now pushing through decayed and crackling fern—now clinging for support to the leafless branches which overshadowed the stream—she heard the rattling of some falling stones behind her, and turning round, a trooper stood at her side. Lilly started back with horror as she beheld him.

'Ho, ho! my pretty lass,' shouted he, 'wooin' the frost this morning, are ye? I fegs it's seldom one meets with such a nymph by your confounded moorland bogs. St George, but you aint going to quit so easily! (as Lilly attempted to pass him.) I'll have one smack of those rosy lips as my guerdon for encountering your fair shadow, and, besides, you must accompany me to head-quarters. Come, come—no toll, no road;' and seizing her rudely, he attempted to snatch a kiss. Lilly shrieked aloud, endeavouring to defend herself, when a stalwart form darted to her aid from behind a rock, and with a single blow levelled the trooper with the earth.

'Mark!' ejaculated Lilly, petrified with astonishment.

'Quick,' whispered he, hoarsely—'quick, Lilly dearest, conceal yourself. They are upon us on every side. My hiding-place is betrayed to a party of emissaries, of whom you see here a specimen,' giving the prostrate body a gratuitous turn with his foot. 'Get behind that rock—keep out of sight. None of them have seen you yet; and I shall make an attempt at escape, or set them on a wrong track. Farewell.'

Lilly instinctively crept behind the shadow of a huge stone, and drew herself, shivering with terror, into a crevice, while Mark started off, clambering along the slippery bed of the stream, and swinging at times by the boughs of the birch and hazel that twined across it; but hardly had he proceeded fifty yards, when a couple of soldiers started out upon him. Resistance was in vain, as, at a whistle given by the captors, other three were seen emerging from the wood towards him. They pinioned his hands, and led him down by the route he had advanced. Here they encountered the senseless body of their comrade, at the sight of which they burst into a torrent of rage against the prisoner; who boldly avowed he had done the deed.

'Ha! then, my fine fellow, you suppose we're going to carry your precious body along with us for trial, eh, don't you? But there's bloody work enough done to answer all scruples of conscience about you. Here's as fine a spot as ever any canting convictor enjoyed the benefit of the law on. Comrades, what do you say?' 'His head's as good to us as his body,' observed one. 'A round of bullets will save further trouble, and the crows are the only ones who will care for his carrion after,' laughed another. The rest assented, and two of them laying hold of Mark placed him with his back against the rock behind which Lilly lay concealed, bidding him prepare while they loaded.

Lilly lay in a state of intense horror. Every nerve was strained to the utmost tension. Her eyes were almost starting from their sockets. Not a word of the brutal discourse escaped her, and when Mark was placed within two yards of her, she thought she could hear his voice engaged in prayer. It was an awful, a trying moment. She essayed to scream, to speak, or move, but she could not. A terrible influence rooted her to the spot and kept her silent.

'Are you ready now?' inquired one who seemed to be the leader.

'Yes,' was the decided and firm reply; 'and may God forgive you the bloody work you are this day about to involve yourselves in, as I do.'

'Stop your canting. Now, men!'

'Hold!' shouted one coming in sight, who appeared to be an officer, and who was accompanied by another small detachment.

The men lowered their muskets.

'Corporal, I'm sick of this work,' said he, coming up. 'Let the man have a fair chance for life at least—give him the benefit of a trial. We can march him into the town, where the commander is waiting. Ha! what's this?' observed he, turning towards the prostrate dragoon; 'but,' he added, after a moment's examination, 'the man's not dead, only stunned. Two of you carry him along, and the rest look to the prisoner.'

With considerable grumbling and many muttered execrations at being thus disappointed, the men executed the command, and Mark was soon out of sight.

Lilly, in her hiding-place, poured forth her heart in gratitude to God for his deliverance, and, having waited some time, timidly, and still trembling, crept forth and followed them.

The troopers marched off with the prisoner by the same route by which Lilly had arrived at the glen. They had not proceeded far when they perceived Wylie stealing through a field, chasing before him a flock of birds, which rose as he approached them, and, describing a circle in the air, alighted again a little way off, affording a deal of exercise to the fancier, whose intentions plainly were to get them as near the place where the call-birds were deposited as possible. The officer, not comprehending his movements, ordered two of the men to bring him forward for examination. They immediately advanced to Wylie, and, with many oaths, bade him accompany them. Wylie, whose object, as soon as he saw Mark a captive, was to ascertain what course was likely to be adopted towards him, and having no fear for personal safety, quietly complied, and was brought to the officer who, with the troops, awaited on the road.

'Sirrah,' demanded he, 'will you be so good as inform us what you are doing here so early in the morning?'

'Mindin' my ain business,' replied Wylie, with a broad stare, 'an' no meddlin' wi' ither fowks.'

'Oh, indeed! and what's the nature of your ain business?'

'Jist what you're followin' oot on a larger scale yoursel?'

The officer looked at him angrily, and said, 'Don't think to put us off with such nonsense; better confess the truth at once, else we'll find it out otherwise. You are a spy, I fear.'

'Geyan likely,' was the stolid reply.

'Come, none of your impertinent answers, sir,' said the other, getting still more angry, and clutching his sword;

'remember you're in hands that know how to deal with suspicious characters.'

'Ou, nae offence is meant. I'm only a humble trapper.'

'A trapper. What's that?'

'Jist a bird-catcher—makin' honest bread in a sma' way.'

'I'm not sure of you. There are other ends to be gained by prowling about thus than bird-trapping. Do you take the test?'

'Ou, ay! ten o' them gin ye like.'

Mark cast a piercing glance at him of mingled anger and surprise, at hearing this latitudinarian answer; but Wylie's grim imperturbable visage was unchanged, and, with his eye fixed on vacancy, he appeared determined not to understand any such remonstrance.

'He seems,' suggested the officer, 'to be an honest enough character, only, I think, crazed.'

'Atweel, I wadna wonner,' responded Wylie.

The officer gave another look of surprise and resumed, 'We need not trouble ourselves further with him. You may go, sir,' he continued, 'and remember to keep a civil tongue in your head, else perhaps the latter may prove the forfeit of the former. By the by, as you must be acquainted with the locality, can you inform us of the nearest road to Drumbleary?'

'Is't Drumbleary Hoose ye're gaun tae wi' that chiel ye've gripped?'

'Yes; do you know the road?'

'Bravly! yese keep straucht on for the feck o' a mile, then ye come to a yett crossin' a road on the richt haun' side; but gin ye dinna see the yett, yese keep forrit till ye come to a slap on the left haun', an' a wee bit ayont the slap, three roads pairt. Tak' the ane highest ye, an' gang on till ye see some trees at the fit o' a howe. Dinna min' the trees, that's whaur Halicut Meg's ghost haunts, but turn tae the left—na, I'm wrang—tae the richt, an' the same gate'll lead ye tae Drumbleary. Dinna forget it. I maun awa'. Ah! there's a gran' licht o' linties!' And he moved off towards his call-bird, where a dozen linnets had alighted on the limed bushes, and rolled off with their wings glued to their sides, in fluttering terror to the ground.

The soldiers, lost in complete bewilderment at the incomprehensible jargon of instructions regarding their route given by Wylie, whose purpose, now that he had discovered where they intended taking the prisoner, was accomplished, stood gazing after him till aroused by the voice of their officer exclaiming, 'Come away, lads, we've just lost time talking to that natural—confound him!'

Wylie, having picked up the fallen birds and deposited them in a cage, cast a lingering look after the receding troopers, and having seated himself on a moss-grown stone, and lighted his cutty, relapsed into a soliloquising mood—'Ah! when will this sad wark end, and Scotland be richted—her ministers restored—her people permitted to leeve an' worship in peace? When will the bluidy swurd be removed frae aboon her heid? Wae me that sae many gallant men—sae many faithfu' people should be slaughtered an' cut down!' The old man removed his pipe, and, taking the cuff of his russet coat-sleeve, drew it slowly across his eyes, where a tear glistened at the thought of the sufferings of his countrymen.

The prison whither Mark was taken and temporarily confined till he should be tried on the following day at Glasgow, was in a country-seat about two miles south-east from Paisley, an old square building partially fortified, of the massy cumbrous style of architecture peculiar to the preceding age. It contained a strong room constructed for the purpose of incarcerating petty thieves and free-booters, there being then no regular prison often found within a circuit of many miles. It was a gloomy cheerless hold, not above ten feet in length or breadth, encased with rough stone walls, and a massy iron-ribbed door. Through a grated window, the sun at certain periods of the day poured into it a dull melancholy light. This window was situated about fifteen feet from the ground. Here Mark was thrust in unfettered, his captors wisely judging that all attempts at escape would prove futile; but to remove

any danger a sentinel was placed directly beneath the window. Mark, as he leant upon the wall and looked out on the barren prospect beyond—so consonant with the state of his own hopes—felt sad and crushed in spirit beyond all expression. He felt as if the world without and he were henceforth strangers. Hitherto in the battle-field or in hiding among the mountains, death seemed far less gloomy and terrible than it did in that grim prison. A little redbreast, shivering and hungry, lighted on the window-sill for a moment, and turned its dark piercing eye within, but the very gloom scared it, for, with a cry of affright, it fled. 'Poor bird,' inwardly ejaculated Mark, 'how willingly would I exchange places with you! No wonder this cell is dreary and dismal to me, when even God's harmless creatures are startled to look into it!' Sadly the past flitted before his mind; he thought of his home, of kindred, of friends, of her who ere this would have been the wife of his bosom, but for his misfortunes; and all, all that had been most cherished, and had knit his affections most to earth, seemed, like the last streaks of the setting sun, disappearing in fathomless gloom. Day passed slowly on, without aught occurring to break the train of these reflections, till he was aroused in the afternoon by the door opening, followed by the entrance of a soldier, and a servant girl bearing some provisions. She, barely looking at Mark, who thought he recognised in her countenance the lineaments of some one he had seen elsewhere, began placing the viands on a rude bench, when the soldier was called off for a minute, by a companion who stood speaking to him outside the door. The girl noticing his departure, hurriedly drew from her bosom a small iron saw, and placing it in Mark's hand, added in a low tone, 'Maik' the best use o' this—the bars are frail. Your guard will be off in half-an-hour; fren's are coming the nicht. Hush! nae thanks,' placing her finger on her lips. 'Now,' she added, in a loud tone, 'come awa' and dinna keep me waitin'.' The soldier returned, and having ushered her out, locked the door carefully. Mark recollected when the girl was gone that he had seen her at some hillside meeting, and thus accounted for her otherwise unexpected friendship. He examined the instrument, and found it of rare workmanship, and calculated, in skilful hands, to be of great service in such a case as the present.

Evening at length cast its shadow over nature, accompanied by a dense thick fog, which rendered the scene doubly cheerless and foreboding; but not so to Mark, in whose heart a new hope was kindled—the hope of liberty. At length he heard the voice of the girl who had conveyed the instrument to him, calling in the sentinel to his dinner. This he accepted as a signal of his opportunity, so he commenced working at the bars of the window as for life and death. Two of them removed, and he should be able to force his body through. One was nigh off, when the sentinel returned to his post in a pleasant humour, for Mark heard him carolling a snatch of song; but the increasing cold soon subdued all this pleasantries, and he walked rapidly up and down to excite animation and dispel the cold. At last, laying down his musket, with a curse directed against Scotch fogs, he rubbed his swollen red hands together, and commenced a series of gymnastic evolutions to excite circulation of his blood. This he continued for about five minutes, and was becoming rather warm and excited with the operation, when a plaid was whipped across his face, his hands pinioned, and the cold muzzle of a pistol applied to his ear. 'A single word,' said a low voice, 'and it shall be your last;' while he was gagged and his hands bound behind him.

'Heh,' said the well-known tone of Wylie Track, as he laid the helpless terror-stricken guard on his back, 'there's a whun limed for you, onyhow.'

All this was the work of a few minutes. The prisoner during it was not idle, but wrought at the bars with terrible energy. A second one was already partially cut through. Placing his foot on the wall beneath and throwing back his body, he seized it with both hands, and by a tremendous wrench severed the pieces. The other broke easily; and catching a rope which those beneath flung up,

he fastened it to the remaining stanchion, and sliding down, he found himself surrounded by Wylie and two other friends.

'A' richt,' whispered the former; 'but we maun be off, for ere lang the hounds will be on the scent. We maun silence this ca' bird, for safety's sake; but I-dinna relish the notion o' killin' him, either. Tak' his heels, man, an' we'll jist carry him out o' harm's gate.'

They immediately seized the helpless sentinel and deposited him safely in a clump of furze, two gunshots distant from the house; then quickening their pace, they ran towards the town and proceeded directly to Widow Begg's. We may pass over the meeting between Lilly and Mark—a meeting most unexpected a few hours previously. It was but of short duration. Every moment was one of suspense, lest the fugitive should be traced and re-captured ere he had effected some secure hiding. Several suggestions were made and abandoned as to where he could find any safety, when it occurred to one of the party, that a vessel belonging to a friend of his sailed from the west coast next morning for Ireland, and from thence he could get to America till the danger blew over, and he could return to live in security. Mark resolved at once, and a horse having been procured from a friend, he almost immediately departed.

Early next morning the escape of the prisoner was discovered, and the means by which it had been effected, although no suspicion lighted on any inmate of Drumbleary as having a hand in it. The unfortunate sentry was found lying where he had been deposited, speechless, and almost dead with cold. After restoratives had been applied, he gave such information as he was possessed of, and immediately the commander dispatched bodies of men to scour the country in all directions for the fugitive. No trace, however, could be found of him, either by threat or bribe, both of which were plentifully enough used; and the men, after about a fortnight's hopeless effort, gave up the search in despair.

PUBLIC GALLERIES OF ART.

In free public galleries of art England itself is sufficiently deficient, but the æsthetic wants of our Scottish people are still more scantily supplied; scarce anything of the kind is there here—scarce any species of artistic provision for the unreserved popular benefit. And thus, many in this part of the kingdom are wont to look towards the southern extremity of the island with somewhat of the same feeling that devout lovers of art and warm enthusiasts in the public cause there, sigh for the boundless ungrudged magnificence of the Louvre, or of some of the open marvels of collections of the German cities—Dresden, Munich, Vienna, and Berlin—or for the still unexhausted and inexhaustible splendours of the Italian cities. The majority, however, of the large towns in England, as in Scotland, are totally destitute of any provision of this sort. Rich private collections are liberally scattered over the land, open or closed to *middle-class* inspection, according to the caprice of the individual owners, but to the poor and humble all sealed. One development of art is from its nature less susceptible of this private exclusiveness. The old bygone triumphs of mediæval architecture yet remaining to us, stand in all their time-worn grandeur, speaking to the thought which animated their creators, and witnessing the power and energy of the times amid which they first gradually rose from the ground, free to the gaze of all. Their exteriors it would not be easy to bar off from public view, if private exclusiveness were to go the length of desiring it; and their interiors, as being devoted to public purposes, are necessarily accessible, though, unfortunately again, not with entire frankness, with very partial freedom to those—so numerous—not too amply provided with silver coin. But with open public collections of works of art scarce any town in the kingdom, save only London, is furnished.

Out of Italy indeed, generally, it is only within the last sixty or seventy years that the people have been liberally

admitted to the free enjoyment of works of art. The principle is comparatively a new one—one that has sprung up in revolutionary Europe, and is only at the present time beginning to take a firm hold in our own country. In France, it was the Revolution that first threw open the museums and galleries, and Napoleon subsequently proceeded to carry the principle out to the fullest extent; it was one main article in his domestic policy, and one which most effectually tended to render him popular—the national vanity and the national love of splendour at once were gratified in this way. Louis Philippe has thoroughly maintained the same system: every thing now in France is free and open to the public; and thus, north of the Alps, it is the country which is the best provided in this respect, with the exception, at least, of some parts of Germany, opulent as is this latter in treasures of art, with its magnificent Dresden gallery, its rich old Belvedere gallery of Vienna, the more recent galleries of Berlin and Frankfort, and, above all, with the newly-created splendours of Munich.

In Bavaria it was individual patriotism and devotion to art that first commenced and has since carried on the work. The present king of Bavaria, Ludwig I., when prince, with admirable resolution and steadiness of purpose, contrived to reserve sufficient out of his own private income to enable him to form the splendid collection of sculpture now in the Glyptotheca, to commence the erection and decoration of this latter building, and to begin the setting on foot practically, the giving practical scope, by his earnest and fervent encouragement, to that movement of modern art in Germany which has since made so great a stir throughout Europe, the rumour of which, its enterprises and its achievements, has spread so far and wide, exciting somewhat of curiosity and interest even in the most listless and prejudiced of our routine connoisseurs. From that period down to the present moment, both while prince and during the whole course of his reign, he has uninterruptedly and consistently continued the work he then so nobly began. He has in that space of time filled his capital with monuments of his own enthusiasm for art, and of the genius and learning of his subjects and fellow-countrymen. Undertakings in their magnitude and magnificence for centuries unknown to Europe, have been entered upon and successfully carried through by this third-rate Germanic potentate, with but sparing extra demands upon his people in the way of taxation, while the supreme rulers of the most extended empire and the richest country on the face of the globe have been busy gathering together collections of Dutch paintings, or experimenting upon the decoration of summer-houses! Among others, in Munich, the new palace (the Königsbau and Festbau), with its innumerable and magnificent decorations in fresco and sculpture by Schnorr, Kaulbach, Zimmermann, and Schwanalther, from the classical and German poets; the three new churches—the chapel royal (Allerheiligen Kapelle), the Ludwigs' Kirche, but above all, largest and most splendid of any, the Basilica of S. Bonifacius, all in the Lombard style of architecture, and filled, especially the first and last, with glorious frescoes by Cornelius and Hess, besides other ecclesiastical decorations, of which both the whole scheme and the individual details are conceived in a grand, profound, artistic spirit; and, on the banks of the Danube, near Ratisbon, centrally situated as regards the whole of Germany, the famed Walhalla—these all owe their erection to this enthusiastic and energetic king. His earliest and his latest enterprises have respectively consisted of the two new galleries—the one, of sculpture (Glyptotheca), begun in 1816, when he was prince, and finished in 1830; the other, of painting (Pinacotheca), commenced in 1826 and only recently completed, in which the history of art is recorded in a numerous and comprehensive series of frescoes, by some of the great German painters. The collection itself, containing 1600 pictures, consists, with a great many recent additions by the present king, of the choicest selections from the various rich old galleries inherited by him from the different branches of his family. In some other parts of

Germany, private individuals have shown their love of art and of the public good in the foundation of public galleries.

In England, even the partial adoption of the principle of the general diffusion of the profit and pleasure attendant upon the contemplation of works of art is of very recent date. Down to the present century, all opportunities of improvement by such have been resolutely withheld from the people. Rich private galleries have long existed, but none generally accessible, the royal galleries even having till lately been open to but a few—the men of silver coin. To all lovers of art, the dispersion during the Commonwealth of the splendid gallery of King Charles I., one of the richest in Europe, has ever proved a constant source of regret, since, had it not been for that unfortunate and ill-judged act of spoliation, some of the most renowned creations of art, now enriching great continental galleries, and among their chief attractions, would at the present time have been in one grand collection among us. As it is, the two most famed works in England, the Cartoons of Raphael, and the Triumphal Procession of Julius Caesar, now at Hampton Court, are among the relics. From the disregard, on the part of the government, of art as a means of national education, the richest and most powerful nation in the world, and its capital, the largest and wealthiest city in all Europe, have been amongst the poorest in great public works; now, however, there is abundant provision for the public wants in this regard, compared with its condition at the commencement of the century.

The good work has here been to a very considerable extent set on foot and carried on by means of private patriotism, either in the form of strenuous untiring exertion in the advancement of the cause, in the sacrifice of large sums of money in the disposal of works of art to the nation, or in direct acts of munificence. The collection of sculpture in the British Museum, of which the fundamental basis was formed at the commencement of the century by the Egyptian and Townley marbles, afforded the first instance of any description of gallery of art open free and unrestrictedly to the public. That which has since proved by far its noblest feature, are the world-famed marbles of the Parthenon, disposed of to the nation by Lord Elgin, at a sacrifice (disregarding *interest* of money expended by him) of nearly £40,000, in preference to receiving from an alien country (as was offered him) a fair price in return for the enormous disbursement he had made.

Sir Francis Bourgeois's collection came next. It contains no first-class works, though a considerable number of indifferent and spurious productions, but at the same time also many very beautiful paintings, and delightful second-rate specimens of some of the later Italian and Dutch masters, with a few of Murillo and Velasquez among the Spanish school. It was bequeathed by him to Dulwich College for the public use, with the sole restriction of obtaining gratuitous tickets for its inspection at any of the principal London printsellers, and first made public in 1812, in the building erected for it from the funds left for that purpose.

Then, lagging late, at the eleventh hour, long subsequent to the period when for comparatively small sums—before national competition had so enormously increased the market value of cherished works by the great masters—half the artistic treasures of Italy and Spain might have been obtained from their impoverished nobles, and a collection, or rather collections, secured to us, immeasurably richer than any existing in Europe, or than the opportunity of forming will for centuries again be afforded—then followed the National Gallery. Fortunately for us, private purchasers belonging to the English nation were not so remiss during the war as our government, otherwise our country would have come off but poorly in this respect; as it is, it is very rich in *private* collections, both in the capital itself and throughout the face of the land generally. The consequence, however, of the negligence and obtuseness of those in authority at that time has been, that upwards of £100,000 have been expended by

Parliament upon considerably less than 100 pictures, a vast number of those previously attainable having now irrevocably passed into the great national collections of the Continent, while the money which half a century since might have secured them, now serves to enrich the picture-dealers or other private possessors of the pictures then purchased by individual connoisseurs and speculators. After many years of struggling on the part of those earnest in the matter, the foundation of our national collection was at length laid, during the administration of Lord Liverpool, by the purchase of Angerstein's pictures, first exhibited to the public in 1824. The great opportunity had passed away; it had been seized by other nations; Germany, Russia, and France having all more or less profited by it, obtaining at small prices pictures of a class for which we have since been paying at the rate of thousands individually. But still, with the aid of a prompt and liberal outlay, and by means of the immediate institution and constant employment of a widely distributed staff of skilful purveyors, ever on the alert to take advantage of the opportunities from time to time arising throughout the Continent or England itself, a noble and valuable gallery might by this time have been created. Unfortunately, however, that want of comprehensiveness and unity of plan, and that absence of any systematic mode of operation, which both result from imperfect knowledge and lukewarm energy, existed with regard to the work of forming a worthy national collection, and were in full force to prevent the adoption of such a course of proceeding. That parsimony, too, which is so far from affecting any other branch of our national expenditure, is only now beginning to be divorced from undertakings connected with the public advantage or profit in this direction. And thus but very small sums (relatively to the party engaged, the British nation, and the purpose of appropriation) have been annually disbursed, and these employed in the purchase of only a very few pictures, at prices artificially raised. More than half the contents of our gallery are the offspring of private munificence, while its very existence is due not simply to the exertions—the untiring activity and generous high-minded zeal of Sir George Beaumont and some others in pressing the subject before government—but also, in a very great measure, to the last closing stroke of that earnest lover of art, Sir George, in the splendid ‘bribe,’ as it has been well termed, of the free-will offering to his country of his own choice and beautiful collection—the *donation* of these his loved household companions.

One recent offering of private beneficence, dating within the last ten years, is Sir John Soane's museum, which is now accessible to all on previously procuring at the museum gratuitous tickets. Here there is much that is interesting in the outlying fields of art—casts, models, gems, curiosities, &c., with a few very valuable specimens in sculpture and antiquities, the Belzoni Sarcophagus; and in painting, that glorious living *poem*, so filled with deep earnest meaning, and so charged with poetic power, the series of the *Rake's Progress*, the best painted too, the most fully evidencing his artistic skill of any of Hogarth's works—of itself rendering the museum sacred, and worthy a bare-foot pilgrimage of a hundred miles; together with that exquisite outpouring of hearty, genial humour and fine wit, the other series of the *Election Entertainment*.

Since the present queen's accession to the throne, in pursuance with the late king's intention, the miscellaneous, heterogeneous, yet, as regards many of its contents, incalculably valuable collection of paintings at Hampton Court, at present consisting of the pictures previously existing there, together with those before stowed away at Kensington Palace, and a considerable number from Buckingham House and Windsor, has been made freely accessible to the people without the slightest interference or restraint, without one ungracious drawback or clog upon their enjoyment. Latterly, also, more unrestricted admission to such portion of the pictures at Windsor as are publicly shown has been granted, these being now acces-

sible three times a-week by gratuitous tickets, obtainable at the chief London print-sellers.

What, then, with noble zealous private beneficence, faint tardy national exertion, and gradual royal relaxing of previous strictness, London itself, its inhabitants and visitors, are not now altogether destitute of public provision for their necessities in this sort. There is ample room, however, *demand* indeed, even there—almost the sole spot in the kingdom in which the adoption of the principle has been attempted—for farther development of the system of public galleries; a sure means, we believe, of promoting general heart-elevation and intellectual teaching. Of the influence of large collections, necessarily mostly consisting of works of foreign schools, upon native art, we will not at present speak at any length. We will only here observe, that if a false system of artistic cultivation be pursued by those entrusted with the education of artists, and be still further carried out by these latter themselves, without doubt this influence may prove a very injurious one. Some amongst our earnest thoughtful artists have been of opinion that all copying—the system so much in vogue in academies—all mere copying beyond certain confined elementary limits, is in the last degree dangerous, if not wholly inimical to the student's originality of thought and feeling, and to all true healthy development of his own inherent powers, whilst it can never advance mere common-place beyond its sphere of hopeless, useless, soulless repetition and deterioration. We believe this view to be the right one, and that it would be even better for the student to be wholly denied access to all fine works of alien art—to all works save those which naturally fall in his way as belonging to his own nation and his own time—than that he should be tutored and pruned down into an academic copyist. The whole history of art, we think, tends to prove this, in its general course and in particular details, in ancient and modern times, in our own country as elsewhere. Whose style did Hogarth appropriate? How many pictures did he copy in his life-time? How many Gainsborough? And the works of these two are the most original and living of any of those of our past artists; those of Hogarth, indeed, by far the most so of *any* that England has yet produced. What was the effect of copyism on Wilkie's after-life, but the bartering of his own unsurpassed, original, natural gifts for second or third-rate excellence as an imitator? What extent of academic culture was received by Constable, another eminently true and genuine artist, save the most elementary and restricted? All the rest, with him, was self-acquired, self-wrought out. And so we might go through the whole list of English artists, and, in the same manner, through those of every country, and illustrate and support the principle by the consequent degradation or true manifestation of genius, according as the influences received by the artist have been servile or free—have induced the forced, contracting imitation of alien models, or the healthy spontaneous development of those sources of inspiration natural to the artist's age and country.

A regular system of copying is, however, by no means a necessary consequence of the institution of worthy galleries; the two are quite distinct from one another, and easily separated. But at all events, if our young artists must copy, till they go far to forget the all-sufficing all-inspiring influences of the country of their birth, and gradually become impervious to the imperative calls of their own time, it would be better they should pursue this course of intellectual prostration and spiritual debasement, and undergo the process of the blunting of all ready natural feeling, with its fresh healthy springs of inspiration, at home, than during the progress of a continental tour. The evils of this method of study are only aggravated a hundredfold in the latter case. The ill effects which invariably flow from this mode of proceeding it is scarcely possible correctly to estimate; the poison imbibed into the mind of the artist enters so thoroughly, is so completely assimilated into his whole system of thought, and feeling, and action, that it becomes essentially an in-

tegral part of the false distorted life it induces. And this arises from more causes than one, causes so complex and recondite that it would be here impossible to enter into their investigation.

Of public works of art generally we have not spoken; the very existence of these very much depends with us, at the present day, upon the state of the general knowledge and feeling for art, and this again upon the general amount of cultivation. In this direction, however, much has of late years been accomplished and is still in progress; the national enterprise of the new palace at Westminster, at the present moment, being in this respect the cynosure of all hope. It is only towards that vehicle of the popular education and instruction in matters of art, in its history, in the knowledge of its noblest cultivators of all times and countries, of its requisites, and of its essential *spirit*, which is afforded by free public collections, that we have now directed attention.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION SUITED TO ALL.*

THERE is one of the laudable acts of the honoured dead which I must not pass by in silence, for it is my stated duty, my brethren, 'to move and exhort you to be favourable and beneficial maintainers' of the noble foundation of Tonbridge School. Education, my brethren, and especially the education of the poor, is, to use an expression of the old prophets, in a peculiar manner 'the burden' of the present times; and I trust that I may venture very respectfully to express my earnest hope that, entering into the spirit of the times, you, my brethren, are extending as far as possible the unspeakable benefit of a liberal education to that class of the people for whose use and advantage your fine foundation was originally and especially designed. Do not imagine, my brethren, that literature and science have no charms for the humbler classes of society, and no adaptation to their condition. Nature, my brethren, has made no difference in man, and that which is a source of happiness or honour to one is capable of becoming so to all. He that ploughs the ground is endued with the power of studying the heavens; he that understands the soil is capable of understanding the stars. The Tasso that delights the mistress in the drawing-room is capable of pleasing also the maid in the kitchen; and the Sophocles, or the Shakspeare, 'fancy's noblest, sweetest child,' that charms the scholar in his library, might also charm the mechanic in his workshop. We all belong to the same class of intelligent beings, and circumstances and situation alone create the difference between us. Under the dark skin and woolly hair of the poor forlorn African, there is the same delicate chain of nerves, the same susceptible brain, the same powers of fancy, imagination, and judgment, which we fair and refined Europeans so often and so miserably abuse: yea, the poor forsaken wanderer, whom misfortune has driven to a life of infamy, possesses under her rags and wretchedness such delicacy of form and feeling, such a natural sense of modesty and shame, such susceptibility of tender emotion and lasting attachment, such sprightliness and vivacity, which, if they were decked with the ornaments of wealth and art, and called into action by happy circumstances, and lighted up by a joyful heart, might grace a drawing-room or rule a court; for he who views man with a philosophic eye strips off the gay or tattered outside, and 'sees him as he is.' Where he sees ignorance, he sees also capacities for knowledge; where he observes rudeness, he observes also capacities for refinement. Nature has made more courtiers than have dazzled courts, more warriors than have fought battles, more statesmen than have governed states, more painters than have enlivened the canvass, more sculptors than have breathed into the solid marble, more philosophers than have reasoned, more orators than have spoken, more poets than have sung. Many a Newton would have added to our stores of knowledge, but no institution like yours called out the noble mind; cold neglect chilled and froze

up the ardent spirit, and 'bounded it in thick-ribbed ice;' many a Shakspeare might have warbled his 'native wood-notes wild,' to the delight of after ages: many a Milton, of godlike mind, might have clothed divine thoughts with burning words, and uttered forth seraphic strains; but all his genius was exhausted in the search of bread: many a Nelson and many a Napoleon might, by daring deeds, have dazzled or darkened the page of history: but a narrow home stifled the Mars within them, and bid them be content with being the first wrestler on some village green: many a Hampden would have courted 'the mountain nymph, sweet liberty,' and have defended the freedom of man on the largest scale, but your learned and gratuitous teacher was wanting; circumstances quenched the celestial fire, bounded the noble mind, and compelled the liberator of a world to satisfy his expansive soul by resisting the little tyrant of his native town:—

'Full many a gem of purest ray serene

The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,

And waste its sweetness in the desert air.'

Why do I say these things? To give you apt and striking illustrations of that important moral truth, that God has made of one blood the whole family of man. And what inference do I wish to draw from this principle? Plainly this: that what is good for the individual is good for the species—is good for man, as man, without any regard to the adventitious circumstances of rank or condition: that the same instruction which is advantageous to the polite would be equally so to the rude: that the same book, whether of science or philosophy, which affords refreshment and repose to the minister of state, worn out by the cares of the nation and stunned by the brawlings of the senate, is capable also of giving relaxation and rest to him whose ears and limbs are wearied by the hammer and the anvil: that the same work, whether of interesting fact or agreeable fiction, which relieves the weariness of the woman of fashion, exhausted by ceremonious visits, is able also to afford rest and repose to the more honourable fatigue which hath been superinduced by domestic cares and the charge of a rising family. Natural reason, then, which shows that what is really good is universally good—natural reason, I say, and the general verdict of our common humanity, stamp these ancient grammar-schools, which were founded and endowed for the liberal education, and for the elevation and refinement of the humbler classes, with the fiat of their approval.

And it seems to me that the plea which natural reason puts in, in favour of these institutions for the general diffusion of sound learning, is materially strengthened by a consideration of the particular state of society in these kingdoms. The popular form of our constitution, a form annually extending, and growing every year more popular, and which gives so large a share in the choice of their rulers to the mass of the people, and that fine contrivance of human prudence, trial by jury, which might place the lives or property of any of us at the will of twelve men taken from a class of society in which persons of mean parentage may, by good fortune, be called to move, renders it highly expedient that every free-born Briton should at least be so far initiated into the elements of liberal learning as to enable him to distinguish between sound reasoning and flashy eloquence, to fulfil aright all the duties of a good citizen, and to form a correct judgment on all matters which concern the welfare of the individual, or the prosperity of the state: for it is most evidently desirable that a portion of that knowledge and prudence should exist in the elective body, which we all admit to be so indispensably necessary in the deliberative, the legislative, and the executive.

A BORDER PEASANT.

THERE is a proverbial as well as poetic shortness and simplicity in 'the annals of the poor;' and it is but seldom that fame stops to whisper the name of some rural son of

* From an address by the Rev. Dr Prendergast.

toil. As a class, the Scottish peasantry have always been allied to poverty, and are doubtless but poorly compensated for the toiling and moiling of which their lives are made up. While the cry of sanitary reform has been effectively raised in our crowded cities, few have been heard to lift up their voices against the wretched cabins, with their damp floors, contracted areas, and low roofs, in which our peasantry live from one generation to another; but, now that agriculture is undergoing an entire revolution, we look forward with hope to an improvement in the social condition of our agrarian labourers.

The names of John and Alexander Bethune, Peter Still, and some others—men moving in the humblest and obscurest walks of life—having attracted sympathy and respect, we propose, in a few remarks, to add another to the list, in the person of Robert Davidson, labourer, Morebattle, Roxburghshire. This village is situated on the banks of the Kail, on the Scottish foreground of the Cheviot Hills; near to it is Clifton, where Thomas Pringle, the amiable and talented author of the 'African Sketches,' spent his youthful days. At a little distance, too, is Wideopen, where, according to the story current in the district, Thomson, the bard of the 'Seasons,' was born, and not at Ednam, near Kelso, as has generally been asserted. It is said that Wideopen belonged to the family of Thomson's mother, and it was while on a visit to the place that she gave birth to the far-famed 'Jemmy.' In Morebattle, Robert Davidson has resided for many years, and has earned his bread by working as a day-labourer. He had always an aversion to the system of hindling, owing to the trammels it imposed on the rights of the labouring man; although ten years of his manhood were spent in that capacity. Of his life little can be said. He was born at Lempitlaw in 1778, and, after a hurried draught of knowledge at the parish school, he commenced to labour for his daily bread. In a few years he married, and, in the course of time, saw a rising family around him, making the battle of life in the period of dear years a sore fight for his unassisted thews and sinews. During all his difficulties and toils he contrived to cultivate an intellectual taste; and it became known that Robert was a votary of the rustic music, independent of the acute sagacity and sturdy shrewdness which recommended him to the respect of his equals, and sometimes to the jealousy of those above him.

In 1812, Davidson, in snatches of leisure from toil, contrived to prepare a few of his pieces for publication. A tiny volume of some seventy pages—the product of a Kelso printing-press—comprised his selections. Such of his friends as had encouraged him on to this step took copies, but little or nothing in the shape of proceeds accrued to the poor author. The titles of some of the poems were 'The Cheviot Games,' 'The Term-Day,' 'The Poor Man's Funeral,' 'The Enchanted Cave,' 'The Two Brithers,' &c. Davidson was soon quoted as a poet by his humble admirers, and, though scarcely 'heard of half a mile from home,' he was looked up to with much respect. About a dozen of years later, another collection appeared in a more pretending shape. At that time he followed the plough as a hind, and could spare no attention to the work as it passed through the press, or to promote the sale of it in the usual way. Any trifle which he derived from the speculation but poorly recompensed him for the trouble he took after work-hours in going about procuring subscribers. Still he found in these intellectual essayings a solace and recreation which smoothed the creases of his toiling brow, and his humble cottage drawer, in the course of time, saw a fresh posie accumulate. He felt that there is

'A pleasure in poetic pains,
Which only poets know.'

Desponding moments came at times; and as the vanity of literary tastes, with the hard realities of the pick and the spade, came home to him, he consigned many of his gatherings to the flames.

From the piece entitled 'The Kirn-Day,' we extract a stanza or two, as a specimen of what gave pleasure to a poor, hard-toiling day-labourer in the composition:—

'Before the distant sun had spee'd the height,
And hail'd the woodland with a cheerful smile,
Upon the furrow'd field, wi' hearts fu' light,
A band of rustics plied their early toil;
Wi' sturdy hands they caw'd the noddin' graie,
This day their rugged task they hope to end,
When they shall ca' their hard-won fees their ain;
Wi' conscious joy their simple hearts distend,
As o'er the sheaf-clad glebe their eyes they bend.
The auld gudeman stalks round wi' muckle pride,
And eyes the golden grain in clustern' raws;
Let ruthless bores wildly sweep the glade,
He's heedless now o' every blast that blows.

The gatherers hover round in stragglin' bands;
To them a scanty portion autumn yields;
Contented still they pick with feeble hands
The little remnants of the stubble fields;
Yet still they seem to share the common joy,
That full to-day in every face doth shine.
The aged matron tells the thoughtless boy
How many hairts she'd seen and shorn langsyne,
When she was brisk and braw in youthfu' prime.

Wi' serious air she tells o' unco deeds
Perform'd by warlocks in the lonely glen—
Converting broomsticks into stately steeds,
To scour the wilds unscared by marsh or fen;
Or what mishaps befell on festive night,
In days of yore, of which our minstrels sing—
How, unperceived, approach'd the fairy knight,
And stole the boasted beauties from the ring,
Then fled to fairyland on viewless wing.'

The hairst-rig being so familiar as to enable the reader to anticipate the rest of the picture, we will pass on to 'Liberty,' at whose shrine the heart of many 'a mighty poet' has done homage:—

'What gives the bleakest region charms,
What is the nurse of art and arms,
And every manly bosom warms?
It is the smile of liberty.

What makes science stretch her scan,
What does the flame of genius fan,
And rouses all that's great in man?
It is the breath of liberty.

But now the noble gift of heaven
Must from Europa's climes be driven,
For which her gallant sons have striven
And bartered life for liberty.

From her dark zenith slav'ry frowns,
Through her domains the war-note sounds,
And loudly calls on crows and crows
To quench the light of liberty.

The doughty Bourbon bared his sword,
Its point has often freedom gored;
And chill Siberia's savage horde
Have vow'd the ban of liberty.

As freedom stands their aim and thrust,
And sees the storm of ruin burst,
She turns her eye where she was nursed,
O'er to the isle of liberty.

Britannia, belted with the wave,
Proud with the trophies of the brave,
Must either lend her hand to save,
Or 'tend the bier of liberty.

When she beholds devoted Spain
Fair freedom's sinking head sustain,
Her rampant lion shakes his mane,
Roused by the shriek of liberty.

Oh! Spain's proud genius, burst thy urn,
And bare the brand by freedom worn
At Marathon and Bannockburn,
Those glorious fields of liberty

Pour, slav'ry, pour thy swarms, but know,
Though countless, thou'rt a feeble foe;
No energetic ardours glow,
But in the cause of liberty.

Let thy cold vot'ries try to bind
In bands of steel the human mind,
And change the stamp of human kind
Ere they extinguish liberty.

Make stately rivers landward glide,
Make winter walk in summer's pride,
And fix the ocean's restless tide,
Ere they extinguish liberty.

Let banded despots, potent-proud,
Becaln the stormy tempest loud,
And chain the bolt that cuts the cloud,
And then extinguish liberty!

Of course the crisis which produced these spirited verses has long gone by, and the spirit which dictated them has

been modified and softened, yet the reader will admire the enthusiastic patriotism which expresses itself so forcibly from the lips of a man in the author's condition. From the poem of 'The Term-Day,' we will quote a stanza or two, the hind's flitting being the scene:—

'Now a' in motion is the lowly band,
The loaded teams move softly out the way,
Some o' the weans, led in their mother's hand,
Halt at the spots where they'd been used to play.
In little time they're wearin' out o' sight,
Their wheel-kenn'd haunts begin to disappear,
The tentie sire looks aft if a' be right,
While hawkie, routin', fetches up the rear,
She's a' their stock o' either goods or gear.

What odds o' travellers on the road of life!
Some clog'd wi' fetters, others wear a crown,
Some wade their weary way 'mong toil and strife,
Some borne sae saft along on beds o' down.
Oh! never view them wi' your proud disdain,
Ye sons o' affluence, sae fully fed;
Let pity's eye look softly on their pain,
Who're doom'd to labour for their scanty bread,
An' for a wee bit shed to hide their humble head.'

The heart of every Scotchman cherishes the name of Sir William Wallace, and to every peasant who has a soul above the trodden clod the memory of 'the ill-requited chief' is sacred. Davidson has been a hero-worshipper, as the titles of his pieces would show. From 'Wallace's Farewell' we extract the following:—

'Famed heroes! ye shades of companions undaunted,
Who fell in the combat our country to save,
I envy your exit by fetters untainted:
To perish for freedom's the boon of the brave.
Ye warriors I've led, who still live for your country,
And stride in the van of her warlike array,
My ruin will warn ye, my wrongs they will arm ye,
And whet the red weapons on battle's rough day.
Let not the proud spoiler exult when I'm taken,
And dashed by deceit from the pathway of fame;
Although a lone captive, my spirit's unshaken,
His racks and his dungeons shall find me the same!
Adieu, my dear country, my last look shall linger
Until the bleak mountains are lost to my view;
I've left thee a dowry of daring and glory,
That tyranny never can sever from you.'

We find a difficulty in making proper extracts from the humble writings of our village poet. Occasional felicities of expression are found interwoven with many blemishes, which may be set down to the imperfect scholarship of the author and the disadvantages attendant on the important transition from manuscript to print, and which render it difficult to do full justice to the merits of the man. What we have given may interest some of our readers who are disposed to look with a kindly eye on the efforts of untutored intellect in the humblest walks of life, which, like the poet's mountain daisy, forces itself into notice, although meeting only 'the random field of clod or stane.'

Robert Davidson is now seventy years of age. His family are all grown up and scattered, some of them having gone to America. Such of them as remain in this country, although lending him a kind hand according to their ability, are not in circumstances to do much for him. Although now, as all his days, on the very verge of poverty, he inherits, in all its strength, the Scottish aversion to parish relief. On its being proffered to him lately in the least disagreeable way by the inspector of the parish, he refused it, saying, 'he could still hold on a little longer.' Bodily ailment, however, now unfits him from earning a canny penny or two by breaking stones, and we are afraid he will be but poorly circumstanced before long. A consciousness of his noble character and mental parts obtains for him the estimation of the people of the village. He has made the best uses of his scanty opportunities of obtaining a knowledge of what has been going on in the world around him during his lifetime. Such great events and public movements as have thickened the plot of human life have been observed with keen gaze from the loophole of his obscurity, so that he converses with much acuteness on the events of the past and present. Whenever the excitement of political life reached Morebattle, Davidson was always found assuming an independent position; and when the deeds of Cobden and Bright swelled the voice of uni-

versal panegyric, our peasant was the man to tell his fellows, 'that free commerce was worth a thousand Water-logs, as from these we only won a backfu' o' debt, but that free-trade was pregnant with blessings for generations to come.' This hero in humble life has reconciled intellectual tastes with the tear and wear of existence; and we feel assured, by the concurrence of all to whom he has been known, that we are not wrong in calling him a Scottish 'Isaac Ashford.'

SINGULAR CUSTOMS.

We were assured that the use of tobacco, though not so common as among the men, was very extensive among women of the western states. Some of the common class chew it openly; we had never seen, however, more than perhaps twenty instances of it ourselves, but this, they assured us, was from our not suspecting it, and not looking closely. Others smoke both the pipe and the cigar, but chiefly when alone, or in the retirement of their family only. A much greater number use snuff for the mouth, by rubbing it at first around the gums and over the teeth, on the pretence of its acting as a preservative, and then contracting a fondness for it, which has only to be gratified by using increased quantities; so that at length they spread it in the thickness and consistency of paste, and become as fond of it as men of their chewing tobacco! Some accompany the chewing of snuff with a preliminary operation of gathering in the woods, or obtaining from thence, small pieces of the black-gum tree, which, being reduced to about the size of a pencil or a quill, is chewed at one end till its fibrous texture is opened and softened like a brush. With this they will sit for hours, idly lounging in a rocking-chair, and scrubbing the teeth, using snuff as a powder, but gradually increasing the quantity, till, with the soft fibrous mass of wood and the snuff-powder combined, the mouth is literally filled. Those who are addicted to this practice will continue it for a whole forenoon, wash their mouths out for dinner, and return to the same singular and filthy indulgence after dinner, falling asleep sometimes in the operation. Again, young ladies at school, and sometimes with their parents, will resolve to become extremely pale, from a notion that it looks interesting. For this purpose they will substitute for their natural food pickles of all kinds, powdered chalk, vinegar, burned coffee, pepper, and other spices, especially cinnamon and cloves; others will add to these paper, of which many sheets are sometimes eaten in a day; and this is persisted in till the natural appetite for wholesome food is superseded by a depressed and morbid desire for everything but that which is nutritious; cordials and bitters are then sometimes resorted to, in a vain attempt to restore the healthy tone of the stomach, till, at last, the cheeks, originally pale, for fresh and blooming colour is very rare in the complexions even of the healthiest and youngest in America, become deathlike in their hue, the whole frame withers, and a premature grave receives the unhappy victim. So indifferent, however, are parents to the welfare of their children, or so unable or unwilling are they to exercise parental authority to check this evil in the bud, that they look on, if not without disapprobation, at least without any vigorous effort to avert the evil; so that a sort of double suicide is perpetrated, the daughter being the actual slayer of herself by a slow process, the result of which is certain death; and the mother being guilty of a criminal laxity in seeing, without any effectual step to prevent it, a child sinking gradually into the grave. Such practices as these, added to the other causes of a trying and severe climate, in excess of heat and cold, insufficient clothing in the winter, little or no exercise for the body, badly prepared food eaten too rapidly to admit of mastication, want of sufficient household or other occupation to give healthy exercise to the mind, and general indolence and lassitude encouraged rather than resisted or disapproved, sufficiently account for the decayed and decaying state of health among the female population of the United States.—*Buckingham's Eastern and Western States of America.*

SELF CULTURE.

Let the poor man in the depths of his worldly abasement respect himself; let him fear rather to do ill than to suffer it; let him cultivate his talents as highly as his daily avocations permit, ever bearing in mind that earth's mightiest was of his own condition; let him cleave at all times to that which is right, and the approbation of his own conscience will be seconded by the good opinion of the truly wise and excellent; for who dares despise the poor? Not the man of genius, for he knows that many kindred spirits have been of that condition; not the moralist, for he sees that the virtues, like fragrant herbs, yield the richest scents by pressure.

TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

Setting a young man afloat in the world with money left him by friends and relatives, is like tying bladders under the arms of one who cannot swim, and setting him afloat upon the ocean—ten chances to one he will lose or break his bladders, and go to the bottom. Teach him in the first place to swim, and he has no need of bladders, and will not depend on them to keep himself afloat. Give children sound moral and literary education—useful learning for sails, and integrity for ballast—set them afloat upon the sea of life, and their voyage will be prosperous, and their destiny safe.

HOW LONG AGO?

'Oh, a long while,' answered his companion; 'long enough for young men to grow old, and for old men to wither and rot. Some twenty years ago or more. Lack-a-day, how few twenties there are in life! Twenty and twenty are forty, and twenty are sixty: how few see the fourth twenty! Who sees the fifth? The first begins in the infant, with a passion for milk—all mouth and no wit—and ends in the youth with a love for sweet ankles and cherry lips; all hearts and no brains. The second starts on his course like a swallow catching insects, and ends like the slough-hound upon the track of a deer: ambition flies before and distances him still. Then begins another twenty, with the hard brain and the hard heart; your man of manifold experience, who finds no pleasure in pippins, and is mailed against the dart of a dark eye. He must have solid goods, forsooth, and so chooses gold which will not decay; but it matters little whether it be the possession which decays, or the possessor—whether the gilded coin rots, or the fingers that clutch it; the two part company all the same. Then comes the fourth twenty, often begun and seldom ended; and we go creeping backward, as if we would fain run away from the other end of life; toys please us, toys offend us; we stumble at the same mole-hills that tripped up our infancy. Time rubs off from the score of memory what experience had written; and when the sorrowful soft gums have eaten their second pap, death takes us sleepily up, and puts us quietly to bed. It was twenty years ago, good youth—ay, that it was—and twenty years is one of those strange jumps that are more wisely taken backwards than forwards.'—*Mr James.*

LOVE.

No one has ever painted love so as fully to satisfy another. To some the description is too florid—to others it is too commonplace. The god, like other gods, has no likeness upon earth; and every wave upon which the star of passion beams breaks the lustre into different modifications of light.—*Sir E. Bulwer.*

GEORGE CANNING AND EARL GREY.

In 1827 Canning obtained the highest object of his ambition, having been chosen premier on the death of Lord Liverpool. Great was his mortification to find himself instantly abandoned by the most influential of his colleagues, and equally unanimous was the nation in the opinion that their conduct was the result of motives which were little to their credit. Feeling that the sympathies of the public were in his favour, he filled up the vacancies from the ranks of his personal friends, and openly courted an alliance with the Whigs. But here he met a sudden repulse, conveyed in one of the most telling invectives

delivered against a public man since the days of Cicero and Antony. Between the new premier and Earl Grey there had been a feud of twenty years' standing, envenomed on the one hand by sallies of wit, epigram, and lampoon, and on the other by reprisals of scorn, defiance, and disdain. Cato, deserted in Utica, was not more determined or resolute than the austere but cold earl, deserted by most of his friends, and surrounded by his inveterate enemies on the opposition benches; his speech had all the personal bitterness of a philippic; there were passages of which Demosthenes himself might have been proud, but its chief force arose from the tone of dignified melancholy by which it was throughout pervaded. Lord Grey appeared like one of the Hebrew prophets lamenting over the ruins of Jerusalem, and denouncing the author of its fall. From this blow Canning never recovered; he felt it to be as fatal as Chatham's similar denunciation of the Rockingham Cabinet; the period of his political career was at an end, and he had no further business with life. Death advanced with hasty strides; he fell when his fame had reached its meridian, and thus escaped the mortification of seeing it culminate in the horizon. He breathed his last at the Duke of Devonshire's villa at Chiswick, August 8, 1827, in the same house, and in the same room, where Fox had prematurely fallen under circumstances painfully similar. The grief of the nation for the death of the popular premier was general, but it was transitory; there was always a painful doubt respecting the course he might pursue: he was involved in a mass of contradictions which had grown up in his past life, and had intercepted for himself and others any clear view of his future. It is now idle to speculate on what he might have done; but it cannot be denied that this is far more matter of speculation than of certainty, and that in itself is a circumstance of condemnation. His career was brilliant, but it was erratic; his intellect was more shining than solid: he was the last of a race of statesmen which never can be revived in England—the race that sought politics as a professional existence; we may add, that he was the best of his class; but the disappearance of the class itself leaves little to be regretted.—*Athenæum.*

WOMAN'S DEVOTEDNESS TO MAN.

She is happy in owing everything to man. That alone imparts a singular charm to the poor household. There, nothing is foreign or indifferent; everything bears the stamp of a beloved hand, the seal of the heart. Man very often little knows the privations she endures in order that, on his return, he may find his dwelling modest, yet adorned. Great is the ambition of woman for the household clothes and linen. This last article is new; the *linen closet*, the pride of his countrymen, was unknown to the wife of the town countryman before the revolution of industry. Cleanliness, purity, and modesty, then enchanted the house; the bed was surrounded with curtains; the child's cradle, dazzled with whiteness, became a paradise; the whole cut out, and sewed in a few evenings. Add, moreover, a flower to the window. What a surprise! The husband, on his return, no longer knows his own home! This taste for flowers, which has spread, and this little expenditure to ornament the interior, are they not lamentable, when these people never know whether they may have any work on the morrow? Call it not *expenditure*, rather economy. It is a very great one, if the innocent attractions of the wife render the house charming to the husband, and can keep him there. Let us ornament, I beseech, both the house and the wife. A few ells of printed cotton will make her another woman; see, she is regenerated and become young again.—*Michelet.*

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THE ATOMIC THEORY.

THE grand tendency of scientific inquiry is steadily towards general principles and simplification; the human mind is ever searching for some ultimate fact by which to explain many others. This tendency led the natural philosopher to the discovery of the mechanical laws, and the physiologist to the law of development; and what these truths were to their investigators the atomic theory is to the chemist—affording, as far as at present understood, the simplest and consequently the most natural explanation of the constitution of matter. It is the special business of chemistry to take cognizance of matter in all its forms; to trace it through all its modifications, whether solid, liquid, or gaseous; to determine its bulk and qualities, and relative and comparative differences. Nothing has yet been discovered which combines all these phenomena with the same simplicity as the Atomic Theory of Dalton, which each succeeding year, since its first discovery, has helped to extend and confirm. Whatever is associated with chemistry connects itself intimately with the interests of society; and we propose, in the present paper, to lay before our readers a brief outline of the origin and progress of this important theory.

Its origin may be traced back to a much more remote period than has been commonly supposed. The philosophers of India, Egypt, Phenicia, and Greece, have all in turn directed their attention to the subject. It appeared at various periods through the darkness of the middle ages, and the objects of which it treats being far too minute to be appreciable to the senses, it was often confounded with the profound and abstruse metaphysical questions in which at that time the human mind seems to have delighted to lose itself.

The constitution of matter has in all time been regarded under two different points of view: one party have held that matter is infinitely divisible, that however small its last particle may be, it is still possible to divide it; the other, that it consists of particles *not* susceptible of infinite division. The latter opinion may be found in the writings of the Epicureans; it formed part of the cosmogony of Democritus, and may be traced in the doctrines of Pythagoras. The idea is, however, in reality, much more ancient; according to some authorities it was first taught by Moschus, a Phenician, long before the Trojan war. The Hindoos believed the motes in sunbeams, which are the smallest of visible bodies, to be composed of groups of atoms, too minute to be seen by the eye. Lucretius considered the material world to be a chance assemblage of minute particles; and many curious notions prevailed respecting the shapes of these particles, which, smooth or rough, round,

square, or angular, were said to fly about in space, and by attraction and repulsion form large masses of matter. Coming down to more recent times, we find an allusion to 'embryon atoms' in Milton; and Newton remarks, in his great work, 'it seems probable that God, in the beginning, formed matter in solid, massy, hard, impenetrable, moveable particles.' The doctrine, however, has always met with opponents, as being opposed to the idea of an omnipotent creative power. Leibnitz and Kant may be instanced as among the most prominent of those who have written against it.

Although the question may appear to be essentially speculative, we shall yet find it to possess the highest practical importance. As a real science, chemistry can only be said to date from the seventeenth century. Inquirers began to occupy themselves rather with quantities than qualities; and the balance began to play an important part in experiments. When two substances or particles were brought together, it was often found that their union had produced a third substance, totally different from the two former. Some of these substances admitted of no more than one combination; others, on the contrary, of several, and diligent investigations were set on foot to find out the true combining proportions, the law by which these combinations were effected; or, as a modern writer expresses it, 'the doctrine of definite, reciprocal, and multiple proportions.'

For the first systematic attempt to solve the question we are indebted to Wenzel, a Saxon chemist, who published a book on the 'Doctrine of Affinities,' in 1777; the correctness of many of his analyses has been fully confirmed by subsequent experiment; and when he showed that the decomposition of two neutral salts produced a neutral compound, the first step was taken towards the law of definite proportions. The reciprocal law was discovered by Richter, a Prussian, in his determination of the exact quantities of liquids required to saturate certain proportions of salts; and in 1789, Mr Higgins, professor of chemistry at Dublin, without seeming to be aware of its importance, announced the multiple law in his 'Comparative View of the Phlogistic and Anti-Phlogistic Theories.' He there demonstrates that sulphurous acid was the combined result of one ultimate particle of sulphur and one of oxygen, and sulphuric acid of two of the latter and one of the former.

The wide range of the subject will at once be evident, on bearing in mind that not less than *fifty-five* elements go to the constitution of matter; as well as the advantage of being able to refer their combinations to some general law. In the year 1803, John Dalton, of Manchester, contributed the outline of a new theory to the 'Memoirs of the Manchester Philosophical Society;' and, in 1808, published

the first volume of his 'New System of Chemical Philosophy,' in which, by clearly establishing the third law, he gave value and power to the labours of his predecessors, and the atomic theory took its place among the achievements of science. This theory, says Sir John Herschel, 'is, after the laws of mechanics, perhaps the most important which the study of nature has yet disclosed. It is, in fact, an example, and a most remarkable one, of the effect of that natural propensity to generalise and simplify, which, if it occasionally leads to over-hasty conclusions, limited or disproved by further experience, is yet the legitimate parent of all our most valuable and soundest results.'

Dalton held strictly to the notion of indivisible ultimate particles or atoms; he considered them to be, with the atmosphere of heat by which each was surrounded, spherical in shape, and when grouped into masses of matter, lying ranged on one another like a pile of shot. He laid down the propositions that the combinations of bodies take place in obedience to a law of proportion: 1 to 1 to 2: 1 to 3, and so on in mathematical progression; and by comparisons of one element with another he arrived at satisfactory data as regards the relative weight of their atoms. He assumed the weight of an atom of hydrogen, the lightest of known substances, as unity or 1; and on comparing other substances with this, we find carbon represented by 6, oxygen by 8, phosphorus 12, azote or nitrogen 14, sulphur 16, sodium 24, potassium 40; the number in each case showing that an atom of the substance against which it is placed is just so many times heavier than one of hydrogen. Oxygen, for example, combines with hydrogen to form water, in a proportion of 8 to 1; whence it follows that an atom of the former is eight times heavier than one of the latter. It should be understood that although the term atom is generally made use of by chemists, it is not as an infinitely small particle, but rather as *equivalent*, whatever be the quantities employed, whether grains, pounds, or tons. Dalton's great object, as he himself tells us, was 'to show the importance and advantage of ascertaining the relative weights of the ultimate particles, both of simple and compound bodies; the number of simple elementary particles which constitute one compound particle; and the number of less compound particles which enter into the formation of one more compound particle.'

The continental philosophers immediately directed their attention to the subject; Gay Lussac and Humboldt established the proportions in which gases combine, thereby contributing most important evidence to the truth of the Daltonian hypothesis. The former, in his 'Theory of Volumes,' showed that the union of gases is always in accordance with their atomic weights. The relative weight of oxygen, as we have seen, is 8, and of hydrogen 1; and it is found by experiment that the volumes required for the formation of water are precisely eight of the one to one of the other; carbon and oxygen likewise unite in the proportions of 6 to 8 to produce carbonic oxide. But other modifications present themselves: two volumes of carbonic oxide, with one of oxygen, will produce one volume of carbonic acid gas, but for some reason the bulk is found to be reduced by a third; and in the case of ammonia, which is formed from the union of three volumes of hydrogen with one of nitrogen, the diminution is one half.

The law of combination by multiples of bulk or of atoms was thus fully made out. Dalton's second volume, published in 1810, went still further to extend and confirm his theory, treating especially of gases, and verifying the law of binary, ternary, quarternary, quinquenary, and other compounds. The presentation of these in a tabular shape will perhaps assist in forming a right comprehension of their nature—thus the union of one atom or equivalent of nitrogen, with the equivalents annexed, produces the following combinations:

Nitrogen	14	Oxygen	8	form	Nitrous Oxide.
"	14	"	16	"	Nitric Oxide.
"	14	"	24	"	Hyponitrous Acid.
"	14	"	32	"	Nitrous Acid.
"	14	"	40	"	Nitric Acid.

The one equivalent of nitrogen, it will be seen, remains unchanged, while the other increases in a proportion of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. With the demonstration of this law the theory of chemical union may be said to have been completed.

About the time that Dalton's first volume was published, Berzelius, the celebrated Swedish chemist, commenced an inquiry into the proportional quantities in which combinations take place, and traced them to definite laws, which he conceived operated through all nature—not merely in the formation of earths and minerals but of animals and vegetables. He verified also the laws under which binary, ternary, and other multiple compounds combine with each other or with simple bodies. Keeping a broad aim steadily in view, he persevered in his researches until, by the examination of a multitude of facts, he was enabled to affirm the results to be necessary consequences of the law first established by Dalton.

Thus was the simple principle developed on which, as a basis, the whole edifice of chemistry has been subsequently raised. It has, however, provoked much discussion, some philosophers having been unwilling to admit the operation of definite laws in chemical action; but its friends have always been more numerous than its adversaries. Dumas entertains the notion of molecules or groups of atoms, as the constituents of matter, which groups may consist of assemblages of ten or of a thousand atoms. These he distinguishes as physical and chemical, the former being those decomposable by heat, the latter those embraced within the circle of affinities. Liebig, too, holds an opinion somewhat different to that of the generality of chemists. These differences, however, do not affect the general tendency of the investigations every where in progress towards one distinct and universal law, which, when discovered, will doubtless be found as simple and harmonious as that which regulates the planetary systems.

Still, while admitting the fact of the formation of matter by aggregation of atoms, there was a difficulty as to the shape they would assume in a mass; an entire dependence, it was contended, must exist between the latter and the form of the ultimate particle. This is an interesting part of the subject, and has afforded ground for much beautiful research and speculation. Haüy showed that the various forms of a solid body are due to a certain geometrical arrangement of the particles, that these forms may be traced to six original types, which may be arranged as follows: the octohedral, square prismatic, right prismatic, oblique, doubly oblique, and rhombohedral; and that the same substances crystallise always, with rare exceptions, in the same way, by the agglomeration of infinite crystals or molecules all possessing the same individual form as the larger mass. Berzelius conceives the ultimate particles to be spheres, which readily assume any of the angular forms; and Dalton believed that 'the rhomboidal form may arise from the proper position of 4, 6, 8, or 9 globular particles; the cubic form from 8 particles; the triangular form from 3, 6, or 10 particles; the hexahedral prism from 7 particles.' The labours, however, of the late Dr Wollaston, Dr Prout, and of Professor Mitscherlich of Berlin, have, more than any other, thrown light on this part of the subject. There is as much relation between the shapes assumed by bodies derived from atoms of the same constitution as between volumes and weights, and as these latter have been accurately determined, so have the specific amount of heat which atoms are also found to contain. Mitscherlich has shown that the expansion of bodies by heat is not equal in every direction, that a difference of temperature will make a difference in the shape of crystals, even of the same substance, or that contraction in some places results from the unequal attraction or repulsion of the particles; hence the diversity of crystalline forms. These points have been reduced to laws, which satisfactorily explain the phenomena of crystallisation and cohesion of matter; and so regular are they in their operation, that it is possible from an inspection of one specimen to predicate the group to which it belongs.

To those substances or groups which present the same

external shape, Mitscherlich gives the name of *isomorphous* or *similiform*. Fluor spar invariably takes the form of a cube; common salt too embraces the varieties of the cubical figure; the diamond, which consists of carbon, and nitrate of lead, range with the octohedral or eight-sided group; Epsom salts, a combination of carbonate of magnesia with sulphuric acid, crystallises in four-sided prisms; nitre appears as six-sided prisms, the form in which quartz is always found; the oblique prismatic shape of green vitriol, protoxide of iron, is also well known. Thirty-five isomorphous bodies are now recognised by chemists, chiefly among the metals and mineral salts; a knowledge of these is of the highest service to the experimentalist, as it saves him the trouble of many tedious analyses; the physiologist also finds it useful in detecting the nature of crystals which in certain forms of disease appear in the human body. In fact, from the first glimpses of crystalline formations to the point where crystallisation ends and animated nature begins, all proceeds in regular gradation and analogy; and this phenomenon, as well as electrical polarity, and polarisation of light, will be found closely connected with the law of definite proportions.

Another division of the subject has arisen from observing that compounds, although of the same elements, have frequently entirely distinct properties. These are known as *isomeric* bodies, or bodies of similar parts; what *isomorphism* is for forms, *isomerism* is for proportions. Two volumes of vapour of carbon, for example, condensed with two of hydrogen into one, form olefiant gas; but if four of each are condensed together, the resulting compound is *etherine*; and on uniting and condensing sixteen volumes of each, we obtain what is described by Dumas as *etene*.

In connexion with this portion of the inquiry we come to the curious phenomenon termed *catalysis*, where a substance, apparently insensible in itself, introduced among others causes them to unite. We cannot do more than incidentally advert to this fact, first noticed by Döbereiner of Jena; he found that oxygen and hydrogen gases may be made to unite by simply introducing a piece of spongy platinum into the mixture. Schoenbein also, has shown some remarkable instances of the action of acids on metals; and the researches, still in progress, by Dr Lyon Playfair and Mr Joule, have materially enlarged the application of the atomic theory. Taking the eighth part of the bulk of ice as a standard, they find all bodies to be multiples of this standard in invariable proportions, never in fractional parts; nothing like indiscriminate aggregation takes place. The bulk of charcoal is five times that of the standard, but by taking away two bulks in succession we have first the substance called graphite or black lead, and, second, the diamond, consisting, as before observed, entirely of carbon. From the inexplicable disappearance of a portion of the atoms in certain solutions, these gentlemen consider Dalton's hypothesis as to the hardness and impenetrability of atoms to be unsupported by the facts, inclining rather to Faraday's view of the constitution of matter—that chemical action invariably creates a polarity among the atoms, thus accounting for the formation of large masses of matter by the communication of the influence from one atom to another or aggregation round a particular pole.

Sir Humphry Davy said, so long ago as 1806, 'that chemical and electrical attractions are due to the same cause,' and subsequent events have verified the assertion. When Faraday showed that chemical affinity was identical with a current of voltaic electricity, a most important step was gained. 'It is probable,' he writes, 'that every effect depending on the powers of inorganic matter, and perhaps most of those related to vegetable and animal life, will ultimately be found subordinate to it.' Passing from theory to practice, he decomposed various elementary substances by voltaic electricity, and obtained their 'electrochemical equivalent,' which in every instance corresponded precisely with the atomic weights previously established by Dalton. 'The equivalent weights of bodies,' he goes on to say, 'are simply those quantities which contain equal quantities of electricity, or have naturally equal electric powers; it being the *electricity* which *determines* the equi-

valent number, *because* it determines the combining force. Or, if we adopt the atomic theory or phraseology, then the atoms of bodies which are equivalents to each other in their ordinary chemical action, have equal quantities of electricity naturally associated with them.'

According to Mr Faraday, for the production of some affinities the atoms must possess an enormous amount of electricity. A single drop of water offers a case in point; its decomposition requires 800,000 charges of a Leyden battery; thus showing that the particles must have been held together by that almost incredible quantity of electricity. This eminent philosopher's views present so much clearness and beauty, that we prefer to let him speak for himself. 'Although we know nothing,' he observes, 'of what an atom is, yet we cannot resist forming some idea of a small particle, which represents it to the mind; and though we are in equal, if not greater, ignorance of electricity, so as to be unable to say whether it is a particular matter or matters, or mere motion of ordinary matter, or some third kind of power or agent, yet there is an immensity of facts which justify us in believing that the atoms of matter are in some way endowed or associated with electrical powers, to which they owe their most striking qualities, and amongst them their mutual chemical affinity. As soon as we perceive, through the teaching of Dalton, that chemical powers are, however varied the circumstances in which they are exerted, definite for each body, we learn to estimate the relative degree of force which resides in such bodies; and when upon that knowledge comes the fact, that the electricity, which we appear to be capable of loosening from its habitation for a while, and conveying from place, *whilst it retains its chemical force*, can be measured out, and being so measured is found to be *as definite in its action* as any of those portions which, remaining associated with the particles of matter, give them their *chemical relation*; we seem to have found the link which connects the proportion of that we have evolved to the proportion of that belonging to the particles in their natural state.' Chemical affinity, it will thus be seen, is identical with electrical action; all atoms, or as Mr Faraday terms them *ions*, possess a certain amount of electricity in equilibrium: the disturbance or destruction of this equilibrium produces the phenomena of *polarity*.

Such are the links which connect the great chain of chemical science. From the simple hypothesis of definite proportions, what great results have arisen! Without it, many of the laws now known would probably have remained hidden for many years to come; geology, mineralogy, physiology, every science, will in turn be indebted to it for its first principles. The investigations already made are but an earnest of what is to follow; for, to conclude with the words of Mr Faraday, 'it is the great beauty of our science (chemistry) that advancement in it, whether in a degree great or small, instead of exhausting the subjects of research, opens the doors to further and more abundant knowledge, overflowing with beauty and utility, to those who will be at the easy personal pains of undertaking its experimental investigation.'

THE OLD NEWSPAPER.

[The following is intended as introductory to an occasional column or two in the INSTRUCTOR, under the title of the 'Old Newspaper.' It will be seen that the worthy old gentleman's style savours somewhat of our older periodical writers, while, at the same time, the reader will find embodied in an amusing form the products of the general reading of a reflecting and intelligent mind; but without further preface we must leave Richard to speak for himself.—Ed.]

RICHARD OLDMAKENEW, 'SQUIRE, TO THE READERS OF
THE INSTRUCTOR.

My dear Friends—Although totally unknown to almost all of you, yet I claim every reader of the Instructor among my most intimate friends—the many I have never seen as dearly as the few with whom I have come in contact. This

may seem strange, but I maintain that it is not the less true. Have we not for years, weekly or monthly, pondered over the same pages, shared the same innocent and inspiring mental enjoyments, and been benefited by the same instructions? Our communings have neither been frivolous nor uninteresting. True, we have at times laughed together (and who is not the better of an occasional cackinatory note?), but I feel assured that, ever since our intercourse commenced, our mental fare has been of the most substantial and beneficial character, and that we have thereby been rendered wiser and better. Having thus briefly, and I hope successfully, established my prerogative to address you as my dearest friends, before proceeding with my random gossiping and extracts, I will say a few words as to the reasons which prompted me to volunteer my services for a task, for the execution of which many may think me totally inadequate; but, like most other people, having a fair share of egotism, and having long ago laid it down as an incontrovertible fact that I am the best judge of my own abilities, I am in this fortunate position, that, however much I may be condemned by others, this can never alter the opinion I have formed of myself. Many of you are young and no doubt bustling amid the business of life. I am old as to years and months and weeks and days, yet I can look back on life's turmoil with pleasurable feelings, and am on the whole a cheerful, laughter-loving old man, and can think placidly on the smiles that were wont to please—ay, and the smiles that were wont to tease. Having perused and re-perused *our* weekly number of the Instructor, from 'Hogg' on the first page, to 'Nova Scotia' on the last, I sat solitarily over my gruel, till, getting somewhat restless, I turned round to the old clock, to ascertain how matters stood, when I perceived that three circles had yet to be performed ere my usual time for repose. Despite of all my efforts to be cheerful and at ease, I felt myself giving a tongue to time. The chime of the old clock acted as a monitor, saying to me in solemn sounds, 'Ay, you may seek repose, but I must go on; time may hang heavily on *your* hands, but *my* pace cannot slacken; on, on, I must go; and, think as you may, every chime I put forth is the knell of your progressive departure from all opportunity to benefit either yourself or your fellow-men.' Need it be wondered, then, that I got moody, timid, wakeful, and fretful. I immediately resolved, that as it was the duty of every one to add his quota to the enjoyment of his fellows, it was time that I should be bestirring myself. I began to reflect on what I had done. The thought instantly flashed across my mind that I had nothing to reproach myself with, as I had always been a great reader; but what had this availed to others? I had all along been a drone in the human hive, sucking the honey garnered up by the industry of others. But what was I to do? Oh! that I could write a book! Soliloquising, I said, 'Well, Richard, if you cannot write a book, you can at least select something from the stores of others which may possibly amuse some less favoured with time than yourself.' Enraptured with the idea, I seized the old scissors, and cast a determined glance at an immense pile of old newspapers. 'What treasures may not these contain?' exclaimed I; 'but before commencing with these, here's an 'old Edinburgh Review'; let me see what can be made of it. It has lain musty on a shelf there during nearly half a century. Oh! what writings,' said I, in turning it over, 'before my infant cry called forth a mother's care.' Truly, of making books there is no end; while the end even now is far from the beginning. What a number of books there must be in the world! How they get in and out of the way, so as not to arrest the ingress and egress of the general shopping community, is to me a perfect theme of soliloquy. But here is my musty 'Review'—printed in July of the year 1756. Let none say that it is a poor affair to gut an old book or newspaper. Such an employment familiarises the mind with the past, makes us acquainted with publications of a former age—the estimation in which they were then held—and forcibly urges the fact on our attention, that all the wisdom that ever was in the world is not confined to the present day.

The first paper in the volume that now lies before me, is a review of 'Justinian's Institutions, book 4th, as translated by George Harris, LL.D.,' the whole accompanied with notes. I consider the reviewer's preface remarks worthy of particular attention. They are as follow:—'Of all the governments which for above two thousand years past have made any figure in Europe, or the countries adjoining, no one, whilst in power and pre-eminence, drew such respect and admiration from its neighbours, nor left with it in after ages, upon its decline and dissolution, such an impression of dignity and esteem as the Roman government. We are surprised how, from such beginnings, and when everywhere surrounded by powerful and suspicious neighbours, the Romans could raise and maintain their independency; and, whilst we attend to the track of their victories, and the celebrity of their conquests; when we see them extend their empire from the narrow limits of a little town, not only over Italy, but into almost every part of the then known world, we find still greater cause for astonishment. But when we reflect upon the form of their government; the happy changes introduced into it from time to time; their original liberty and spirit; the political measures taken to secure and heighten these; their military arts and discipline; the union established among all the orders of the state, whether civil, military, or ecclesiastical, by laying them equally open to the attainment of every man of ability, so that he who intended to be a magistrate was obliged to fit himself also for the priesthood and the army; and, lastly, how early they began and how long they continued to secure their conquests, and strengthen themselves in proportion to the enlargement of their territory, by incorporating the vanquished nations, and admitting them to share in their privileges, these considerations, indeed, abate our amazement, but increase our esteem for the people. The Institutions of Justinian gives us a very distinct idea of the internal state of the Roman people, and of their privileges, connections, and dependencies. He informs us fully of the condition of the *Ingenii*, or those who were originally free, and of the *Liberti*, or those who had acquired liberty by the indulgence of masters. A systematic view of the laws respecting such a variety of conditions and situations in life, fixing and limiting the duties resulting from each, regulating the acquisition and transferment of property, and inflicting punishments upon crimes, whether of a public or private nature, must, to all men of sense, of whatever profession, be highly instructive and entertaining; and this is the view we are invited to in 'Justinian's Institutions.' Nothing at this day renders the Roman name more illustrious, in all countries of Europe, than that system of laws which they composed for the use of the state, and which still preserves to them a kind of authority and dominion, much more extensive and even more glorious than what they formerly obtained by arms; for that may in a great measure be imputed to force and violence, whilst this can only be derived from the acknowledged excellence of their constitution.'

To every man of any thought, then, it must appear evident that remarks like these are calculated to superinduce the wish for a more particular acquaintance with the laws of Rome; which wish may have its gratification in a perusal of 'Harris's Translation of the Institutions of Justinian,' a book from which its reader may see the more clearly, and reason the more accurately and with greater point, regarding what is lacking in our own national constitution, in which it must be granted that this grand defect obtains, viz., that few, if any, can rise into places of responsibility, power, and honour by the simple force of sterling merit. *Monied* and not *meritorious* men stand on the vantage ground. Not so did the institutions of Rome permit—institutions by which all situations, even those of highest rank, lay open equally to the attainment of every man of ability. Bonaparte, of whom it is reported that 'he never forsook a friend, nor forgot a favour,' understood well the utility of such an arrangement—he learned it from Justinian; and so should every governor laying claim to a just sense of the interests of his country. According to O'Meara, when

Bonaparte was forming the Code Napoleon, he astonished the council of state by the readiness with which he illustrated any point in discussion by quoting whole passages extempore from the Roman civil law—a subject which might seem to be entirely foreign to him, as his whole life had been passed in the 'tented field.' On being asked by Treilhaid how he had acquired so familiar a knowledge of law affairs, he replied—'When I was merely a lieutenant I was put under arrest, unjustly, it is true; but that is nothing to the point. The little room which was assigned for my prison contained no furniture but an old chair, an old bed, and an old cupboard; in the cupboard was a ponderous folio volume, older and more moth-eaten than all the rest—it proved to be a digest. As I had no paper, pens, ink, or pencils, you may easily imagine that this book was a valuable prize to me. It was so voluminous, and its leaves were so covered with marginal notes in manuscript, that had I been confined for a hundred years, I could never have been idle. I was only ten days deprived of my liberty; but, on receiving it, I was saturated with Justinian, and the decisions of the Roman legislators. Thus I picked up my knowledge of civil law.'

The next paper in the volume under consideration to which I would advert, is a review of the 'Natural History of Aleppo, and parts adjacent, &c., by Alexander Russel, M.D.' 'Aleppo is one of the most ancient and noble cities in the East. Next to Constantinople and Grand Cairo, it is the greatest city for extent, inhabitants, and trade, under the dominion of Turk. It is the capital of Syria, anciently called Berrhæa, now called Haleb, which signifies milk.' An author, in writing of it, is said to have entitled his volume, 'The Cream of Milk.' As to the houses of Aleppo, Dr Russel says they are 'composed of apartments on each of the sides of a square court, all of stone, and consist of a ground floor, which is usually arched, and an upper storey, which is flat on the top, and either terraced with hard plaster, or paved with stone. Their ceilings are of wood neatly painted, and sometimes gilded, as are also the window-shutters, the panels of some of the rooms, and the cupboard-doors, of which they have a great number; these, taken together, have a very agreeable effect. Over the doors and windows, within the houses of the Turks, are inscribed passages out of the Koran, or verses either of their own composition, or taken from some of their celebrated poets. The Christians generally borrow theirs from Scripture. All their court-yards are neatly paved, and, for the most part, have a basin with a *jet-d'eau* in the middle, on one or both of the sides of which a small spot is left unpaved, for a sort of garden, the verdure of which, together with the addition of a few flower-pots, and the fountain playing, is a very agreeable sight to the passenger.'

Now, might not the citizens of our modern capitals profit by such a remark? There are many squares that might, as in Paris, be beautified with a *jet-d'eau*, which, in summer especially, would have a fine cooling effect, and at no great expense. 'The city (Aleppo) is supplied with water from some springs near the banks of the river at Heylan, about five miles to the north-east, which is conveyed from thence by an aqueduct, and distributed to different parts of the town by pipes.'

These may be considered as dry details; but our author becomes, as he goes on, rather fascinating and curious regarding the inhabitants of this most ancient and noble city. 'The people,' says he, 'in general are of middle stature, rather lean than fat, indifferently well made, but not either vigorous or active. Those of the city are of a fair complexion; but the peasants, and such as are obliged to be much abroad in the sun, are swarthy. Both sexes are tolerably handsome when young; but the beard soon disfigures the men, and the women, as they come early to maturity, fade also very soon, and in general look old by the time they reach thirty. The greater part of the women are married from the age of fourteen to eighteen, and often sooner. A slender waist, so far from being admired, is, on the contrary, looked upon as a deformity, so that the ladies of this country do all in their power to

make themselves plump and lusty. The mothers find out wives for their sons. When they think they have found one that will be agreeable, the price to be given for her is paid down; so that in their mode of matrimony the tender passion of love has little share.' This practice, if adopted in Britain, would indeed render mothers important, and might at the same time prevent many an awkward interview.

'They have no notion of the benefit of exercise; and if they ride or walk to the gardens once or twice a-week, at the proper seasons, it is as much exercise as they choose to take for diversion. The natives go to bed in time, and rise early. They sleep in drawers and one or two waist-coats, on a mattress covered with a sheet, and in winter with a carpet. They smoke their pipe on this mattress, and, if of rank and station, are lulled to sleep by music and Arabian tales.' In this quotation, reference is made to the want of proper exercise, as manifest in the conduct of the inhabitants of Aleppo; and surely this is a great mistake in the conduct of the inhabitants of any city; for, says a writer, very justly, upon this topic, 'of all the causes which conspire to render the life of man short and miserable, none has greater influence than the want of proper exercise. Healthy parents, wholesome food, and proper clothing, will avail little, where exercise is neglected.' The same writer adds: 'One hardly meets with a girl who can at the same time boast of early performances by the needle, and a good constitution. Weak nerves are the constant companions of inactivity,' he continues; 'nothing but exercise and open air can brace and strengthen the nerves, or prevent the endless train of diseases which proceed from a relaxed state of these organs.' Now, why should such a neglect of the means of health prevail where every facility for the enjoyment of them stands connected with little trouble and no expense?

But I must go on with my review of the 'Review' under consideration. Here comes a piece of rhyme, or poetry, if you will: 'Poems, by a Gentleman of the Inner Temple.' But surely the critic on the effusions thus designated is too severe. Has he got the toothach, or the gout? or, what, in the name of anger, makes him so pettish at the poet? He may say, if he chooses, that 'the numbers are in general inharmonious, and the language often mean and incorrect;' and that 'there is a vicious mixture of ancient and British ideas, the pieces being neither Arcadian nor English;' but I, Richard Oldmakenew, hereby do declare that the lovely Collinet is not thus to be stigmatised, be the Gentleman of the Inner Temple who he may.

COLLINET; A POEM.

'One morn, now some moons past, by eustom led,
To tend my flocks, to yonder hill I sped—
To yonder hill, whose vast ascending height
Wide o'er the clampaign had commanding sight.
There did I, from topmost summit view,
A furious bull a lovely maid pursue.
I heard her cries, I saw the fleeting fair,
By terror wing'd, and hasten'd by despair,
Adown the steep descent with swiftness run,
To shun the danger—but in vain to shun;
When from my sling a ponderous stone I threw,
And at one stroke the horrid monster slew.

Now, whether aided by unusual force,
As down the hill she ran her rapid course,
She could not stop, or whether, lost to sense,
Onward she went, in mad-like impotence,
Not mine to say; but eagerly she flew,
And in the stream her lovely body threw.
I saw; and swift to aid the fair one strove—
Swifter than fancy—on the wings of love.
Boldly I plunged, and, plunging boldly, bore
The beauteous virgin, senseless, to the shore,
Trembling with hopes and fears, her charms to see:
At length she waked to life, to love, and me.
And, oh! that day I never can forget,
For she I saved was lovely Collinet!

Now, it is no easy matter to be chased by a bull. Robert Gutterston, an old acquaintance of mine, was once chased by one—a *cowed* one, as he called it; that is, one without horns—and so sore was the struggle that it was doubtful, for a time, which of them might prove victor. 'At last,' said Robert, 'finding that life was at stake, I

took him by the horns, and did for him in such a manner that he just lay down and roared.' 'But,' said a little observant urchin sitting by the fireside, 'hoo could ye tak him by the horns, whan ye said he was a cowed bull?' 'Haud you your tongue,' said Robert, 'or I'll gi'e ye a share o' what the bull got.' 'Na,' said the boy, with a mischievous leer, 'ye canna do that, for the bull got it a'.'

Fabricators of falsehoods are sometimes, like Robert Gutterson, caught in their own net. I remember to have heard of one gentleman of 'the long bow,' who, upon returning from the West Indies to his native Scotland, stated that the bees there were as large as the sheep here. The person to whom this tale was told very naturally remarked that the *skeps* (hives) must also be very large. 'No,' replied the narrator, 'the skeps are about the same size as in this country.' 'Then,' inquired the listener, 'how, in all the world, do the bees get in?' 'That's their look-out, not mine,' was the reply. His, most assuredly, was the position of the gentleman who maintained that, in hot climates, he had seen bugs as large as dinner-plates. 'That I don't doubt,' said a friend present, 'I have seen them larger, by much;' but his veracity being questioned by the veritable narrator, he added, 'Yes; I have seen them larger, by much, in Ireland; but mark this: they are not called bugs there—they are called humbugs.'

Having now made a beginning, and introduced myself to the notice of the reader, I will occasionally avail myself of the privilege accorded me, and hope to be able to show that something interesting may be found even in an old newspaper. Meantime, I am, what I trust I shall always be, till cometh life's verge, yours truly,

RICHARD OLDMAKENEW.

VASCO DE GAMA; AND THE CONQUEST OF HINDOSTAN.

WHILE Spain directed her attention to the exploration and subjugation of the West, Portugal, her sister nation and maritime rival, sought dominion and wealth in the East. While the cruel and immoral adventurers of the former nation carried havoc and ruin into the hearts of the islands and countries of the new world, the equally iron-hearted and gold-worshipping navigators of the latter blighted almost as soon as they discovered the *terra incognita* of Asia. The motive which induced the chivalry of Spain and Portugal to forsake the barbed steed, and its theatre of operations, the land, for the sea, was the same—the desire of acquiring wealth, not by the most honourable but in the most rapid way. Portugal, if it does not occupy so prominent a position in the annals of discovery as Spain, can still claim a priority in the path of exploration. It was from the fame of her discoveries in the east that all Europe became imbued with a passion for marine adventure, and consequently it was from her that Spain received the impulse of navigation. Under the energetic and fostering auspices of Prince Henry of Portugal, the idea of circumnavigating the continent of Africa, in order to open a path to India, was pursued with much zeal and success. India was looked upon as the grand source of wealth and commerce; and keeping their eyes steadily fixed upon the probable results of every new discovery, the Portuguese pursued their researches along the African coast until they doubled its southernmost promontory and opened the path to the countries and islands of Eastern Asia.

The grand object of Portuguese exploration—that of rounding the Cape—was said to be attained in 1486 by Bartholomew Diaz, who discovered it, although generally attributed to Covilham and Vasco De Gama. To De Gama, however, belongs the undoubted honour of having applied the knowledge of Covilham to the extension of eastern discovery, and of having led the first fleet to the rich shores of India—an event which, by exciting the cupidity of adventurers and the speculation of geographers, led also to the extension of American discovery. It was the idea of finding a western passage to India which sent Columbus across the Atlantic Ocean, and when he landed upon San Salvador the belief that he had come upon one of the extreme

islands of Asia caused him to give the name of West Indies to those islands in the Gulf of Mexico which have no relation to India whatever. It was not until eleven years after the passage of the Cape by Diaz, and when Covilham, a Portuguese resident in Abyssinia, had repeatedly pointed out the practicability of a passage by this route to India, that Emanuel, king of Portugal, determined to send a fleet thither. Kings have never shown themselves to be very scrupulous in the choice of those upon whom they sought to shower those nominal favours called titles, but when any serious business was to be done they have in a great many instances given indications of judgment and prudence in their choice. It is a well known truth that obscure merit, although despised and treated with indifference, is always placed in its legitimate position when required, and accordingly Vasco De Gama, although no great courtier, but well known for his prudence, courage, and skill in navigation, was chosen commander of the expedition that was to visit India. When we contrast the vessels which are fitted out for modern exploration with those of the fifteenth century, and when we compare the relative skill of the mariners of that period with ours, we wonder at the courage and perseverance of the early discoverers, as well as at the dangers which they must have encountered from the smallness and weakness of their vessels and the paucity of hands to work them. This expedition, which was to proceed upon so long and hazardous a voyage, consisted of three ships, carrying in all about sixty men.

Vasco De Gama set sail on the 8th of July, 1497, five years after Columbus had discovered America, and he steered direct for the Cape Verd Isles. From thence he bore directly to St Helena, in the South Atlantic Ocean, and only comparatively a little to the north of the southern point of Africa, which in two days he reached and doubled, despite of the strong south-east winds which blow there continuously during summer. In addition to the opposition which he met with from the weather, De Gama, like every commander of his times, had to contend with the arrant epidemical cowardice of his crews. Gross superstition and instability of courage seem to have been the most prominent elements in the characters of the Spaniards and Portuguese of those times, if we except cupidity; and while their commanders were sometimes constrained to check their cruel avarice, they were as often obliged to expostulate and threaten in order to overcome the most trifling obstacles. By firmness and address De Gama subdued the fears of his men, and induced them to proceed upon the voyage. Steering to the east, along the southern shore of Africa, the expedition arrived at the bay of St Blaise, and shortly after at the islet of La Cruz, where, according to several narrators, the discoveries of Diaz terminated. Here the African coast begins its northern inclination, and, consequently, when it was passed the Portuguese had entered the Indian Ocean. Vasco De Gama had not proceeded upon this voyage on mere speculation. Pedro De Covilham, a Portuguese nobleman, had undertaken an overland journey to India, at the instance of John of Portugal, in search of the dominions of one Ogané, a prince whose dominions were reputed to be as extensive as they were rich. Covilham penetrated into Arabia Petrea, where he received some valuable information regarding the trade of Calicut, which place he visited, together with Cananor and Goa; he then crossed over to Sofala, anciently Ophir, on the coast of Africa, in order to examine the celebrated gold mines of that country; there he got the first distinct account of the island of the Moon or Madagascar. Satisfied with his discoveries, he intended to return to Portugal, but he was met by two Jews at Cairo, who informed him of the murder of his companion Payva, who had intended to go in quest of the kingdom of Ogané. Upon the receipt of this intelligence Covilham sent his journal, together with a map which had been presented to him by a Moor, to Portugal, and abandoning the idea of returning home, he journeyed to Abyssinia, accompanied by one of the Jews. Here he was most hospitably entertained by the king, who, appreciating and taking advantage of his superior knowledge, constrained him, it is said, to take up his perma-

ment residence in Abyssinia. Covilham remained; but whether he was induced to do so by persuasion or constraint does not matter; he married, and attained the highest offices in the state, but still kept up a correspondence with his native country, and it was his representations and advice that had led to the undertaking of De Gama. In order, therefore, that he might find all the countries which Covilham had visited, Vasco De Gama kept sailing along shore, invariably keeping within sight of land. Wherever he saw symptoms of a settled population, he always sent on shore or went himself, in order that he might become acquainted with the character and productions of the country, and to discover whether it had been previously visited by Covilham. In this tedious and almost uninteresting manner he crawled along shore, until at last, in the beginning of March, 1498, he anchored before the city of Mozambique, situated on the island of that name, which at that time was inhabited by Mahomedan Arabs, who were governed by a prince professing their own faith, and who carried on a great trade with the cities on either shore of the Red Sea and with the Indies.

The idea of deriving advantage from a trade with the strangers, induced the Mozambique Mussulmans to give them a favourable reception; but as soon as it was discovered that the Portuguese were professing Christians, the Moslems sought to destroy them. De Gama was constrained to fly from these treacherous people, and he then steered northwards and reached Mombasa. This city was built in a superior style to Mozambique, and carried on a still more extensive trade; but the inhabitants were of the same stock and faith with the Mozambiqueans, whose hospitality was also assumed in order to hide their purpose to destroy the adventurers. Obtaining no information from these crafty Mussulman merchants, the Portuguese squadron proceeded eighteen leagues further on their voyage, next touching at Melinda, where the influence of commerce seemed to have softened the austere manners of the Mahomedans. The sovereign of Melinda received Gama with every mark of favour, visiting his ships and inviting him on shore. The Portuguese commander was unwilling, however, to run the risk of exciting the bigotry of the people, and he therefore declined the invitation. Several of his officers, whom he allowed to visit the king, were treated with every mark of hospitality and respect. Melinda is situated in $2\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of south latitude, between the rivers Quilimanchi and the Great River. The soil was generally fertile, and finely interspersed with trees yielding a great variety of fruits. Flowers and esculents were also very abundant. The town of Melinda gave indications of a busy, thriving, commercial city. It was built upon a plain, and presented a very pleasant and picturesque appearance. The houses were built of stone, as if the Arab merchants had no intention of again returning to the wandering habits of their people, and they were very richly furnished with manufactured articles, indicating the security and encouragement which were given for the accumulation of wealth, and a high state of advancement in art. The access to the harbour of Melinda was intercepted by rocks and other submarine obstructions, so that the adventurers were constrained to cast anchor at some distance from the town; but here Vasco De Gama found many ships from India, the owners of which carried on a brisk trade with the merchants of Melinda in gold, copper, quicksilver, ivory, and wax, and who gave them silks, cottons, linen-cloth, corn, and other commodities, in exchange. To the northward of Melinda there is a large and commodious bay, which the adventurers designated Bahía Formosa, and which is the ancient Tarshish of Scripture. Its coast is difficult of access, being dotted with many rocks and shoals, but, formed by the mouths of Great River, were three fertile and populous islands which were ultimately subjected to the Portuguese sway. While at Melinda, Gama was warned by some Christians of that country to be on his guard, and not to trust too much to hospitable appearances. This advice harmonised too well with De Gama's own opinions and experiences for him to neglect it; he therefore kept a strict watch upon all the movements

of the Melindans, and left their shores without injury. On the contrary, the king presented to him several rich presents, the most important of which was Malemo Cana, an Indian of Guzerat, who was the most experienced navigator of the Indian seas. This mariner did not evince the least surprise when he saw the astrolabe with which the European navigators observed the sun's meridian altitude, and when questioned upon the subject, he said that the pilots of the Red Sea used instruments of a similar construction for the same purpose.

From Melinda, Vasco De Gama turned the prows of his vessels towards the north-east, and, sailing amongst the islands of the Indian Ocean during twenty-three days, he arrived at Calicut, on the Malabar coast, which was then the grand mercantile or commercial emporium of India. This proud and wealthy city was then free from the domination of the European stranger, and was governed by a native prince who bore the title of Zamorin. The messengers of the voyager landed, and found means to introduce themselves to the ministers of this ruler, and so successful were their first negotiations, that they were immediately allowed to enter the port, and the Zamorin consented that Vasco should be presented to him and received with all the honours usually shown to the ambassadors of powerful monarchs. The want of reciprocal good faith, however, marred all the attempts at friendly intercourse between the voyagers and Indians. The Portuguese were suspicious of the Mahomedans, and they therefore advised their commander not to trust himself on shore.

In a council which was held previous to his landing, his brother Paul impudently urged him to remain on ship-board; but Vasco still maintained his resolution of going on shore, and ordered that his brother should take command of the fleet during his absence. He disregarded danger, supposing that he might be able to form a commercial alliance with the Zamorin, and thus conduce to the glory and exaltation of his country. To prove, however, that he was not dead to the danger which his officers declared menaced him, he ordered that in case of his death Paul should immediately depart and inform the king that India was discovered, and also that Vasco de Gama had died in his endeavours to aggrandise his country.

Next morning after his arrival in the harbour of Calicut, the mariner, accompanied by twelve resolute men as a body-guard, landed, and proceeded to the palace of the Zamorin. The residence of the prince was situated some miles in the interior, so that, after having been received with great pomp at their landing, the strangers had to pass through the city on their way to the country-residence of the monarch. As they passed along, they were greeted by a wondering multitude of people from all the trading nations of Asia, whose admiration of the pale-faced strangers was no doubt heightened by their singular costume, so unlike anything Indian. Upon his arrival at the country-residence of the Zamorin, De Gama was so well received that he entertained the most sanguine hopes of being able to negotiate a treaty of commerce between his native country and this splendid and richest of Asiatic cities; but the intrigues of the Mahomedans had followed him from Mambosa and Mozambique to Calicut, so that when he imagined himself upon the point of forming an alliance advantageous to his country, the representations of the Arab traders induced the Zamorin to believe that the Portuguese were mere pirates, who had found their way into the Indian seas for no other purpose than to promote commotion and turmoil, in order that they might pillage and destroy. These insinuations, supported by the apparent poverty of the adventurers, produced the desired effect. The magnificent presents which De Gama offered to the ministers of the Zamorin were so contemptible in their estimation, that they indignantly rejected them; and this cause of estrangement being followed by others, De Gama began to fear that he would either be detained a prisoner, or put to death along with his twelve companions.

At length De Gama received private information, that, under the pretence of a reconciliation, it was intended to

bring his fleet into a position convenient for its destruction. Vasco found means to convey this intelligence to his brother, who conducted measures so firmly, and at the same time prudently, that he frustrated the designs of the conspirators. The firmness and address of Vasco, on the other hand, enabled him to secure the respect of the prince, and to convince him that he was indeed the representative of a great commercial nation, with which an alliance would be to the Zamorin's advantage; and while the prince was in this belief, he obtained leave to return to his ships.

As soon as De Gama was free, he bore away from Calicut to the Angedive Islands, a little to the north, whence, having repaired his ships, he steered directly for Europe. In passing Melinda, which is situated on the west coast of Africa, and only a little to the south of the equator, De Gama took on board an ambassador from the king of that country, the only one of the eastern princes who had manifested anything like sincere friendship for the Portuguese. In March, 1499, the navigator doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and arrived at Lisbon on the September following, having been absent two years. Emanuel received De Gama with great pomp and rejoicing, lavishing titles upon him, and causing his return to be celebrated with great festivities.

This voyage of Vasco De Gama may with confidence be termed the precursor of that system of spoliation and flagrant injustice which disgraces the history of every European nation which has sent its ships to India. Emanuel no sooner heard of the wealth of the Asiatic cities than he desired to appropriate it to his own uses, and as he knew that force was necessary to consummate his designs, he fitted out a fleet of thirteen sail, and dispatched them to India under the command of Don Pedro Alvarez Cabral. There had been a great outcry raised against the expenses required to equip the three small vessels of De Gama, because the profits of his voyage were as problematical as the issue of the voyage itself; but no sooner did he bring home the news of his success than the nobility embarked with avidity in the expedition of Cabral, anticipating a rich return in the spoils of the territories which they should subjugate. The Arab merchants had no doubt reasoned hypothetically when they called the Portuguese pirates, or they had done so upon no other grounds than their own suppositions. Subsequent events, however, verified the fact and wrote it deep into the heart of sacked and plundered India. Alvarez carried with him a number of Franciscan monks to teach the nations of the east Christianity, and, as if in utter mockery of the mandate of the Saviour, he had 1200 fighting men to support the priests in the propagation of the precepts of the Prince of Peace. In order to avoid the storms of the Cape of Good Hope, Cabral steered boldly to the south-west, and thus fortuitously discovered Brazil. Although meeting with severe storms, and losing a portion of his armament, he still pursued his voyage, and, arriving at Calicut, was received with much deference by the king of that region, who, in order to dissipate the impression which his equivocal conduct to De Gama might have produced upon the minds of his countrymen, gave to Cabral a right of settlement in his territory, and allowed him to appoint a trading factor or consul for his nation. This amicable feeling did not long exist, however, for the Portuguese, eager to acquire the wealth of the Indians, did not scruple to use the most unjust means to attain it, and having begun to treat the people of Calicut more as conquerors than as friendly traders, they were set upon and slain to the number of fifty. Cabral visited Cochin, Coilan, and Cananore, lading his vessels with rich cargoes, and bearing home ambassadors from the chiefs of these comparatively feeble states.

Every subsequent voyage tended to increase the avaricious propensities of the Portuguese, and accordingly rendered the fitting out of fleets for India a work of easy attainment. In 1502, therefore, they fitted out a fleet of twenty sail, and Vasco De Gama was induced to take the command of it. Almost the first of De Gama's acts, when he arrived on the east coast of Africa, was one of essential piracy. He set upon the King of Quiloa, and compelled

him to become tributary to the King of Portugal, forcing him to promise to pay two thousand crowns of gold annually. Leaving Quiloa, and steering across the Indian Ocean, he came upon a group of islands, which, in remembrance of his title of Admiral of India, he called Admiral Isles. Upon his arrival on the Malabar, or western coast of Hindostan, with his increased force, the sovereigns of Cananore and Cochin hastened to congratulate him, and the Christians of St Thomas claimed his protection, which he granted, leaving a part of his squadron to act with or for them. Remembering his own usage at Calicut, and hearing of the massacre of the Portuguese left by Cabral, Vasco approached this territory not in a very friendly aspect, and the Zamorin, who knew what he might expect, fitted out a fleet to oppose him. The Portuguese gained an easy victory, capturing two ships which contained immense riches. In addition to a vast quantity of gold and silver plate, there was on board one of these ships a golden image which weighed sixty pounds. Its eyes were emeralds of great size, and in its breast was a ruby as large as a chestnut. Laden with the spoils of this purely piratical excursion, De Gama returned home, and landed at Lisbon without a single accident. Here the plaudits of his countrymen and the praises of his king awaited him. Cheers and every demonstration of popular joy greeted his landing, and, to swell his triumph, and convey a right sense of the value of his services to Portugal, the tribute of the King of Quiloa was borne before him in a silver basin. Vasco De Gama is no more heard of in the annals of voyaging. He retired to enjoy in seclusion the fruits of his toils and the honours conferred upon him by his king.

Elated by success, and strengthened in their appetite for gold by their repeated acquisitions, the Portuguese gradually extended their geographical discoveries even to the islands of Japan. Fleet after fleet was sent out, under sanction of the government, to the East, and the only compensation of those who fitted them out was the plunder which they might gain from the Indians. Their voyages, from that of Vasco De Gama, became gradually more and more voyages of conquest, until they at last appeared in their worst aspect of rapacious tyranny. By their warlike energy, the Portuguese became masters of Arabia-Persia, the two peninsulas of Hindostan and Malacca, together with the Moluccas, Ceylon, and the islands of Sunda. But the voluptuousness which their ill-acquired wealth produced soon rendered them incapable of supporting themselves in the position of masters of India. Wherever they ruled there was a division of the state into factions, and the governors of the several settlements so abandoned themselves to those excesses which render men hateful and contemptible, that even their power ceased to intimidate the conquered natives. The voyage of Vasco De Gama opened up an extensive field for discovery, but it was the path which eventually led to the effeminacy, degeneracy, and decay of his country; and now, of all their vast territories in Asia, they can claim but a little decayed settlement at Macao, with some inconsiderable trading port on the coast of Malabar. It has ever been thus with nations who superseded commerce by the impolitic and cruel policy of war; and Portugal, like Spain, stands a monument to the nations of the punishment that invariably follows national dishonour and cruelty.

THE IDEALIST.

(For the Instructor.)

Dreaming, dreaming—ever dreaming!
Building castles from a lad,
Look'd askance upon by worldlings,
But with *dreams* to make him glad.
Visions, visions! nought but visions!
Visions mirror'd in his face,
Stamp'd upon his brow of daring,
Sparkling from his eye of grace.
High ideals! high ideals!
When the boy became a youth;

Quenchless thirst for purest knowledge,
And a conscience knit to truth.
Up and doing! up and doing!
He must make his musings *real*;
Day and night he tries the problem
How to *grasp* his young ideal.

For his vision—for his vision
Is upon the highest peak
Of life's steepest chain of mountains,
And the stripling is but weak.

Steadfast purpose! steadfast purpose!
Nor once quail thy buoyant mind.
Let thy young cheek flush with courage,
And *thy dream thou yet shalt find*.

Hie thee forward! hie thee forward!
Fix thine eye upon the prize;
Never take it off an instant,
Step by step towards it rise;

Then a bold grasp—then a bold grasp,
When thou'st scaled the highest hill,
And with one determined effort
Pluck the prize, and gain thy will!

Stay, but kneel thee—stay, but kneel thee!
Help from soul-land must be had.
Now invoke it, and now start thee:
God protect and bless the lad!

Through the valley—through the valley,
In his being's freshest spring,
Forward darts the young enthusiast
With a heart without one sting.

And the blue sky—and the blue sky,
Smiles with countenance serene,
And *within his mind is mirrored*
All the bloomings of the scene.

But the thunder—but the thunder
Is awak'ning in the north,
And the storm-king in his fury
Is about to wing him forth.

And a hermit—and a hermit
Stops the youthful wand'rer now,
And he bids him reconsider
Ere he hastens on his vow:

And the grey-beard—and the grey-beard
Is a slow and cautious elf,
And he tries to fill the stripling
With the doubtings of himself:

'Weak and foolish—weak and foolish
Are all dreams at thy young age;
Get thee back: fame's fraught with danger—
Turn, and flee the tempest's rage!'

'There's contagion—there's contagion
In thy cowardice, old elf.'
Says the youth; '*who plucks the laurel*
Must first sacrifice himself.'

On he boundeth—on he boundeth,
Still pursuing his fond hope,
Till the valley disappeareth,
And he gains the rising slope;

And behold, now—and behold, now
The steep hills before him stand,
But he mounts them with a purpose
As elastic as when plann'd.

Syren pleasure! syren pleasure!
How she strews his path with flowers!
But he stayeth not to cull them,
And he shuns her honied bowers.

And still higher—and still higher,
He seeks purer air above,
While intenser yearnings stir him,
And dilate his soul with love.

He seeketh more—he seeketh more—
The beautiful and true;
For angelic genius, all he sees,
Bathes in her fresh'ning hue.

And the summit—and the summit
Of the mountain's highest throne,
He has gain'd it!—bless his daring!—
He has gain'd it, and alone!

And his young hope—and his young hope,
With a panther's splendid bound,
The *Idealist* has reach'd it,
And his high ideal's found!

REV. G. ASPINALL.

LILLY BEGG.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF THE COVENANT.

PART SECOND.

EIGHT years after the events previously recorded had elapsed, and peace, comparatively speaking, was again restored to Scotland, one autumn afternoon a stranger appeared in the little village of Paisley; a middle aged man, tall, and swarthy in complexion, having evidently been exposed to the broiling influence of some hotter sun than ours. After strolling leisurely through several of the streets and lanes, he proceeded westwards till he arrived at a few scattered houses of primitive appearance, not belonging to any recognised order of architecture. Here, making some inquiry at a little flaxen-headed boy, who stood at the door of one of the buildings chucking stones at the sparrows on the opposite side of the road, he passed on and entered another cottage beyond, the door of which stood ajar, and no answer having been returned to his repeated knocks, he walked in unbidden. Seating himself on an oaken bench, he had ample leisure to survey the curiosities of the apartment into which he had strayed; and seldom was human vision gratified with a more remarkable style of furnishing than that room presented. It seemed in fact an absolute aviary. Every available inch of the walls was covered with wicker cages of all dimensions. Here a goldfinch twittered his evening song, his voice almost quenched by the strong pipe of an opposite blackbird, while a bullfinch screamed out still louder at intervals, 'I'm a good fellow, I'll sing a song.' Linnets and redpoles innumerable occupied other positions, while two canaries, then a very rare bird, hung suspended from the roof in an ornamental domicile, adding their shrill tones in concert; the united efforts of the whole raising a babel of sound more piquant than pleasant. The departing light, streaming in at the window, revealed lying in a corner a heap of unfinished cages, reeds, and wands, with a variety of bird-snares and traps crowded together beside them. All the other furniture bore the impress of primitive simplicity, and might be included in a few cumbrous chairs, a deal table, and a fowling-piece that hung suspended by two nails to the black and charred rafters. A genial fire blazed on the hearth, over which hung a huge misshapen iron pot, wherefrom issued a grateful fragrance, diffusing itself with most potent energy into all corners, and creeping out slyly by chinks and holes, warned passers by of cheer within. The stranger noted all these things with a smile, and then fell into a reverie, in which, from the ever varying expression of his countenance, you might judge that pleasurable and sad emotions or recollections were strangely blended. Some time longer than he dreamed of perhaps, he sat thus gazing vacantly on the glowing embers, alike heedless of the sweet music the iron pot discoursed, as with a low voice it simmered and sung of comfort to ensue, or of the now subdued melody of the birds, who had mostly gone to roost, when the noise of some one entering caused him to start up and look round. Turning, he beheld the well known face of Wylie Track. Wylie surveyed the stranger for a few minutes, and concluding mentally that he had come to purchase birds, inquired, 'Weel, sir, gude e'en t'ye; what's your wull? A lintie, a gooldie, or maybe a redpole? I hae some prime birds, nane better in the kintra side; but ye suld hae come in daylight, it's ower dark to wale noo wi advantage.'

'No, friend, I am not requiring any of your favourites to-night. I have other business on hand. Will you sit down?'

'Oh, surely, in my ain hoose,' replied Wylie, planting himself opposite.

'Perhaps you have no objections to answer a few questions relative to some matters in which you were an active agent some eight years since?'

Wylie was half paralysed for a minute with astonishment. 'Nae doot,' said he, mentally, 'this is some ugly business the man's gaun to harl me ower the whins aboot; but I'll see what it is first,' and, glancing at the speaker inquiringly, he replied. 'Freend, I fear ye hae come the wrang gate to get sic information. Few and evil hae the days o' my pilgrimage been. In a puir body's life, like mine, there's little change, and as to bein' an agent or airt and pairt connected wi' ocht save the bird line ye maun be mista'en.'

'Oh, not at all mistaken! You were, I believe, connected with the persecuted children of the covenant in many ways, and, I know, can supply me with what I want,' said the stranger, sternly.

'Na, na! I hae been a peacefu' dweller in the lan'. But what gars ye premeese I belonged to the covenanting party—gin I may speer sic a question?'

The stranger stretched himself forward and whispered a few words in Wylie's ear, who instantly started up, exclaiming, 'Bless me, is it possible? It can be nae ither than Mark Aiken, as I'm leevin' flesh! Wow, man, but I'm proud to see ye here. How wonderfu' I shouldna hae kent ye suer!' The honest trapper seized him by the hand, and wrung and shook it as if he would have twisted it off, dancing all the while in an absolute ecstasy of joy, shedding tears and laughing alternately. At length calming down a little, he inquired, 'When cam ye hame—whaur hae ye been—an' what seen an' done syne we partit? Eh, man, what a wonderfu' sicht o' extraordinar' things ye maun hae gotten! Did ye see the Grand Turk, wha they say has sax hunder wives, an' keeps them a' in order like King Solomon—or the sea serpent—or wild Indians—or maybe outlandish Frenchers—or saw ye ony black folk or burnin' mountains they speak o'? But I'm clean forgettin' mysel', a' they things I'll hear aboot in gude time, I'se warrant.' Wylie paused, looked at the pot and then at Mark, hesitatingly. He ventured at last, 'Man, Mr Mark I mean, I'm half ashamed to ask ye gin ye'll tak a share o' supper wi' me; ye ken, though the fare's hamely the welcome's hearty.'

'No apology, I'll take my chance. The odour arising is sufficient guarantee for the quality of the viands; but even were it not so, I have experienced too largely of hardship and privation to be much of an epicure. I have a great deal to ask you about, and some arrangements to make, and will not only, with your permission, take share of your supper but remain here overnight.'

Wylie lost no time in getting the contents of the pot transferred to the deal table, and, with little ceremony, the two applied themselves to the smoking viands with the air of men really in earnest, uninterrupted save by the shouting of 'I'm a brave fellow,' from the bullfinch, who was aroused from a temporary slumber.

'Noo,' said Wylie, after they had satiated their appetites and the fragments were removed; 'noo, I'm a' ears for a blink.'

'Ha, what was that?' exclaimed Mark, starting round and gazing towards the little window. 'I thought I heard some one making a noise there.'

'Hoot, ye maun be mista'en; it's just glaumory.'

'I'm strangely mistaken, indeed, if it be. I could take my oath there was a face there.'

'Weel a weel, maybe some neighbour wain may hae looked in i' the bygaun; but come Mark—Mr Mark, I mean—turn ye roon' and tell us whaur away ye hae been sae lang. I'm sairly itchin' to hear o' the wonderfu' things that's seen ayont the seas.'

On the night on which these events occurred, Lilly Begg might have been seen in the same apartment noticed at the commencement of our tale, busily engaged in some domestic arrangements. Her step, as she passed to and

fro, was less light and lithesome than eight years previous; a tinge of sadness rested on and shadowed the features, then fair and girlish, but now ripened into blooming womanhood. The apartment, in appearance, was still the same; the same rows of blue delft and wooden dishes ranged the wall on a rack, the quaintly carved chair, with its high back, stood in the corner, and the others ranged along the same side down to the bed, the bed still wearing the same blue and red striped calico curtains; the same portraits of our great progenitors in Eden, and the Prodigal Son, in blue buckskin unmentionables and plush vest, embracing his patriarchal sire, graced the walls, with the little antique mirror opposite. All else, save the old woman, were fresh and unimpaired; she, however, in the straggling grey lock that escaped from her coif, and the deeply furrowed hues on her countenance, indicated that the destroyer's hand was at work. Her voice had assumed that sharp garrulity peculiar to age, and as she sat in a large oak chair by the fireside, plying the old wheel, an occasional gesture of impatience escaped her when the thread became tangled and troublesome, as it often did owing to her failing vision; yet these ebullitions were but momentary, and often did she check herself for impatience. Above her, in a little niche in the wall, lay the well-thumbed Bible, the almost sole book, with the exception of Baxter's 'Saint's Rest,' the house contained, and which was now more frequently in requisition than ever, as the widow's memory was becoming faint and dim, and, as she herself observed, 'it should be aftener refreshed at the living well.'

'Mother,' said Lilly, pausing in her occupation, 'I maun gang awa' doon to the burn. It's lang dark, and I hae forgotten to lift the claes I left bleachin' on the green.'

'Rax me that hank o' woo' aff the bauk first, and then hurry as fast's ye can.'

The burn was about two gunshots beyond the house, a small stream, which, rising in the Gleniffer Hills, flowed down towards the town, and joined the boundary of old Maxwellton on the south. Brightly the stars shone in the canopy of heaven; calm and tranquil, as if in eternal rest, slumbered the lower world; upwards and around on every side the grandeur of silence and peace reigned; no sign or symptom of the labour-curse struck the ear, to remind man of his condition. Gazing on high, the soul felt animated with inexpressible awe and reverence at the sublimity of the scene, for there, from their deep dome, the stars, like ten thousand 'winged messengers of heaven,' seemed to view in love the lower created world, and finite vision was privileged to look upon their purity. And fitting to and fro, like the unsullied glory of angels, passing in rapid flight from the SEEN to the UNSEEN, the northern lights, with their brilliant ceaseless coruscations, lent additional magnificence to the spangled glistening vault. Lilly cast a glance of silent admiration at the scene as she passed, and it were needless to say it awakened sentiments of reverence in her bosom towards Him who counts the number of the stars and regulates their movements. Close by the side of the little stream an old house stood, apart from all other dwellings, and as our heroine passed close by it, collecting the clothes which lay spread adjacent on the banks of the stream, she was startled at hearing the sound of voices issuing from it. Knowing, from an evil name it had acquired in consequence of a deed of violence having once been perpetrated within its walls, that it had long been tenanted and had the reputation of being haunted, the sounds awakened a superstitious fear, and she was about to hurry off, when the words struck her ear—'It must be done to-night, risk or no risk. If he awakes, a couple of finches of cold steel will, by my halidome, rightly administered, stop all inquiry.'

'But mightn't it be managed without bloodshed? We needn't load our consciences with more guilt.'

'Ho! craven loon, scared at the thought of a drop or two of blood when such a reward presents itself! By the head o' Cromwell, I thought you'd have got over such poltroonery now. Clavers' company wasn't the place for a chicken—no, by Jove. Ha! ha!'

Lilly's blood curdled in her veins; she trembled like the autumn leaf. These were words of no ghostly visitant, but of some ruffians meditating a fearful deed. She inclined at first to flee, but a strange, horrible curiosity prompted her to remain.

'But,' added another voice, 'are you sure about the gold?'

'Sure! ha! ha! I wish I were just as sure it were ours. Did I not tell you I saw the fellow giving a boy a silver groat from a purse in which as many rose-nobles shone as would make you and I rich for a year?'

'But don't you calculate on a tuzzle with old Track, the trapper. He's tough and wiry yet, and there's no one can say what a roused man mightn't do.'

Lilly heard no more. Nerving herself, she crept slowly round the house, and, though staggering with horror, she gathered up her bundle and ran homewards. She had heard enough to understand that robbery, if not worse, was meditated of some stranger in Wylie Track's. Who he could be she entertained no suspicion, nor did that point give her any thought. On entering the house, her mother noticed her agitated manner and unusual paleness, and inquired the cause. Lilly merely replied, that in passing the old house she had been startled by some sounds in it; and the widow, attributing it to fancy arising from the reputed house had fallen into, thought no more of the matter. As soon, however, as an opportunity presented itself, her mother having gone to bed, Lilly stole out to the bird-fancier's, to warn him of what she had heard.

Wylie sat by the hearth watching the glowing embers of a log now nigh burned out, and reflecting on the many strange things his guest, who had retired to rest, had told him of. The old man's frequent companion, his pipe, was fixed between his teeth, but had long expired from lack of fuel. Arousing himself, he laid it slowly down, and was rising to follow Mark's example, when he became aware of the presence of Lilly, who, with an excited, tremulous voice, whispered—'Wylie, beware o' danger; you hae or had a guest in your hoose the nicht, and his life's in peril.'

'Na, impossible!' exclaimed Wylie, in surprise; 'how came ye to ken that?'

Lilly briefly detailed what she had heard at the old house, adding, 'I heard voices at the back o' the hoose as I cam' in; there's nae time to lose.'

Wylie paused a moment to think; then taking down the gun from its nails he loaded it, and, handing it to Lilly, said—'Noo, I'll trust ye wi' this; use it 'gin ony one enters at that door, an' I'll awa' saftly intil his room.'

Wylie opened quietly the door of the little room where Mark slept, with the intention of awakening him, when he heard the window of it softly lifted up. He crouched out of sight: a head was thrust in; then, as if satisfied of security, a man's shoulders were slowly drawn through, and the rest of his body followed, and alighted noiselessly on the floor. The ruffian paused, fumbled in his belt for a small dagger which he drew from it, approached the couch of the sleeper, listened for a moment, and was on the point of stretching forth his hand to Mark's clothes, when a bludgeon descended on his head with a crash, and he fell heavily on the floor. Mark, aroused by the noise, started up and inquired what was wrong.

'Stop till I fetch a licht,' replied the trapper, 'and ye'll see;' and in a few moments he returned, bearing a lamp, and explained hurriedly the circumstance, adding, 'It's my opinion, there's mair o' the same feather no far off. Bide here, Mr Mark, till I tak' a canny survey; and, seizing his cudgel, the old man stepped out at the window.

The ruffian still lay on the floor, to all appearance dead, but in reality only stunned. In a few minutes his senses were partially restored, and opening his eyes, as if aroused from some frightful dream, he glanced uneasily around. Observing, as his faculties became clearer, that Mark was intently gazing out at the window, he rose softly to his feet—by a sudden spring reached the door—a moment, and he was at the side of Lilly, who still remained where Wylie had left her. Ere Mark was more than half aware of his flight, he dashed the gun from her grasp; she caught

him and struggled a moment—a dagger gleamed in the air—a sudden shriek—the ruffian was gone—the girl staggered to the wall, reeled again, and fell. Mark flew to raise the fallen maiden, from whose shoulder the blood was profusely flowing; but what was his surprise on beholding the long-cherished features of Lilly Begg. Frantically seizing the insensible girl in his arms, he deposited her on a couch and endeavoured to stanch the blood. Once she opened her eyes, and, gazing on his face, muttered his name, and sank back again.

Next morning a raging fever ensued. Life and death, through a long week, struggled arduously for the mastery. During the whole period Mark was hardly ever absent from the sufferer, anticipating every want, ministering comfort and hope to her agonised parent, suggesting a thousand expedients that love alone could dream of, and patiently enduring many a sleepless weary night by the couch of the poor girl. At length recovery feebly progressed in her languid frame; faintly the bloom returned to her pallid cheek, and life lit up the sunken eye. Hope smiled anew, and breathed gladness into Mark's bosom; he looked forward with bright anticipations of obtaining the realisation of his long cherished expectations.

And were these expectations realised, some reader, who has courteously accompanied us thus far, may feel tempted to inquire. On our own authority we cannot possibly state, but referring to the time-worn record from which the foregoing accounts have been collected, we find, a little way further on, the following paragraph, which, if you can explain it, is at your service:—'There were joyful merrie-makings amonge younge and olde abouten ys tym in ye hous of ane Mark Aiken, qultoe hadd cam hame fra abroad, and hadd wedded ye dochtr of Widdowe Begg of Maxwell-tone.'

PAGE BY PEDEUTES.

BISCUIT.

BISCUIT, noun common, pronounced bis-kīt, analogously with the latter syllable of circuit and conduit, is a species of hard dry bread, made originally and principally to be taken for long voyages at sea. It is an expressive word, being compounded of French *bis*, twice, and *cuit*, the past participle of *cuire*, to bake or cook, which is from Latin *coquere*. It therefore literally signifies *bread twice baked or cooked*. The French have a proverb which goes far to prove that the *biscuit* was first destined for the sea and sailors. It is 's'embarquer sans biscuit,' that is, to go on board without a provision of *biscuit*, and is employed to censure the improvidence of such persons as engage in any enterprise without the preparation necessary to procure success. So important a part of a voyager's stores was the *biscuit* deemed, that this proverb makes it include, by that figure of speech which grammarians call *synecdoche*, the whole of the provisions required by a ship's company; just in the same manner as we often find Caesar comprehending, under the single word *frumentum*, *i. e.* corn for bread, the victuals of every description, or, as Butler facetiously words it, 'the whole belly timber,' required by an army previous to their setting out on any expedition. And exactly for the same reason that *bread* is the *staff* of life, it is that we say, in the fourth petition of the Lord's Prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread.'

But the English sailor has also a figurative form of speech, which he has derived from the circumstance of his having his daily *staff of life* in the shape of *biscuit*. When a blue jacket wishes to describe a man possessed of that frankness and integrity of heart so honourably characteristic of his own gallant profession, he rears high his right arm, and making its hardy fist descend into his sinister palm with an emphasis fit to stun a landlubber into fits, he exclaims, 'Fore George, Jack Worthy has a heart as sound as a *biscuit*.' To this method of suiting the action to the word and sentiment the sailor is naturally led from the usual practice of a tar's demolishing into fragments the hardest *biscuit* laid on his left palm with one stroke from his sledge-hammer fist, as preparatory to the

molar process of mastication. Yet this form of bread-stuffs, like everything else under the sun, is subject to decay from age and exposure; and we have heard an old mariner, who was wont at times to use the liberty of a traveller, and dealt somewhat largely in the marvellous, affirm as a fact, that he had seen a *biscuit* so musty and mity that when placed on the mess-room table it walked across its whole breadth, instinct with life and locomotion!

From the same root, viz. *coquere*, we have to *cook*, i. e. to dress or prepare victuals for the table; also a man or woman who does so; *cookery*, the art or trade of *cooking*; *coke*, that is *coal burnt, caked, or cooked*—as *charcoal*, from Latin *carbo*, is coal obtained by burning *wood*; *cake*, a kind of bread, generally of a flat form, and often baked with spices, sweets, and fruits, of which the Scottish *cookie*, that favourite viand of tea-parties, is a diminutive form. The sweet *cake*, which in England goes by the name of its prime spicy ingredient, viz. *gingerbread-cake*, is in Scotland styled *parliament*, from the circumstance of the Lords of Session being wont to relieve the ennui and hunger of long sederunts and litigious suits by munching it. The mace-bearer of the court was wont regularly to supply each of their lordships with a paper-bag full of the dainty, which lay on the bench before him, and into which his left hand ever and anon was seen to dive whilst his dexter was busied *calamo currente* in taking down minutes of the cause at issue. There are certain towns which are famed for the manufacture of certain species of *cakes*, which form or formed the staple of their trade. Of these we may mention Pontefract or Pomfret, in Yorkshire, and Banbury, in Oxfordshire. They go by the name of *Pomfrats* and *Banburies*. Such are the changes and extensions of senses and acceptations to which words are liable, in the revolutions of times and vicissitudes of human events, that *Pontefract*, i. e. *broken bridge*, which had its name from being *broken down* by the weight of the multitude that accompanied William, archbishop of York, on his return from Rome, and Banbury, which is a contracted form of *Beranbury*, and signifies the *borough* or town famous for its *beer*, come both of them in process of time to designate a certain form of the *solid staff* of life. There is connected with this subject, and with this latter town Banbury, a facetious anecdote of Camden, which merits being rescued from oblivion and perpetuated to posterity. When Holland was engaged in his English edition of the 'Britannia,' the great antiquarian accidentally visited the printing office, and, inspecting the sheet that was about to be printed, he found that to his own remark in the original Latin of *Banbury* being famous for *cheese*, the translator had added *cakes* and *ale*. Camden, yielding to the impulse of the moment, snatched up a pen and slyly substituted for *ale* the word *zeal*; and so in fact it was printed, to the no small indignation of the Puritans, who abounded in Banbury. It may be mentioned collaterally, that at that time the staple employment of the inhabitants of *Banbury* was *weaving*, and hence, in connexion with the pietism of their tenets and the stiff austerity of their manners, has originated the popular proverb of 'devout as a *Banbury weaver*.'

From *coquere*, as a root, we also have *coguina*, Fr. *cuisine*, Eng. *kitchen*, i. e. the room in a house where meat is dressed or cooked. The clerk of the *kitchen*, or the *kitchener* [coquinarius, Lat.], was an officer in the king's palace or in noblemen's houses, whose function it was to purchase provisions for and superintend the economy of the *kitchen*. *Kitchen* was formerly employed to signify grease. That meaning is now antiquated or exploded, and in its room has been substituted *dripping*, i. e. the fat which falls in *drops* from meat while roasting. It is generally the perquisite of the *cook*. In Scotland there is attached a meaning to *kitchen*, which is peculiar and chiefly in vogue among the plebeian orders, namely, when it is employed to denote fish, flesh, or anything that is eaten with bread or potatoes. The Greeks and Romans have a term of exactly synonymous import, viz. *obsonium*. We have said *exactly synonymous*, because it is to be noted that nothing can be justly called *obsonium*, no more than *kitchen*, till it has been previously *cooked*.

We shall conclude with an illustrative anecdote, which we heard from the lips of Dr Chalmers, while lecturing *ex cathedra* in the Old Divinity Hall, Edinburgh, and which he stated he had told upon occasion of his giving evidence before a committee of the House of Lords. It happened and came to his cognizance while he was prosecuting his indefatigable labours, as a Christian philanthropist, to 'excavate' and convert 'the home heathen' of Glasgow. While engaged one day on his evangelic errand, the vigilant missionary overheard two journeymen labourers, the one a Scotchman and the other an Irishman, talking over the subject of their respective dinners. The former communicated to the latter that he, for the most part, had either a piece of meat, or fish, or some *kitchen* or other to his potatoes, and concluded by asking the honest Hibernian 'if they had anything by way of *kitchen* for their murphies in Ireland?'—'Troth, an' we have,' says Paddy. 'And what may it be?' quoth inquisitive Sandy. 'Och hone, my darlint, in Ireland we makes the big praters *kitchen* to the little ones,' responded Paddy triumphantly. What point the doctor was driving home on his audience I do not exactly remember, for I was no regular student, but only a chance visitant. Whatever it was intended to illustrate and enforce, it emphatically proved this fact, that the Chalmersian mind was not indebted to books and study only for its vast resources, but while on the wings of contemplation his cherubic genius soared far 'beyond the solar walk and milky way,' she would stoop at times from her height and deign to reap knowledge from the lowly tillers of the ground, and the dingy and drudging denizens of the crowded streets of our emporia of trade.

Paddy's story has a parallel in that of the Scotch peasant boy. An English traveller observing a little fellow feeding a starveling cow by the wayside, entered into conversation with him. 'What do you get for breakfast, my little man?' inquired the southron. 'Tatties,' replied the boy. 'And pray, what for dinner?'—'Tatties for dinner,' was the answer. 'And potatoes for supper too, I fancy,' continued the interrogator. 'Na, na,' interrupted the herd, as his eye brightened up with joy. 'What then for supper?'—'Champies,' responded the delighted urchin, while his teeth grinned with ecstatic anticipation. It may be necessary to inform the English reader that *champies* is the Scotch for *mashed potatoes*. This just serves to show to what homely usages pompous words are sometimes reduced:

'The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,
And snorting foam'd, and champ'd the golden bit.'

A FEW JOTTINGS FROM COUSIN JOB'S JOURNAL.

I AM sure that nature intended me for a vagabond. I say so not in jest, but in sober, downright earnest. I know that I might veil the vulgarity and bad fame attached to the word vagabond, by assuming to myself the cognomen of peripatetic; but peripatetic and vagabond are convertible terms, the one being born in Greece, the other somewhere in Latium; and as they are equally famous in origin, and both literally very expressive, I am content with perhaps the more vulgar, but certainly the less assumptive title.

I have been blamed for a restless disposition, without those who blame me calculating the strength of my predisposition to restlessness; and I have been likened to a grasshopper by my quiet contemplative cousin Daniel, merely because, from his rotundity and profundity, he is incapable of estimating the lighter elements of human character. Cousin Daniel calls me a pleasure-seeker, and seems to infer from the little mishaps, which he gravely sets down as deplorable accidents, which I have sometimes met with, that my pursuits have been chimerical and vain. I acknowledge that they have often been so—that they have always been so I deny. I admire my cousin Daniel as much as he can admire me, only I wish he were a little leaner; while, no doubt, from what he has said of me, he would be glad to see of me what Julius Cæsar aspired for with regard to Cassius, 'Would he were fatter, then he'd

sleep o' nights.' I love my cousin Daniel's love of home; it is like himself, full, healthful, rosy, and smilingly satisfied; yet I would not bound my sympathies within stone walls, nor make a hearth-stone exclusively my kingdom. I love to go about like the 'little busy bee,' to gather honey 'from every opening flower;' and although my vagabondisings may be called erratic escapades, I feel that to me they have not been altogether unprofitable, neither have they been unpleasant.

Nature intended me for a vagabond; I repeat it; 'I feel so,' as Sterne solemnly says in his 'Sentimental Journey;' and I have fulfilled thus far my destiny. I picked up my education as the ostracisers of old picked up the shells upon which they wrote the fiat of proscription, and I pitched its heterogeneous elements into the corners of my skull as indiscriminately as they did, until the time of reckoning reproduced the '*rudis indigestaque moles*' in something like order and consistency. When I was a little boy, I loved better to flatten my nose upon booksellers' windowpanes, and pick up stray leaves from the bibliopole treasures there displayed, than to sit down studiously to a whole book; and in this way I acquired a few of the choice adjurations of My Uncle Toby, and the wise aphorisms of Corporal Trim. I was a few minutes with the Knight of La Mancha and his gallant squire Sancho, and glanced now and again into the putrid philosophisms of Machiavelli; then I would dive into the mysteries of Sinbad and the glories of Aladdin, finishing the curriculum, perhaps, with the history of the life and death of Cock Robin. I have been remarkable for keeping my parents and natural guardians in life and motion, although cousin Daniel calls it 'mental excitement;' processions and promenades, stilt-dancers and companies of buffoons, were ever like chains to bind me in their wake, or like green meat to a donkey—irresistibly alluring. I have followed them for miles, regardless of dinner-time, and have in turn been followed—the final accident to which was a flogging; but it was in vain to try to intermit the tendencies of nature; and here I am as fond of flitting from place to place as I was when life's vigour and impulses were in their full supremacy and power. I have learned to read nature in my wanderings, if I have not become a philosopher; and even although the preceding assumption may also be denied, I know at least that I have seen some of its sweetest and most beautiful manifestations. I have not gone through life with my eyes thrown aloft altogether, although cousin Daniel would insinuate so. I have not looked for the Himalayas of grandeur, greatness, and beauty in human nature to be disappointed, as the man must ever be who searches for the counterpart of optimity. A heathen poet informed me when I was at school, that man was the only creature who was made with a countenance that might be turned towards the stars, and that the other creatures 'had faces prone and eyes intent upon the scanty herb,' as Pope says. But I am certain that my cousin Daniel is more of a star-gazer than I, for he has an easy chair and achromatic telescope in close affinity to each other, while I have ever been remarkable for moving on, looking more at the stars which grow on dandelion and primrose stalks than on those which stud the plumes of night's dark raven. I never had any passion for machines save once, and that was for making 'velocipedes;' but, as I spent a good deal of money and 'came no speed,' I speedily dropped my labours in disgust, and took to my wanderings once more. They may ride and flaunt about who please, but I tell them that all the ease they gain is a poor recompense for the loss of lessons which can only be learned in a quiet, contemplative walk. Nature, not wrapt up in gloom and silence, but speaking in a thousand intelligent features, and beaming from a thousand deep, thoughtful, or sparkling expressive eyes, and manifesting itself in a thousand beautiful indications, is the teacher of him who walks about with an open eye, and ear, and heart.

I was strolling one day along a meadow-walk, over which the green trees spread their long tough arms and interlaced their shorter twigs, arching and canopying a hall in which the heart might recognise and worship God. The rich, luxuriant foliage curtained the branches of the

all ashes, and beeches, and elms, or fluttered in festoons from the domed roof of the shaded vista. The sunbeams, broken into a shower of golden atoms, fell through the openings of the umbrageous canopy upon the smooth walks below, patching them alternately with sunlight and shade; and the blue eye of heaven shone with calm satisfaction upon the lovely earth that was smiling in its glowing face. Ay, nature, thou art the mighty aggregate—the grand circumstance in which all inferior, minor things are reduced to miniature. Peace, love, beauty, truth, power, and goodness are only participles of thy unity; thou art the daughter of God, whom he has enrobed in glory and grandeur, and endued with his own attributes. Men gaze upon thy fair face and love thee, and then they whisper to him whose thou art of their raptures and their love, until the world of fancy becomes peopled with the inspirations drawn from 'all we see.' Poets have been educated by thee until they became thy exponents and interpreters, and, discovering in nature things analogous to those in heaven, have brought the stars of the milky way and the flowers of the meadow near unto each other.

I walked on, indulging in these reveries, and looking round upon the green field and gardens which lay upon either hand, wondering if there could be anything more beautiful than those scenes which Moore so well can sing, and which Claude Lorraine so delighted to portray, when suddenly a shout from a group of children attracted my attention, and drew me towards the spot where they stood. They were boys chiefly who composed the elements of the scene which met my eye, and to have been a scene, contrast must, of course, have entered into it in some degree or other. And so it did. Around, in various attitudes, stood some five or six children, each with uplifted hand, in which was poised a stone. Their eyes were fixed intently upon some object on the ground, over which another boy stood, with his hands thrown threateningly forward. Antagonism is a terrible thing, no matter how apparently insignificant the creatures in which it is seen, and by whom it is developed. This group possessed none of the physical attributes of terror which stamped Dentatus, surrounded by his murderers, upon the canvass and history's page; but the embryo passions—the unseen principles of opposition—were warring as strongly in these tiny children as ever they did in the breasts of Eneas and Achilles. I have ever respected, even in a mouse, the manifestations of love; and in the infant on the knee, I have viewed with something like terror every demonstration of wrath. It was therefore with none of the common assumptions of senility or manhood that I approached the actors in this little tragedy, but as a student of nature, conscious that even in these children I would find a monitor if I opened my eyes or heart for the admission of its teachings. The principal picture in the group was a boy of about twelve years of age. His fair brown hair fell in ringlets round his glowing cheeks, and his blue eyes, in which tears were shining, were lighted up with the lustre of anger and pity. His coarse pinafore hung loosely about his rather slender frame, and ragged trousers but half concealed his sun-burnt legs. His blue bonnet lay beside him, as if it had been torn from his head by an enemy; and his bare feet were parted, as if to shelter between them something that had sought this youthful champion's protection. 'Kill it! smash it!' shouted the stone-bearers, as they flitted round the youth, who stood like a statue of mercy and defiance, and half-indignantly, half-sorrowfully eyed them, as he confronted them and dared them to throw. 'What form of beauty can have inspired one so young to champion it?' said I, approaching nearer to the actors in this little scene; 'what creature can be so important to one of his age as to stir his heart, and draw forth tears? how has he already learned to destroy the principle of assimilation, and to stand up amongst his companions the censor of their cruelties and the shield of their victims?' I looked intently into the space where centred the eyes of the destroyers, and where lay the object of their hate and fury, and there lay, not a chameleon in the golden hues of autumn, or the green vesture of summer—not a humming-bird, enrobed in purple or parti-hued raiment—

nor a diamond beetle, sparkling like a gem of price—but a toad—a black, loathsome-looking toad! Humanity forewarned prompted the gentle Christian Cowper to step aside to let the reptile which crawled at evening in the public path crawl on and live; but could one so young have been so deeply schooled in the humanities as to brave the fury of his companions, and to tempt their blows, for less than the gem which is supposed, in popular delusion, to be set in the head of this creature? Yes, there was a gem, a rich and precious diamond, bright and sparkling from heaven's treasury, in that panting toad's nature—there was the element of suffering which this untutored child had at once recognised and wept over. There was an appeal shining from the blood of a bruised and lacerated little limb, which the boy's tears had in their spontaneity answered—there was a beseeching voice crying for pity and aid in every pulsation of its little panting, fluttering heart, and instinctively the bare-footed child had thrown his protecting limbs over its body, and his breast before its destroyers. Virtue is a beautiful, and it is a terrible thing; beautiful and terrible alike to those who love and those who profess to scorn it. Where is the vicious nature that can look upon the sunlight of goodness without a recognition of its supremacy, its power? Where is the giant evil that ever stripped itself to the combat with true and intrinsic goodness, that did not fall before the mighty spirit of virtue? The boy-destroyers shrunk back from before the young defender's flashing eyes and attitude of protection—the wounded toad was saved. I laid my hand upon the head of that child, and if I could have woven him a corona of myrtle, I would have placed it on his curls; he looked into my face—how beautiful it was with the tears of pity sparkling in his eyes! To me those tears and eyes were mirrors of the future. 'Thou art a hero,' said I, as I patted the child's head; 'when years of experience and principle have done their work upon thy sunny nature and glowing impulses, who knows where the world will yet find thee? Who knows what thy future will be, though now thy garments are poor, and thy feet shoeless?'

One summer afternoon I had turned my footsteps toward the outskirts of the pent-up city, and was strolling on in my usual way, when my eyes lighted upon two little boys, from whose eyes God, in his mysterious providence, had shut out the blessed light and sunshine. The sublimity and beauty of the outward world were nothing to these two little journeyers upon a darkened path; the flowers, and birds, and streams, and hills, and meadows, and gardens were not for them. The dew-drop fell in vain upon the rose, and the rose blushed in its freshness and radiance in vain before them; the moon and stars swam through the boundless ocean of night, and the sun and glowing clouds came and went, and would come and go for ever, but they could never regard them.

I have often thought how sad a thing it is to become blind in youth, before memory can have stored her treasury with resemblances of the outward world, or imagination can have received from observation the elements of a world of its own—before the ideality can have obtained a few analogies from which to weave, and build, and create sun, moon, and stars, and bowers, and green trees, and heaven-illuminated faces. As I followed the boys and thought how much they had lost, I sighed and looked around upon the beautiful summer, as if it were less beautiful since I had seen that vision alone was the portal by which men entered its beauties; but when I heard their free, unchecked laugh, and saw the gleam of joy light up their faces as they twined their arms in each other's and walked hesitatingly yet cheerfully forward, I grew cheerful also. 'Who knows what flowers the Father of life, and light, and beauty may have planted in their souls?' thought I; 'who knows what angel faces may be shining in the sunlight of their spirits even now?' There was at least the sunlight of love lighting up their countenances with a radiance more beautiful than ever shone from gems less precious than human eyes, or less beautiful than human faces. They sauntered on, communing with each other, and expressing to each other the impressions they received from the touch of palpable

objects. I shall never forget the wonder they expressed when their hands inadvertently touched some flowers that grew through the railing of a little garden which they and I passed. They plucked them, and then they ran their fingers over their soft smooth petals. I thought they held them up before the sightless orbs where their eyes should have been, then they seemed to listen to their whisperings, until at last the breath of the flowers filled their nostrils, and what a smile lit up their faces! Ah! was not this God in nature speaking to their innate sense of the beautiful? Eye did not see it, tongue did not whisper it, yet in that flower wert thou speaking, oh, God! and from the darkened sarcophagus of sightless humanity, the spirit thou gavest answered thee with a smile.

On we went; the poor blind boys holding communion with the outer world by means of their fingers, and breathing to each other the happiness they felt from feeling. I followed them with intense delight, and watched their little movements with inexpressible pleasure. Eyes they had not like me to enjoy the brightness that shone around them, yet if from the contemplation of two little blind boys I could derive delight, might there not be a thousand mediums unknown to my finite senses through which their spirits might drink a richer enjoyment? Might there not be a compensative sense in the economy of heaven to fill up with spirituality the lack of mortal vision? I thought at the time that there might be so, and I was happy for their sake in the thought.

At last we came before a mansion, from the walls of which the jessamine hung pendant; and, sitting at an open window, enjoying the cool of approaching evening, sat an elderly lady. Before the house was a little plot of garden-land, surrounded by a green-painted iron rail; and over this rail hung laburnums in full luxuriant flower. The two little sightless inquirers began to grope about at the trees, at the rail, at the wicket, the bell-pull, and name-plate; and, being at last observed by the lady, she rose, and, in a querulous, displeased tone, and with an imperious gesture, ordered them away. They heeded her not, because they observed her not, and I saw that she was wrathful as she leant from the window to repeat her mandate. I cannot say that I am well bred; for, although knowing some rules of etiquette, like the Athenians, I cannot, like the Lacedemonians, practise them. I pulled off my hat, however, and, making an awkward bow, 'Madam,' said I, 'these children neither intend to harm anything with their hands, nor to insult you by remaining here in contradiction to your orders: the hand of our heavenly Father has been laid upon their eyes, not to enlighten them like yours and mine, but to darken them—the boys are blind.' I blushed, for I had spoken quite a speech; and I saw that the lady blushed too;—perhaps it was because I had heard the angry tones of hers. You have seen sunshine pass over a gloomy mountain-side, and you have heard the soft zephyr succeed the angry Eurus; so passed the sunlight of pity over the face of this woman, and so mingled with her woman's tones the cadence of woman's compassion. 'Are they blind?' she cried; 'oh! poor children! I did not observe they were.' And she thanked me and smiled, and I saw a tear sparkle in her eye.

The children stood and listened attentively to our voices, and when we had ceased to speak I heard them wonderingly say, 'How strange it must be to be seen!' 'How much stranger,' thought I, 'if you were not seen by Him who numbers our hairs and feeds the most tiny reptile!'

APOLOGUES AND FABLES.

(Translated from the German.)

THE FATHER'S GIFTS TO HIS CHILDREN.

THE father of a family prepared a festive meal for his children, and when the day was come he gave to some among them many gifts, and gave them in such rich abundance, so freely and so lovingly, that tears of grateful joy filled their eyes. But to some of his children he gave not, and their eyes, too, were filled with tears, yet not with the tears of joy, but with those which sorrow

causes to flow. The more favoured brothers beheld, and were touched with pity. 'No, no,' said they, with one heart, with one voice; 'no, this cannot be the will of our good father, that you should mourn in the day when we are rejoicing in his goodness. And how could we rejoice so long as we see you mourning! No; come and receive your share of the blessings which a loving father has bestowed upon us.' Thus spake they, and gave even as they had been given, freely and lovingly; and bright were the faces of those who received, but brighter still of those who gave. The father beheld, and looked round about upon them with approving glance, and said, 'My blessing be upon you, my children, you have entered into my mind and done after my own heart. Think not that I had forgotten one amongst you. How could I? Are you not all my children? But I purposely thus distribute my gifts, that the bond of brotherly love may be knit between you by giving and receiving, and that some may be ennobled by benevolence, some by gratitude. You have entered into my mind and done after my own heart; my blessing be upon you, my children.'—*Krummacker*.

'Bless'd be the power who gave us hearts to feel,
And made us subject to the woes we heal;
'Who placed us in a world, 'twixt sun and shade,
That those that bloom might succour those that fade.'

THE DANGERS OF POWER.

The sheep, exposed to be more or less the prey of every animal, came before Jove, and representing to him his wretched condition, prayed him to alleviate it. Jove seemed propitious, and said to the sheep, 'Thou thinkest, then, my poor creature, that I have left thee all too defenceless. Thou hast but to choose thy remedy for this defect. Wouldst thou have me to arm thy mouth with formidable tusks and thy feet with claws?'—'Oh, no!' said the sheep, 'I will have nothing in common with the ravenous beasts.'—'Or,' continued Jove, 'shall I infuse poison into thy saliva?'—'Ah!' said the sheep, 'the poisonous snake is an object of such universal hatred.'—'Well, what am I to do? Say, shall I plant horns upon thy forehead, and impart strength to thy neck?'—'Oh, no, no, mighty father! I might be as ready to butt, to strike with my horns, as the bull, the buck, or the goat.'—'And yet what other way is there to prevent others from hurting thee, unless by giving thee the power to hurt them?'—'And is this so?' sighed the sheep; 'then leave me, mighty father, as I am. The power to injure may awake in me the desire to injure; and far better is it to suffer wrong than to inflict it.' Jove blessed the good sheep, and from that hour it complained no more.—*Lessing*.

ABSTAIN FROM ALL APPEARANCE OF EVIL.

The haughty favourite of a sultan took up a stone and threw it at a poor dervise who was asking alms of him. The poor man endured in silence, but picked up the stone and said within himself, 'I will keep this stone, it may be that soon or late I may have opportunity to avenge myself with this very stone on this proud harsh man.' Not many days after he heard a tumult in the streets; he inquired its cause, and was told that the favourite had fallen into disgrace, and that the sultan had ordered him to be led through the streets on a camel and exposed to the derision and insults of the mob. Quickly did the dervise catch up his stone, but soon he came to a better mind, and flung the stone into the brook, saying, 'Now I feel that vengeance belongs not to man. If an enemy be in prosperity, to attempt it is foolish and rash; and if in adversity, base and ungenerous.'—*Herder*.

THE BAGS OF DESTINY.

Dissatisfied with his lot, Timon was ever looking with jealous eye upon whatever Jupiter bestowed upon others, and importuned the god by his incessant murmurs. Wearied at last of his complaints, Jupiter despatched Mercury, the son of Mars, his swift messenger, to the earth, with charge to bring the discontented mortal into his presence. And when Timon stood before him upon Mount Olympus, he took him by the hand and led him into his storehouse. Here he beheld heaped up millions of bags, sealed by the Fates. Each bag, Jupiter told him,

was of a different weight, and each contained an individual's destiny and lot in life. 'Now, choose for yourself among these sacks,' said Jupiter, 'but remember that the greater part of them are filled with cares; the light ones of course have the least.'—'Thanks, great sire; allow me a little time to try which is the lightest.' The nearest to his hand was marked number one, and was for a king. He lays hold of it, but soon dropped it, exclaiming, 'Too heavy for me; it would need a Hercules to carry it! Come, let me try that other?' Its label tells him it is for a court-favourite. Vain is the attempt, the weight drags him to the ground. 'Unhappy he to whom this sack devolves!' He perseveres in his trial; the sacks of dignities and offices he finds it impossible even to move; that of glory is weighed down by envy; that of learning encumbered with ennui; that of wealth is loaded with anxiety and avarice. Then he turns to the common heap, undistinguished by any label, and known to Jupiter only by the number upon each. 'I may have some chance of being able to move with these,' said he, as he lifted them to try their comparative weight. When at last he had fixed upon one, Jupiter said, 'This is loaded only with discontent.'—'That makes it heavier than all the rest,' replied Timon, 'be it far from me. But here is one that on the whole suits me best; will you let me have it?'—'Most willingly,' said the sire of gods and men, 'for it was always yours without the trouble of choosing.'—*Von Nikolai*.

SLANDER IS THE TONGUE OF ENVY.

At the court of the lion was a noble horse, who had long and faithfully served his king; and his master prized and loved his faithful servant as he deserved. This was distasteful to the crowd of inferior courtiers, and the fox undertook to undermine the trusty servant and rob him of his monarch's favour. But his insinuations were nobly and wisely met by the king of beasts. 'I need no stronger proof of the worth of my good horse, than that he has such a vile wretch as thou for his enemy.'—*Lessing*.

REMEMBER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

Gotthold, the son of pious parents, stood thoughtfully, and with folded hands, before a lily. His father saw him thus and asked, 'Upon what art thou meditating, my son?' Then answered Gotthold, 'I was thinking of the words of Him who said that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."—"And wherefore do these words come home to your heart so peculiarly?"—"Oh, father!" answered the boy, "it moves me to think that He, the High and Lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, should condescend to praise a fading flower and its earthly beauty." Whereupon the father said, "I commend and share thy feelings, my son. He humbled himself to this earthly flower that he might glorify the earthly—that he might make of him a plant yet to bloom in a heavenly soil. He wished to teach him, in the bright and fragrant cup of this fair flower, to trace the source and father of all that is bright and fair. By these words of praise of its simple beauty, he made the flower the comforter of the troubled mind. Lo! there it stands an earthly image of his heavenly wisdom—the pure, the good, the beautiful united in one eternal symbol."—"But it changes," said the boy, "it fades?"—"Ah, no," said the father, after a short pause, "for dost thou not now look upon the lily in the same beauty in which he who thus spake of it beheld it?"—*Krummacker*.

THE DANGERS OF IGNORANCE.

Alidor was once searching in his house for something which seemed to be of importance to him. He found it not, for it was dark, and the simple Alidor understood not the art of striking a light. But seeing Tell, his neighbour, standing at his window, he begged of him to come into his house, and told him of his need. 'I can help you,' said the good-natured Tell, and he took a flint out of his pocket and struck a light for his neighbour, and then went his way. Alidor was rejoiced, and began anew his search; but he was both awkward and incautious, and he put the light too near the combustible articles in

the room and they caught fire. In a few moments the house was in flames, and in some hours it was reduced to a heap of ashes. The relatives of the unfortunate Alidor bitterly reproached the good-natured Tell for having given him a light, with which he had burned his own house and endangered all the houses in the village. They were angry and loud, but Tell remained quite calm and said, 'My intention was good; the consequences were not in my power. Am I to blame that your kinsman made such silly use of the best gift of heaven?' Is not this a type of what often happens in the kingdom of knowledge and truth?—*Krummacker*.

REFORM, LIKE CHARITY, SHOULD BEGIN AT HOME.

A beaver who, though aged, was still cheerful and active, and rich in the stores of knowledge and experience, and particularly well acquainted with all building concerns, went one day to see his nephew. The latter was a wild youngster, seldom to be met with at home; day by day he busily roamed through the country to bring the news he heard into rapid circulation. The clever old beaver found the nephew's dwelling open, and went in to examine its economy. Everything was in a state of wretched dilapidation; the roof and the walls were full of crevices, dirt and destruction reigned around, and the store-rooms were all empty. He knitted his brow at this horrible mismanagement, and was going to turn away when the master of the house arrived. Scarcely were the first salutations over, when the young forward beaver, eager to display his wisdom, began to harangue, as he had just been doing at the coffee-house, upon all the disorders in the state. He had found the root and source of the disease. 'Oh, if they would only adopt my plan of reform, all would be well; the welfare of the state would be secured. I have thought of everything, provided a remedy for every abuse. But, dear uncle, you are not listening to me; you are not attending.'—'It may be,' replied the old beaver, 'it may be, but the wind is making so much noise in the crevices of the walls that I cannot hear your reasoning quite distinctly. Indeed, the draught is blowing upon me so coldly through yonder hole that all the fire of your eloquence cannot warm me. Take my advice, repair your house without delay; it is but prudent foresight, for the winter is fast approaching. Take a little moss and cram it into those crevices, prop up the rafters of the roof before a storm blows it down, and when snow and frost come you can sit comfortably dry and warm in your home. Farewell, my child; do but staunch first your own open wounds, and then you may talk to me of healing those of the state.'—*T. G. Birde*.

FLATTERY SOMETIMES SERVICEABLE.

A bear, who was taking his lesson in dancing, and who believed that he could not fail to be admired, paused for a moment on his hind legs to ask an ape how he liked his dancing. 'To say the truth, friend, you dance very badly; you are too heavy.'—'But surely I do not want grace; and what you call heaviness may it not be dignity of carriage?' and Bruin recommenced his practice with somewhat of an offended air. 'Bravo!' cried an ass, who now passed by, 'such light and graceful dancing I have never seen; it is perfection.' But this unqualified praise was too much for even the self-love of the bear, and startled by it into modesty, he said within himself, 'While the ape only censured I doubted, but now that the ass praises me, I am sure I must dance horribly.' Friends, suffer a word of advice: when good taste censures, hesitate, doubt; when folly applauds, be certain you are all in the wrong.—*Demme*.

THE FADING ROSE.

'All flowers that I see around me fade and die, and I alone am called the fragile, the fast fading rose. Unthankful man! is not my life, short though it be, a delight unto you? Yea, even after my death, I leave a monument of sweet odours, medicaments, and salves full of refreshing and healing efficacy. And yet ever do I hear them say and sing, Ah, the fragile, the fading rose!'

Such was the plaint of the queen of the flowers, perhaps in the first moment of perception of fading beauty. The maidens who stood by her side heard her and thus spake, 'Be not angry with us, sweet little one; and call not that ingratitude which is but deeper love, the expression of tender preference. We behold all the flowers around us fade, and we say, 'Flowers are made to fade,' but for thee, their queen, we desire the immortality of which thou art worthy; we breathe the wish that such sweetness as thine might live for ever. And when we are disappointed in our desire, as alas! we must be, wilt thou not permit to us the complaint with which we mourn for ourselves in thee? All the youth, the beauty, and the joy of our lives fade as thou dost; and therefore it is that when we behold them bloom like thee we say, 'Alas, the fragile, the fading rose! Would that, like thee too, sweet odours and precious balms may tell that our life, though short in the earth, has not been yet in vain.'—*Herder*.

LABOUR ACCORDING TO THY ABILITY.

The wise Gamaliel was once instructing his disciples in the different duties, to the discharge of which every man is bound. But the youngest amongst them had not yet attained such height as to feel that virtue was in itself so lovely that for itself, and for its own sake, it was to be practised. He therefore looked for some reward beside that which it bears so richly, so abundantly in itself, and he said to his teacher, 'Master, wilt thou tell us wherefore it is that God hath not affixed to each particular good work its own special peculiar reward?' And the wise Gamaliel said, 'I will endeavour to answer this question, as I have done so many others, by a parable.' The disciples were hushed in reverent silence, and the teacher spoke thus:—'In the climes of the East, there lived a king who desired to lay out around his palace a beautiful and splendid garden. He called the labourers into it, and left each one free to adorn his garden with whatever tree or shrub his fancy most preferred, the only condition prescribed being that the garden should be fully stocked, and that nothing should be wanting. The work went rapidly on, and when it was fully completed the king summoned all the labourers before him, and each one named the vegetable, or flower, or tree which he had planted in the garden. Nothing was wanting; no herb, no flower, no shrub, no tree. The glorious tulip, the lowly violet, the bright-hued rose, the soft lily, all were there. From the common vegetable to the rare exotic, from the fruit-tree with boughs pendent with luxuriant clusters to the small herb, from the cedar to the hyssop on the wall, not one was missing; and the king looked around upon his garden and smiled in his joy, for behold it was richly and abundantly stored, and he gave to each labourer according to his work.' The teacher was silent. 'How is this tale the answer to our question?' said the disciples. 'Is my meaning hidden from you?' returned the master. 'Think once again, and you will perceive that had the king specified the reward for each particular plant he would have defeated his own object. Would not every one of the workmen have bestowed his labour upon that to which the highest reward was affixed, and the result would have been that the king's garden would have presented one dull and cheerless uniformity instead of the now diversified beauty and varied utility which made the good king's heart glad as he gazed upon the work of that voluntary choice which made each plant a free-will offering on the part of his servants. Now, suppose the spiritual kingdom of God to be this garden, his servants to be the labourers called to work in it, and you have an answer to your question.'—*Krummacker*.

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REMINISCENCES OF A TOUR TO ENGLAND.—No. V.

BY THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

WE remember the time when the prospect of meeting with a man like Thomas Carlyle would have lost us a night's sleep, or at the very least given us a strong heart-palpitation. But (not to speak of having met him formerly) time has *change tout cela*. Our hero-worship has always been restricted to a few, though our sympathy and appreciation have been but too lavishly extended to many; and even in reference to those few, our feelings are at once strengthening in essence and sobering in expression and tone. While experience, in its growing disgust at the hollow hypocrisy, the low selfishness, the miserable mercantile views and feelings of society, is disposed the more to cherish and admire the few exceptions to the general rule, it is at the same time the less disposed to exaggerate that admiration to idolatry. The only true bond of connection between different minds is native though it may be distant relationship; that is a tie which nothing can destroy, and which juster and closer views of the cognate mind will only confirm.

This was to be our third meeting with the author of 'Sartor Resartus.' Our first was on the banks of the Nith, in the year 1843. We shall never forget that afternoon. It was on one of the most glorious days of that most glorious autumn. We met him first at his sister's tea-table in Dumfries. It was in the company also of his mother, whose sweet homely profound nature concerted with her son's as the tenor with the bass. He talked, we remember, of Cowper, and particularly of his letters, with something beyond admiration—with affection. 'After spending his days at college in reading Helvetius, Diderot, and other such mud, it was so delightful at night to wash one's hands in Cowper's fresh and holy stream.' He spoke of Hazlitt as a 'poor literary hack, with a great deal of the right stuff in him, though for four years he had not known the sensation of sobriety.' 'Emerson,' he said, 'had come on him unexpectedly, when he sojourned among the hills near Minnyhive, had remained exactly twenty-four hours, but his conversation abounded in all kinds of intelligence, and himself was one of the most ingenuous and child-like of human beings; no one's correspondence gave him more pleasure; he and his friends seemed to exhaust the spirituality of America.' As evening drew on, a walk was proposed. First we repaired to a point above Dumfries, commanding a view of the valley of the Nith, filled with the thick and slumbrous light of an autumn evening, while, in his own language, the 'great sun was hanging low and lazy, as if he too were slumbering.' Inspiration seemed

to stoop down on him from the sky. He spoke much of his own early experience. It had been often very sad; once, in particular, when a student, on his way to Edinburgh, he had travelled all the day with no company save the 'great dumb monsters of mountains;' he rested at night at a little way-side inn, and lay down that night the 'most miserable being under God's heaven.' The Comforter had *not* found him upon that lonely road! We can fancy well his solitary meditations. Confused aims, dark forebodings, fettered aspirations, melancholy recollections, prospects more dreary still, faith as yet unsettled, his great yearning heart as yet unfilled—a dim brooding sense of the evils, shams, and miseries of the world—a dim, vague, but deep determination to do battle with these to the death—a sense of the surrounding beauty shooting like a torment across his soul—such might have been the musings of this lonely wanderer, as they have been of many lonely wanderers beside him. It is ever through such throes that the sense of the infinite and the divine has to be born! In a changed mood, as we descended the hill, taking his pipe from his mouth and blowing a blast of laughter till the echoes rang again, he spoke of a brilliant chemical friend (whom he greatly loves) as one who, were a *new constellation* toward, would give in an *estimate* for its building!

On re-entering Dumfries, we turned down by the street where Burns's house stands. We gave it the worship of silence. Not a syllable was breathed till we were past this shell of the tragedy. Even Carlyle's speech would have disturbed and marred the mood in which we all three were. The house is a plain two-storeyed building, not unlike the old manse at Comrie where we first saw the light. Its associations are interesting, but almost un-mixedly painful. Burns, by all the accounts we heard on the spot, *did* sink very low in Dumfries, associated with vile persons and made himself viler than they, and that raging animalism which was too often predominant came here to its height. Dr Wightman of Kirkmahoe told us that he had met him once, but by this time he was desperate and at bay, vomiting forth obscenity, blasphemy, fierce ribaldry, and invective. The noble vessel had got on fire, its guns were going off, it was about to explode for ever, and it had become positively dangerous to approach near it. Alas! the mouth which once chanted the 'Cottar's Saturday Night,' on the Sabbath day, to his entranced brother Gilbert, was now an open sepulchre, full of uncleanness and death. His eloquence, once so pure even in its wildness and mirth, was now a hideous compost of filth and fire. Death never did a more merciful act than when he closed the most living lips that ever spake in Scotland—the lips of Robert Burns.

Returning to the home of our host, the amiable and gifted Thomas Aird, the conversation diverged to the leading German writers. Of these Carlyle spoke with enthusiasm and discrimination. While Goethe is the king of his admiration, his heart has a warmer tenderness for Jean Paul Richter; he most admires Goethe, he most loves Richter; for Schiller his admiration and love are equal. Goethe is the entire man, Schiller the sincere man, Jean Paul the strange man. How he laughed over Jean Paul's account of his first interview with Schiller, who, scandalised at his strange manners and odd dress (he was fantastically arrayed in green), frowned him off as from a precipice, though he learned afterwards to appreciate his value.

The next evening we had a stroll along the banks of the Nith, even more delightful. The sun had set, but the great moon had risen in his stead, as if to do a sister's part to the memory of a departed brother. The river was talking to herself in one of her gentlest moods of soliloquy. The sides of the stream were very verdant, and we thought of Carlyle's own beautiful words, 'The sight of a silent green field, with the great silent sky over it, ah, me! why should it be denied to any mortal man?' Though waxing late it was still warm, the heavens were flushed, the very moon (resting ominously on the top of the Crichton Asylum) seemed hot and panting, and we did not wonder to notice soon that all the party were bareheaded, in worship of the chaste goddess of coolness! After following for a mile or two the course of the stream, we struck eastward into the country, through a deep wooded lane, down which the rich but chequered moonbeams were shining. Here Carlyle became a monologist, and deep and mellow as the moonlight was the stream of thought which poured from his lips, and neither of the others wished nor cared to interrupt it by talk, any more than to stop the divine rills of light which were flowing from above. Carlyle should always be listened to either by moonlight or amid the evening shadows. There is a sweet but settled melancholy in his tones which is in fine harmony with the play of the moonbeams and with the plaint of the evening waters. It is like the talk of a spirit. Ever and anon, too, it is interrupted by deep sighs, or it dies away in brief but pregnant pauses, or it breaks out in wild, mystic, unfathomable laughter. Nor would we wish to separate it if we could from its Annandale accent. It was once indeed said, What a shame, that London literary coteries would permit themselves to be overcrowded in the tones of an Ecclefechan carter! Burns not only spoke like but was once an Ayrshire carter, and on his way to the 'coals in the morning' was wont to keep dozens of brother carters in roars of laughter, with a wit which rose with the lark if it did not always lie down with the lamb. Allow Foyers to talk, or to seem to the mountaineer to talk, in Gaelic. Leave to Niagara its own savage burr, and to the thunder its own gruff and hoarse utterance. Carlyle's accent seems to us as predestined a thing as Carlyle's self—to be the tune with which his thoughts and words are associated through a pre-established harmony. What a beast a lisping, mincing, ambling, capering Orson would make! No! Coming from the woods, let him speak in the wild yet musical rhythm which the woods, the wailing waters, the winds, and those other nameless and homeless sounds which traverse the solitudes, have learned from God and have taught to him.

We remember but a glimmer of that moonlight talk. He spoke much of Coleridge, as having had a great light in him, which he had quenched and drowned, and from his weakness and want of moral hardihood he said Puseyism had sprung. Its lustre was just the putrefaction of Coleridge's mind. In talking of religion, he mourned bitterly over the low formalism into which it had sunk, and dwelt on the necessity of its genuine revival. We could not coincide with all that he said; we thought that he laid too little stress upon the *facts* of Christianity, and entertained too high an idea of the faith of Goethe, but it was vain to escape from the impression that *that* voice, sounding on its solitary way, is the very echo of earnestness, the 'voice of one crying in the wilderness;' and what poor

things are sermons, even those of Hall, ay, or of Foster, compared to this moonlight homily! It was on this occasion that he asserted that Goethe's character of Christ, in his 'Wilhelm Meister,' contained a truer insight into the Divine Man than anything else he had ever seen, and mentioned that Edward Irving, who used to talk of Goethe as a 'Pagan idol,' had been compelled to express the same opinion. We remember, in company with a friend, searching the whole of 'Wilhelm Meister' for this precious passage, and fancying we had found it in a short sentence or two, in which Goethe speaks of God yearning for farther and final knowledge and sympathy with his creature man, and finding it in the mysterious marriage of the incarnation.

We linger, we fear, too fondly and too long upon our recollections of this first intercourse. A month afterwards, 'like a sunbeam to our dwelling,' he called on us, in company with the excellent Thomas Erskine of Linlathen. It was a short though interesting visit. As we accompanied him to the London steamer, we could hardly help smiling at the contrast presented between the greatest spiritualist of the age and the scenes and persons through which we were passing. All were *working* indeed to his heart's content, but it was not exactly the *kind* of work on which he was likely to look with complacency. To see, also, such a man leaving a crowded quay without one recognising or saying God bless him, in utter obscurity, and to know that *there* his name proclaimed through the captain's trumpet to the throng, it would be listened to with indifference, or perchance confounded with that of the vulgar and profane twaddler Richard Carlile, was not a very pleasant reflection. How differently do the Germans treat their great men!

On the evening of Saturday, the 19th June, we found ourselves, as aforesaid, stepping westward, to return in Chelsea Carlyle's visit to our humble abode in Dundee. Since then we had heard occasionally from him, and had been farther knit by bonds of personal attention and kindness, which made our visit more that of a grateful friend than of a distant admirer. We found him living in a quiet street, called Cheyne Place, within a few yards of the Thames. There were no strangers with him except a Polish count, who went away at an early part of the evening. His brother, Dr John Carlyle, dropped in afterwards. Mrs Carlyle is a very lady-like and intellectual person, with a strong dash of the sarcastic in her conversation, and who has imbibed insensibly much of her husband's mode of feeling and expression. Dr John Carlyle is a man of great acuteness and information, has travelled much, and is intimately acquainted with the principal modern languages. He has nearly completed a translation of Dante into English prose, which he intends to publish soon, and which we have no doubt will be admirable for literal accuracy and force. Sartor was himself in very high talk indeed. Chalmers had recently visited him, and he dwelt lovingly upon his broad benignant nature, and spoke very feelingly of his sudden removal. What a pity that two such men had met so seldom, and that till of late prejudices, which one evening's interview would have melted away, had kept them at a distance! Would that in this age of rampant humbug all honest and truth-loving men were bound together in a far closer chain of inter-communion! This were the 'great chain' which should bind the old serpent! It is the scattering which is at present the weakening of their forces. Were but a party of those who are above all party feelings formed and consolidated, not into any formal alliance but into real and active intercourse, it might yet save a world which is every year becoming less worthy of and farther from salvation.

Carlyle's opinion of society is not, our readers are aware, of a very sanguine complexion. He looks on it as thoroughly and complexly corrupt. Our civil matters are the fatal fruit of innumerable errors, which have bred in and in, and got intertwined in such a monstrous manner, that the axe must be applied to the root. Our religion is a great truth ready to groan its last. Truth, justice, God, are just big staring empty words, like the address on the sign, remaining after the house has been abandoned, or

like the envelope, after the letter has been extracted, drifting down the wind. They mean not what they meant once, and in fact have ceased to have any real meaning at all. Falsehood, insincerity, cant, are the order of the day. These sins are rapidly working their own retribution. Man, believing neither in his Maker nor in himself, is receiving in his own bitter experience the reward of this error, which is meet. Meanwhile science is aimlessly groping amid the dry dead clatter of the machinery by which it means the universe—art is wielding a feeble watery pencil—poetry is inditing 'love ballads, Locksley Halls, &c.—history, stumbling over dry bones, in a valley no longer of vision—and philosophy, learning to lisp of the infinite by new methods, and to babble of the eternal in terms more elaborately and artistically feeble.

We have been giving the substantial *thought* of what he said—for the words and images we are ourselves responsible. It is impossible, indeed, to convey any idea of the freedom, force, and richness of his talk, *his eyes and lips moving* in time to each other, as if performing parts in one wild tune, and the melancholy tones of his voice, as well as the gloomy grandeur of his imagery, giving you at times the impression that an Ezekiel is sitting under the evening canopy by your side. In what plaintive and powerful language he painted the great retributive course which Providence pursues to nations when, after an appointed period, a giant lie sinks down into and a great truth arises in 'hell fire,' and men, standing afar off in fear of torment, call the dread phenomenon a revolution.

While his opinions on the state of society have undergone no alteration since we met him in 1843, his mode of expressing them is, we think, milder than it was. The Nessus shirt is on him still, but it is hanging more loosely than it did. The vulture is at his liver still, but seems wearying in the greatness of her gloomy task; her beak is somewhat blunted, and her pauses and intervals in tormenting are becoming more numerous and longer in duration. The words 'everlasting, yea,' are getting larger, brighter, and nearer in his sky. But death alone will or can fully unbind this Prometheus. Enough that his rock, nay, the world, has shook in response to the vibrations and the voice of his sublime anguish.

He told a story (not on this occasion but formerly) with great glee about himself. He was travelling by some railway or other. His sole companion in the particular coach was a Cockney, who had no idea of his man. It was a beautiful day, the track of country they were traversing was very rich, the coach was going in grand style; the Cockney became ecstatic, and, rubbing his hands and turning to Carlyle, exclaimed, '*Successful world this on the whole, isn't it, sir?*' How Carlyle managed then to restrain his laughter at this most *apropos* yet *malapropos* remark we cannot tell, but it has since been to him and to many a source of inextinguishable mirth.

He is greatly annoyed by three classes of visitors: one composed of persons who regard him not as he is, a great man born to give new and powerful emphasis to old unchangeable truths, but as a man absolutely inspired, who must know everything, who has a secret communication with heaven, and who could if he would publish a Carlyle Almanac with all the principal events of each 'ensuing year'; the second a set of conceited individuals, who count him so nearly right, that if he were but taking their advice and allowing them to convert him—oh, how thankful *would* they and *ought* he to be! He spoke particularly of one fellow, who had broken in on him recently, and *only* wished, in the course of the conversation, to alter his views on all the important topics on which he had been meditating his life-long! We suspect this worthy had been a Puseyite parson. It would have been such a triumph to have strung up this strange blood-red jewel among the ordinary seals of his ministry! The third class consists of all sorts and sizes of logic-grinders, particularly those proceeding from Edinburgh, who argue about the existence of a God, precisely as they do in a case of circumstantial evidence, who hold it next to legally certain that there was such a person as Christ, and decide *by a majority*, as

in a Scotch jury, that man has an immortal soul! As this is a class which Carlyle mortally abhors, it is perhaps just as well that they return the feeling with interest, without now-a-days daring to avow it. These are the reptiles, who after long spitting pigmy venom at Wilson and Carlyle, have been at last compelled, by the force of general opinion, to offer them incense as worthless and less sincere.

His criticisms on men and books were, as usual, fearless and picturesque. We could not get him to praise Festus, though he spoke in favourable and friendly terms of its author. Of Tennyson he has a high opinion. He spoke of him as a giant, the greatest going in literature—one whose power could move the world, but who instead was scribbling bits of ballads. Emerson's poems, much as he admires him, he frankly admitted that he could not understand, and expressed a wonder that a man who could write prose so well thought it necessary to indite no higher thoughts in verse, as if truth, like sheep, needed a bell hung round its neck ere it could be permitted to go abroad. On O'Connell his remarks were very pointed and severe, as on one who had abused to selfish purposes great popular powers, who drew away the mind of Ireland from its real interests to an enterprise as hopeless as to 'suck the moon from the sky,' and compared his last moments to the ostrich cramming her head in a bush, so had the 'big coward run away to hide his eyes beneath the Pope's petticoats, instead of manfully looking in the face the great fact that was coming upon him.' But his most amusing picture was of the class he called windbags, including some well known names, especially one notorious M.P., 'in whom the public interest was kept up by their difficulty in knowing how he lived, and whose book of accounts, he ventured to say, if published, would be the most popular production of the day.' Since this, the said gentleman has lost or left his seat; but though he has gone down at present, he will by and by, like an otter, pop up his nose somewhere else, and, after all, he is not a greater charlatan than some of his more popular competitors, whose stern calotypes by Carlyle we do not choose to uncover.

In such talk, which took partly place in the little green behind his house, with a glorious summer sky shadowing into twilight overhead, the time passed. In leaving for Islington, the two brothers accompanied us a considerable way. In walking along, the idea crossed our minds—Is this, after all, Thomas Carlyle, or is it the sturdy intelligent son of an Annandale farmer? so unpretending was his aspect and so broad his accents. When we left him, it was, as always with us, and we believe with others, under an impression of deep seriousness. It is impossible to be long in his company without feeling the greatness, the solemnity, and the responsibility of human life, and girding ourselves up to do with our might what our hand findeth to do, seeing the night cometh.

We might have mentioned that he showed us several interesting prints—one of Cromwell, several of Goethe, and a very striking one of Jean Paul. His own face has been taken by several artists. Count D'Orsey's is perhaps not rude or stern enough. It is Carlyle dressed for the drawing-room of Lady Blessington, not soliloquising at his tea-table or in his back-green. A rising artist, named Laurence, has taken him more than once. One of his pictures is vileyly engraved in 'Horne's New Spirit of the Age,' which travestie the artist showed Carlyle with tears in his eyes. Another hangs in his parlour, which looks, as we told the original, as if he *had* committed suicide but were not quite dead, so gloomy and desolate is the expression.

It has been said that Carlyle is but an indifferent literary patron, and that he 'cannot endure his own disciples.' The first charge we can *flatly deny*. We know of more than one case in which he has been a most generous and painstaking friend to rising men of letters. Let us remember, too, that he has but recently risen himself, and is by certain aristocratic tribunals not yet recognised. His first popular book is but two years old. And as to his disciples, we happen to know that his opinion of them is the more favourable that he does not hyperbolically ex-

press it. Who indeed are his disciples? Besides the foolish people who often intrude on him, and the few who mimic his style, they are almost all the leading or rising spirits of the age—Chalmers, Cobden, Emerson, Longfellow, Webster, Arnold, Sterling, Thomas Erskine, George Dawson, Professor Nichol, Thomas Aird, John Robertson, Hugh Miller, Samuel Brown, Martineau, and many more, have either sat at his feet or learned from his books, and if he does not like to march through Coventry with such followers he is ill to please. Let us remember what Carlyle's real pretensions are; he professes to utter no new gospel—he seeks to work no miracles—he organises no systematic scheme of civil or religious polity—he is partly a prick in the sides, a goad to the slumbers of divine schemes, which the folly of man has drenched in a deadly sleep—and he is, it may be, the post pointing forward to new shapes which those old divine schemes may yet assume, but which in his page they do not even affect to take. We agree, in short, with Dr Chalmers's view of him, who, to quote the recent words of a writer in the *INSTRUCTOR*, 'speaks with generous sympathy and admiration of the genius of Carlyle, and the earnestness and independence of German philosophy, who notices and mourns, along with his renowned brother Scotchman, in his solemn denunciations against the *practical lifelessness* of Christianity.' Instead of 'absolute nothingness' being the result of Carlyle's appeals, a few centuries hence this shall be more probably his memorial: 'When earnest Christianity was about to expire, and breathing back its last particle of divine life through exhausted forms, a melancholy but mighty voice was heard protesting against the departure, calling on men to arrest and cherish this living thing, which was still lingering as if loath to go; this voice or rather shriek of earnestness, at first unheard, next undervalued, at last compelled an audience; it rung the alarum bell to the Christian world; and that Christianity is not only still alive but is wedded to science, reconciled to art, so widely spread and so firmly rooted, is greatly owing to this voice, which came so opportunely and with such transcendent force from Thomas Carlyle.'

After all, however Carlyle may use his disciples, he has them in myriads, and is multiplying them every day, whereas Foster, to whom some preach his inferiority, has scarcely one. All admit his genius, but many see too that his footsteps are retrograde or at least stationary, and therefore no one calls him master. He is the mournful Malachi of the old, Carlyle is the John Baptist of the new.

The next day was Sabbath, and as our sole Sabbath in London, we tried to hear and see as much as we possibly could. Indeed, having to preach in the evening, we could only call the forenoon ours. We contrived, however, to occupy it well. We heard one entire discourse and part of two others in that one forenoon. We repaired first to the chapel of Mr Binney. We found it crowded to excess, as we believe is generally the case. Mr Binney has a striking personal presence, a high forehead, a keen spiritual face, an air of excitement about him which he strongly but successfully calms, as we understand he absolutely *requires* to do. He is a man evidently of wide views, vivid intellect, and mild but deep earnestness. What a difference between his style of preaching and that which prevails in Scotland! Were he, in almost any chapel in Edinburgh, venturing on some of the statements he is in the habit of making, and did make in our hearing, we shall not say what hard, shabby, and false epithets would be applied to him. Mr Binney cares for none of these things; he is an honest and fearless man, and speaks from a point of superiority whence he can afford to look down upon unrighteous and one-sided criticism with pity. His text on that particular morning was, 'It is good for a man quietly to wait; and the sermon was an echo to the text. It was a quiet, calm, simple, striking discourse, rising by a gentle gradation every now and then into bursts of impassioned earnestness, in which his large brow flushed, his eye inflamed, and copious streams of perspiration fell from his face. Surely when a man is in earnest such out-

ward oratorical symptoms are very striking, showing the strength of the inward feeling; and their absence in John Foster was not only to be deplored from its failure in affecting others, but augured some deep internal coldness or even lurking scepticism in himself. Yes, the truth will out—John Foster, though a profound believer in the general principles and facts of Christianity, and a practiser of its austere form of morals, was *not* a believer in much that he professed and that he often preached; he stood in an intensely false position, *scepticum pie egit*—cold leaden weights of doubt hung about all his motions; his connection too with a sect so strait contributed to his embarrassment, and he wanted the resolution openly to avow himself what he really was. This was the secret of his want of success as a preacher, and of much of his misery as a man. We ask just this question at his admirers, Did he or did he not, both in his preachings and works, give the impression that he was a believer in eternal punishment? And does not his biography prove, that not only latterly but at every period of his life, he held it to be a doctrine of devils?

Mr Binney's audience seemed fully to sympathise with him. While he was speaking, they were silent, as if death were the orator; and when he paused, the loosened eloquence of their breasts was a true applause. One passage of his sermon was peculiarly interesting. He spoke of the infidel flood which had swept the land at the time of the French Revolution. Many were so alarmed at this flood, that they thought Christianity was to be swept away from the earth. The wiser, however, only said, 'Let us quietly wait; let us see what time will do;' and accordingly, after the flood subsided, there still were the old landmarks—the giant hills, not only standing, but standing in prouder relief than ever. Another deluge was coming up the breadth of the earth in the spiritual philosophy of Kant and Cousin, and many had begun to be alarmed for their religion. He would say to such, it is good quietly to wait—let us see what time will do; and his conviction was, that the spread of this philosophy, instead of destroying, would ultimately benefit, revive, and purify the present state of the church.

As we came out from Mr Binney's chapel we found ourselves beside St Mary's, Woolnoth, where John Newton once preached. We went in for a few minutes, found it nearly deserted, and listened to what seemed a sensible enough discourse from a young English clergyman. 'But why tarry here?' said our friend; 'St Stephen's, Walbrook, where Dr Croly preaches, is close at hand, and wont yet be *scaled*.' Away we hurried; and there we found the poet preaching to a very thin audience. He has not a very ethereal presence, reminding you neither of his own 'Angel of the World,' nor of his own 'Wandering Jew.' He is a strong, bluff, round, manlike personage; has a strong clear voice; speaks in a rapid, somewhat careless, but quite unaffected and manly style. His discourse, or rather lecture, twenty minutes of which we heard, was a running or rather galloping commentary upon the first chapter of Genesis. It was sensible, clear, in no degree either poetical or profound, and was evidently an extempore effusion. Dr Croley, however, can preach in a very different style when he pleases. His discourses on public occasions are, we understand, distinguished by all those massive qualities of intellect, learning, and genius, which illustrate his writings. He is evidently the author of that fine paper, in the October number of 'Blackwood,' entitled the 'Vision of Cagliostro.' It is impossible to mistake the strength, self-consciousness, sounding pomp, and vast vivid imagery of his style. Still, the general tone of his thinking and preaching is behind the age; and hence, with all his superior acquirements and powers, his church is so thin, and Mr Binney's so crowded. Men will not nowadays be seduced into attendance by the prestige of a name. They must be at once roused and instructed; and the man who addresses them must, at least in London, be up to his period—a man of the spiritual movement, not looking backward with yearning hopelessness; not crying out like a child, to bring round yesterday; not a 'Mr Facing-both-

ways' either—but one with clear, open face, looking and moving straight forwards.

The next day, in the forenoon, we saw the House of Lords—surely a perfect Aladdin's palace for splendour, and fit to bend over a nobler array of heads than is ever likely to assemble below it. The sages and poets of the world might hold a conference under such a roof! And yet this hall is to be but a bottle for the dregs and droppings of the middle ages, mixed with a little vitriolic acid of genius—the residuum of what was once Henry Brougham! We peeped in at the Court of the Queen's Bench, and had a glimpse of Lord Denman, with his sharp dark face, and Justice Coleridge, with his large grey eyes, reminding us, be sure, of his wizard relative, to whom he bears a considerable resemblance. We repaired next to Westminster Abbey, and passed in a moment from the most crowded and busy street of the living into the silent company of the dead. What companions above all companions the dead are! Never unequal in spirits, or morose in temper; always instructive, although always silent; so lowly, and so loveable; who talk to you, and to whom you talk, through a finer medium than that of sound or speech. This is true of all the dead, from those of the churchyard among the hills—that stillness within stillness, making you aware of silence beyond that of the silent hills, 'where the rude forefathers of the hamlet' lie—to those over whom ocean has wrapt her garment, and is rolling her continual requiem of sublimity and sadness; but here have we the selected tenants of the tomb—the upper seats in the congregation—the elegant extracts from the vast volume of the dead. What, indeed, does this great abbey contain save dust? but it is a dust that once was fire, and light, and power, and music; that spoke while nations listened; that prayed, and God himself was moved. If it be true that even in all our ashes live our wonted fires, what a silent furnace must these walls contain!

Westminster Abbey is not so much a temple to the honour of the dead, as it is a monument of the power and the weakness of death—his power to slay the bodies, his impotence to kill the souls, the minds, or the memories of those who lie in it. It is a great sacrifice to death, cast in stone, which rises from all its pinnacles and all its graves. We did ample homage to the spirit of the place. We saw all that every visitor sees, and paid perhaps to some of the objects more devotion than many visitors do or can. We seemed reading a sublime but imperfect history of England. Such in effect is Westminster Abbey. In strong stony hand-writing, it records the names and deeds which England has thought most worthy of preservation. But how many of these deeds may, according to the fine Arabian fable, be transcribed in light 'over Allah's head,' or how many of these names have been transferred to the Lamb's book of life, it were vain to inquire. Enough, that *stone*, if the character be worthy, is an unchangeable panegyric; if contemptible and odious, is an everlasting unintended satire upon the departed.

One who should write a book, corresponding in design and execution with Westminster Abbey, would more than secure a place for himself there. Macaulay, as we have elsewhere intimated, is the man for writing such a work. Like that noble pile, he is high, holds with the ancient, proud, and exclusive. Should he write a book like this—like this, too, men would walk without worshipping in it—it would command their interest, but not bend their knees.

Without detailing our impressions of the other sights of London, such as the Colosseum, the National Gallery, or narrating the pleasant adventures of a day passed at Hampton Court and Richmond Hill, we proceed to our last day in London, Thursday the 24th of June. It was a day of much mental gratification. We saw on it Mr Scott of Woolwich, Mr Morell, John Robertson, and Leigh Hunt. Scott of Woolwich is a remarkable man—remarkable for the absence of all stimulating, and for the presence of all firm, quiet, and manly characteristics. Lowell of America says, that a man of genius is one who is *likeliest* other men. According to this, A. J. Scott is a man of

genius; otherwise, we cannot class him with that rare company. He is a mild, modest, plodding intellectualist, who has thought and who has suffered, but from whose face suffering and thought have not been able to efface the originally meek though manlike expression. He has recently quitted preaching, and is devoting himself to public lecturing, in which he excels. His peculiar forte, as a thinker, is swift and powerful ratiocination.

Mr Morell is a young, fair-haired, rather good-looking personage, not at all like a metaphysician, or, at least, like our idea of a metaphysician. He has been blessed originally with a good mental digestion; and, hence, the effects of the ostrich diet he has fed on so long have been healthful instead of pernicious. Like the Israelitish children of old, he has become fair, if not fat, upon hard and dry pulse. For his powers, we need only refer our readers to his recent work—a second edition of which has newly appeared, and to Dr Chalmers's glowing encomium on it. Mr Morell is an Independent preacher. Of late, however, he has devoted himself to teaching and to mental philosophy. He is soon to appear on the platform of the new Philosophical Institution in Edinburgh, when many of our readers may have an opportunity of forming their own judgment upon his merits as a public teacher of transcendental truth.

We had a letter lately from an enthusiastic and talented Irishman, Mr Allingham of Donegal, who narrowly escaped meeting us in Leigh Hunt's 'dear hopped twilighted library,' having called the day after we were there, but who expresses a hope that we may yet all three meet in that haunted spot. Cordially do we reciprocate the wish. Mr Hunt has since blessed those whom he is pleased to call the 'two warm-hearted friends who visited him in Edward's Square, so far,' he finely adds, 'as grey hairs and loving thoughts entitle him to confer a blessing.' What a genial, fresh, ever-bubbling spring of health and youth there is in him! How satisfactory for his friends—and who does not love him?—to know that he will now be comfortable for life! A writer in the 'Economist' has lately taken us to task for our opinions as to the pensioning of Leigh Hunt. He maintains that Leigh Hunt, as the author of authors, and not as the author of the public, has no claim on its liberality; in other words, he has been a deserving but not a successful writer, and therefore the nation must allow him to starve. We do not think this reasoning very sound. The successful author does not require any eleemosynary aid; but surely he were a narrow economist who should object to pensioning merit, when neglected or inadequately rewarded for its precious labours. Dr Johnson was not at first a popular writer, but who ever grudged him his pension, or would have grudged Burke's, had it not been bought at the price of his consistency! And has not the pensioning of Hunt been a most popular action, if there be any meaning or any truth in the voices of the press? Mr Hunt is not, as we had expected, a little, he is rather a tall man, erect, and with an air of irrepressible activity about him. His hair is grey, but still thick; his eyes are dark, animated, and restless; vestiges of mild and subdued suffering are to be found in the numerous lines which seam his face, and in the wave of careful expression which ever and anon sweeps across it. His manner is natural, full of impulse, and a sort of cheerful anxious bustle—a manner which, in Sidney Smith's words, 'warms more than food or wine.' It is that of a good old country gentleman 'all of the olden time.' A friend of ours, who met Carlyle the other day, on parting, took him by the breast with his two hands, and said—'I think there's a book or two in you yet.' We trust that in Hunt there are at least five volumes, to add to the forty he has already given the public. A very elegant tribute (written by a young Scotchman) appeared lately to Hunt, in that admirably conducted paper, the 'Manchester Examiner.' It is the most genial, discriminating, and beautiful word ever yet spoken of the 'fine old fellow.'

We called also, in the course of the evening, on John Robertson, late of the 'Westminster Review.' He is a stout, robust, middle-sized, middle-aged gentleman, with

a great deal of fun in his tooty black head, great occasional though fitful energy in his conversation, and a tone here and there in his accent which testifies that he comes from the gude town of Aberdeen. He is a vigorous thinker and a powerful writer, deals in strong, sharp, short sentences, which knock the thing on the head at once, and there's an end of it. He has at present various miscellaneous engagements with periodicals and newspapers both in England and Scotland. He ought to have done something much more with his undoubted powers than he has of late. Poor fellow! he has been in bad health, and had otherwise a good deal to annoy and distress his mind. But his nature is essentially robust, and he bears up under it all bravely. We heartily wish him well, though it were for nothing else than for his little child who resides with him—a very dream of fair-haired, sunny, and smiling infantine loveliness. In his company we went to the House of Commons, and heard part of a tough dull debate upon the Poor Law, in the course of which Peter Borthwick was permitted and permitted himself (it was his last use, at least in Parliament) to be flung like a dead cat from the one party in the face of the other. The house in general was altogether irrespective and irreverent of any of the speakers. On our way home, we looked in on the splendours of the Reform Club, and had the pleasure, in the reading-room, of a hearty laugh over an attack, in the 'North American Review,' upon the American edition of the 'Gallery,' in which the most triumphant hits are founded upon errors of the *American* press.

At six next morning we found ourselves in the parliamentary train on the way to Newcastle. This we reached at nine evening, started for Berwick per mail at eleven, had a beautiful ride through the quiet, holy, summer night; saw the sun rising upon Alnwick Castle and the broad still face of the German Ocean; felt ourselves with a thrill of pleasure again in Scotland; took rail at Berwick, reached Edinburgh at nine A.M., and at three P.M. found ourselves again in bonny Dundee.

Thus closed our little trip to England. We regretted, on reflection, one or two circumstances in it. First, that we had required to tarry so long in Liverpool, and had so little time in the larger and infinitely more interesting city; and secondly, that we had not availed ourselves of the ample means in our power of introduction to a few more of the luminaries of the place (to some of whom, indeed, we had notes which we did not use), such as Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, Marston, Serjeant Talfourd, and Mary Howitt. But let us trust that there's 'a gude time coming.' And meanwhile, we bid our gentle readers a hearty and a grateful farewell.

A GOSSIP ABOUT 'LUCK IN FAMILIES.'

FOURTH ARTICLE.

THE Dundonald earldom, as almost all men know, has been long held by the Cochrane family, and by them has in various ways been rendered eminent. But they are properly Blairs, not Cochranes, an heiress of the latter name in the sixteenth century having wedded Alexander Blair, who took her designation in consequence. Fortune, in a worldly sense, has not smiled on the Dundonald house of late days, their once extensive Scottish possessions having all passed into other hands; and yet many recent members of the family have been highly distinguished in public life, and more especially as sailors. We need not advert to the celebrated bearer of the family title of the Cochranes at this day, as a man scarcely behind even our Nelsons and Napiers in point of daring and seamanship, but whose high onward career one unhappy and early incident tended materially to impede, and indeed so far to terminate. Of course, allusion is here made to the charge brought against Lord Cochrane of raising on one occasion the English funds, for his own pecuniary ends, by circulating false intelligence from abroad. The courts of justice declared the charge to be substantiated, and he was stripped of all the honours which he

had earned by his naval services. These honours have been but very recently restored to him by Queen Victoria, and much to the general satisfaction, seeing that the majority of impartial men now-a-days believe him to have been the dupe and victim, and not the planner of the said fund-conspiracy. The fact of his being strongly opposed in politics to the ruling powers of the time caused his case to be handled by them in the very hardest way. The judges sentenced him to temporary imprisonment, and even to the pillory; but, though they confined him, in that pillory they never dared to place Lord Cochrane. The city of London, for which he sat in Parliament, seemed likely to have broken out into open and perilous rioting. His lordship did not cease, however, at this time to pursue his profession honourably, though not in his native land. He gave his aid to Greece in the great War of Independence; and he performed some brilliant actions in South America, as commander-in-chief of the Brazilian navy. For this he was created Marquis de Maranhao by the Emperor of Brazil.

It is well known, that, as regards worldly circumstances, the Breadalbane family cannot be held an unlucky one. Few landholders of Britain can boast, like the head of this branch of the Campbells, of being able to travel continuously over ninety miles of country, as the crow flies, without once setting foot on another man's property. An English duke of the last century, being very intimate with the cotemporary Earl of Breadalbane, once received the latter as a visitor at his ducal seat in that pocket edition of a country, called Rutlandshire. 'How I do wish,' cried his warm-hearted grace to his friend, 'that you were always with us—that your estates lay in my county!' The Scottish peer, while answering courteously, is said to have muttered to himself at the same time—'If they were transported hither, your grace would soon wish them sent back again; for you would find it somewhat difficult to discover where your own possessions lay.' The Earls of Breadalbane (now marquises in the peerage of the United Kingdom) have made various high and fortunate marriages. The first earl was wedded to Lady Mary Rich, daughter of the Earl of Holland; and, to perpetuate the memory of that union, he took the title of the Earl of Holland (extinct in England), as supplementary to that of Breadalbane. The heir of this noble pair made another elevated marriage, obtaining the hand of one of the daughters of the last Duke of Newcastle of the Cavendish family, and also one of his anticipated co-heiresses. But she died before her sire without issue, and her share went away from her husband's house. It was parted betwixt the other sisters, a good deal of the whole coming ultimately to the present Newcastle family, at the head of which stands the now illustrious personage who 'does what he likes with his own'—that 'own' being other men's consciences. The third earl of Breadalbane contracted a still loftier marriage, his lady having in her veins some of the last straggling drops of the regal blood of the Plantagenets and Tudors. She was Amabella de Grey, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Henry, duke of Kent. But she bore to her husband only one child, and that a daughter; so that the Scottish earldom lost once more the main fruits of that wealthy connection. By the marriage of the head of the house of Hardwicke with that daughter, who became Marchioness de Grey in right of descent from her grand-sire, the Yorke or Hardwicke earldom next got a chance of the same noble windfall. But daughters, once more, were the only offspring; and after the eldest of these had given the old family of the Humes of Marchmont a prospect of revivification in the world by intermarrying with its heir, it fell out in the end, from failure of their offspring, that the second and sole remaining daughter carried away the De Grey property and peerage to her descendants by her husband, Lord Grantham. The barony of Grantham was conferred, as is well known, on the Robinson family, who, as regards the present point, well deserve the nickname that used to be given to one member of it, on account of his eternal assurances of national prosperity while he was Chancellor of the Exchequer—namely, that of

'Prosperity Robinson.' That same personage is now Earl of Ripon, and his elder brother, in right of their mother, is Earl de Grey. A single son of one or other of these noblemen will inherit, it seems, all the family honours—namely, the barony of Grantham, the viscounty of Goderich, and both the earldoms mentioned, with other and older honours into the bargain. This family, though for a century or two respectable landholders, may yet be reckoned among the most lucky *parvenus* of the English peerage of late days.

Our stream of gossip has gone off rather at a tangent from the subject of the Breadalbane house. The mother of the present noble holder of the title was another considerable heiress, being the only child of Gavin of Langton in Berwickshire. In the case of the existing peer's father, a step backwards for nearly two centuries had to be taken, in order to obtain an heir to the family by a subsidiary line. Failing heirs a second time, the Scottish titles and estates will only find an inheritor by a similar reversion. Indeed, Campbell of Glenfalloch, who is now admittedly heir-presumptive, derives his descent from a cadet of the house, born about two centuries and a half ago. The English marquise becomes extinct for the time.

There is a noble family of great antiquity and distinction in Scotland, which, in our own day, has been left without male succession—to wit, the family of the Carmichaels, earls of Hyndford. This name was once a potent one on the conjoining boundaries of Lanarkshire and Peeblesshire, the heads of the house being barons of so much influence as to be at various times appointed wardens of the western marches or borders. One of them, Sir John Carmichael, was slain treacherously, at a peaceful conference with the corresponding English warden. Some lines of a ballad on the event were often quoted by Sir Walter Scott, and greatly praised by him for their force and picturesqueness—particularly, the finely effective description of the Scottish warden's bearing towards the English—

'He rase, and raxed him where he stood,
And bade him match him wi' his marrows.'

Some of the last Earls of Hyndford, and particularly the third, were distinguished highly in public affairs, but the succession failed in the male line in the person of the sixth earl. Various parties were lucky enough to come in for a share of the Hyndford inheritance. One of these, indirectly, was Sir John Gibson Carmichael of Skirling, to whom his brother, the present Sir Thomas, latterly became heir. These brothers were great-grandsons by the female side to the Hon. William Carmichael, whose male heir became fourth Lord Hyndford on the failure of the elder or direct branch. Circuitously enough, an eminent citizen of Edinburgh—indeed, as almost all parties will allow, the *most* eminent of her living citizens—while sharing in the blood of the Carmichael family, shared at the same time in possessions indirectly connected with that relationship. The Hon. William Carmichael of Skirling married *Helen Craig of Riccartoun*, and a daughter of theirs was wedded to John Gibson of Durie, in Fife, a member of a family which had given senators to the Court of Session, and had been otherwise honourably noted in the legal annals of Scotland. The ballad of 'Christie's Will,' by Scott, is on the subject of the abduction of a 'Lord Durie' of the Session Court, by one of the border moss-troopers; and there are collected decisions of the court, called 'Durie's Decisions.' The family of Craig of Riccartoun had also been very eminent in the juridical world. The succession of the latter house, at least, fell to a lawyer of Scotland of no slight celebrity—the party already hinted at, now Sir James Gibson-Craig, Bart. The marriage of Helen Craig with the Hon. W. Carmichael led (when his male line failed) to the inheritance of the Skirling estate by her daughter's eldest line of children, the Gibson-Carmichaels; and the Riccartoun property came to a second grandson's descendant, Sir J. Gibson-Craig. Meanwhile, the proper Hyndford possessions went mainly to the descendant of Sir John An-

struther of Anstruther, who had taken to wife the Lady Margaret Carmichael, daughter of the second earl, in the year 1717; and whose said descendant was so much in need of a windfall of the kind, they say, as to have been reduced, before his accession, to join a company of provincial stage-players.

THE CHINESE SPEAKER.*

THIS amusing production is, as its title professes, a compilation from standard authors who have written in the Mandarin dialect. The compilation itself is a most learned and admirable one. But independently of this recommendation, the work derives at this time a peculiar and melancholy interest from the fact of its compiler having been no less a personage than the late Robert Thom, Esq., Chinese Consul to her Britannic Majesty at Ning-po. Poor Thom's fate was indeed a sad one; just when the draught of political and literary success was about to be quaffed by him—nay, just when an all but European reputation was beginning to dawn upon his early sky of life, and leave it with its golden tints—he was cut off. The work from which we propose giving a few extracts may be said to have been the very last writing of any kind about which he was employed. The first part only of the compilation is before us, the second was to have followed; but, alas! God had decreed it otherwise; he called Thom to himself ere the wish could father the deed. As a portrayal of Chinese manners, the work is invaluable, and supplies a desideratum that has long been felt. Pictures of tea-drinkings on gaudy tea-trays, or garden-scenes depicted on the glazings of breakfast-cups, tell nothing—they are neither here nor there. What we want is good graphic black and white, to inform us upon matters of Chinese domesticity, and here we have the very thing. Proceed we, however, to give samples and tit-bits, to tickle the literary palates of our readers with. Here now! Come, ye Bond Street loungers, with the latest and most approved swagger, the lemon kids, the gold-chased eyeglass, and the whole paraphernalia of the *fast turn-out*!—be good enough to step this way. Here is the newest pattern for *China* gentlemen, for your information:— 'When a man goes out of doors he must be careful; he should take his cap, his boots, his robe, his dress coat, his long gown, and put them all on properly. He should bind in his waist, and whether he sit in a sedan or walk in the road, all should be done regularly. On common occasions, when in undress, he should put on a long coat, a riding jacket or a demi-robe, a long cotton wadded gown, a lined short gown, a coat of cotton cloth, a coat of white silk, a coat of grass cloth, outer leggings, with stockings, and pull his shoes up at the heels. If afraid of cold interiorly, let him put on a long-sleeved jacket, a single-breasted jacket, a body-piece and gown-piece in one, and let him, as before, bind on a silk crape sash. It will be well to carry a watch and a snuff-box, to fasten on a small pocket-handkerchief, a fan-case, tobacco-pouches, betelnut-pouches, and a thumb-ring—no matter what it be, it must be put on smartly and tidily, that you may not cause people to laugh at you for a great country booby.'

The Chinese military colleges, it would appear from the following extract, grant degrees of a similar kind to those granted to our Oxonians, and Cantabs, Edinburghians, and Glasgoweians:— 'If you assume a coarse, vulgar appearance, rolling up your queue on your head, rolling your head about and pushing out your stomach, people will not be able to suffer the very sight of you! Don't talk about getting to be a bachelor of arts or a licentiate. Even allowing you become a doctor of laws, all this would avail you nothing.' Verily this ought to be posted upon the doors of alma mater for the special benefit of some of our Oxford and Cambridge braggadocios—some of our swaggering and blustering academic dons!

* The late ROBERT THOM'S latest Chinese translation, entitled 'The Chinese Speaker, or Extracts from Works written in the Mandarin Language, as spoken at Pekin.' Reviewed by the Rev. GEORGE ASPINALL.

Lovers of the picturesque, here is a treat for you—as pretty a description of a Chinese feast as ever was penned: ‘On the eighth moon, second day, is the festival of the Tootee gods, when every family offer their congratulations. They erect a stage for drumming and piping, and spread out what they have got to show in the most attractive manner. Summing up the whole, there will be more than a hundred pavilions for piping and drumming; men and women, great and small, go about everywhere with their lanterns. Such is the custom in our part of the country.’ We have in this country plenty of eating-houses, from the tip-top genteel down to the penny roll and cup of stew; and the Chinese, it appears, in this respect are not a whit behind us; and really their bill of fare would not disgrace Mivart’s, and their pastry and snick-snacks would even pass current with Gunter himself; though, by the way, a course of ‘sea-slugs,’ or an entrée of ‘birds’-nests,’ or a tureen of ‘sharks’ fins,’ would somewhat astonish the frequenters of our hostels. But here, judge for yourself; take a specimen: ‘When you have seen enough of this, walk on to the eating-houses. These eating-houses are really busy and stirring. There are pies, and puddings, and tarts, and boiled paste, and broth, with flour-balls, and pancakes, and rolls, and toasted cheese, and lily-leaved cakes, and thin boiled rice, and dry boiled rice, and tiffins, and dishes of flour, and, moreover, there are birds’-nests, and sea-slugs, and sharks’ fins, and mutton, and venison, and pheasants; game from the hills, and marine delicacies, sheeps’ tails, deers’ tails, and hams from Kin-hwa, and Shaow-ing wine, that beads at the top and leaves a foam-crested head, and strong liquors, and millet whisky, and spiced wine, and wine and water, and transparent rice wine; and, should you wish for anything, they will soon get something ready for you to eat and drink; and if you want to invite a guest and to play the host on the occasion, nothing can be more convenient than these eating-houses.’ Verily we think so too, gentle reader; but we are dreadfully out of breath with this long puffy bill of fare, and feel provokingly thirsty at the image of the transparent rice water, not to mention the cool, clear, headed wine, crested with foam. But here follows a rare bit of advice upon economy, which our young fledglings who luxuriate in raspberry creams and sherry cobbler, and forget to pay their tailors’ bills, would do well to appropriate to themselves: ‘Day by day, you will be accustomed to eat this and to drink that, and mayhap you may think that this money comes to you for nothing. Eh? Alas! day by day it goes on melting and decreasing, until afterwards, when you have not got it for use, you will repent when repentance is too late.’

Now, reader! come, ungird thyself for a revival of the feelings of lachdoo again. See! here are the Chinese jugglers. Bethink thee! how often hast thou, on thy way to school, stopped at the corner of the street to watch a parcel of mongrel fellows, Chinese in dress, Irish in brogue, and Cockney in slang, who caught balls on their chin, ate fire by the grateful, and swallowed knives by the dozen. Ah! well, those kind of conjurers are as plentiful as blackberries in October. Motley showmen of such sort are to be met with any day in the week ready made to order. But come! here are the real chaps for your money; here are the genuine, old, original jugglers of China, born and bred: ‘To-day I went to the market-place to buy things, and there I saw a gang of people making a great noise, and, behold! they proved to be a party of jugglers. At first they cleared a space of ground for the performance of their feats, and walked once round on all sides of it. One of them then took a Loo-choo gong in his hand, and beat upon it for a little; he then went round in a large circle, and received money from the people. Having finished receiving his money, he then performed a trick, called ‘getting wine out of the air.’ With his hands he laid hold of a large wine-cup, and beckoned in the direction of the east; the wine immediately came gushing forth and overflowing; he gave it to any one to taste, and all declared that it was excellent wine. Having finished tasting, he then took a short piece

of cord, rather longer than a cubit, and made use of a bowl, with which he covered it. After waiting for a little, it was changed into a great snake, which went wriggling on the ground. Having finished this trick, a married woman sang a country song, and a young lady danced on the slack rope, and sang a little ballad. Having finished singing, a professor of gymnastics sparred with his fists and pretended to fight a round; and, the sparring done, they all went away together.’

The Chinese, it will be seen from the following paragraph, hold, like the ancient Saducees, the doctrine of the metempsychosis or transmigration of souls: ‘Think for a moment! There are in the world of men and women I know not how many millions, whose having become in this life united as man and wife is entirely owing to the same having been determined in a previous state of existence.’

Here follows a translation from the celebrated Chinese tale of ‘Hung-Low-Mung.’ In the course of this most graphic narrative, two families are introduced—the one a kind of *west end* connection—patrons, who do the condescending; the other consisting of some poor relations, who, as is usual in all such cases, come to beg from their wealthy kinsfolk. As a faithful reflex of the distinctive phases of Chinese society, and as a kind of mirror, in fact, of the conventionality of rank there, the tale is valuable. We give one or two brief extracts.

From the following on Chinese servants, we may infer that the pen of the author of the ‘Greatest Plague of Life’ is as much required in China as in Britain: ‘Well, Goody Lew took Pan-rh along with her, and entered the city, arriving at the street of ‘Tranquil Glory,’ and then before the great door of Yung-Hall, beside the stone lions of which were only to be seen sedan-chairs and horses in rows like plants. Goody Lew did not dare to go in, but shook and dusted her clothes, and said a few words to Pan-rh; after which she squatted down before a side-door, whence she observed a number of servants pushing out their breasts and bellies, pointing with their fingers, or drawing lines with their feet, strutting and lounging, who were sitting at the great door of entrance and talking of everything but their business.’

Passing from this, we will now drop into a Chinese mansion of state: ‘A little servant girl now raised up a deep red screen of wool, the colour of ourang-outang’s blood, and they entered the great hall, when a most fragrant perfume was wafted on their faces; it was impossible to divine what the scent was, but it seemed as if their persons had been transported among the clouds. The whole of the articles of furniture and ornament in the hall shone upon the sight, rivalling each other in glory, causing one’s head to swim, and one’s eyes to dazzle.’

In the following we get a peep at the ceremony of tea-drinking on the heated couch of honour, and the impression produced on the mind of the visitor by an English clock: ‘Thereupon they made way for Goody Lew, with Pan-rh, to ascend the heated couch, facing each other, and the little servant girls poured out tea, which they partook of. Goody Lew could do nothing but listen to a ‘tick-tickling’ sound, which resembled very much the winnowing of flour in a machine, and she couldn’t help looking towards the east and staring towards the west. Suddenly she spied, in the centre of the hall, suspended on a pillar, a sort of box, at the bottom of which was hanging down a something like the balance weight of a steel-yard, which kept unceasingly wagging to and fro. Goody Lew said within herself, ‘What thing in all the world is this? What can be the use of it?’ Just as she was gazing with wonder, suddenly she heard the sound, ‘dong,’ as if proceeding from a golden bell or brass cymbal. She started on her feet with fright, and, in the twinkling of an eye, there were continuously given of the same sounds some eight or nine strokes. Just when she was wanting to inquire what it was, she saw all the little servant girls come running in a confused heap together, exclaiming, ‘Our lady is now coming down.’

We will conclude our quotations with perhaps the most

characteristic extract of the whole, where we are introduced to a Chinese lady-patroness granting audience to her poor relation, and admitting her to sit upon the *extreme edge* of the heated stone of honour: 'Chow-Lug's wife whispered with her (the poor relation, Goody Lew) a while, and then, with small mincing steps, they proceeded to a room on the other side, where they saw, on the outside of the door, suspended by a brass hook, a curtain of dark red flowered soft silk, and below the southern window was the *stone couch*. Upon the stone couch was a deep red oblong hair-carpet, and leaning against a wooden partition-wall on the eastern side stood a sort of damask back-cushion, with a reclining pillow; there was spread out, also, a large sitting-cushion of watered lutestring, with a gold-embroidered centre, and by the sides were spitting-pots of silver. Lady Fung (the lady-patroness), when in her house-dress, commonly wore upon her head a front-piece of dark martin-skin, and surrounded it with tassels of strung pearls. She had on a gown of peach-red flowered satin, an upper coat of slate-blue silk, lined with grey rabbit-skin, and a petticoat of deep red foreign crape, lined with ermine. Her face was resplendent with pearl powder, her lips were brilliant with carnation—erect and stately there she sat, holding in her hand a little brass poker, with which she stirred the embers of her hand-stove. Ping-rh (an attendant) stood by the side of the heated couch, holding in her hands a very small enamel-lacquered tea-tray, and upon the tray was a little tea-cup, with a cover. Lady Fung neither partook of the tea, nor did she raise her head, but only stirred the ashes of her hand-stove, and said, very slowly, 'Why have you not invited her to come in?' At the same time that she said this, she turned herself round, and, just as she was wishing to take her tea, she said that Chow-Lug's wife had already brought in the persons (*i. e.* Goody Lew and her nephew Pan-rh, the poor relations), and that they stood in her presence. She immediately made as if she would rise, and yet did *not* rise from her seat, but her whole countenance beamed with pleasure as she asked them if they were well. Old Goody Lew was already on the ground before her, and, making several obeisances, inquired after her ladyship's health. Lady Fung hastily exclaimed, 'Mrs Chow, my dear, be good enough to raise her up; there is no occasion for her to *knock-head*; I am but a young person, and don't know her much; besides I am not aware of what kindred we are.' Chow Lug's wife instantly replied, 'This is the old woman that I just now spoke to your ladyship about.' Lady Fung now most benignly and condescendingly nodded her head, and, in obedience to her signal, Goody Lew was now placed on the *extreme edge* of the stone couch.'

The rare and valuable book from which we quote the above extracts was printed at Ning-po, at the Presbyterian Mission press there, in 1846, and the superintendence of it was the very last thing that occupied poor Thom's attention in life—the last connecting link, as it were, between himself and the republic of letters, of which he was so bright an ornament. It is printed on Chinese tea-paper, with the small Chinese immediately above the English rendering, and on the fly-leaf is given the large Chinese characters. The work is thus beyond the reach of the many. It has never been reprinted in England, and most likely never will. With Professor Martineau, with Dr Vaughan, with the renowned Gilfillan, and with the writer of this review, private copies from Ning-po are lodged, but to the world of literature at large, we regret to say, the work is denied. Under these circumstances, it is to be hoped that our object in giving the above extracts to the public will be appreciated. The accuracy of the translations may be fully relied upon; for Mr Robert Thom's knowledge of Chinese was thorough and profound; and, as a proficient in this difficult tongue, he received the high encomiums of Professor Stanislaus Julien, the first Chinese scholar in England, and indeed in Europe. Professor Bazini and the far-famed Cardinal Mezzofante also stamped the whole of his translations with their unqualified praise.

LIMNINGS OF SOCIAL LIFE.

MY FIRST AND LAST PEEP AT THE DRAMA.

AMONGST all the douce inhabitants of the notable town of Musselburgh there was not, at the close of last century, a more douce and rigidly upright man than our immediate paternal ancestor. When we add that Abraham Calder was by principle and profession a Reformed Presbyterian, an elder in that sect, and a staunch upholder of the banner of the covenant, whose grandfather had done service at Bothwell Brig, we think his portrait is distinct enough. Would that Musselburgh even now possessed a larger share of Abraham's leaven than she does! His wife, long hallowed be her memory! enjoyed a kindred spirit with her Goodman, but softened and refined as becometh woman's nature, and entertained a more generous forbearance for the faults and foibles of youth, as our own escape from the deserved punishment of many delinquencies can testify. Well do we yet remember the terror that took hold of us when, after some discovered violation of the decalogue, we were wont to be summoned into our father's presence. Still we can almost feel the trembling at the knees and faintness of heart which possessed us as we were peremptorily called into his room. Nay, we can almost see him, as plainly as it had happened yesterday, seated at the table, the Bible before him, the Kilmarnock nightcap drawn more firmly across his brow than wont, his features rigid as an old Hebrew priest's, and that awful weapon, the tawse, lying at his right hand. No heretic ever approached the grand inquisitor, or criminal stood in the Star Chamber, with greater certainty of the full amount of his guilt being exposed, than did we in that old dingy room, looking forward to the series of interrogations, which were put on anything but the modern doctrine of enlightened jurisprudence, that no man is bound to criminate himself; for we were always assumed guilty, convicted, and punished. The last was invariably preluded by the reading of certain texts, pointing out our guilt and its demerits, all of which we acquiesced in, but when told of the pain it cost to punish us, and the love such a course manifested, our heart grew sceptical and rebellious. Such were the characteristics of our parents, which, though slightly modified in the mother, were in some points equally prominent. Among these, both manifested a truly righteous opposition to our participation in all or any sinful and vain amusements. All evening parties, dancing, fairs, exhibitions, and merrymakings, were strictly prohibited, with some slight exceptions, but, above all things, the drama, legitimate or illegitimate, met their unqualified disapprobation.

We had arrived at the age of fifteen, grown in stature and in strength into a raw-boned ramshackle 'callant,' but though the son of Abraham Calder, not altogether, we fear, treading in the ancestral footsteps. Our companions were few and ill chosen. Chief amongst these was Robert or popularly Rab Steel, the butcher's boy, of whom it was often predicated, from certain symptoms, that he would die in the position of Mahomet's coffin. Rab was an *enfant trouvé*, or, more plainly, 'naebod's bairn.' He was found one morning deposited, as a free-will offering, at a respectable haberdasher's door, with a note politely inviting the gentleman's patronage and forbidding any anxiety to discover the giver. Forthwith Rab was removed to the charge of the parish, which undertook his board and education till of age to earn his own bread. These facts, however, had not the slightest weight with us to the disparagement of Rab, being entirely free of all conventional prejudice at that age. His character has been hinted at. Was there a cock-fight, a rat-hunt, an orchard to rob, a *asafedita* to smoke in at a keyhole, a sign to obliterate, or a ghost to raise, Rab was foremost in the enterprise. In all practical jokes, disturbances, and delinquencies of the rising generation, Rab was leader. These qualities endeared him to us. He was our *fidus Achates*, our mentor and bosom friend. He borrowed our coppers and instructed us in a knowledge of life. Many years have since passed. Our

last dreamy recollection of Rab connects him somehow with a green coat, white corduroys, and a pair of immense whiskers, driving a tandem to Newmarket.

At this age of incipient manhood, then, had we arrived when Musselburgh was honoured with the visit of a lot of caravans containing fat gentlemen, wonderful pigs, performing Indians and alligators, and a wooden booth devoted to the mimic art. As they passed along the street down to the Esk side, our father, who was standing at the shop door, we heard observe, 'Ay, ay, there they gang, glamour for graceless c'en; see, my bairn, ye keep out o' the gate o' sic wiles.'

This command at the first was almost fulfilled to the letter, the extent of our transgression being limited to gazing at the externals of the exhibition, on the verge of the crowd which collected at night when performances began. We need not mention how powerfully our mind was captivated with the music, our eye with the pictures of the caravans' contents, and our heart by the monkey which ate the nuts and apples of the crowd, the parrot which echoed the cry of its owner, 'Only a penny, ladies and gemmen!' the little man who danced a hornpipe in a little house outside, and the foot of the giant, gratuitously exhibited to the crowd. But these were commonplace and insipid compared with the attractions of the promenade of the pavilion, where kings, queens, bandits, Highland chiefs, sylphs, and countrymen gathered in a glittering galaxy between performances to tread the mazy dance; and the fun of the chattering parrot and salutations of the monkey were totally eclipsed by the inexhaustible repartee and drollery of the clown, whom we regarded as the very personification and embodiment of mirth, and of whose private life and manners we had formed an extraordinary theory. Hitherto we had stood on the outside of the throng, secretly admiring and wondering at the nature of the Elysian mysteries within, longing after the forbidden fruit, but too forcibly recollecting the paternal injunction unadvisedly to infringe it. Occupied thus one night, we were startled by a voice at our elbow exclaiming, 'Gosh man, Tam, is that you? What way did ye no come last night? Ye lost a' the fun. Man, had ye seen the sport me an' Dicky Watt had coverin' auld Snitch the tailor's lumhead wi' a divot. Come awa' forrit an' see the show, ye canna hear a haet there.'

So saying, Rab Steel led us through the crowd into immediate front of the booth. We experienced a degree of anxiety to learn the particulars of the sport referred to, having been connected with its origination, but unavoidably prevented from participation in it. Our questions, however, were interrupted by Rab inquiring, 'Hae ye got any siller, man?'

A solitary sixpence, the gift of an indulgent maternal aunt, occupied our pocket, dwelling at that moment betwixt our forefinger and thumb. We produced the coin in answer.

'Len' us't till the morn, Tam. Come awa' up an' see the play. It's a grand ane. I'll pay for ye,' urged he, taking possession of the sixpence.

'Na, na, I daurna, man. What wad faither say if he kent?' exclaimed we, retreating back, with the tawse obtruded on our mental vision in painful perspective.

'Wha's to tell him aboot it, if ye dinna blab yourself?'

replied Rab, propelling me forward. 'Eh, man, it's the grandest thing ye ever seed, and sic fun we'll get.'

'I canna gang, Rab. I wadna be hame in time.' Time meant ten o'clock, by which hour I must, according to the rule of the house, be within doors.

'Blethers! ye can win oot when'er ye like. Isna daddy at Embro' the nicht forbye?'

We assented to that point. It certainly had some weight.

'Come, then, dinna partle; see, they're gaun to begin. I didna think ye were sae silly; when d'ye think to be a man at that rate o't?'

'Ye'll no tell onybody then, Rab. Oh, man, I'll grip it if it's fan oot!'

'Just goin' to begin, ladies and gemmen, walk up, walk up. Make room there, will ye. Here you are,' shouted the showman, as Rab and I were both upon the stage.

Having never been inside of a theatre before, with the natural timidity of a youngster in a strange place, and a consciousness of that place not being wholly lawful, I would have stood at the door, or planted myself down on the first seat available, till Rab sturdily opposed any such idea.

'Come awa' forrit; clear the gate there, will ye,' shouted he, elbowing his way through the crowd, among a shower of interjections more plain than polite from those whom he stumbled over, till at length he succeeded in wedging himself and the present chronicler in direct front of the pit. Here, without the remotest notion of what was to follow, and dreading to look behind lest some known face should meet our guilty gaze, we sat staring at the drop-scene and listening to the orchestra. Ten minutes had passed by; the company hitherto, save gratuitously shouting an occasional chorus to some popular air played by the band, now began to exhibit those peculiar symptoms of *ennui* common to public meetings. At first a stray shrill finger-whistle echoed from distant corners, then followed up through scores of pipes till the whole booth rang, and soon feet and hands as well as tongues were exerted in creating a noise. Amongst the most riotous was our comrade Rab, who, not content with the usual forms, introduced a variety of imitations of cock-crowing, dog-howling, and screaming, all of which were duly imitated by other ventriloquial youths throughout the place. Suddenly, as suddenly as if a bombshell had dropped in their midst, the noises ceased; we heard the faint tinkle of a bell, and the curtain rose. What a glimpse of enchanted land, of green glade, rock, castle, and distant plain opened to our view! Never looked Aladdin with more amazement when he entered the fabled grotto; never dreamed Turk of his sensuous paradise as aught more lovely or magnificent than appeared that scene to our enraptured vision. Its solitariness was broken in upon; a fairy glided in upon the enchanted ground, our eyes roamed towards her. Had we been called upon to describe what we saw and heard, our description would have soared into the wildest region of romance; now, we can look at it soberly and sensibly. The play, as the painted board outside announced, was 'Gisewold the Grim, or the Cavern Spectre.' Such a title, though quite ignorant of all play properties, was calculated to inspire us with some expectation. Well, the young lady first sung a very mournful ditty, and then proceeded to inform the company that she was an orphan, beloved by a certain gent, self-expatriated for private and confidential reasons; that she didn't know where he was, and nobody did, and she couldn't find out anything about him; that her heart was breaking, and she had made up her mind to die there for love and sorrow. How we sympathised with her; a sort of gulping hysteric sensation arose in our throat and forced a dimness in our peepers. So she lay down on a canvass bank and slowly closed her eyes in sorrow.

'Aih, man,' ejaculated we, turning to Rab, who, in supreme indifference, sat smoking out of a short pipe borrowed from an adjacent baker, 'I hope she winna dee. Can naebody advise her?'

'Whisht, general,' growled our mentor in an undertone. But the words had passed beyond his ears; somebody, to our great dismay, repeated them to another with a tittering laugh, adding our name as the source of the remark.

The young lady, however, did not lie long thus till we heard a whistle among the distant hills, and presently a venerable shepherd appeared, who, after a long speech on his own woes, made a point of discovering the young lady and gallantly offered her a home, 'which, though a humble, was yet an honest and quiet retreat, where peace and happiness might be enjoyed.' How we mentally thanked the venerable Arcadian, and so did the young lady in a very pretty and polite speech, in which she implored every blessing on the head of her 'kyind preserver.' Their departure was succeeded by the entrance of a man in a cloak, followed by two ill-favoured ruffians in slouched hats who addressed him as the baron. It appeared that, out of private reasons, the baron wished to get rid of a certain foe and possessor of a certain damsel, which the gentlemen

in the slouched hats offered, after some pantomimic gestures, to accomplish for a consideration. But they didn't accomplish it, for on making the attempt, the Cavern Spectre, a hideous figure in sepulchral robes with a bloody throat and front, scared them in the act of assassination, and informed their intended victim, who appeared to be the expatriated gent alluded to by the young lady, that he, the gent, wasn't what he was or seemed to be, but something else entirely. That instead of being a private gent, of obscure origin, he was his the spectre's son, who was 'elder brother of Baron Gisewold the Grim, slain by him, who now unlawfully held yon broad domain,' but as 'his hour was come,' he could only direct the youth to the old shepherd of the plain for further particulars, and immediately thereafter, amid yellow and blue flame, vanished. The old shepherd made all out clear, and further stated that the baron had that day abducted the young lady who had fallen into his hands. The youth immediately expressed his determination to remain unsatisfied till 'his sword drank the baron's blood,' and he departed to obtain it. Of course, the latter wasn't going to stand this, and a regular short-sword combat ensued between the youth's retainers and the baron's retainers, in which the former had the best of it; but the youth himself hadn't, for Gisewold disarmed him and was about to run him through, when the Cavern Spectre appeared and intercepted him, and after declaring the youth to be the rightful heir, and satisfying all parties, and when the young lady had rushed in and they embraced each other, all ended by the Cavern Spectre carrying off Gisewold by the hair amid flames, sparks, and sulphur.

'Faith, his kail's cooked noo,' remarked Rab, with a grin of delight at the last scene. 'A low, chappie, lower your tile,' added he, to a party in front whose golgotha intercepted the range of vision. 'Aff wi't, or I'll ding a window in't.'

'Wash your face, if ye want to see, stot-sticker,' was the urbane response.

Rab's visage certainly never was emblematic of purity. It had very little of divinity in it, or if any it was not Apollie. But, nevertheless, he was slow to own his defects and blemishes, and being, like us all, more or less privileged in a happy obliquity of vision respecting self-deficiencies, felt insulted, and retorted, 'Say that again, will ye, ye lang hide-belint-a-poker scarecrow.'

'Yes, I'll say't fifty times. What d'ye mean by that?' added he, as his hat, under the impetus of Rab's fist, rolled away. 'Stan' oot, an' I'll clure your croon.'

'Stick intill him, wee ane,' shouted some of the spectators, now getting interested; 'Keep up your head, spanker;' 'That's it;'' 'In wi' the left;'' 'Noo, butcher;'' 'Noo, lang ane;'' and a hundred voices joined in the uproar. There was a feud or faction of long endurance then existing betwixt the boys on the two sides of the Esk. It was at no time difficult to raise a fight when they met; at present, it appeared, that two of the rival parties had encountered, and, in order to sustain the honour of their respective representatives, in a very few minutes a regular row was organised in the pit and momentarily receiving accessions from the galleries; shouts and screams, figures tumbling and swearing, benches cracking, and females screaming 'Murder and polis,' indicated pretty clearly that the drama was likely to be followed by a veritable tragedy. In vain the stage-manager appeared in front of the curtain and made faces and gestures to the crowd. No one heard a word. In vain the two policemen of Musselburgh strove to separate the belligerents; they were at once knocked down beneath the seats. In vain the orderly-disposed shouted 'Put them out;'' no one dared attempt it. Suddenly, amid the crowd and crush, we felt a hand pluck off our bonnet and another appropriate our handkerchief, but who among the hundred did so we could not determine. We were crushed up to the door, and, half forced through on the backs of others, found ourself in the open air skin-whole and thankful. The night was dark as pitch, and few lights twinkled from the windows of the town. The wind whistled around our bare 'pow' and cooled us to

reflection; now we stood bonnetless in perplexity. What should we do; whither should we turn? 'Gang hame wanting a bannet!' The thought was insupportable. Already we stood arraigned at the paternal bar, our guilt discovered and condemnation pronounced. Oh, Rab, Rab! the wo be upon thee, where art thou now to counsel us in this evil hour! Hark, the charlie's calling past eleven. It cannot be. Guide guide us, where can we go, what can we say? How dare we appear at home at such an hour? Overpowered by the dreadful conviction that we were fairly caught, we retreated off a little, and sat down on the first door-step to consider. But the agitation of our mind expelled reflection; besides it was dark, the streets deserted, our heart guilty, and that horrible Cavern Spectre, with his wan face and gashed throat, was rising up in our mind. Off we set as fast as our feet would carry us. Across the old brig we hurried with closed eyes, lest the spectre should start up in our way or arise in luminous effulgence from the depths of the roaring stream. Two dingy lanes had to be passed through; our own house was through a dark close up a dark stair. The close we reached by sheer instinct, but sure as Erebus there stood the spectre, half hid by the corner of the dike at the far end, pointing to his bloody maw. A clammy sweat broke on our back and brow; our eyes swam; they returned again to the fearful object. No! it was no unearthly visitant, but just a 'sark' auld Betty, our maid, had out drying and forgotten probably; a light crossing through the house showed us that our fear was unfounded.

'Oh, Tammy, Tammy, my man!' ejaculated Betty, as we softly lifted the latch of the door and stood beneath the parental roof. 'Preserve us a', whaur hae ye been stravaigin wi' your bare head till this time o' nicht?'

'Oh, wheesh, Betty, wheesh for ony sake! Is faither sleepin?'

Betty, though an antiquated and not by any means amiable maiden in general, had her weak points. She was a woman, and this is at least equivalent to saying she had a heart, and that heart loved us like a second mother; yea, more so, at times, we thought. Who told us all those delightful ghost stories and romances about giants, ogres, and enchantment; who sung the melodious old ballads of our land to us; who smuggled into the house for us forbidden story books; who bought us sweets at all the fairs, and treated us to otherwise denied toys; who hid our delinquencies, and often took the blame upon herself? Betty, dear old Betty. Rough, ready, and unsavoury though she proved to the world, she was an angel in our sight, or the nearest thing to it flesh could represent. In a moment she saw something was wrong, and her curiosity was quickened on our behalf with a lively anticipation of hearing the first inkling of the disaster. She cautiously shut the door and whispered, 'Tak aff your shoon. Come in quietly; they're a' in bed. Faither thinks ye were awa' til't afore he cam hame, and your mither's sittin' up till twal the nicht wi' Mrs Deacon Bogle, wha's verra ill, puir body. Noo, tell us whaur was ye? What hae ye dune wi' your bannet?'

Had Atlas got the globe lifted off his shoulders, he would not have experienced a greater relief than these few words of Betty's conveyed to our heart. We breathed freely once again, though still haunted by an unpleasant sensation. Betty heard our story with many interruptions of wonder and amazement. She listened with the utmost attention to every word, and our description was, we fear, often very puzzling to her preconceived opinions of a playhouse. She loved to hear of what was done in forbidden localities, though she would not show herself there for the world. How common, reader, is this feeling! Confess, now, don't you feel a prurient hankering love to hear of doings in localities where you would think yourself degraded by being seen; examine the principle in yourself, but don't blame Betty.

'Preserve us a', commented she, at the close, 'but it's dreadfu' to think o' the place ye've been in! Gin your faither thoct o't, he couldna sleep a wink the nicht.'

'Oh, but Betty, Betty, ye winna tell! Ye ken, it wasna

a'thegither my fault. I didna think there was ony ill in't. I'll no gang again.'

Betty consented. She at least promised, 'Gin naebody speer'd naebody wad hear o't frae her;' and, with respect to the abstracted bonnet, it was compacted that she should run over in the morning to Gilbert Hose's, and buy a new one before I was up.

I retired to bed—to bed, but not to sleep. Still a dread hung over me, a presentiment of coming evil. A hundred thoughts agitated my mind. The scenes of the night, fresh in my memory, made me feverish and restless, and swallowing my 'parritch' hurriedly before tumbling in, perhaps contributed to my discomfort. Uppermost above everything else, and inextricably confused with all my thoughts, was the remembrance of that ghastly spectre, haunting me like a ghoul. The blankets were drawn over my head, and my body gathered together like a hedgehog. I dared not look out into the darkness, under a fearful conviction that the ghastly tenant of the tomb was grinning at my bedside. In this mood, slumber at last stole over my eyes, but it was broken and disturbed. There was a confused murmur of music ringing in my ears, and strange figures flitting to and fro amid picturesque scenery. Glimpses of angelic loveliness, robed in short muslin frock and pink tights, now and then haunted the spot and smiled condescendingly upon me. Love and constancy were mingled up curiously with short-sword combats and sullen assassins. At length matters became more distinct, and a degree of order prevailed. I found myself transformed into Gisewold the Grim, reacting all the passages of that night with considerable additions. The last scene came, and with it the awful spectre, a thousand times more ghastly than before. My doom was fixed. I lay on my knees before the avenger, whose face at times seemed to bear a horrible resemblance to my father's. In vain I endeavoured to avert my fate, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I was spellbound. His glittering snakey eyes were fixed on mine, the mangled throat and pallid face within a foot of me. 'Away, away with him!' a hundred voices shouted, as the figure clutched me by the throat and dragged me towards a flaming abyss. Oh, horror! the sulphury tongues of fire already licked my limbs. In vain I strove to escape or call for aid, my voice was sealed—one step more—with an awful effort I uttered a last despairing cry of 'Murder!' so shrill and terrible that the monster started back and loosed his hold. Lights flashed before my eyes, figures surrounded me.

'Oh, keep him aff! Murder! Faither—mither! Betty, Betty!' shouted we, in despair.

'Oh, my dear son!' said a voice in my ear. It was my mother. She stood at my bedside, panic-struck, in her night-dress, holding a light, which swayed to and fro in her hand from terror. Betty was looking over her shoulder. 'My son,' continued she, as on our head's antipodes we sat gazing around, 'what ails thee? Wow, bairn, but ye gar my flesh a' grue. Heard ever anybody sic a cry as that? Tammy—dear Tammy—is there onything wrang? Look me in the face, an' dinna tremble that way—naebody's gaun to hurt you. Tell me what it was!'

'Hoot,' quoth Betty, 'the bairn's been dreamin', I'se warrant. Wasna that it, Tammy?'

Hesitatingly we assented to the fact, though still quivering in every limb with terror, and confused with fearful reminiscences; and, after being fairly convinced of this, our mother retired to bed, which she had just been proceeding to when startled by our shout.

Next morning we awoke with at first an indistinct recollection of last night's incidents. These, however, were soon recalled by the entrance of Betty, with a paper parcel containing a Rob Roy bonnet in it, which, immediately on getting up, we dusted with a little meal and slightly disfigured the cherry, to impart an appearance of wear to the article. We then slunk out, till our porridge was ready, into the open air, and by the time of our return all disagreeable impressions were worn off, and our mind tolerably at ease.

How short-lived is the security of a wronged conscience!

We had hardly got rid, after breakfast, of our skulking terror, and began to look round us in the shop, and speak freely to our father, when that kind, neighbourly body, Mrs Crum—Councillor Crum's better-half—came in to purchase a pair of brushes. Mrs Crum was a soft, sottering, sighing, oleaginous-faced woman, always under a rod of affliction, and requiring strong consolation. She was at the head of the ladies' associations for benevolence and gossip, and was looked up to by my father as a good, well-disposed woman.

'It's no often I go a shoppin' myscl', Mr Calder, in the morning,' observed she; 'but really thae huzzies o' lasses canna be trusted across the street. They're sure to waste as much time on a five-minutes' errand as I would do in half a dozen.'

'I quite believe you, Mrs Crum. I'm sure a woman wi' your family and the afflictions ye hae gane through must have your patience sairly tried at times.'

'Ay, ye may speak o' afflictions, Mr C. I hae indeed been led through the deep waters. There was twa lovely lambs cut aff in the bud o' youth; an' the trouble an' suffering I hae endured in the up-bringing o' the ither ten naebody but a mither can ken.'

'Yes; but you're weel rewarded in seein' them walk in the richt path, Mrs Crum; and that's a great matter o' comfort an' satisfaction.'

'Deed, sir, it wad be a great matter, as ye say; but it's no aye granted us here. I hae sair misdoots my young Archie is mair disposed to evil company and wickedness than a' the bairns that ca' me mither, when ye speak o't.'

'I'm really sorry to hear that; but there's nae accountin' for some weans' disposition, I whiles think.'

'Jist sae late's yestreen the wee roogie cam' to me, an' what d'ye think he wantit, Mr Calder?—Oh, ye're there, are ye? (turning to us, who stood weighing snuff at a distance.) I doot, my wee mannie, your father disna ken o't. It's a bad place yon to be. Ah! Tammy, Tammy, beware o' yon place! Ye ken whaur it leads tae.'

Our face became hot as a furnace, then cold as ice; our knees sunk, and the snuff tumbled out of our hand upon the floor, as we looked alternately from Mrs Crum to our father, who inquired—'Where was the rascal, Mrs Crum? Where was you, sir?'

'Oh, I shouldna hae spoken! I'm real vext I hae alluded till't. I wadna for the war! gang claverin' about onybody's faults. I'm sure I ne'er thoct what I was sayin'. But ye'll forgi'e him this ance, Mr Calder.'

'What has he been about, woman, canna ye say?'

'Oh, me! it's really a pity I spak' awa; but I'm aye in the fault. Weel, syne ye maun hear't oot, our wee Archie cam' to me last night, an' says he, 'Mither,' says he, 'gi'e me tippence to see the show. There Tammy Calder awa' in till't,' says he; 'and there canna be onything wrang in gaun,' says he, 'when Tammy gets.' Positively—we will believe it till our dying day—there beamed a grin of intensely gratified malice on the oleaginous visage of Mrs Crum as she uttered these words; and adding—'Noo, I'm sorry I've said it; but ye'll forgi'e him this ance, Abraham. He's young yet—we were a' a wee camstray once. Ay, that's jist the change—thank ye. Gude mornin'.'

We need not repeat the episode betwixt us and the tawse half an hour later in that dingy room of our father's. Suffice it to say, that so deep were the impressions on our skin as well as our memory, that we were completely cured of our Thespian propensities; and so ends the history of OUR FIRST AND LAST PEEP AT THE DRAMA.

EVILS AND MISERIES OF IDLENESS.

My wayfarings to this village (Cherry-Hinton) of fruitful, though, for anything that I could ever learn, fallacious entitlement—this village with a name that waters on one's tongue, though it keeps not the word of promise to one's palate—my pilgrimages, I say, thither were of good account to me through another more accident. One day, on my return, I was driven to take shelter from a rain storm in a little hovel by the roadside—a sort of cobbler's stall.

The tenant and his son were upon their work, and, after the customary use of greetings, I entered familiarly into talk with them, as indeed I always do, seeing that your cobbler is often a man of contemplative faculty—that there is really something of mystery in his craft. Before I had been with them long, the old man found that there lacked something for his work, and in order to provide it he sent his son out on a job of some five minutes. The interval was a short one, but it was too long for his active impatience; he became uneasy, shuffled about the room, and at last took up a scrap or two of leather and fell to work upon them. ‘For,’ said he, ‘it will never do, you know, sir, to be idle—not at any rate—I should faint away.’ I happened just then to be in an impressive mood, without occupation myself, and weighed somewhat down by the want of it; accordingly the phrase, the oddness of it in the first place, and still more the sense, made a deep and lasting impression upon me. As soon as the rain had spent itself, I went my way homeward, ruminating and revolving what I had heard, like a curious man over a riddle. I could not have bestowed my thoughts better; the subject concerned me nearly; it went to the very heart of my happiness. Some people are perpetual martyrs to idleness, others have only their turns and returns of it. I was of the latter class—a reluctant impatient idler; nevertheless I was so much within the mischief as to feel that the words came home to me. They stung my conscience severely, they were gall and wormwood for me. Nevertheless, I dwelt so long, albeit perhaps unwillingly, upon the expression, that I became as it were privy to it; I was in a condition to feel and revere its efficacy; I determined to make much of it, to realise it in use, to act it out. I had heard and read repeatedly that idleness is a very great evil; but the censure did not appear to me to come up to the real truth. I began to think it was not only a very great evil, but the greatest evil—and not only the greatest evil, but in fact the only one—the only mental one, I mean; for, of course, as to morality, a man may be very active, and very viciously active too. But the one great sensible and conceivable evil is that of idleness. No man is wretched in his energy. There can be no pain in a fit; a soldier at the full height of his spirit, and in the heat of contest, is unconscious even of a wound; the orator in the full flow of rhetoric is altogether exempt from the pitifulness of gout and rheumatism. To be occupied in its first meaning, is to be possessed as by a tenant, and see the significance, the reality, of first meanings. When the occupation is once complete, when the tenancy is full, there can be no entry for any evil spirit; but idleness is emptiness; where it is, there the doors are thrown open, and the devils troop in. The words of the old cobbler were oracular to me. They were constantly in my thoughts, like the last voice of his victim in those of his murderer; my mind was pregnant with them; the seed was good, and sown in a good soil—it brought forth the fruit of satisfaction. It is the odds and ends of our time, its orts and offals, laid up, as they usually are, in corners, to rot and stink there, instead of being used out as they should be—these, I say, are the occasions of our moral unsoundness and corruption; a dead fly, little thing as it is, will spoil a whole box of the most precious ointment; and idleness, if it be once suffered, though but for a brief while, is sure, by the communication of its listless quality, to clog and cumber the clock-work of the whole day. It is the ancient enemy—the old man of the ‘Arabian Tales.’ Once take him upon your shoulders, and he is not to be shaken off so easily. I had a notion of these truths, and I framed my plan after their rules: I resolved that every minute should be occupied by thought, word, or act, or, if by none of these, by intention; vacancy was my only outcast, the scapegoat of my proscription. For this my purpose I required a certain energy of will, as indeed this same energy is requisite for every other good thing of every sort and kind; without it we are as powerless as grubs, noisome as ditch-water, vague, loose, and unpredestinate as the clouds above our heads. However, I had sufficient of this energy to serve me for that turn; I felt the excellence of the prac-

tice, I was penetrated with it through all my being, I clung to it, I cherished it. I made a point of everything; I was active, brisk, and animated (oh! how true is that word!) in all things that I did, even to the picking up of a glove, or asking the time of day. If I ever felt the approach, the first approach, of the insidious languor, I said, once within myself, in the next quarter of an hour I will do such a thing, and, *presto*, it was done, and much more than that into the bargain; my mind was set in motion, my spirit stirred and quickened, and raised to their proper height. I watched the cloud, and dissipated it at its first gathering, as well knowing that, if it could grow but to the largeness of a man’s hand, it would spread out everywhere, and darken my whole horizon.—*Self-formation.*

DOMESTIC ARTS KNOWN TO THE ANCIENTS.

FROM the assiduous labours of modern archaologists it is wonderful how much we have picked up, not only of the original history, but of the arts and domestic habits of the Egyptians, one of the oldest civilised nations within the limits of history. Strange to say, this knowledge has been derived almost solely from their tombs—from those paintings, hieroglyphics, and occasional ornaments, which that singular people so assiduously lavished on the ‘house appointed for all living.’ From such researches, it appears pretty evident, that, in the year 3643 B.C., the celebrated monarch, or leader, Menes, or Minos, descended the Nile from his original settlement in the Thebais, and established at Memphis the original metropolis of Mizraim, or Egypt. It appears also highly probable that this Menes and his followers formed part of a stream of population, which, branching off from the ancient centres of civilisation of Babylon or Nineveh, had descended the Tigris and Euphrates, proceeded onwards through South Arabia, and crossed the Red Sea into Nubia and Abyssinia. They would thus bring with them the earliest arts and sciences of a city life, and would form a contrast to the more simple and erratic shepherd life of the Syrians and early patriarchs. After Menes, thirteen dynasties can also be traced, till the invasion of the Hyk-sōs, or shepherd kings, overthrew the old and legitimate monarchy, 1076 years after Menes and 2568 years before the Christian era. The pyramids, originally twenty-nine in number, formed the magnificent tombs of as many ‘Pharaohs,’ or kings, the first pyramid having been erected after the third dynasty.

The Egyptians appear to have known all the arts conducive to the comforts and luxuries of domestic life. Their architecture was on a grand and enduring scale; their houses appear to have been comfortable and even luxurious; their chairs, tables, lamps, drinking-cups, and glasses, appear wonderfully to resemble those in modern use; their processions, public assemblies, musical concerts, seem to have been frequent and imposing; their steelyards, weights, and balances, axes, saws, crucibles, painting apparatus—all bespeak knowledge of varied arts. It is thus interesting to know what they had, and one would also be curious to ascertain what they had not. One thing is certain, that some thousand years, at least, before the earliest of the Greeks or Romans had risen in civilised arts above the rudest and scantiest necessities of a shepherd or hunter’s life, the Egyptians and the Chinese had arrived at all the refined luxuries of a city existence.

From the laborious computations of the elder Pliny we know a good deal of the domestic arts of the Romans and later Greeks; and from his works we shall exhibit a few illustrations.

Starch.—This, one of the chief constituents of flour, was known to the ancients. Pliny says that it was made from wheat and from *siligo*, which was probably a variety of wheat or some other grain. The invention of starch is ascribed by him to the inhabitants of Chio, where in his time the best kind was made. The process of making it, as described by him, is much the same as that now practised. Next to the Chian starch that of Crete was most celebrated, and next it was the Egyptian. The use of the cereal grains

for the production of bread is mentioned in the earliest records of the world.

Wine, beer.—The grape, a common fruit in all the warmer parts of the temperate regions, was from the earliest ages fermented, and thus made into wine. Wine is frequently mentioned in Scripture, as also by Homer, Hesiod, and the earliest writers. Herodotus mentions that *beer*—a kind of wine made from barley—was in common use among the Egyptians, and was a substitute for the grape, which did not grow in that tropical climate. Tacitus informs us that in his time it was the drink of the Germans, and Pliny, that it was made by the Gauls and other nations. The latter calls it *cerevisia*, from the name of the grain from which it was made. None of the ancients, however, seem to have had the least idea of distilling alcohol or ardent spirits of any kind, nor is there the least allusion to any alcoholic spirit in the whole range of their written records.

Soap.—This indispensable article of modern cleanliness was quite unknown to the ancient inhabitants of Asia and even of Greece. We find no allusion to it in the Old Testament. When Homer describes Nausicaa, the daughter of the King of the Phœnicians, as resorting to the river-side on a washing-day with her nymphs, they 'lave' the nuptial-garments in 'the limpid stream,' but there is nothing else used. According to some of the comic Greek poets, wood-ashes containing potash were added to water, to render it more detergent; but there is no evidence that soda was ever used. This is the more surprising, as Pliny describes this latter substance as used in dyeing, which might have pointed out its use as a detergent; Pliny also informs us that soap (*sapo*) was an invention of the Gauls, who employed it to render their hair shining; that it was a compound of wood-ashes and tallow; that there were two kinds of it, hard and soft; and that the best kind was made of the ashes of the beech and the fat of goats. Among the Germans it was more used by the men than the women. During the early part of the government of the Roman emperors this substance was imported into the imperial city as a pomatum for the young Roman beaux, but Pliny makes no mention of its use as a detergent. As wood-ashes, or potash, seems to have been alone used, the soap would be of a soft consistence, unless they had learned to add a portion of common table-salt during the boiling process. This would have rendered the soap hard, or similar to our common soap made from the marine alkali, soda. Beckman, in his 'History of Inventions,' is of opinion, that the Latin word *sapo* is derived from the old German word *sepe*, a word still used in Scotland. Formerly, the peasantry of Scotland made a kind of soap from wood-ashes and tallow, and the same practice is still followed in the remoter districts of America where wood-ashes are abundant.

Dyeing.—This seems to have been a very ancient process among all nations. We learn from Pliny that the ancients were acquainted with madder, and that preparations of iron were used in the black dyes. The celebrated purple dye was discovered by the Tyrians about fifteen centuries before the Christian era. Two species of shell-fish found in the Mediterranean afforded the matter used in this process. These molluscs yielded each one or two drops of a liquor of different shades of colour, which was procured by opening a small reservoir near the throat, and pressing out the liquid. To save trouble, the smaller species were generally bruised whole in a mortar. The extracted liquor was then mixed with a considerable quantity of salt to keep it from putrefying; it was then diluted with five or six times its bulk of water, and kept moderately hot in lead or tin vessels for eight or ten days, during which time the liquor was often skimmed, to separate all impurities. After this, the wool to be dyed, having been previously well washed, was immersed in the dye, and kept therein for five hours; then taken out, cooled, and again immersed, and continued till the colour was exhausted. To produce particular shades of colour, soda, urine, and a marine plant called *fucus*, were occasionally added. One of these colours was a very dark reddish violet; but the

most esteemed, and that in which the Tyrians particularly excelled, resembled coagulated blood. Two liquors were used for the finest or double Tyrian dye; and so costly was this preparation, that in the time of Augustus a pound of wool so coloured sold for about £36 sterling. For many centuries the knowledge of this particular mode of dyeing was lost. It was re-discovered in the seventeenth century, but has now been superseded by the introduction of cochineal from South America. The 'finelinen' of Egypt is now supposed to have been cotton, and the following passage from Pliny shows the earliest attempts at cotton-printing. 'There exists,' says he, 'in Egypt a wonderful method of dyeing. The white cloth is stained in various places, not with dye-stuffs, but with substances which have the property of absorbing or fixing colours. These applications are not visible on the cloth, but when they are dipped into a hot caldron of the dye they are drawn out an instant after dyed. The remarkable circumstance is, that though there be only one dye in the vat, yet different colours appear upon the cloth, nor can the colour be afterwards removed.'

Tanning.—Leather was generally used, and is frequently alluded to, by the ancients, but we have no description of the process of tanning in any of their works. Homer describes the thongs of hides as in general use, but in such a way as would lead us to believe that no process of tanning had been employed. The addition of the peculiar vegetable matter of tannin, it is well known, not only thickens and strengthens the hide, but also, along with the oil employed in currying, renders it impervious to water.

Stoneware.—The formation of bricks and the ruder kinds of pottery-ware is of great antiquity. Frequent allusions to the potter's wheel occur in the Old Testament, and the inferior kinds of porcelain were in common use among the Chinese from a very early period. Pliny describes the forms and sizes of the bricks, which were of three grades, in universal use among the Romans. The sand of Puzzuoli was used by the Romans, as it is by the moderns, to form a mortar capable of hardening under water. Moulds of plaster of Paris were used in the ancient potteries to take casts from, just as at present; and from the structure of the ancient china and Egyptian vases, there is reason to believe that the same materials and the same mode of manufacture were used then as now. Various metallic glazes were employed to form external ornaments, and a glaze was in common use.

Glass.—Beads of glass are found in many of the most ancient Egyptian mummies; and the word crystal, which occurs in the Scriptures and in some of the ancient writers, is conjectured to signify glass. Aristophanes, the Greek comic poet, mentions this substance distinctly. Pliny relates the well-known story of some Phœnician merchants landing on the sea-shore from their ship, loaded with carbonate of soda, and using some blocks of this substance to support their kettles on a fire, and thus, from the fusion of the sand and soda, making the discovery of glass. Pliny mentions, that in his time they were in the practice of making coloured glass, but that the colourless kind was most prized. Glass was rendered colourless, even as at present, by adding to the ingredients before fusion a portion of oxide of manganese. Colourless glass was so highly prized, that for two moderate-sized glasses of this description the Emperor Nero paid 6000 sesterii, or about £25 of our money. The red beads found in the Egyptian mummy-cases, on analysis, were found by Klaproth to owe their colour to the red oxide of copper; the green beads to the green and black oxide of the same metal; the blue to oxide of iron. Sir Humphrey Davy discovered a trace of cobalt in all the ancient blue glass which he examined. The celebrated Murrhine vases—which were so fashionable among the Romans in Pliny's time, and which brought such extravagant prices, that one of the largest size was valued at £7000, and Nero actually gave for one £3000—have caused considerable discussion in regard to the substance of which they were composed. There appears to have been two kinds of these vases—one that came from

Asia and the other from Egypt; the latter were much more common and much lower priced than the former. The first six ever seen in Rome were sent by Pompey from the treasures of Mithridates; they were deposited in the temple of Jupiter in the capitol. Augustus, after the battle of Actium, brought one of these vases from Egypt, and dedicated it also to the gods. Latterly they became so common that private individuals possessed them. The largest size contained only about thirty-six cubic inches of fluid. Pliny says that they were formed from a species of stone dug out of the earth in Parthia and especially in Carmania. 'Some conjecture this stone to have been obsidian; others, the Chinese agalmatolite, or figure-stone; others, the sardonix. Dr Thomas Thomson thinks that fluor-spar would more accurately agree with the various properties to be found in this description than any other species of mineral. Rock crystal, emerald, topaz, opal, hyacinth, sapphire, and many other precious stones, were known to the ancients, and made into ornaments, cups, and vases.

Metals.—The ancients were acquainted with seven metals—gold, silver, mercury, copper, iron, tin, and lead. They knew besides, and employed various preparations of zinc, antimony, and arsenic, though perhaps not known to them as metals. Gold, silver, and sometimes copper, being presented by nature in their pure or malleable states, were the metals likely to be first appreciated by nations in their primitive condition, before the arts of smelting and working metals from the ores were discovered. Gold and silver we find mentioned in the most ancient records; and copper, with its alloys of lead and tin, became a common and serviceable metal. Bronze statues were first introduced into Rome after the conquest of Asia Minor. One alloy of this kind consisted of copper 100 lb., lead 10 lb., tin 5 lb.; another of copper 916 lb., tin 75, lead 9 lb.; and a third, copper 69, zinc 18, lead 13, in 100 parts. Swords, spears, and implements of war were commonly made of copper and its alloys. Iron, being rarely found native, and requiring some knowledge and skill to produce it from its various ores, though known from remote antiquity, did not come into general use till after the lapse of a considerable period. It is probable, too, that the earliest manufactured iron was simply cast-iron, and not malleable-iron or steel. In the Iliad, Achilles offers, as a prize highly worth contending for, a ball or quoit of iron, which to the fortunate winner would serve for ploughshares, wheels, and other rural implements, for at least five years. Pliny enumerates many places where iron ore is to be found, and particularly in Elba, and in a mountain in Cantabria, but he does not seem to have been acquainted with the mode of smelting it. Steel and magnetic-iron were also known in his time. The best steel articles came from China, and the next best from Parthia. Tin was early brought from Cornwall and Spain by the Phœnicians into the eastern parts of Europe and into Asia, and it was used for alloying copper, and for lining the insides of copper utensils; but no mention is made of tinned iron plates, so much used in the present day.

Paints.—Painting in Greece was carried to a high degree of perfection, and Pliny gives a catalogue of a great number of first-rate pictures and of eminent artists. Latterly, the fashion for statues and tablets superseded the demand for portraits and historical paintings. The Etruscans and Egyptians seem to have been fond of colours, at least, if the proportions and perspectives of their figures do not exhibit a correct taste in drawing. Sir Humphrey Davy in 1813 examined the several coloured substances found in the fresco paintings of the baths of Titus in Rome, and those in the ruins of Herculaneum. There were three reds—a bright orange, and a dull red, and a brown red. The bright orange red was minium, or red lead, the other two were varieties of iron ochres. Another bright red was found to be vermilion or cinnabar, an oxide of quicksilver. All the yellow paints proved to be iron ochres, sometimes mixed with a little red lead. The blue colours were formed from a frit composed of alkali and silica, with a portion of oxide of copper fused together. An admixture of carbonate of lime produced the various

lighter shades of blue. Davy found that fifteen parts by weight of dry carbonate of soda, twenty parts of powdered opaque flints, and three parts of copper filings, strongly heated together for two hours, gave a substance exactly similar to the blue pigment of the ancients, called *ceruleum*. This colour remains unaltered by the action of the air or sun. The green colours consisted of carbonate of copper mixed with more or less of carbonate of lime. The purple colours he found to dissipate with heat and give out the smell of ammonia, hence he concluded them to be clay coloured with the purple dye of the murex. The black paints were lamp-black; the browns, some ochres and some oxides of manganese. The white colours were all carbonate of lime, though Pliny mentions the use of white lead as a pigment. There are no records of any approach to chemical science among the Greeks or Romans, whatever of 'alchemy' was known to other nations. A few native substances, such as sulphur, alum, nitre, bitumen, were in common use, while the only acid known was vinegar. War and conquest but too entirely engrossed these nations, while arts and manufactures were left to be prosecuted by their slaves.

NIGHT SCENE IN THE HOLY LAND.

The broad moon lingers on the summit of Mount Olivet, but its beam has long left the garden of Gethsemane and the tomb of Absalom, the waters of Kedron and the dark abyss of Jehoshaphat. Full falls its splendour, however, on the opposite city, vivid and defined in its silver blaze. A lofty wall, with turrets and towers and frequent gates, undulates with the unequal ground which it covers, as it encircles the lost capital of Jehovah. It is a city of hills, far more famous than those of Rome; for all Europe has heard of Sion and Calvary, while the Arab and the Assyrian, and the tribes and nations beyond, are as ignorant of the Capitoline and Aventine Mounts as they are of the Malvern or the Chiltern Hills. The broad steep of Sion, crowned with the tower of David; nearer still, Mount Moriah, with the gorgeous temple of the God of Abraham, built, alas! by the child of Hagar, and not by Sarah's chosen one; close to its cedars and its cypresses, its lofty spires and airy arches, the moonlight falls upon Bethesda's pool; further on, entered by the gate of St Stephen, the eye, though 'tis the noon of night, traces with ease the Street of Grief, a long winding ascent to a vast cupolaed pile that now covers Calvary, called the Street of Grief, because there the most illustrious of the human, as well as the Hebrew race, the descendant of King David, and the divine Son of the most favoured of women, twice sank under that burden of suffering and shame which is now throughout all Christendom the emblem of triumph and of honour; passing over groups and masses of houses built of stone, with terraced roofs or surmounted with small domes, we reach the hill of Salem, where Melchisedec built his mystic citadel; and still remains the hill of Scopus, where Titus gazed upon Jerusalem on the eve of his final assault. Titus destroyed the Temple. The religion of Judea has in turn subverted the fanes which were raised to his father and to himself in their imperial capital; and the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and Jacob, is now worshipped before every altar in Rome. Jerusalem by moonlight! 'Tis a fine spectacle, apart from all its indissoluble associations of awe and beauty. The mitigating hour softens the austerity of a mountain landscape magnificent in outline, however harsh and severe in detail; and, while it retains all its sublimity, removes much of the savage sternness of the strange and unrivalled scene. A fortified city almost surrounded by ravines, and rising in the centre of chains of far-spreading hills, occasionally offering through their rocky glens the gleams of a distant and richer land! The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the sacred city. The all-pervading stillness is broken by a breeze, that seems to have travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea. It wails among the tombs, and sighs among the cypress groves. The palm-tree trembles as it pauses, as if it

were a spirit of wo. Is it the breeze that has travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea? or is it the haunting voice of prophets mourning over the city that they could not save? Their spirits surely would linger on the land where their Creator had deigned to dwell, and over whose impending fate Omnipotence had shed human tears. From this mount! Who can but believe that, at the midnight hour, from the summit of the Ascension, the great departed of Israel assemble to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city? There might be counted heroes and sages, who need shrink from no rivalry with the brightest and the wisest of other lands; but the lawgiver of the time of the Pharaohs, whose laws are still obeyed; the monarch whose reign has ceased for three thousand years, but whose wisdom is a proverb in all nations of the earth; the teacher, whose doctrines have modelled civilised Europe; the greatest of legislators, the greatest of administrators, and the greatest of reformers—what race, extinct or living, can produce three men such as these? The last light is extinguished in the village of Bethany. The wailing breeze has become a moaning wind; a white film spreads over the purple sky; the stars are veiled, the stars are hid; all becomes as dark as the waters of the Kedron and the valley of Jehoshaphat. The tower of David is merged into obscurity; no longer glitter the minarets of the mosque of Omar; Bethesda's angelic waters, the gate of Stephen, the street of sacred sorrow, the hill of Salem, and the heights of Scopus, can no longer be discerned. Alone in the increasing darkness, while the very lines of the walls gradually elude the eye, the church of the Holy Sepulchre is a beacon light.—*D'Israeli's Tancred.*

LOST TIME.

How much do young ladies learn at school, for which they never find any use in after-life, nor is it possible, from their circumstances, that they ever should! Let the hours spent on music by those who have no ear, upon drawing by those who might almost be said to have no eye, upon languages by those who never afterwards speak any but their mother tongue, be added together, year after year, and an aggregate of wasted time will present itself, sufficient to alarm those who are sensible of its value, and of the awful responsibility of using it aright. When we meet in society with that speechless, inanimate, ignorant, and useless being, called 'a young lady just come from school,' it is thought a sufficient apology for all her deficiencies, that she has, poor thing, but just come from school! This implies that nothing in the way of domestic usefulness, social intercourse, or adaptation to circumstances, can be expected from her till she has had time to learn it. 'Poor thing! she has but just come home from school—what can you expect?' is the best commentary I can offer.—*Mrs Ellis.*

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

Practical Christianity, or that faith and behaviour which render a man a Christian, is a plain and obvious thing, like the common rules of conduct, with respect to our ordinary temporal affairs; the more distinct and particular knowledge of those things, the study of which the apostle calls 'going on to perfection,' and of the prophetic parts of revelation, like many parts of natural and even civil knowledge, may require very exact thought, and careful consideration. Truths which, from their deep importance, are most obvious, have more of the vitality of religion, and influence practice more than those abstruse points which unhappily split the religious world into so many parties.—*Butler's Analogy.*

COAGULATION OF MILK.

The coagulation of milk under the influence of a simple wet membrane is a phenomenon so remarkable, and so difficult to explain, that we need not wonder at the attention it has excited. Experiments have been made with a view of ascertaining the effect on the membrane itself. Among these, a very curious one is due to Berzelius; he

relates that he took a bit of the lining of a calf's stomach, washed it clean, dried it as completely as possible, weighed it carefully, put it into eighteen hundred times its weight of milk, and heated the whole to 120 degrees Fahrenheit. After some little time coagulation was complete. He then removed the membrane, washed, dried, and once more weighed it; the loss amounted to rather more than one-seventeenth of the whole. According to this experiment, one part of the active matter dissolved from the membrane had coagulated about thirty thousand of milk.—*Fownes's Chemical Prize Essay.*

FAMILY WORSHIP.

(For the Instructor.)

We will not say the former days
Were better than our own—
That softer fell the dews of heaven,
Or the sun more brightly shone—
That the stars look'd down with a sweeter light
Through the depths of the azure sky—
Or that wand'ring zephyrs touch'd the notes
Of a richer harmony;

For we know Jehovah's will is pledged.
For the sunshine and the dew—
The flowers may fade, but the breath of spring;
Shall their wasted life renew;
And the anthem of nature's praise is hymn'd
Through changing years the same,
And to countless ages the stars of night
Their story shall proclaim.

But we miss, oh! we miss in the homes of men
The holy song of praise—
The sweet and solemn strain is hush'd,
And we sigh for the former days;
Is the smile of heavenly love withdrawn?
Is the time of blessing o'er?
Have we no more a God in heaven—
A Father to adore?

Not silent are our blessed dead,
Though their work on earth is done,
The struggle and the gloom is past,
And the glory has begun.
The beauty of the sinless land
Shines radiant on each brow,
And a song of joy and happiness
Is the song they are singing now.

Awake, ye children of them who sleep
In the bed of peaceful rest,
And let your voices blend again
With the anthems of the bless'd!
We know ye learn'd at your fathers' hearth
The hymn of love and praise,
Let us hear your song with your children now—
The songs of your early days!

Oh! so sweet on the breath of the balmy air
Shall the sound of such music be,
That passing angels may pause to hear,
And rejoice in the melody!
And soft as evening dews that fall
When no rude wind is stirr'd,
Shall the peace of Heav'n on that home descend,
Where the worship of God is heard.

CATHARINE PRINGLE CRAIG.

THE MEDIA OF DIVINITY.

There are two books from which I collect my divinity—the written one of God, and the other of his servant, nature—that universal and public manuscript, that lies expanded to the eyes of all. Those who never saw him in the one have discovered him in the other. Surely, the heathen knew better to join and read those mystical letters, than we Christians, who cast a more careless eye on these common hieroglyphics, and disdain to suck divinity from the flowers of nature.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

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Yours very sincerely
George Gilfillan.

WEEKLY HOGG'S INSTRUCTOR

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THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

EARNESTNESS is fast growing into the characteristic of our age, and mankind address themselves more energetically not only to action but also to thinking. Both body and soul have been stirred and strung in the *valley of vision*, the loose and inert dust has become a quickened organisation, and the spirit is its mastering and guiding law. The earthy lies down and embraces earth with a more tyrannic passion; and the ethereal rises to seek its kind with a swifter and a more imperious instinct. The fulness of life has rushed through the whole compound nature; and the idea that life is a most serious possession has touched the throbbing senses, brain, and heart. The muscles have a new tension for toil, sensation is more athirst and drinks in more eagerly and largely the beauty of the universe, and consciousness, as an element, is wider, purer, and more keen. Men have a new impulse within their physical nature and life, and what their hands find to do is done with all their might; whilst their spiritual being, also, has come out of its former passiveness and shows a strange yearning and vehemence. The question between materialism and idealism is more difficult of decision than ever, for both have been pervaded by an infusion of wild energy, and man stands forth more visibly alike a lord over the earth and a candidate for heaven. He is divided between mechanical and transcendental aims, and he pursues each successively with new enthusiasm. Carlyle and Hudson are the two rival embodiments, and both betoken fresh earnestness. The fiery wheels of the one, filled with the fiery eyes and the living spirit of the other, are symbolic of the character of our age. Who is there that will not hail the revival of man in his various functions?

Literature, which is the fine essence of the spirit of the age, shows this important change. It has a design far above recreation, and it obeys an impulse far nobler than that of capricious or imitative fancy. Its genuine cultivators are no longer to be reckoned idlers, and they have consecrated themselves to it as to a grand occupation. The names so recently given to their class, such as the 'Priesthood of Letters,' and to their work, such as a 'Mission,' denote the serious views which are now taken of a profession which hitherto was almost universally regarded as devoted to pleasant and elegant trifling; and though these names once exclusively belonged to the offices and aims of religion, yet they are not desecrated in being transferred to a kindred reality, and they may serve to remind us more forcibly of their original application. We do not see why a revealer of the divine beauty that is in divine

truth should not be called a *priest* as properly as the man who is simply a categorical teacher of that truth, nor wherefore his work should be esteemed less of a *mission*. Such jealousy is clerical rather than Christian, and betrays the irritation of personal vanity rather than the zeal of official dignity. We think that Carlyle has done well in entering the Christian temple, and thence borrowing, for the use of the temple of literature, some of the peculiar orders and titles. Why! shall there be many thousands of priests in Scotland, merely because they happen to be *reverends*, whilst the high name shall be denied to a few earnest literary men of far more capacious souls? Shall every man who carries in his hand a religious tract be called a *missionary*, and the man who writes a noble and immortal work, which may benefit his race unceasingly, be spurned and unbaptised? And yet Carlyle has been abused for profanity of language, as if, like Belshazzar, he had taken the cups of Jehovah's sanctuary to hold 'the godless heathen's wine.' In the complete union of literature with religion, surely the former, like every other weaker vessel, may appropriate some of the titles of the latter.

But such terms as those we have referred to clearly indicate that literature is now esteemed a most serious and responsible thing. The genuine literary man has a sacred office, for he is a revealer of the beauty and an interpreter of the language of the universe, and instead of regarding his profession either as an occasional one, or as subordinate to some commercial employment, he should feel that it is worthy to be his single choice, and that in attending to it day and night he is pledged to keep his heart pure and his brain ever active. The artist is the noblest form of man, for the life which he spends physically he reproduces spiritually, and he embalms for ever the substance which in a few moments wasted away from himself. All his consciousness he makes an external world for the gaze of his fellows.

Impressed with these convictions, we hail as cordially as the admiring and grateful public have done, the appearance of the Rev. George Gilfillan as a literary man. Those of our clerical friends who resent everything extra-professional save a treatise on the Hebrew points, may talk of his thus perverting his well-known powers; but we may be allowed to hint, apart altogether from a vindication of the lofty objects of literature, that perhaps the time which they themselves devote to an afternoon walk or an evening slumber he redeems for a brilliant article and we need not stay to inquire which of the two occupations is the more important. Those who choose may go to work in their gardens, or to romp in their nurseries, or to act heroically at some spinster's tea-table; Mr Gilfillan re-

pairs to his desk, and let there be no outcry against his choice.

We intend very briefly to do for him what he has done for scores of writers living and dead. For many reasons, this is not the place for a particular criticism of his works, or for a full estimate of his genius. Since the commencement of this periodical, he has been a regular contributor to its pages; and whilst we think there is no impropriety in presenting him as a picture in the INSTRUCTOR'S Gallery, in which he has so often been admired as the skilful artist, we are sensible that a hasty exhibition of one whom we are proud to call a friend will be the more becoming in us.

No name is more prominent in current periodical literature than that of George Gilfillan, and no writings are so eagerly read and so warmly praised by a large section of the public as his articles. Beyond dispute, as a critic (though we are persuaded that this is not the only or the noblest aspect of his literary character which he will yet present) he is the most distinguished since Jeffrey and Wilson gave up reviewing. No other writer describes so fully, so glowingly, and yet with such subtle discrimination, the cloud of our great men, and most vigorously does he ply the lash upon imbecility or affectation. In the short space of two years, and amid an almost innumerable host of rival critics, he has risen to a brilliant fame, and not because the public were under a temporary *rage* for novelty, or because Mr Gilfillan lacked many envious detractors and cavillers. He has had his way to fight like every other great man, but the victory has been earned more speedily than falls to the lot of most heroes. He has taken his place as the first of living critics, and his verdicts are sought with eagerness not only by the public, who run whilst they read, but also by the authors themselves.

Is not this a very singular fact? There has been no similar instance, either in the past or in the more recent history of our literature, of a man achieving such a reputation and influence by critical sketches of the leading writers of our country and age. A poem, a novel, or a treatise, has hitherto been necessary as an introduction to fame. It is plain, then, that there must be some very peculiar qualities in the productions of Mr Gilfillan. There must at least be a very distinct and vivid originality about them, otherwise they would not have done for him what similar writings have failed to do for all others. His subjects were not new, but on the contrary obsolete. He wrote about poets with whom the public were quite familiar, and about whom hundreds of critical essays had been composed by every sort of author, and he had no new facts in their history to recite. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, &c., formed his theme. The inference is inevitable, that Mr Gilfillan must have had more profound ideas of these very old and common subjects than had previously been expressed. He must not only have revived former thoughts and emotions, but he must have awakened new ones. By a criticism on bards who had already been criticised innumerable times and in diverse styles, who could have attracted public notice and secured a high reputation unless that criticism had been one of new and transcendent excellence? An attentive reader of Mr Gilfillan's pages will observe abundant proofs of a far deeper insight into the nature and objects of all literature than he will ever meet in the more elaborate, equal, and regular reviews of Lord Jeffrey. Every subject which Gilfillan treats of may not be so systematically arranged or placed in such a steady light as it would have been by Jeffrey, but its most vital relations are made to undergo a more searching examination, and by a single sentence he will pierce farther and more clearly into its general character than Jeffrey could reach. The most fiftful glance of genius goes farther than the assisted eye of the most consummate talent. A prophet, in the darkest hour of midnight, has a better vision than the shrewdest man in open sunshine. Intuition will strike into latent qualities when the most elaborate observation will only read the surface. Mr Gilfillan's talents have not been cultivated so assiduously as his genius has been vehemently exercised. The master has been kept working when the servants were allowed to

be idle and unprofitable; but whenever his genius and talents shall act in due relation to each other, the former carrying on its process of idealisation from the materials which the latter have acquired and prepared, he will be the first literary man of the age, as, under similar conditions, Mr Bailey, the author of 'Festus,' will be the first bard. But take his sketches as they are, and in spite of the many artistic faults, which mere talent would easily remove, they furnish such glimpses into the characters of the bards he describes, and the functions of poetry, on which he most eloquently descants, as could not be found in the pages of any living critic. This, along with the unmitigated brilliancy of his style, which sparkles alike with wit and imagination, could not fail to render him a peculiar favourite with all accomplished and enthusiastic readers. De Quincey, even, could not resist the fascination.

It will perhaps be better to preface our further notices of Mr Gilfillan by a slight reference to his personal history. His birth-place was Comrie, where his worthy father was the Secession minister. The quiet scene, and the uniform and simple habits of the neighbourhood, rendered George's eccentricities all the more striking and picturesque. He followed his own impulses, which could not be in full sympathy or harmony with the common motive power of young and old in the pastoral district. Your dull folks, who are wound up and made to go like clocks, talk scornfully of *eccentricity*, without ever thinking that it may be the strictest course of nature. We advise them to avoid the use of such a grand astronomical word until they are quite sure that they have mastered the laws either of the general or of the individual mind. He was often a lonely and a moody wanderer amid the terrors, grandeurs, and beauties of nature, and sat him down at the parental feet of mountains, as if mountains could best understand him. Being the youngest child, there must have been a very disagreeable weight of authority, even from the most affectionate hands, upon him. He describes himself as furtively reading a few stray novels which he could lay hold of out of doors and smuggle into the manse. The references which, in his writings, he occasionally makes to his boyhood are very fine; and we like the full-grown man who delights to gather up all the fragments of his identity in the past. George studied at the university of Glasgow. He was free from all youthful foppery, and we have heard from a companion of his that then he was singularly careless about his appearance, and that the bottled tears which a young lady might shed from her eyes over a pathetic tale, would have furnished him with the requisite water to conduct his morning ablutions. He gave his face but one sprinkling, shook it, and was forthwith in trim for the public day. He was regularly to be seen in the reading-room, absorbed with 'Tait's Magazine,' of which he is now the most eloquent and admired contributor. We should imagine that he was no prize-man, for his earliest ambition must have overleaped the paltry honours of a college class. But to his intimate associates he gave bright promise of the genius which he has since displayed, and his fervid and expressive face, when it appeared in their group, and his enthusiastic talk concerning the immortals of our literature, suggested coming struggles and future distinction. His attachment to literature was most ardent, and dreams of the beautiful in universal art filled his mind and dilated his heart to the exclusion of theological formulas. We have never heard whether or not he then wrote poetry, but surely there must have been some passages of youthful love in which he would implore the help of the muses that he might charm and win a maiden. We pass over his subsequent career of theological studies, for we suspect that these had but little influence in the formation of his mental character. After obtaining license to preach, he was soon settled as pastor over a large congregation in Dundee, where he now is in the faithful discharge of his sacred functions, at the same time that he is making valuable contributions to English literature.

A good many of his admirers may not be aware of the

fact that he is a clergyman (and indeed he frequently receives letters addressed to George Gilfillan, Esq.), for he is not in the habit of introducing awkwardly, and out of season, an evangelical moral, and (what may conceal his office still more) he does not himself prefix *reverend* to his name when writing on literary subjects. He is not ashamed of his profession; he *does* wear a white cravat, eke gown and bands, when he preaches, and does not then seek to pass for a layman. He did not, last year, take any legal steps to prosecute the newspapers for announcing him as the moderator of the Dundee Presbytery. But in the title-page of a strictly literary work where is the necessity of his telling readers that he is a minister? When Mr Gilfillan addresses himself to any department of theology, morals, or ecclesiastical polity, let us have the *reverend* by all means; but when criticising poets he may doff his canonicals and abbreviate his clerical titles. We have met with several of his clerical brethren who thought that they did well to be angry because he took not the common title; but we experienced no difficulty in demolishing all the arguments which they advanced against this supposed heresy. He has no such aversion to that title as John Foster had, who once said, 'I thank nobody for calling me reverend;' yet neither has he a strong predilection for it. We may tell the universities, that if they were to grant him a diploma, there are in Scotland hundreds of clergymen who would be infinitely more grateful for the distinction than Gilfillan. And, really, could the D.D. enhance at all the fame of his 'Gallery?' He has a letter from Thomas Carlyle, of which he is more proud than of all the documents which colleges could send to him.

He *is*, then, a clergyman; and his genius is not without its grand manifestations in the pulpit. The way in which he conducts the public devotions of the Sabbath is exceedingly impressive. Reverence and lowly prostration are most striking when paid by a lofty intellect, and Mr Gilfillan's manner of worship has suggested to us the fine Scriptural image of the '*trees of the forest clapping their hands.*' His extreme fervour tells that he knows prayer, not only to be a relief for profound emotion and an outlet to accumulated sensations of awe, but also a *power* to move grace. The metal, taken from the earth, may have little influence in itself over any substance on the surface around, but its attraction is felt at great distances upwards, and can bring down from the clouds their fire; and so prayer, however useless all its earnestness, when directed to the human race, falling upon hearts as upon rocks, may call down from heaven resistless agency, and set Omnipotence into ceaseless motion. Mr Gilfillan has closely looked at the state of the world, in which there are griefs and necessities widely prevalent enough to justify an application to Him who has all fulness of blessing, and in which there is guilt enough to call down a punishment to be deprecated; and he feels that such a *moral night* is the especial season for prayer and strong crying. His intercession is not merely a beautiful incarnation of thought, with glowing skin and inimitably sweet expression, bending with clasped hands and raised eye, but it is tumultuous with life, and not calmly statuesque. Even finer than his prayers for the world are his petitions for some dying individual who craves a congregational mention at the throne of grace. He concentrates all his regards upon that individual, as if there were no other then passing, or afterwards to pass, out of existence. In devotion, rarely does he exceed the limits of sober sublimity or tender pathos. His discourses abound with descriptions both magnificent and pathetic, and his appeals have frequently a straightforward urgency upon the conscience of his hearers. His manner, as well as his matter, is instinct with power; and voice, gesticulation, attitude, and expression, fully and somewhat fiercely radiate out his meaning, so that even foreigners, who knew not a word of English, would be made to feel that he is an orator.

In accordance with his own practice, it becomes us to notice Mr Gilfillan's personal appearance, and, indeed, our lady-readers would not forgive us for such a capital omission. As he is free and rather quizzical with the bodies of others,

he should allow us a similar liberty. Even George Cruickshank is not so fond of marking oddities as is George Gilfillan—who at times, after a minute sketch of features and form, will address himself to a description of clothes, informing us (for example) that De Quincey had a slight squint but wanted a coat altogether. Mr Gilfillan's personal appearance harmonises well with his mental character. His form, without being massive or robust, is strong, and of course is pervaded by a sufficiency of nervous energy; and as he paces the street there is a vigorous and formidable sound both from his shoes and his staff. We yet hear the echo of both, on the pavement of Dundee, from an evening in February when we accompanied him home. His loud laugh comes from a good heart and—good lungs. His face, both in outline and expression, has the stamp of genius. Phrenologists would readily discover the large organs of ideality on his brow, and every one would be struck with the wild glare of his eyes, which his spectacles cannot mitigate nor soften. On a close look at his naked eyes, you are led to think of the criticism—partly true—which De Quincey pronounces upon those of Professor Wilson, that they are 'apparent surfaces,' for it is only animation which deepens and fills them. His hair is of a golden hue, and not quite free from a slight tinge of red. When he becomes excited, it rises and falls, like an eyelash, upon his ample forehead. His mouth is rather large, though it seeks to reduce its dimensions by contraction and compression. Perhaps it is more ashamed of some large teeth, which are not very fine ones. Indicative of the ardour of his genius, his face has a sanguine flush. From his whole appearance, every spectator would infer that he is a remarkable man, intellectually. Nature plays no such tricks as to bestow such a physical configuration upon a mental nobody. We might have mentioned, that when the conversation is of a mild tone, the expression of Mr Gilfillan's face is singularly soft and placid, and has then a feminine simplicity and innocence. These are the moments, never occurring save in domestic scenes, when emotion becomes supreme in the minds of men of genius, and when their countenance has its bold brightness and fierce hero-air changed into woman's sweetness and beauty—a change which wife and children love.

To pass, however, from Mr Gilfillan's personal appearance to his mental labours.

Eight or nine years ago, he published a pamphlet consisting of five discourses, in which there was a transcendent display of imagination, with an occasional exercise of the most subtle speculation. One of these, 'on the abuse of talent,' might have been a niche in his 'Portrait Gallery;' for there were the sketches of Shelley, Byron, &c., &c., which he has since elaborated. There was little of professional theology in the discourses, and yet neither was there an intentional or contemptuous avoiding of the common forms of religious thought. A catechism could not have been compiled out of them, but they left solemn impressions of divine truth on the whole nature of man, as if they had been original revelations. They found small favour, however, with ecclesiastical oracles and authorities, and as the author's fame was not yet established, it was deemed to be the safest course to call the eloquence bombast, the pathos mawkish sentimentalism, and the imagination puerile and conceited extravagance; and thus, paragraphs which Foster might have written, had his genius possessed elasticity, were vilified as trash which should only have passed from Mr Gilfillan's desk to his fire. A second edition of the discourses, with the criticisms appended, would exhibit genius and its imbecile tormentors.

His next performance was a sermon upon 'Hades,' which, as it occasioned some presbyterial investigation, we shall overlook, simply remarking, that whatever opinions may be formed of the theory of the intermediate state after death therein advocated, it should be acquitted of all heresy, even if it were proved to be unphilosophical (as to say that two and two make five would not be unscriptural, however absurd), and that the literature of the piece is of the highest order. Here, however, we leave our readers until

next week, when we shall proceed to consider Mr Gilfillan as a literary man, both in public and in private.

LA PEROUSE.

If any other causes beyond her commercial status could warrant Britain in claiming to be mistress of the seas, they would be her discoveries during the middle and end of the last century. The explorations of Captain Cook were in some respects neither so extensive nor so important as those of the Spaniards and Portuguese during the fifteenth century; but the motive of his expedition, and the character of the men engaged in it with him, present it in a moral and consequently far more dignified aspect. Personal aggrandisement and conquest were the prime inducements to Spanish and Portuguese discovery. To add to the stores of geographical knowledge, and to throw light on other of the sciences, were the higher although less active inducements which impelled British exploration. The war of 1778-83, a five years' trial of murderous rivalry between France and Britain, had scarcely ceased, when the French, in a spirit of noble and exalted emulation, fitted out a squadron in order to elucidate those geographical obscurities which Captain Cook had left unsolved. The command of this squadron was given to Francis Galoup de la Perouse, an officer whose experience, skill, and talents peculiarly fitted him to practically conduct such an enterprise as that contemplated, and whose manly generosity of character was well calculated to win the love and esteem of all who would engage in it with him.

The object of La Perouse's expedition was purely one of scientific research, but too much was expected of it. A plan of operations, sufficient to have occupied almost the lifetime of any man in its execution, was drawn up for La Perouse's guidance—a plan, however, which a succession of the most lamentable misfortunes was destined to render a dead letter, and a melancholy evidence of the short-sightedness of man. La Perouse had instructions to complete the survey of the coasts of Sandwich Land and New Georgia, left unfinished by Cook. He was to fix the precise position of Pitcairn's Island, in order more accurately to indicate the track of the *Caterel* across the Pacific Ocean and the positions of his various discoveries. He was to make particular observations of Quiro's Island and the Santa Cruz de Mendana; he was to complete the survey of New Caledonia, the eastern side of which had only been traced by Cook. The great Gulf of Carpentaria, to the north of New Holland, was to be explored; after which he was to visit the Japan and other islands on the east coast of Asia. He was to touch at Kamtschatka, examine the north-western coast of America, and, after refreshing and refitting, the expedition was to proceed to explore the eastern coast of Tatar, which was almost unknown to European geographers. After touching at Kamtschatka a second time, the squadron was to return home, accurately surveying the Ladrões, the New Carolinas, and Moluccas, and also fixing the position of every coast at which they arrived. To carry out so extensive a plan, the preparations were in every way commensurate. The *Bonsole* and *Astrolabe*, two of the finest frigates in the French navy, were selected for the service, and several of the most eminent scientific men in France were induced to enter into it. The magnificence of the contemplated work, the preparations which had been made to consummate it, and the zeal and talents of those engaged in it, conduced to render this one of the most hopeful expeditions that had ever been undertaken for a like purpose, and the disappointment consequent on its failure was as great as the anticipations of its success had been sanguine. The voyage commenced under very auspicious circumstances. The ships took in refreshments at the island of St Catharine, on the coast of Brazil, and then steering south doubled Cape Horn with ease. The voyage had been tedious and distressing enough, however, to render it inexpedient to launch at once across the Pacific, so La Perouse steered for Easter Island, in order to recruit his crews and repair his ships. With the manners of the inhabitants of this island the French became more

accurately acquainted than the British had been. The great statues which they had erected, and which those who accompanied Captain Cook supposed to be formed from some sort of composition, were discovered to be moulded of that light volcanic substance called *capillo*; their grounds were very highly cultivated, and gave great proofs of skill and ingenuity. The social compact seemed to be strong amongst them, for the inhabitants of a whole district lived in many cases under the same roof. Their great houses were formed like an inverted canoe, and were commonly upwards of three hundred feet in length. Their advancement in social comforts and the arts were very high when compared with their means; indeed the French came to regard them as a comparatively happy and very wonderful people.

Leaving Easter Island, the squadron proceeded to the Sandwich Islands, where they procured a stock of fresh provisions, and surveyed Mowee, one of the group which Cook had not visited. La Perouse next proceeded to examine the north-west coast of America, which was indubitably the most arduous part of his undertaking. He arrived on the American coast, near Mount Elias, in June, 1786, and as only two or three months remained to him before he should be constrained by his instructions to proceed to China, he resolved not to follow in the track of his great predecessor Cook, but to attempt the exploration of what he had left untouched. From St Elias, therefore, the French expedition bore south along the coast towards the Spanish settlement of Monterey. Shortly after they had approached the shore they discovered a harbour with a narrow entrance, which they resolved to enter. Proceeding cautiously, they found a safe anchorage, but such was the force of the current at the entrance that they very narrowly escaped being thrown on the rocks. After they had effected a safe passage into the bay, the French commenced to examine its scenery, for it seemed to them one of the most extraordinary places in the world. It was a basin of placid, still water, bordered by lofty pinnacled mountains, towering abruptly from their base, and covered with snow. The silence of this northern solitude was such that the voice of a man might be heard for half a league, and the falling of ice-blocks and the scream of birds come with startling force upon the mariners who may chance to visit its lifeless, barren, silent shores. In this bay was a little island, of which the French took possession, having purchased it from the natives, that upon it they might erect an observatory, and, if subsequent events might be favourable, a station for the fur trade, as it was sufficiently distant from the factories of the Russians, English, and Spaniards, to prevent any complaints of interference with the trade of these nations, and very favourably situated for communication with the mainland Indians. Here, however, the misfortunes of La Perouse's expedition may be said to have begun; there was not a single invalid in the whole squadron, nor had there hitherto been any material sickness or other circumstance to affect the success of the expedition; but the foolhardy temerity of an inferior officer produced a misfortune sufficient to cloud the prospects of all their subsequent undertakings, and materially retard researches that promised to benefit the world.

Three boats, under the command of M. d'Escures, were sent to sound the entrance of the harbour, which was so difficult of access from the violence of the tides. La Perouse enjoined this officer and those under his command to proceed with the greatest caution; but the vain man, thinking that rashness was the measure of courage, approached the rocks, with the danger of which manœuvre he was not acquainted, and two of the boats were immediately drawn into the surf and overwhelmed, while it was with the utmost difficulty that the third escaped. By this melancholy occurrence twenty-one persons lost their lives, an event which threw a gloom over all the ships' crews. This bay, which is situated in 58 degrees 37 minutes north latitude, and west longitude 139 degrees 50 minutes, La Perouse named *Port des Français*.

From this place the frigates proceeded southward to Monterey, making observations on the coast, but adding

nothing material to previous discoveries. At Monterey, the ships were repaired, after which they proceeded directly across the Pacific Ocean, and arrived at Macao, in China, on the 2d of January, 1787. Here the arrangements for the second voyage were completed, and La Perouse immediately proceeded to Manila, and then he sailed thence, in the beginning of April, in order to proceed with his observations of the coast of Tatory. He touched at Pescadore and the Loochoo islands on his passage, but he had no intercourse with the natives. He next made the island of Quelpaert, and coasted the peninsula of Corea. The observations which La Perouse made during this expedition were of great advantage to science, as they were made with ampler and more improved means than any of his predecessors had possessed, and consequently were taken with every advantage to render them accurate.

In the middle of June the Bonsole and Astrolabe reached that part of the coast of Tatory situated in north latitude 42 degrees. They ran along shore for some distance without seeing the least indication of inhabitants, and entering a harbour in 45 degrees 13 minutes of north latitude, which they named *Baie de Ternai*, they were astonished to find a fertile and richly wooded country destitute of any appearance of population. Here in pristine luxuriance and uncultured wildness grew roses and lilies of almost every hue. The mountains were clad to their very summits with lofty forests of pine and oak, gradually rising from the borders of the sea to a great height. The brooks, lakes, and rivers were overhung with maple, birch, and other trees and shrubs, and the tall rank grass waved on the flats which extended along their margins or surrounded them. Apples, medlars, and hazels grew in luxuriant abundance; indeed, everything around seemed as if inviting man to assert his dominion over its latent capabilities of production, but no one save the lonely shipwrecked mariner, or the passing voyager, had ever been here to leave traces of his path. Trees that had been cut with edge-tools were observed, and burial-places with several relics were found, but otherwise it was a lonely and tenantless shore. On proceeding to the eastward, however, they discovered a land which proved to be that of Sagaleen, where they had the fortune to meet with an intelligent, peaceable, and hospitable people, from whom they received some important communications concerning the coast which they were exploring. On desiring a native to give them a linear representation of the countries which he knew, he drew a line to represent the Tatarian coast or the country of the Mandchoos. On the west, he described an island of great length and vast dimensions, calling it *Choka*, and signifying by signs that it was his native country. He divided this island from Tatory by a narrow channel, and near its northern and narrowest extremity he placed the mouth of the river Sagaleen, which was only seven days' voyage in a canoe from his own village. Anxious to investigate the truth of the native's representations, they attempted to explore the whole channel to the north; but the dangerous nature of the seas, the prevalence of south winds, and a heavy fog, rendered it dangerous and difficult either to proceed or to return, so that they deemed it prudent to keep to the south. After a very tedious passage southward the ships reached the strait which separates the island of Sagaleen or Choka from that of Yesso; to this strait has been given the name of La Perouse. His fresh intercourse with the natives further induced La Perouse to believe the accounts which he had already obtained regarding the channel in which he had been sailing. On leaving the straits which bear his name, the navigator recognised the coasts which had been described by the Dutch commander of the ship *Castricum*, whose accounts had hitherto been considered more fabulous than real. The Kamtschatdales manifested the same kindness to the French that they had shown to the British navigators, and here La Perouse had the pleasure of performing one of those acts of brotherly attention which it so well becomes great men to show towards the memory of each other. A French gentleman named De Lisle, brother of the celebrated astronomer, had accompanied the Russian expedi-

tion to Behring as astronomer, and he had there died. Captain Clerke, an English navigator, had subsequently searched out and marked the burial-place of this martyr to science. Captain Clerke, when on a later voyage, had died at Kamtschatka also, and it now became the French mariner's privilege of marking with a monument and inscription upon copper the tomb of the English captain. This little act shows us that the rivalry of discovery in science, if it be a rivalry, does not make enemies, but rather tends to make brethren of men, while the rivalry of war impregnates even the best hearts with the worst and bitterest of passions.

When La Perouse was about to leave Kamtschatka to proceed on his voyage, he prevailed on the governor to allow M. Lesseps, who had accompanied the expedition as Russian interpreter, to make an overland journey to Europe. He carried to France the journals and surveys of the voyage up to the period of his departure, and luckily arrived safely with these records of this unfortunate expedition. M. Lesseps was the first who made an overland journey to the old world, and being a young man of ability and observant habits, he brought an amount of important information from the countries which he visited, and which had been previously but very little known.

After looking in vain for land marked in the Spanish charts as situated in these seas about the thirty-seventh parallel, La Perouse for the third time crossed the line and arrived at Navigators' Isles, coming to anchor off the island of Maonna, where he hoped to find supplies of fresh provisions and water. The familiarity of the natives of these islands with the sea, and the skill which they evinced in the management of their numerous and large canoes, well entitled them to the appellation of navigators. The natives of Maonna were generally of lofty stature and athletic form, being about six feet two inches in height, and proportionably robust; they looked upon the French with much contempt on account of their low stature, and ultimately evinced an insolent audacity which led to a fatal issue. The French, by conducting themselves with the utmost caution and forbearance towards these people, obtained from them a supply of water and provisions, and La Perouse, who did not feel at all easy in his present circumstances, was anxious after this to leave this dangerous place; but the commander of the *Astrolabe* having discovered what he supposed to be a secure little harbour, into which ran a fresh-water stream, it was determined to anchor in this cove and fill all the water casks previous to departure. The boats, having on board sixty-three well armed men, proceeded to the shore, commanded by M. de Langle, when it was found that the beautiful harbour was so filled with coral reefs as to render it difficult to approach the beach. By cautious perseverance, however, the French succeeded in landing and commenced their watering operations, the few natives who were there lending their aid. Gradually, however, the natives increased in numbers and also in insolence, until the precipitate retreat of the women and children from the crowd showed that they meditated hostilities. Upon this warlike demonstration the French retreated to their boats, but from the smallest of these being lying in-shore—the others being unable to approach it in consequence of the shallowness of the water—they became so overcrowded that the French could neither push them conveniently off nor use their weapons, so that the large stones, which the natives threw with great force and unerring aim, struck down the sailors and rendered them so confused that they became comparatively easy objects of massacre. The small boats were quickly destroyed, and those who did not throw themselves into the sea and swim to the cutters were quickly dispatched and cruelly mangled, the savages dragging their bodies ashore and horribly mutilating them. Captain De Langle was the first who fell a victim to his ill-advised delay, and M. Lamanon, the naturalist, and nineteen other persons, were murdered in this cruel affray. When the news of this melancholy catastrophe was carried to the ships the fury of the crews became almost ungovernable, and they vehemently sought for revenge, but the enlightened and generous La Perouse

succeeded in appeasing the force of their indignation, and averted the sad consequences which must have resulted from retaliation. This second misfortune rendered the French commander more cautious in his future intercourse with the natives and chary in allowing his people to land. This laudable caution, however, by circumscribing the observations of the naturalists, prevented any extended investigation of either the flora or zoology of the places subsequently visited. La Perouse hardly paused to survey the Friendly Islands of Cook, and did not attempt to communicate with their inhabitants. He was suspicious now from experience; and as the last catastrophe had thrown a gloom over his crews, he was unwilling to risk the deepening of that sadness, by placing himself in a position where a similar accident might occur.

From the Friendly Islands he sailed to Norfolk Island, but here his naturalists could not effect a landing, and so he bore directly for Botany Bay. At the very period when La Perouse arrived at this station some British war-ships were lying off at anchor, being engaged in the foundation of a colony, and the removal of a settlement from this part of New Holland to Port Jackson, which is situated a few miles to the north. Every attention was shown by the British to the exploring squadron, and as the settlement was only ten miles distant overland from where the French frigates were laid up to refit for their third voyage, La Perouse, who kept up a constant intercourse with them, was enabled to receive the kind attentions of the governor and settlers of the new colony. By the ships which he met here he sent home the remainder of his journal and the charts which he had made since leaving Kamtschatka, and also the last communication that ever reached Europe from the brave, the talented, the indefatigable, but the unfortunate La Perouse. In a letter dated February 7, 1787, he details his plan of future operations, a plan which he was never destined to consummate. 'I shall proceed to the Friendly Isles,' he says, 'and do everything enjoined in my instructions relative to the southern part of New Caledonia, next to the island of Santa Cruz of Mendana, the southern coast of the land of the Arsacides of Surville, and the land of Louisiade of Borgainville, and I shall endeavour to ascertain whether the latter constitutes a part of New Guinea or is separated from it by a strait. Towards the end of July, 1788, I shall pass between New Guinea and New Holland by another channel than Endeavour Strait, if any such exist; and during the month of September and part of October I shall visit the Gulf of Carpentaria and all the coast of New Holland as far as Van Dieman's Land, but in such a manner as that it may be possible for me to stretch northward time enough for me to arrive at the Isle of France in the beginning of December, 1788.'

Shortly after the date of this letter La Perouse sailed from Botany Bay, and then the curtain of oblivion falls over his future course. Time sped away, and many a tearful and anxious eye looked from the sunny shores of France towards the ocean, vainly hoping for those they loved who had gone away with La Perouse, but they came not. There were many and fond regrets expressed for the fate of the missionaries of science, and aspirations were often breathed that they might be alive. They had not gone away to carry wo, and want, and bloodshed into the countries and homes of quiet people, but to let the men in the civilised part of the world know that they had benighted brethren dwelling in hitherto unknown places, and to point the way to missionaries of art, and social progress, and of the gospel, to where these naked ignorant brethren dwelt. Theirs had been a good, and humanising, and elevating purpose, and consequently the sympathy expressed for their fate was pure and unalloyed with any sense of their expedition having superinduced such a fate as it was often feared they had suffered. It was sometimes supposed, too, in the expiring agony of hope, that some of the party might be cast away and living upon some lonely isle of the ocean, perhaps tormented by the natives who had bent them to their yoke. Prompted by considerations of this nature, the National Assembly, by a decree of Febru-

ary, 1791, besought the king of France to communicate with the governments of all European nations, imploring them in the name of humanity to urge upon their subjects, trading in all parts of the world, and particularly those navigating the South Seas, to collect whatever information they could respecting the unfortunate French squadron. At the same time two ships were equipped and dispatched under the command of Admiral d'Entrecasteaux. This expedition was also unfortunate in its issue, its chief being first induced by the representations of a Dutch captain to visit the Admiralty Isles in hopes to find some trace of the adventurers. He found that he wasted precious time, however, only to prove that the Dutchman's story was chimerical. Finding nothing to induce him to believe that any French ships had ever been lost at the Admiralty Isles, he resumed his original course and steered directly for New Holland, round which great island he sailed by west and south, and then set out from Botany Bay to pursue the track which La Perouse in his last letter had indicated. No traces of the unfortunate expedition could be found, however, and D'Entrecasteaux was satisfied that it had never visited the Friendly Isles. On his return home he observed at a distance an island of the Queen Charlotte group, which he called *L'Isle de Recherche*, and strangely and unfortunately he omitted to explore this island as intimately as he had done every other which he had seen. D'Entrecasteaux died soon after the discovery of *L'Isle de Recherche*; the next in command lived only a short time; and when the depressed mariners of the expedition arrived at Java it was to find themselves prisoners to the Dutch, to see their ships seized as prizes, and to hear that the events of the French Revolution had changed the political aspect of their country and deprived them of their commission.

Time still sped away, and the mystery that involved the fate of La Perouse and his ships' crews became deeper and more difficult of unravelment, as the reports which had floated about regarding the expedition became one by one disproved. It is curious, however, to trace the fortuitous and unlikely circumstances which often lead to great and important discoveries. Captain Robson, of the Bengal ship Hunter, touched, in September, 1813, at the Feejee Islands, in order to trade with the natives and procure if possible a cargo of sandal wood. The natives of these islands were very fierce, and in addition to their natural ferocity they were cannibals. Instead of seeking to convert these poor islanders from their evil dispositions, the European traders, in order to conduce to their own again, assisted one tribe of natives in its wars against another, and if they did not join in their feasts they helped to supply them, and consequently exposed themselves to the deadly enmity of one tribe while they gained the favour of another. While the Hunter was at Feejee, the natives set upon the Europeans who lived on shore, and who were profligate deserters from ships that had touched there, and they massacred them all and ate them. Martin Bushart, a Prussian, and his wife, a Feejee woman, together with one Achowlia, a Lascar, took refuge on board the Hunter, and were put on shore, at their own solicitation, on *Tucopia* or Barwell Island, in south latitude 12 degrees 15 minutes, east longitude 169 degrees, where the natives kindly received them.

Captain Dillon, who had been on board of the Hunter in 1813, when the massacre of the Europeans took place at the Feejee Islands, was returning from Valparaiso to Pondicherry in the St Patrick, in May, 1826, and coming in sight of Barwell Island, the recollection of Martin Bushart and the Lascar who had been put on shore there induced him to draw near to the island, in order that he might if possible ascertain the fate of these two persons. Captain Dillon's surprise may be imagined when the very individuals for whom he felt an interest were the first to step on board of his ship from a canoe. From the Lascar the gunner of the ship bought a silver sword-guard, and being questioned how it had come into the possession of the Indians, Bushart stated that, on his arrival in 1813, he found several iron bolts, axes, knives, teacups, and various articles of French manufacture. When Bushart had ac-

quired the language he learned from the natives that all these articles had been brought from Manicolo, the very island which D'Entrecasteaux had called *Recherche*. The history given of them was, that many years ago two ships had been thrown away on the shores of Manicolo, that the crew of one had perished, but that the people of the other had got safe to land. Those who landed had built from the fragments of the large ships a smaller one, with which the majority departed, leaving a few of their number, who became very serviceable to the warrior chiefs. The Lascar had seen two of these Europeans, but he could not be induced to visit Manicolo again. Bushart, however, was willing to assist Captain Dillon in his researches. Dillon thought that on the silver sword-guard, already mentioned, he had traced the initials of La Perouse, and he was accordingly most anxious to prosecute the long lost track of the expedition, to which he thought he had found a clue. Calms and shortness of provisions forced him to abandon the project for the present, however; but on his arrival in India, he hastened to lay a memorial before the government, stating the grounds he had for believing that he had at last found the means of throwing some light upon this unfortunate expedition. Captain Dillon's application was immediately acceded to, and a ship, named the *Research*, was placed under his command, with which he immediately proceeded to Barwell Island, providing himself with a native interpreter, and then he sailed to Manicolo. By an accurate survey he found this island to be entirely surrounded by coral reefs and only approachable by a few openings. From the natives Captain Dillon learned that one of the ships had sunk in deep water at a place called Whannow, and the other had struck on the rocks near Paion, from which the strangers came on shore, where, after remaining five months, they departed with a ship which they had built. The strangers, they said, were spirits of the sea, who talked with the sun and moon by means of a long stick, and who in form and bearing were not like common men. Their noses, which it is supposed meant their cocked hats, were said to be a yard long, and in describing the sentinels who had guarded the camp of the shipwrecked mariners, they represented them as men standing on one leg and holding an iron bar in their hands. Captain Dillon assiduously collected every relic to be found of the expedition; he raised several brass guns from the reef, and having obtained other fragments of philosophical instruments, &c., he returned to Calcutta; from thence he proceeded to Paris, and arrived in February, 1828, where it was fully established that the several articles he had found had belonged to La Perouse's expedition. This is all that ever the world knew or is likely to know of the fate of the French navigator, whose misfortunes were assuredly the result not of his want of all the requisites for his command, but of the incautious temerity of those who sailed as his subordinates.

THE CREATION OF THE CATERPILLAR.

(Translated from the German of Krummacher.)

THE first man had been banished from Eden for his sin, and the pious Abel had already fallen by the murderous hand of his brother, when the angel of death descended to the abode of the human family. He alighted in a small garden in which Mirza, Abel's beloved and mourning sister, cultivated shrubs and flowers. It was a little image of Eden, with its cool shades and lovely bowers. The heavenly messenger paused in silent thought, touched by the innocence and love of Mirza. 'Must I then cause a fresh pang to this pious gentle sufferer? But be it so: to such as she is affliction yields peace and joy. And belongs she not also to the fallen race? The seed of corruption is in this one fact, therefore must death and decay have its ministers here.' He spake and lowered his wand, and from the dust which he touched sprang forth a devouring caterpillar. Immediately it began to gnaw the plants around, and eat up the leaves and blossoms of the nearest shrubs, and Mirza no sooner entered the garden than she started at discovering the havoc thus

made. But when she came near and saw the curious animal clinging with ravenous bite to the stems, she was terrified, and cried to her young brother, Seth, 'Lo! a serpent is devouring my favourite tree and clinging to the leaves.' Then came Seth into the little garden, and after gazing upon the caterpillar he said, 'Not so, Mirza! Fear has made thee deem the animal more formidable than he is. The serpent crawls upon his belly, but this animal has feet, and appears to live as do the sheep upon the herbs of the field. I will soon tread him under my feet.' And as he spake the boy shook the tree till the caterpillar fell to the ground. 'Ah, no!' said Mirza, 'hurt it not! Do we not also eat of the fruit of the garden? And the poor animal knows not that my garden is such a delight and joy to me. Therefore smite it not. I will take care to give him enough, and then he will not harm my plants.'—'But,' said the boy, 'are not the animals subject unto us, and given into our hands?'—'Yet is it not better,' answered Mirza, 'to rule with gentleness than with violence? Oh, leave him his life.' Thereupon Mirza made a little enclosure for the caterpillar, and gave it of the leaves and blossoms of the tree upon which she had first beheld him. She gave of them each morning and each evening more than it could consume. And when the heavenly messenger saw this, he was moved, and said, 'There is hope, then, that man may yet be renewed in the divine image which he has lost? Is not this like it—thus to love an enemy, and to recompense evil with good?' Again the angel paused, and again he touched the worm with his wand, and it was endued with the wondrous power to build its own tomb. All this happened in the time of the evening twilight. Early the next morning Mirza came to the garden and looked into the little abode of the caterpillar but she found it not. 'Oh, it is still asleep,' she said, in childlike artlessness, 'and I will not wake it, but will gather leaves for it whereof it may make its bed.' And she gathered both leaves and flowers; for Mirza's kindness to the animal had endeared it to her, and she bore all nature in her heart since Abel walked no more with her. When Mirza next came with her flowers and leaves she found a cocoon, bright and of fair silvery hue; and she stood and marvelled, and called her father and her mother and those of the household, and said, 'See what a creature I have nourished! It is now dead, and rests in a wonderful grave. Who can tell whether it may not come forth from it again?' Thus spake Mirza, with prophetic spirit, but she knew not that she spake prophetically. But Adam, her father, said, 'Who can fathom these things? The beginning and the end are alike hidden from the eyes of man. Yet this new occurrence may not be without its lesson of wisdom for us. Come, let us bring it with us to our abode.' And they bore the cocoon into their house. But Mirza said, 'Now I rejoice that I cared for it to its death.' And now lay the animal in this shroud of its own formation, in the abode of the human family, to them an image of Abel, the first who had fallen asleep and been hidden from their eyes. One morning the family were all assembled, and spake of death with sad hearts, when lo! there suddenly was heard a slight rustling, and the tomb of the animal moved of itself. With eager gaze they stood around and watched in hushed expectation what would follow. Then suddenly burst the silver-hued grave, and lo! there came forth a living being, and expanded a double pair of wings. Blue were they as sapphire, and as the clear vault of heaven, and with a golden edge, and every pinion was a span long; and as the bright creature fluttered and still more widely expanded them, all marvelled that they had not been bruised in the narrow tenement in which they had been so long confined. There lay the cocoon, upon it was one single red drop like blood. The newborn creature was soaring upon swift pinion above their heads, and soon did they behold it sporting amid the flowers, and renouncing for ever its coarse diet of leaves, living in freedom and light and joy. Then holy wonder and gladness filled the hearts of the first family, and they thought of Abel, who first had fallen asleep, but no longer

did they think of him with sadness; and even Mirza mourned no longer, for their eyes were opened, and it seemed to them that they beheld the form of Abel as if it had been the form of an angel. Then heard they the voice of the angel, who said, 'Lo! out of death springs forth life, and time changes into eternity. To the pure mind and childlike faith it is given to behold the truth in the symbol.' And from that day the first human family thought of death with joyful hope.

THE SCOTTISH MORAVIAN BOY.

'Must we part with him? must he be separated from my home and my heart?' said the wife of the tailor, as she clasped her little boy of about six years of age in her arms and looked wistfully at her husband.

'God's will be done,' said the husband, meekly.

'True, true,' said the wife, softly, while the tears started into her blue eyes, and she kissed the lips of her son; 'yet, oh! it is hard to part with him and he so young!'

'He is older than Samuel was when he was led by Hannah to Eli,' replied the husband; but his voice visibly trembled as he spoke, and he bent his eyes to the ground not like one who was attempting to be a comforter, but one who needed comfort.

'This is a harder trial, my husband, than leaving the humble home of our early married life,' said the wife, in a trembling voice. 'I sighed to leave its walls deserted and its hearth cold and cheerless; but to leave my blue-eyed, sunny-haired boy! oh, it will kill me!'

The tailor looked thoughtfully at his wife for some time, and any one who had looked at him would have easily observed that he was not unaccustomed to think; then, slowly rising from his seat apart, he drew close to her, and gently took her hand. 'He is not ours, my dear wife,' he began, gently; 'he is the Lord's who gave him. I have reason to think the boy blessed with talents superior to Robert or Ignatius, and I think he cannot employ them better than in the service of his master.'

The mother did not answer; she parted the beautiful yellow ringlets from her oldest son's brow, and looked into his eyes, which were so soft and blue; and as the tears gathered into her own, and she saw the answering moisture in the child's, she clasped him in her arms and sobbed aloud.

'Why do you weep, mother?' said the boy, sobbing because his mother did so; 'are we going away from this place too?' He paused a moment, wiped away his tears, as a thought struck him, and then hastily exclaimed, 'Ah! we shall go back to Scotland, mother, and see the hills and streams where I was born. You have often told me of it, and you have sometimes sung its songs. We shall go back to it and be happy.'

'You may revisit it, my dear child, I never shall,' replied the mother, sadly; 'duty calls me to far other scenes, and subjects me to greater trials than even forsaking Scotland for ever. I must part with you.'

The child looked first at his mother's sad countenance, and then at his father's thoughtful face. There was an expression in each that chilled the warm and buoyant aspirations of his young and fresh spirit, and yet that expression was neither unkind nor repulsive. The cloud came over the sunlight of his soul, however; the sense of sorrow and loneliness began to dawn upon his awakening spirit, and this little fair-haired, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy felt the impression on his heart of a first grief. His mother's eyes that were so bright and beaming, his father's smile that wont to be so full of love and joy; alas! he began to feel that his youth and these—youth's summer and its suns—were not eternal.

'You shall go to school, Jamie,' said his mother in his ear, 'and you shall learn to be a good and a useful man; and when I come back from the distant Indies, I shall be proud to hear you read and teach the people; and if I never come back,' she added, sighing and looking upward with a calm countenance, 'the spirit of your mother's love shall always hover round your path of life.'

'Oh! when you come back,' said the imaginative boy, his young mind quickly forgetting the realities of the hour in the brightness and joy of the future, 'we shall have the tables spread with a love-feast, and the voices of the brethren shall mingle in praises and glad songs.'

The father and mother both smiled at this burst of their son, and, looking fondly at each other, a calm satisfaction and feeling of resignation settled on their minds.

The tailor and his wife were Moravians—they were of that small but loving brotherhood who claim to have existed since sixty years prior to the Reformation, and who adhere to the confession of faith which Melancthon subsequently drew up and presented to the early reformers at Augsburg. Professing to adhere rigidly to the life and practice of the apostles and first Christians, they do not set apart a portion of the brethren to preach or minister to the people, as did the Levites of old; but, like Paul of Tarsus, their teachers labour with their hands for bread. The tailor then, in addition to his humble worldly employment, preached the faith of Jesus according to the light which was in him; and the mildness of his spirit and the earnestness of his zeal blessed and quickened his labours for good. The lots had been cast in the council of the brethren, however, and it had fallen to him to forego home, kindred, and even his children, in obeying the mandate of the Master—he must go to the islands of the western continent to enlighten those who sat in darkness, for it had fallen to him to do this work. The Moravian missionary was a father, and nature had blessed him with one of the kindest and warmest of hearts. He did not hesitate to leave his home and his country and the society of those he loved, but he felt all the regrets and pangs of a sensitive and loving heart; and he rejoiced that he felt them, for he said that the sacrifice of his affections was the most precious oblation which he could offer up upon the altar of duty to the Lord.

'Farewell, my own native land,' he exclaimed, as the blue hills of Britain were swallowed up by the approaching night. 'Farewell, the home of my sweet and precious boy,' sighed his wife, as she clung to the missionary's arm and laid her head upon his shoulder.

They were on shipboard ploughing the mighty face of the heaving and shrinking Atlantic—they were leaving all behind them that they knew, but not all that they loved—the dark and degraded children of Ethiopia were precious to their hearts, as the children of the Almighty Father, and they had left their own dear child to God and their brethren in the faith, while, illumined by the hopes, promises, and requirements of religion, they had gone forth into the wilderness of the world to scatter the treasures of the Word. They were crossing the mighty ocean as soldiers of the cross. Now they sleep among the islands of the west, beneath the palm and the cedar shade; and when the sun throws his noonday brightness on the white crested waves, the halo of his glory falls shadowless upon their graves. They are gone away from earth, and the scenes of their youth and infancy will see them no more for ever. Their fair-haired boy may sit and dream of them in the solitudes of nature and in the lonely watches of the night, but they shall never come again, for father and mother both are sleeping beneath the lion star on distant and foreign shores.

In Yorkshire, near to the city of Leeds, there is a beautiful and peaceful little village, called Fulneck, where many of the unostentatious Moravians dwell; connected with this little community is an educational establishment, and thither was the little Moravian boy sent. He was a sweet and gentle lad, and soon ingratiated himself with all connected with his new home. He studied the mystic symbols of learning with all the avidity and diligence of a scholar according to Ignatius Rimius's own heart, and he excelled in agile manly exercises, although he was neither very robust nor forward. He was kind and generous to his competers, and he was obedient and respectful to his seniors. Everybody loved him that knew him—they could not help it; and yet though surrounded by—ay, bathed in—the sunlight of generous affection, strange

retiring, musing moods would come over the boy, and he would sit and dream of the little cottage where he was born, of his own native Scotland, and of his father and mother, until the tears would start into his eyes from the deepest fountains of his heart, called forth by the strength and intensity of his feelings. He used to absent himself for days from the school, and to roam solitarily among the beautiful scenery near which he dwelt, much to the fear and anxiety of old M. Latrobe; but when evening and hunger would send him home, he would listen to the admonitions of the elders and his old master with so respectful an air that they could not find it in their hearts to punish him, but would allow him to pursue his musings and wanderings almost without censure, spite of harsher previous determinations.

Time, however, did not work any change in the habits of the boy, but rather tended to confirm them; and he had arrived at fourteen years of age with his predilection for roaming amongst nature and solitude grown into a confirmed and imperative habit. M. Latrobe, his kind, indulgent teacher, loved the boy. He had taken to him with all the partiality and strength with which virtuous, intelligent age clings to quickness of intellect in youth; and, like a fond and devoted father who was desirous to leave his son all the wealth of knowledge and experience which he had acquired during life, the old man sought with fond assiduity to enlighten the boy's mind, and he also sought to shield him from the wrath of the managers. It would not always do, however; the Moravian missionary's son must become a Moravian preacher, or the purpose for which he had been sent to Fulneck was not fulfilled; it was therefore determined by the elders of the community to admonish the youth, and if he did not listen to their instructions, to send him to one of the brethren that he might acquire a trade.

The Scottish boy had gone forth with the lark one morning; but the birds had ceased to sing, the clouds had gathered over the face of the sky, and the lights had been gleaming for an hour from the windows of Fulneck before he had returned. M. Latrobe was distressed, and the other dignitaries of the council looked grave, when, weary and thoughtful, he was brought before them; but they all declared that 'it would not do.'

'Are you not afraid to stay so long away alone?' said M. Latrobe, in a kindly tone, when the graver faces and questions of his brethren had made the sensitive boy's tears to fall.

'Alone!' said the boy, looking earnestly in the old man's face, while, at the same time, he caught his hand; 'ah, my dear M. Latrobe, I am never alone. Amongst the spray of the waterfall, I see my mother's eyes glistening like stars upon me. In the soft winds that sigh among the trees, I hear her voice come back like music to my spirit from our dear old home; and in the songs of the birds, I hear the warbling voices of my brothers. I am never alone; for hast thou not told me that God is everywhere?' said the lad, with charming simplicity, 'and that he is ever with me I know. I have seen the reflection of his glory in the mellow sunlit sky, and I have seen a portion of his beauty in a thousand tinted wild flowers; and I have listened to his voice in the thunder and in the torrent,' continued the enthusiastic youth, while the awe which he felt overspread his speaking countenance. 'Alone! I am most alone among the haunts of strange, unknown men.'

M. Latrobe looked wistfully round upon the brethren, but he saw no sympathy in any of their faces; he therefore sighed as he turned to the boy and said, 'Yes, James, it is beautiful, it is even profitable to look upon nature and to know it; but it is now demanded of you that you forego these wanderings, or else you must forego the purpose of your father's heart.'

'And must I cease to roam among God's glorious works?' said the boy. 'Must devotion to my calling bring a surcease of all my heart loves? It cannot be—it will not be,' he cried, with flashing eyes. 'I shall to the hills and fields while there is life in my bosom; they revive the memory of my country—they keep my parents alive in

my heart; I should die unless I were permitted to see and converse with nature.'

The elders looked at one another and spoke for a few seconds together after this outburst of boyish feeling, and then it was determined that James should leave Fulneck and become an apprentice to one of the brethren.

On the morrow, the lad, in company with his future master, was trudging along the road, hopeful and happy; for, although to one of his temperament the disruption of social ties was productive of severe and keen sensations of sorrow, his hopes and dreams of the future were more than ordinarily bright. In the shop of his old friend, however, the every-day routine of a quiet business soon dispelled all his visions of bliss; and while the merchant of Mirfield was counting over small change and weighing or measuring out goods to his customers, his apprentice was sighing over his hard fate, or sitting in the back shop conning over books.

'I cannot conceive where he procures these trashy volumes,' said the grocer to his wife; 'but that boy contrives to have books, while I through his negligence lose my customers. There was yesterday, no farther gone, he gave old Mrs Burnet coffee instead of snuff, and he charged only four shillings for the calico which he carried to Mother Stripton. I cannot put up with him; he cares for nothing but rhymsters and such like cattle.'

'He brought me a beautiful bouquet from Moorfields two days ago,' said the grocer's wife, 'and I saw the tear in his eye when he presented it. I am sure he has a kind heart.'

'Oh! that to be sure,' said the grocer, gruffly; 'but kind hearts, you know, don't pay my accounts at the year's end. I can't put up with him unless he mends his ways.'

'Hillo! you, James,' he would cry, 'unless you give over reading these ballads and nonsense, you must shift your quarters; reading behind the counter wont do for me.'

'"Odd moments" are precious things, Mr Dykes,' the boy would reply; but Mr Dykes thought particles of tea and sugar far more precious things than moments, and he so constantly kept dunning this fact in the ear of his apprentice that the lad grew tired of his theme and voice, and, with staff and bundle, set off alone, and with three and sixpence in his pocket, for the great Babylon of London.

'Good morning, Mr Dykes,' cried the youth, as he stepped into the bright morning sunlight. 'I shall stand behind your counter to listen to your scolding no more. I shall to London and win poetic bays. You have laughed at rhymsters and mocked my devotion to the muses; but neither the elders of Fulneck nor all the grocers in Mirfield could extinguish the fire of poetry. I am of Scotland—I am of the land of Burns,' cried the youth, dancing along with light and airy tread. 'Ah! who knows but that the cottage where I was born may become the goal of many a pilgrimage? Who knows but that the land of Coila may become classic ground for my sake?'

'Ay, who kens what wierd ye may dree, my braw callant?' said an old equestrian, interrupting him. 'Ye are of Scotland, say ye? then may Scotland ne'er be ashamed o' ye.'

'Ah, sweet to my ears is my own native Doric!' said the boy, warmly. 'You too, sir, are of Scotland?'

The old man whom he addressed was mounted on a stout squat Galloway, which bore his square and somewhat bent form with great apparent ease. A long queue hung down his back, and his well-powdered hair was surmounted by a three-cornered hat; his legs, which were encased in black silk breeches and top-boots, hung loosely by the side of his steed. In his right hand he carried an enormous whip, as if he intended not to chastise but to extinguish 'Homer' on his first indication of refractoriness, and in his left hand he held a book, on which his keen, piercing eyes were fixed with an earnestness that showed he had every faith in old Homer's uniformity of trot, notwithstanding the enormous ferule which he swung mechanically over his head.

'Yes, I am o' Scotland,' said the eccentric stranger, in a kindly tone, as he eyed the boy keenly. 'Ye hae the

fair locks, the blue e'en, and the prood looks o' my countrymen,' he added; 'fair fu' ye, my bonny laddie.'

'Do you know of Ayr?' said the youth, laying his hand on Homer's crupper, and looking up in the stranger's thoughtful yet kindly face.

'Know it! ay, lad, and him who has made it the Mecca of the young poet of every land. Hast thou not heard of Burns?'

'Yes, yes!—of the peasant bard!' said the youth, his breast heaving with proud emotions, and his eye flashing with the reflection of his own poetic soul; 'I have heard of him.'

'Then read in this his wayward dreams, his bright fancies, and his proud assertions of the peasant's birth-right,' cried the old man, as he threw the boy the book which he had been reading and trotted on his way.

The truant Moravian lifted the volume, and read upon the blank leaf the name of Burns's friend, the eccentric Lord Monboddo.

'I shall keep this book as a talisman,' he exclaimed. 'It shall be my *vade mecum*—the solace of my weary hours.'

High in hope, and full of the young and vigorous strength of health, James walked on for London. Visions of fame and honour danced before him, and lured him on as if they had been stray beams from Paradise; and although his limbs were weary and his eyes heavy when he reached Wentworth, he sat down in the little taproom of the village, and threw his bundle on the table with the air of one who knew the world and was not afraid to face it. Grouped around the table were several rustics, whispering their ideas of liberty, and listening to each other's notions of government and politics. They were men with honest, red faces, which were full of the intelligence of beef and bacon, and shining with the reflection of lard and dumpling. They were men whose hands had been trained to labour, but whose minds had been allowed to grapple with little more than the twenty-six propositions called the English alphabet. They knew little of the world beyond them, and what little they did know was to that poor world's disadvantage. Liberty they believed to be the bugbear which the lord of the manor interpreted it; politics a Pandora's box to all who openly breathed their proscribed name.

'And dost thou say, my lad, that ma Lord Fitzwilliam is a good un?' said a rustic across the table to an open-faced youth who was evidently unknown to him.

'One who is friendly to the oppressed, kind to the poor, and a lover of liberty, cannot be anything else,' was the lad's reply.

'Oh! art thou one of the liberty boys?' cried the countryman, with a loud laugh; 'look here, comrades, here is one of them same stirrabouts; a fine spirit of a leveller he looks loike,' continued the peasant, sneeringly. 'Ods, bobs! but I could snap him in twain myself.'

'But you will not,' interrupted the young Moravian, soothingly; 'Englishmen were never meant to quarrel with each other, or they would not have been placed upon the same green sward. Come, friends,' he said, 'I am young, but I have read many books, and they have told me that liberty is a beautiful thing that brightens and cheers the darkest lot; free limbs make light toil, and free laws make willing subjects; but, free or bond, we are brothers, and let us agree.'

'Oh, ho!' shouted the peasants in chorus, as they turned towards the boy; 'here is a young parliamenter come amongst us. Here, man, drink and let us hear what thou hast got to say.'

'I never drink,' replied the boy, proudly; 'none who truly love liberty ever do. I have come into this room to rest, and to ask for lodging for the night.'

'Thou shalt go with me, friend,' said the young man whom the countryman had first addressed, 'and my father shall share his own bed with thee before thou wantest one.'

He rose as he spoke, and, lifting the young Moravian's bundle, led him to the inn-door, amid the cheers and sneers of the beer-drinkers, and, holding him proudly by the hand, conducted him to the village of Wath.

Again, tossed by chance or circumstances into the path of trade, the youth found himself once more retailing dry goods for a subsistence; but the father of his young friend, whom he now served, unlike Mr Dykes, encouraged him to pursue his studies; and often, when he spoke of him to his customers, he would declare that the world would hear about him.

'Very likely,' was the invariable reply of old Isaac Rathbone, the Diogenes of Wath; 'he may help to ring great Tom of Lincoln, or he may become our town-drummer, and then the world will hear him and of him, no doubt.'

Did they who saw the roses fade from the Moravian boy's cheek know to whom he had offered them as an oblation? Did they, as they saw his eyes sparkle with a thousand dazzling scintillations, and his features become illumined by a thousand intelligences, know whence they were derived? Ah, no! genius held converse with him night after night in his little bed-room, and whispered in his ears, even when the yellow streaks of morning lighted the sky; but he was unnoticed and unknown, and walked among his compeers less the object of admiration than pity.

Years sped on, however, and his bright blue eye was still fixed upon the purpose of his youth. He had realised his loneliness now; he had idealised the loss of his mother. But still home and friends, and a native land full of warm, holy sympathies, filled his vision; they had been born of his own glowing, ardent imagination, and they chastened and sweetened his life of care and toil. Often tired and sickened with the coldness and heartlessness of the world, he had sat him down in sorrow and disgust; but the world within him would pass like a panorama before his mind's eye, dispelling the shades of what was in the brightness of what should be, and he would throw himself once more into the van of humanity, and battle with injustice. In his humble lodging he ate the mouldy crust; but the magic of his power could bring heaven near to the earth, and his spirit fed on the manna of sweetest poesy. In his love of liberty there was an enthusiasm, a devotion which dungeons and chains could not subdue. The fire of his genius burst out at last like sunlight from a dark cloud, and it quickened and brightened the spirits of all who felt its influence. He spoke in the might of his spirit to those who sat in the councils of the nation and neglected the poor, and they immured his body within the dark, damp walls of a prison. But his soul was free—he was a poet whose aspirations and whose dreams were chainless, and he passed through each tribulation a wiser and a better man

There was a hum of voices, a rustling of silks, and waving of feathers, the patter of busy feet, whispers, bright glances, and radiant smiles, as men and women hurried into the hall. The chandeliers sparkled with the lustre of ten thousand miniature rainbows, and the bright gas-light glanced upon the banners and evergreens that decorated the pillars and hung upon the walls. Seated on each side of long benches, which were covered with fruits and flowers, were the elite of Sheffield, one of the most famous of industrious England's manufacturing cities. The merchant, with his keen, intelligent features, sat beside his rosy, buxom wife; while the swarthy, manly artisan, in his holiday attire, ranged proudly up with the scholar and his thoughtful partner. Eager inquiries and graspings of the hand circulated around the friendly assembly, and then the multitude settled down into profound silence; for the idea that had drawn them together now reigned supreme in the thoughts of each, and a unity of purpose and expectation pervaded them all.

There was a movement in the long corridor at last, as of some ten or twenty men, and then a gentleman passed through a side-door and ascended a rostrum. A slight cheer greeted him, and his name passed rapidly round. It was Lord Milton, honour to his name! Another and another followed him, almost without notice, until at last a man, undistinguished by any of the extraordinary ornaments either of nature or of art, walked slowly up amongst the throng. His head was bent forward as if he

were in deep thought; but when he raised it and looked around, the tear was seen to glisten in his soft blue eyes. 'Hurrah!' Peal upon peal bursts forth now of free, unchecked cheers. The men spring to their feet, and set to it with a will—waving their hats and clapping their hands—while the white kerchiefs of the ladies flutter like banners of love beside the sable head-coverings of their vociferating spouses. The patriot poet stands before his countrymen at last, revealed and acknowledged. The little Scottish Moravian is James Montgomery, the Christian poet, the modern Cowper. The dungeon-door and the chain have long been opened before the might of truth and the light of justice, and one of the proudest of England's aristocracy feels his heart swell as he places the laurel upon the brow of this thoughtful, noble man. The ordeal has been passed—trial, and sorrow, and contumely, and tyranny have been unshrinkingly borne, and now the man of worth and genius stands before his countrymen to receive the homage of their hearts. Again and again make the welkin ring, ye stout-hearted, warm-souled English! It is not often that the poet-patriot meets reward from your hands or voices. Let him have it now.

... ..
 'Welcome to your native town, good sir,' said a grey-haired man in the official robes of magistracy, as he bowed to Montgomery, who had alighted from a carriage at the entrance to the little Scotch provincial town of Irvine.

'Welcome! Welcome!' said the other magistrates, as they crowded round the poet and grasped him by the hands; 'permit us to conduct you to the place of your birth.'

'I have a wish, gentlemen,' said the now venerable man with a smile, 'a wish which I have cherished long and fondly. Will you allow me to test the memory of my youth, and walk alone to my father's humble dwelling?' This was said so meekly and so feelingly that the councillors fell back and bent to him as he walked on. Ay, true to the instinct of his heart, he entered the humble little tenement where he first drew breath, without any other guide save the recollections of the past. A busy housewife bustled about where his mother had reigned in days long past. Children rolled upon the hearth, and laughed in the fulness of their joy, as if they sought to awaken the echoes of his own youthful glee.

'Have you dwelt long here, my good woman?' said the poet, in a quiet, subdued voice, as the matron observed him and dropped a low curtsy.

'My gudeman was born here,' said the garrulous wife, being at once set at ease by the kindness of her visitor's manners, 'and sae were my ain bairns; but ah! sir, though this hoose looks humble like and poor, there's mony a braw lady and serious gentleman crosses my lintel, and they stand quiet and thoughtfu' like, and I have often seen tears in their e'en. A palace is no sae worthy o' bein' visited, they say, for palaces are no often the birthplaces o' ony body but cuifs, but this is the birthplace o' Montgomery.'

The boy's dream had been consummated!

James Montgomery has sat at many a glittering board, and he has been greeted by many an enthusiastic throng, but the welcome that greeted him when he revisited his dear old home is one of the richest treasures of his pride. He lives in dignified retirement now, in the vicinity of that city in which he spent his manhood's strength in struggling with tongue and pen for the days of promise which shone in his loveliest dreams. Blessings on him! Long may he live beloved and loving! He is of the great, the good, and the true!

A GOSSIP ABOUT 'LUCK IN FAMILIES.'

FIFTH ARTICLE.

THE Hopetoun peerage has been one productive of many fortunate branches, chiefly in the fields of war and law. A most fortunate marriage with the heiress of the Annandale Johnstones seemed, moreover, at one time to have fixed the Hopes in possession of the large possessions of that house unalterably. But fate pronounced in favour

of the continuance of a separate chieftainship of the clan of the Winged Spur, too often termed border-thieves in old days, and supposed to have adopted that device as a sort of bravadoish admission of the justice of such a designation. The Hopes of the Hopetoun line came first to Scotland in the beginning of Queen Mary's reign, and entered into commerce. They are said to have been originally settled in Holland, where there is a flourishing branch not yet extinct, and of which sprung Thomas Hope, the eminent author of 'Anastasius.' The Scottish Hopes took to the law in the person of Sir Thomas Hope, who became lord-advocate, made a great fortune, and saw three (if not four) of his own sons on the judges' bench at the same time. His great-grandson was one of the last earls created before the final union of the kingdoms, and closed the roll of Scottish peers. He married the only daughter of the first Marquis of Annandale, and when the male succession of the latter house failed, the grandson of that marriage, James, third Lord Hopetoun, became their lucky representative. But he had no surviving offspring save daughters; and, when he died, away went the Hopetoun inheritance to a half-brother, while the Annandale property fell to the eldest daughter and her children by Admiral Sir W. J. Hope, a first or second cousin of her own. Their son, Mr J. Hope Johnstone, is now the holder of the estates. The Hopes and the Dundasses have been among the most noted of our Scottish *noblesse de la robe* for some two centuries. The late Lord President of the Court of Session was a great-grandson of the first Earl of Hopetoun. Sir John Hope, Bart. of Craighall, we believe, is the head of the family, properly representing an older branch than the ennobled one.

Fortune (and here would we repeat that, in these light sketches, we but use such a word to avoid profaning a higher term) seems to have pronounced against the continuance of the family of Colyear, earls of Portmore. The last peer of the house appeared to have re-glossed its somewhat faded fortunes by a union with Lady Elizabeth Bertie, only child of the last of the wealthy English Dukes of Ancaster, and inheritress of his vast personal estate; but there was a failure of living issue from the marriage, and the earldom of Portmore is now amongst the things that were—in short, extinct.

Looking at the list of the viscounts of Scotland, one cannot but notice, with a mixture of pleasure and regret, the name and title of Falkland. It brings to mind, in the first instance, the exquisitely melodious opening of James I.'s poem of 'Christ's Kirk on the Green':—

'Was never in Scotland heard nor seen
 Sic dancing and dera; y
 Neither at Falkland on the green,
 Nor Peebles at the play.'

Again, it calls to our memory the love of James VI. of Scotland for the royal seat of Falkland; and we should hold it to be one of the most especial marks of his extreme favour for Sir Henry Carey, who first brought to him the news of his accession to the English throne, that he bestowed on the welcome messenger a title derived from his beloved palace of Falkland. Nor can we think of the name of Falkland without remembering that accomplished bearer of the title who fought and died for Charles I., and who had his fate so singularly told, with that of his royal master, when they consulted the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, or turned up Virgil at random, to apply passages to their own fortunes, and found unhappy events prognosticated which proved true. A mere coincidence it was, certainly, but yet the basis of an interesting historical reminiscence. Of a later Viscount Falkland, deserving personally of much of the praise bestowed on his ancestors, Lord Byron says, 'On Sunday night I saw him presiding at his table, in all the pride of honest hospitality; on Wednesday morning I saw stretched before me all that remained of courage, feeling, and a host of passions. He died like a brave man in a better cause.' He fell in a duel. Impoverished, comparatively speaking, the son of this Viscount Falkland was appropriately countenanced by the royal head of the profession in which his ill-starred father had been dis-

tinguished, namely, by the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV. The present Viscount Falkland wedded one of the Fitzclarences, daughter of that prince.

The viscounty of Kenmure has been restored, or freed from the attainder, so that once more luck is on the side of the house, and the Jacobite strain may be revived—'Kenmure's on and awa', Willie!' Among the other viscounts of Scotland, we can only point to one striking instance of family luck. The family of the Murrays, Viscounts Stormont, were rather of Jacobitish tendencies, and not fortunate after the Hanoverian succession, until a younger scion of the house took to the English bar, and became one of its most prominent ornaments, rising to the position of lord-chief-justice of the Court of King's Bench, and being elevated to the peerage as Baron and Earl of Mansfield. His successes made the comparatively poor Viscounts Stormont men of wealth and influence in the world; for at his death the earldom of Mansfield, with all the possessions thereunto belonging, came to his nephew, the Scottish Viscount of Stormont. A branch of the same family of Murrays joined in the rebellion of 1745. John Murray of Broughton, in Peeblesshire (altogether a different race from the Wigtownshire Murrays of Broughton), became the secretary of Prince Charles Stuart during the last Scottish rebellion. The direct lineal descendant of the same John Murray of Broughton has arrived at great distinction as a dramatic performer in Scotland.

On looking back at the Scottish earldoms noticed, it strikes us that a word might have been said on at least one of those lying under attainder in consequence of the rebellions of last century. The Perth earldom, it is well known, appertained to the noble family of Drummond, the most powerful and wealthy in the extensive shire of Perth. It was attained in 1715, but the estates were recovered to the family, and the heir was made Lord Perth (in the English peerage) near the beginning of the present century. His sole child and heiress, Clementina Drummond, was wedded to a member of a family distinguished from rising into eminence from almost nothing in the space of two generations. The founder of it was Peter Burrell, a Welshman, who got into a subordinate government-office, and, happily for himself, wedded a baroness in her own right, Lady Willoughby de Eresby. Still more luckily, he had a family of fine daughters, one of whom married the heir of the house of Northumberland, and others into the Hamilton and Exeter peerages. The brother of these lucky scions of an under-official of state wooed, won, and wedded the heiress of the Drummonds of Perth. Hence he and his, at this moment, hold the conjoined property and honours of the Willoughbys and the Drummonds, not to speak of the paternal Burrells. This is luck, truly, if ever luck was! From all accounts, those who obtained it are not undeserving thereof. It was well believed at one time that the result of one of our queen's Scottish visits would be the elevation to a higher rank in the peerage of the Marquis of Breadalbane and Lord Willoughby de Eresby, the only two peers which she then *formally* visited. But, in the latter case at all events, a serious obstacle stood and still stands in the way. Though undoubted heiress of the Drummond estates, Lady Willoughby de Eresby has no claim to the revival of her paternal family titles in favour of herself or children, these being devised by preference to male heirs, and male heirs (or claimants as such) being yet in existence. The old Perth peerage is, therefore, not likely to be freed from its attainder. By the way, we were amused to see a blunder relative to the mother of the heiress of the Drummonds in a late number of the 'Dublin Magazine.' It is there stated that, at the commencement of the last continental war, 'Lady Drummond' raised a regiment of volunteers or militia, and tempted young men to enlist therein by holding a shilling in her teeth, and thus bestowing a kiss on every acceptor of the enlistment money. It is further stated, by the same gaffe authority, that 'Lady Drummond' appeared *'in tartan kilts, mounted on a charger, at the head of the regiment which she had enrolled.'* It would be difficult to put as much

folly again into so few words. The story is a ridiculous version of what did really so far occur in the case of Jane, duchess of Gordon, the mother of the last duke. That lady actually raised a regiment, among her husband's clansmen chiefly, and, as it is said, deigned to encourage the martial ardour of at least *one* sluggish personage by accompanying the shilling with a kiss. She is stated, too, to have worn the kilt on one occasion, but she had too much regard for common decency and her own comfort to mount a charger in such attire. Her appearance was made on foot at the head of a regiment all dressed similarly, and was but an effusion of party enthusiasm, akin to that which led the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire to win a vote to Charles Fox by kissing a butcher of London.

We have strayed once more in these gossipings, but for the present we must pause entirely.

THE USES OF THE BODY IN RELATION TO THE MIND.*

THE rapid developments and extensive applications of the physical sciences to common purposes, conduce to render this a period of peculiar interest to the philanthropist and the philosopher. Every day illustrates more and more the great truth which was written on and in the earth before the primeval ages, that all things are subsidiary and subservient to a Divine Intelligence, and that, so far from destroying the harmony of creation, and man's relation to the lower world, as revealed in the sacred oracles, every new development of science leads forth another, to strengthen the beautiful cordon of nature's witnesses, that God in *all* his revelations is truth. There was a time when philosophy and religion were considered to be the enemies of each other—when it was believed that the impulse which urged man to look into the heavens for more light was an impulse of Satan to combat with God on earth; and not only did the religious in the days of Galileo suppose so, but the philosophers, indignant at priestly proscription, began to ask themselves, in passion, if the foundation of these men's faith would really bear the sunlight of science. Religion and philosophy can never alter their true relation to each other; the religious and philosophical can. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the mystic doctrine of separation was in its rampant strength. The soul and body were declared to be antagonisms, and in order to purify and elevate the spirit, the suppression of the bodily functions was deemed necessary to that end. This idea has maintained its ground even where those who taught it have been cast down; and it has permeated through society in various forms, perpetuating in practice what would be rejected as a formula. The mind has been educated for two centuries past to the same exaggerated extent as was the body in the chivalric ages; and while the physical force faculties of the mediæval times were only deemed worthy of development, the schoolmen, by a violent reaction, seem to have adopted the other extreme of only developing the mental faculties.

Dr Moore is a Christian and a philosopher. These two aspects of one character seem to blend most harmoniously in his soul; at least they are finely reflected in his book. It is to prove that there is so close an affinity between the physiology of the body and the mind that, to preserve the health of either, we must educate both, that Dr Moore has written this book; it is to show that quietism and action cannot long support the whole man, but that, if the mind lives upon the springs and sources of bodily vitality, if we may use such an expression, weakness, decay, and separation inevitably take place, destroying the vital relation of mind to matter, and producing death. Dr Moore does not maintain his opinions like a cold frigid casuist whose belief goes not beyond what he sees; he is warmed evidently with a love of God,

* By GEORGE MOORE, M.D., Member of the Royal College of Physicians, &c. London: Longman & Co.

and of his laws as given to man by the Saviour, and those laws he proves to harmonise with all the phenomena of life as manifested in man. The talented author has analysed all the elements of the human being, and he has considered each of these elements separately in relation to the identical mind; and he has, in our estimation, so fully proven the harmony which exists between Christianity and human physiology, that we welcome his book as of the kindred of Dr Dick's 'Christian Philosopher.'

In his examination of the constitution of the blood, he says:—'If we would trace up the formation of the body to its first perceptible rudiments, we shall discover that there is something invisible and immaterial, that is, not acting within the known laws of matter—something at work in the living fluid, tending to form a new body, and of course existing before that which it forms. This something centres in a point, and as the earliest evidence of its power, produces a microscopic vesicle, or cell, which, under the formative influence, goes on to enlarge into a perfect egg, through every part of which the same principle exists at the same time, and causes the evolution of a specific order of organs that ultimately harmonise and unite together, and administer to the consciousness and will of one sentient being. We see that the process of vital organisation is not that of development, properly speaking, but of formation by an indwelling energy, which operates in every atom of the egg at once; at the same time, and to the same end, the completion of a single body consisting of many reciprocal parts. At any moment it may die; a sudden or considerable change in its electrical state destroys the integrity it holds under the unbroken influence of life, and the power which, under favourable conditions, would have matured it, now leaves the abortive materials to decay. The reader who is ignorant of this subject should consult some modern work on physiology. But by the closest study concerning it, what do we discover? Not an actual creation, it may be, but, as when the might of God 'sat brooding on the vast abyss, and made it pregnant,' a spirit of power is here amidst the elements of another magnificent and yet minute *cosmos*, subduing them to its own purpose, through them, in the order and consistency of a beautiful series of organisms, to reveal itself to other spirits, and to rest in blessedness amidst the excellent world it had made its own. The first visible germ of the human body is an opaque spot one-three-hundredths of an inch in diameter, within the germinal vesicle or egg, which is one-sixtieth of an inch in diameter. This germ is the commencement of the whole body. Several corpuscles of the mother's blood are acted on at the same time, and caused to arrange themselves, or their elements, so as to form a new being. There is something in this germ which attracts to itself the materials of which all parts of the mature animal is formed. The germ, then, must contain the power which causes growth, the force which ultimately constitutes the power of the whole body. The development of form is but the manifestation of an inherent power, which, under favourable circumstances, produced by the same might, works out the idea of God in the plan of each creature. Thus the human germ cannot be developed into anything but a human body. It is the microscopic concentration of forces, which, under suitable conditions provided by the creative mind, becomes the full-grown being. In its first beginning, it is but as an atom of dust moved by the breath of God; in the end, the residence of a distinct spirit, capable of enjoying the attributes of the Infinite. These are facts, not opinions.'

The following observations on the nervous system considered in relation to the brain, and candidly expressed in contradiction to a phrenological fundamental fact, are so generously and ingenuously stated, that even errors in judgment become respectable things when arrayed in so honest and pure raiment: 'The rational soul is never practically divisible into three parts, animal, moral, and intellectual, for all our conscious voluntary acts involve all these divisions. Man submits to impulse or resists it according to the character of his knowledge and moral con-

viction. Unless mad, drunk, or idiotic, he always acts as a moral agent, being influenced by circumstances, just as they may comport with his necessities, and with his acquired ideas of right and wrong. I am earnestly desirous that my observations on phrenology may not be misunderstood. No doubt its sober study is calculated greatly to advance the interests of man. All I wish to show, in opposition to some of its professors, is, that though we think *with* brain in this world, the brain itself neither thinks, feels, nor wills. It is quite futile to refer to pre-arranged and co-ordinate relations between external objects and the organism of the brain, without supposing the existence of a power which is not derived from the brain, but which acts through it, not always and merely in proportion to the size of the organ and the state of its blood, but also according to convictions of truth, and by the operation of agencies beyond the reach of our senses, and whose influence, therefore, we cannot estimate. Let the anatomist, the phrenologist, and the divine proceed in peace together. This, all Christians will desire to do; but those who are not such will find contention rather likely to engender additional strife than to enlarge true knowledge. Why should we quarrel? We shall see more alike by and by; and that the more speedily the more patient we are with each other. The pursuit of truth cannot properly divide her followers, but the more closely we adhere to her, the more nearly we shall approach each other; for all the departments of truth belong to the same system, and, had we faith in the Lord of life, nature, and mind, as all Christians profess to have, we should expect to find that the different radii of knowledge centre in one light. If any word of mine intercepts the smallest ray of that light from any understanding, may that word be blotted out for ever!'

The revelation of the bodily and spiritual harmony is educed in all the developments of the organised phenomena. 'If we would avoid injuring a soul, we must treat the body with tenderness and wisdom. A young child is a newly-created spirit, introduced into this amazing world for the purpose of obtaining a knowledge of material things, and of sentient beings, by contact and sympathy. It is utterly ignorant; but, unless the brain and senses be defective, it possesses, and by degrees can exercise, all the mental qualities of a philosopher, gradually becoming acquainted with the properties of objects, both of thought and sense, by observation and experiment. All the faculties of childhood are busily at work as fast as they are developed, and every propensity is ardently seeking for indulgence. Propensity, in short, is a bodily provocation to action; and the soul must yield to it, if it knows not any better means of pleasure; for the soul always does, and always must, aim at enjoyment. But that is properly found only in a suitable use of the body—a use for spiritual ends. Almighty benevolence has formed the body for happiness when rightly employed; and the means of that employment must be provided, or activity becomes a constant perversion of power, and therefore a constant source of uneasiness. But as human individualism is a type of Deity, its perfection, its full capacity for happiness, is only found in goodness and love; therefore it never can rest satisfied with its knowledge till all creation is completely harmonious and happy. The pure enjoyment of a human being is *now* derived through the senses, by which alone it obtains proof that it is in its proper place, with regard to others and its own convenience; therefore its senses must be cultivated, that it may find, through a bodily correspondence, the fellowship it needs with other human beings and with nature. A child, with all its senses perfect, requires only instruction and sympathy to complete its education. But what a fullness of meaning lies in the word, education—the leading out of an immortal being to the fulfilment of its proper desires; the directing, by moral governance, all the faculties, affections, and propensities to right objects, including, of course, the due exercise of the organisation subservient to them. Who is sufficient for the vast undertaking? *Nil desperandum*. God and man are both engaged in it;

therefore try, and you will succeed. The mother's heart and the father's heart are ready for the task, as soon as they are themselves under heavenly tuition, and not till then. What they want is what their children want—Divine light, right motives, and a suitable sphere of action. The word of God and his works are open before us, and these contain all that can be taught either by us or by angels, and we shall not fail rightly to impart our knowledge of them if we feel aright; for then action will speak, and our example will illustrate our precepts, and our very bodies be the means of bringing the minds of our children, through a vital sympathy, into moral relation to ourselves. Imitation will impress moral principles as habits upon the nerves of our children, if they see in us the beauty of true affection and true governing wisdom, which they cannot do unless we prove ourselves conscious of duty and obedience to a holy will. The royal law still holds good. Let each man and each woman who has to do with children, imagine the circumstances of each child, and then let just that intense love, and tenderness, and patience, and firmness, be shown, in guiding and blessing the little one, that each would desire for himself, under divine and human management, in the like case. This is the whole secret of correct education, and therefore real Christians alone are fit to carry it out; and this they must do according to the terms of the new covenant, as far as each one may be able. God-speed and encouragement are the Christian's watchwords; 'Charity conceals faults,' is his motto; and this signifies that encouragement afforded to every good disposition, will at last triumph over every evil in the establishment of every moral excellence; because true love is God working in us to restore his own image in our spirits. This is the end of the education which he sanctions, and no other is fit for man. The fire and smoke of terrorism are quenched by the light of Christianity. Jews and heathens may retain threatening and corporeal punishments; but these methods of persecution keep men Jews and heathens. We have a power above them, and we ought to show it. Love animates, fear paralyses; love is mightier than earthquake in stirring up the soul to strong and enduring effort. It never fails. The highest class of heroes are trained by charity; because she is the most determined of all teachers, and cannot despair. God disciplined his followers into men indomitable in truth, by showing them his gushing heart. It is open to us. We see that love, truth, and wisdom are united *there*, and the doctrine which flows from it is gentle as light, and as mighty. The rod does not impart principles, but truth does; and she is severe enough, since she will not suffer a wrong unrepented of to go uncorrected, but she makes the instructed soul correct itself by appeals to right affections, and thus she never fails to lead her pupils to a happier position by promoting intimacy with God in all his works. . . . Some of the prominent peculiarities of man's formation are especially worthy our observation, since we discover in them the visible signs of man's transcending spirit. '*Pronaque cum spectant animalia cætera terrum.*' Animals may be beautiful, but man is sublime even in his very form. He is evidently made for thought as well as for action; and a majesty resides on his brow which of itself sufficiently proves his right to the dominion of this world. He is clothed by his Maker with a dignity that indicates that he is not to stoop except in adoration, and that he is incapable of being degraded except by bowing down to things below him, and worshipping the creature rather than the Creator. The erect posture, the perfect hand, the delicate and sensible skin, the symmetrical proportion of parts, the indefatigable brain, the defencelessness, except by mind, the exquisite nervousness, tone, and arrangement of the whole body, place man far above and apart from all animals. But what would all these endowments and advantages avail without the harmonising intelligence that uses them? There is nothing so superior in man's sensations as that by them he of course becomes rational. Sense is not reason. Brutes are in some respects more sensitively endowed than man. But what do they infer?

They cannot perceive a moral truth. And, alas! man without moral and religious intelligence sinks down to nearly the same level. Are not the habits of the lowest tribes of abandoned humanity almost brutal? When farthest removed from the knowledge of doctrines taught among the patriarchs, and handed down in unmeaning fragments by tradition, but preserved in full efficiency in the Bible, man wanders so completely an outcast from his paradise as to forget that he has lost and may regain it. But when he is enlightened by truth to consider himself and his condition, he scans the wonders of Divine contrivance, at once acknowledges Omnipotence, and learning from his own consciousness, when thus instructed, that the fountain of power is the source of love, he owns the claims of his Creator, and calls him God and father, because he feels there is no greater good, no higher, no dearer parent. Hence, too, spring up, as from the soil of Eden, the sentiments and the affections, the holier ties of kindred, society, worship—the Creator thus binding man to man by the very cords by which He unites humanity to Himself, and causes us to feel that in the sublimest sense religion is relationship.

An admirable feature in this treatise, and one that should recommend it to the student and man of thought, is the admirable physiological analysis; the first germin of human existence to its gradual advancement towards fruition, its retrogression to senility, and the final separation of soul and body, is traced in a clear and logical series through all its stages, and an adaptation is established between all these periods and the soul. 'Whatever may be the endowments of a man, *his nature* demands more than he can find *in nature* to fill him with ennobling motive, and preserve him from degenerating into a mere selfish, subtle slave. I say *his nature*, because he everywhere demonstrates by his conduct that he feels a sense of defect and deficiency. Whether he prowls the prairies of vast America or the howling wilderness of Africa, still man apprehends a want of aid from above. He strives to propitiate the Great Spirit, he appeals to his person some charmed token of imagined protection, he hears God in the thunder, he sees the flashings of his glittering spear in the lightning, he adores the clouds, and watches for wonders wherever he looks, and always lives in fear, because he has offended. His love and his hate are equally fierce, and all, but his own small tribe, that cling together from necessity, like a pack of wolves, are his deadly foes. *His nature* wants something to set it right, and what *that* is the child's story of Africaner suffices to show us. This man was once the savage Napoleon and desolator of Southern Africa; but he had heard of the goodwill of God to man, and among his last words were these: 'Live peaceably, and love God.' Man, when left to himself, becomes the mere vagabond of creation. But extremes meet. The fanatic, whose whole being is kindled with enthusiasm by a spark of truth, instead of having all his faculties pervaded with her light, is but little wiser in his outrageous worship than the savage who obscenely dances his adorations to his hideous idols. His passions are more mighty than his reason. But it is only when reason has acquired motive to look beyond outward sight, and is enabled to infer a brighter futurity, that the present world becomes fully significant, and the awakened spirit begins to obtain glimpses of the paradise from which man fell when he found himself naked and ashamed. Light from heaven must bring the day-dawn to the cloudy horizon of earth, and sun-bright truth must beam upon the world within man before the outward works of God will appear in the perfection of beauty. Use the world, is the doctrine of purity; for the physical framework and the moral constitution of man are so far in keeping with the outward *cosmos*, that it is vain to attempt to regulate our faculties and feelings without respect to the ordinances of God in the material creation. The powers that govern us are all ordained by him, and if we really understood our position, and our calling as bearers of the cross, whose sole business is obedience to a higher, holier will than our own, we should yield ourselves and conquer.

The informed soul looks onwards for ever to still higher regions of enjoyment and of light, for which each of us will be qualified just in proportion as each obeys the injunction—'let all things be done decently and in order.' Beauty is obedience, the visible expression of divine law, the reflection of creative love, which can only be seen in order and in loveliness.'

In order that a complete knowledge might be acquired of the purpose and method of Dr Moore's work, it would of course be necessary that the whole should be studied. We have shown, however, the character and tendency of this work, which we hope will become highly popular. Its amiable author deserves well of the enlightened and philanthropical Christian public for this lucid and instructive vindication of the harmony of all things with God and revelation. In a future number we shall present our readers with a portion of the spirit and substance of another of Dr Moore's works, which is alternative to this now noticed, being a consideration of the 'Power of the Soul over the Body.' In conclusion, we adopt the peroration to this book, and wish its talented and Christian-spirited author every success: 'There is no degradation in our physical existence unless from depravity of the will; but the proof of our natural disgrace is death, since it demonstrates the forfeiture of our qualification to act as heaven's vicegerents over the lower creation. A full restitution of our rights is the end and object of the Christian religion; for he who came to vindicate the Eternal Father brought with him a regenerating faculty for all who desire to receive it. When, therefore, he says, 'Thy sins are forgiven,' he also says, 'Be thou healed; for perfect health is complete salvation; but he adds, 'Go in peace; thy faith hath saved thee.' Now, what is faith?—true faith? It is to feel that he who introduced us to earthly life guides us to the heavenly, and is nearer to us than our own flesh, since he gives us a consciousness of a higher world and a happy eternity, to the fulness of which we cheerfully pass on. It is the belief of the soul that God acts *with* it, because will is power, and because he has imparted to faith an authority to convert a sinful creature into a son of God. But there is a faith that works not by love. That, too, though but as a minute seed, can remove mountains, yet it can do no good; its operation in any heart creates a hell. Both kinds of faith have one parent—knowledge; but yet both faith and knowledge may be either purely scientific or truly Satanic. The scientific, truly so called, trusts God—the Satanic trusts nothing. The former belongs to religion, being set upon attaining a coincidence with the Divine mind; the latter seeks no end but the gratification of a selfhood that wills not to be reckoned as an integral part of an infinite whole. This separate self enjoys not anything, merely because it cannot possess all, and it trembles to the core from a consciousness of being filled with desires altogether opposed to the plan of Heaven, which is, that happiness shall only be imparted through obedience to that love which unites in one harmony all the elements and all the intelligencies of every holy world. '*Turpis universo non congruens*,' wisely says the strong-hearted Augustine, since every soul that is out of keeping with Divine order must remain, in the license of a perverse will, for ever vile, until restored to the dominion of truth by the attractiveness of light and the miseries of darkness. Beauty and happiness—in one word, holiness—are essential to the wisdom and power of Perfect Intelligence; and those who trust in his ready hand and manifest goodness, shall feel his might within them effectuating their full deliverance from all infirmity both of flesh and of spirit; so that they shall rejoice unspeakably in the brightness of his glory, and feel themselves to be hallowed, and lovely, and blessed in him, and with him, for ever.'

NAPLES.

ALTHOUGH the number of inhabitants does not exceed four hundred thousand, and by some has been estimated at much less, Naples appears far more populous than Paris

or London; for here almost everybody is out of doors; shoemakers, and various other artisans, work at their respective trades in the streets. On my remarking this to a friend, he observed—'True, the people here seem to have built houses only that they may keep out of them, and crowd together on the streets, for the sake of making which the houses themselves, I suspect, have been erected. The whole city is ambulatory—all are peripatetics.' In most other places, let the throng be ever so great, you see people walking on, and the chief noise arises from the rattling of carriages; here, on the contrary, especially in the Strada di Toledo, every one is in a bustle for the nonce, and most vehemently so. Their tongues, too, are quite as active, or even more so than their feet; for those who are sitting or standing about are invariably talking, and of course gesticulating—both with extraordinary vehemence; for Neapolitan talking is what elsewhere would be termed vociferating and screeching. No wonder their Punchinello is so great a favourite with them—all ranks, the highest as well as the lowest—since he is but a personification of the national character, and by no means an exaggerated one. Women and children are not the least efficient performers in this *al fresco* street concert, and their voices make up in frequency and shrillness for what they lack in depth of bass. Add to this, the continual bawling of hundreds of stentorian lungs, whose owners are hawking about fruit and innumerable other retail commodities; and, as if all this were not quite sufficient, both the throng and the concert are further swelled by numbers of donkeys, each of which has a large bell attached to its neck. Let the reader conceive the effect of a thousand postmen's bells ringing at once, and all day long, and he will obtain some notion of the music of the Strada di Toledo. There is, to be sure, one counterbalancing advantage—namely, that the noise of carriages is quite drowned by this congregation of dins—masculine, feminine, adult, infantine, asinine—at least, asino-tintinabular. And this circumstance again points out how indispensable it is for a pedestrian to be ever upon the alert, and to abstain from reveries and musings, lest some vehicles should cut them short by driving over him—the unfortunate *absentee*. In fact, no ordinary presence of mind is required for perambulating this part of the town, amid an atmosphere of stunning noise and tumult, which are such that, as Webb remarks, they 'sink Charing-Cross to the level of *still life*.' Nor is the eye *stunned* much less than the ear, so incessant and so varied is the procession of magic-lantern figures and groups one here beholds. Lazzaroni, monks, porters, beggars, pick-pockets, hawkers, idlers, busy-bodies, wheelbarrows, cabriolets, donkeys, carriages—all pour in swarms from the neighbouring streets into the Toledo. Here you observe handsome modern shops and *cafes*; a little further on you come to a range of butcher's shops, which, although they bespeak abundance of good cheer, and the Neapolitans' inclination for it, and notwithstanding that some fancy is shown in decking them out, are not particularly inviting objects for delicate folks. In some of them may be seen a row of hogs hung up just after being killed, and the blood draining from them; in others, the entrails of animals and long chains of sausages suspended like garlands, and macaroni hanging like ropes. And, as if a third sense should not be unregaled, where two others are filled to repletion, a passenger may enjoy gratuitously the mingled effluvia arising from broiling, frying, and cooking in the open air; for such culinary operations are here performed in the street, by those who are always ready to furnish a customer with an *impromptu* dinner. No one can accuse the Neapolitans of being an artificial people, for they do almost everything as naturally and unceremoniously as possible. The lower orders work, eat, drink, scold, and quarrel in the streets: they have no curtain lectures among them, but all are *pro bono publico*, and for the edification of the numerous bystanders. Occasionally a short pause intervenes; a procession of some brotherhood, with long hoods over their faces, and bearing their holy standards and ensigns, comes in sight; and the populace, who have just been laughing or quarrelling, begin to fall down on their knees, and beat

their bosoms in the most zealous manner; for who shall say that they are not devout, if thumps and bruised knees constitute devotion? These symptoms of devotion, however, seemed to be confined to them, for the upper classes take no notice of such exhibitions; nay, some—as far as they dare venture to do so—express their contempt of them.—*Travels in Italy.*

THE EARLIEST AND BEST EDUCATOR.

'What is wanting,' said Napoleon, one day, to Madame Campan, 'in order that the youth of France be well educated?' 'Good mothers,' was the reply. The Emperor was most forcibly struck with this answer. 'Here,' said he, 'is a system of education in one word.' Let the mind of this parent be imbued with knowledge, and her children will imbibe from her the love of learning; let her heart be filled with the affection of good, and her children will receive from her the love of virtue and of noble deeds. How often has she planted germs, which, in subsequent years, expanded and produced the fairest fruits of science and of wisdom! But great as is her power over the intellect of children, a far higher work is to be accomplished; for if the mind alone be educated, if science and literature be all she impart to them, if their love of knowledge be not quickened and controlled by a spiritual love, it will be a vain possession. The culture of the religious affections, the development of the sense of duty and of the moral nature—this is the great business of life. And to whom has God entrusted the commencement of this solemn work? On whom does it devolve to call forth the infant man? Where is the influence that shall keep the young heart from fatal wanderings and errors? It is the mother to whom we look for the discharge of these momentous offices. If she neglects to do it, there remains no substitute—none to whom we can turn to excite, purify, and foster its immortal faculties. Who is that mother who thinks lightly of her influence on the minds of her children? Let her know that on her it may now be depending, whether a son is to pass through life ignorant of the world, of his duties as a man, a citizen, and a Christian, or be so educated as to be a blessing to his country, an honour to his race, and heir to a glorious immortality.—*The English Maiden.*

THE EAST WIND.

Take an east wind, differing in no appreciable particulars from its neighbours, and what a nuisance it is! All creation feels it as it sweeps like a pestilence along. Flowers droop and lose their brightness, and leaves shrivel when it touches them. Let it glide ever so gently over the surface of a lake, and the cold-blooded fish avoids the shallows, and sinks into the depths of his native element, as though death floated on the water. In vain the angler tries his every artifice—the fish have lost their appetite, activity, and merriment; they will hide until the enemy shall have passed. All animals have a horror of it: even the ass is delicate enough to turn his back upon it; cows, horses, sheep, and even pigs, give it their posteriors to ply against. Man abhors it as he would a demon. Who ever heard of anybody being happy in an easterly wind? We should like to know whether any disciple of Momus ever fairly laughed in its face. It broods light a nightmare over one's spirits. Ask the hypochondriac how he feels under its fostering influence. It is in vain to apply your remedies against gout—rheumatism is an easterly wind. Patients respond to it like barometers. Does anybody know what an easterly wind headache is? We do; and moreover it admits of no cure.—*Medical Times.*

MUSICAL EDUCATION.

I look upon the predominance of music in female education to be a source of more evil than is generally suspected; not from there being any evil in the thing itself, but for its being such a gulf of time, as really to leave little opportunity for solid acquisitions. Were music cultivated only as an amusement, it would be commendable; but the monstrous proportion, or rather disproportion, of life which it consumes, even in many religious families, this

is the chief subject of regret, and which has converted an innocent diversion into a positive sin. It is to the predominance of this talent, that I ascribe the want of companionableness which is so generally to be complained of. The excellence of musical performance is a decorated screen, behind which all defects in domestic knowledge, in taste, judgment, and literature, and the talents which make an elegant companion, are creditably concealed: for mind is nearly as much left out of the question in making a good artist as in making a good cook.—*Cælebs.*

THE UNBIDDEN.*

Thou comest! thou comest!—I feel thee nigh,
Thy breath on my cheek is chill,
Thy frown glooms forth from the dark'ning sky,
Which the thick clouds gath'ring fill!
The ling'ring leaves of the autumn bough,
Hang spectral, and few, and sere;
And faintly they rustle thy welcome now,
Thou crown'd of the closing year!
Thou comest!—I shrink from beneath thine eye
So glassy, and stern, and cold!
Oh, stay thee not here!—to thy home pass by
Afair mid the mountains old!
Thy palace is high on the arrowy peaks
To the steps of our race unknown,
And never the voice of the earth-born breaks
The stillness around thy throne.
The foot of the spring may not track thee there.
She views from the plains below,
With a glance half menace, and half despair,
Thy realms of eternal snow.
She braveth thee *here* with a playful grace;
With a glance she bids thee flee;
She shaketh her wreaths in thy hoary face
With gentle and girlish glee.
She sendeth the diadem far away
Which bindeth thy wizard-brow;
She frees her glad earth from thine icy sway
Though mighty in strength art thou!
And fain, with the breath of her kindling sighs,
Would she wake in thy drear domain
The slumb'ring spirit of life, which lies
Fast bound in thy heavy chain.
But there, in thine awful grandeur alone,
Thou holdest in despot-thrall
The desolate realms, where her thrilling tone
Of sweetness may never fall.
Thou comest! thou comest!—I feel thee nigh,
Thy breath on my cheek is cold;
Stay, stay, thee not here! to thy home pass by,
Afair mid the mountains old.

ELIZA ACTON.

* From 'Fulcher's Ladies' Memorandum Book and Poetical Miscellany for 1848'—the most useful and elegant of this class of publications which has come under our notice.

MAXIMS OF BISHOP MIDDLETON.

Persevere against discouragements. Keep your temper. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work in hand. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of a conviction. Rise early, and be an economist of time. Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride; manner is something with everybody, and everything with some. Be guarded in discourse, attentive, and slow to speak. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask. Think nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent. Rather set than follow examples. Practise strict temperance; and in all your transactions remember the final account.

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WEEKLY HOGG'S INSTRUCTOR

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MANUFACTURE OF IRON.

THE gigantic influence and majestic commercial importance of Great Britain are so disproportioned to the confined limits of its natural boundaries and readily perceptible resources; so overwhelming, when the handful of its inhabitants is contrasted with the aggregate population of the states of Europe, that the contemplation is calculated in no small degree to awaken our wonder and admiration. If the inquirer be directed to remark the scarcely diminished influence maintained by the possessors of this speck of earth, when compared with the vastly extended proportion of the whole human race, the still rising and pre-eminent supremacy of British enterprise presents to him a problem worthy his attention, and offers to his view a spectacle of moral and physical grandeur such as is nowhere recorded in the previous history of the world. The inquiring mind, however, will not be content with merely looking upon the imposing phenomenon, but will set itself to discover the causes of this extraordinary effect, and in its endeavours will speedily elicit the truth, that to the innate moral energy with which Divine Providence has stamped the character of the British people is mainly attributable the vast superiority of our social position, and the striking magnitude of our commercial operations and influence; but it will with equal facility perceive that this energy of character, to be really useful, must have some definite object to be applied to. For a full understanding of this application, nothing offers so tangible a means as an examination of the natural productions of our own country, and in a particular manner of those resources which are not liable to be injured by atmospheric influences, nor to be speedily dissipated by indolent inattention. These it will easily be perceived must inevitably consist of those vast treasures of even yet unexplored riches which, under the general denomination of mineral produce, are in so extensive a degree conducive to the national wealth. Of all the important sources of industrial application and reliance, iron is at once the most universal and the most interesting, less probably on account of its intrinsic value than in consideration of its immense co-relative utility as a chief means for facilitating the operations of every species of manufacture, all these being dependent more or less upon this ponderous yet pliant material for supplying them with instruments of performance. The steam-engine, it is true, is so nicely regulated in its design, arrangements, and manipulation, as to entitle it, in the scale of almost every manufacturing operation, to take rank next to that occupied by man himself; but even the mighty semi-sentient steam-engine is, in nearly the fullest sense of the term, entirely dependent upon iron. Not to mention, or, at all

events, not to insist upon the large proportion of its own fabric which is formed of that metal, we cannot but remember that by the aid of iron instruments alone the coals upon which its action depends are dug from the bowels of the earth; neither can we forget that ductile iron is twisted into limber ropes, whereby this fuel is lifted to the surface, nor must we omit allusion to the innumerable other ways in which iron is rendered subservient to the full development of its power and usefulness. If the steam engine be the happily adapted instrument, as it undoubtedly is, by which the vegetable produce of our own and other lands is elaborated into beautiful and artificial fabrics, for the convenience and comfort of man, we must not forget that that tortured yet obedient metal, iron, is formed into elegant and powerful ships, which, propelled by the gigantic arm of steam, waft to our shores the choicest products of more favoured climes, happily bartered for the produce of our mechanical skill. Connected with a full consideration of these circumstances, little apology can be necessary for placing iron next in importance to the intellect of the British people, as a principal instrument under Divine Providence of our national exaltation, whether regarded as furnishing the agencies of mechanical operations or the means of transit for their results. Having premised thus much on the general subject, it will now be only requisite to give a brief and succinct, but, at the same time, it is to be hoped, a clear and intelligible review of the more striking of those processes by which it is converted from the rude, shapeless, and unattractive stone into the all but reasoning instrument already glanced at—the steam-engine—or the delicate elasticity of the chronometer balance-spring. In doing so, for the sake of convenience, it will be well to select a work in which all the ponderous but nicely adjusted operations of iron manufacture are carried on, and while describing a walk through the complicated premises, point out in popular language the varied steps by which the metal passes from its crude state and reaches the last stages of its perfected preparation.

It is not meant here to investigate the question of relative merit in regard to the mode of smelting the ore, and preparing the metal by the application of the cold or the hot blast process; neither is it any portion of our present intention to inquire whether the ironstone of our fathers, and that which is still principally made use of by our southern neighbours, or the blackband ironstone recently brought into demand and now so extensively and profitably worked throughout the whole of the iron-mining districts of Scotland, be the superior or the inferior material. Here it is sufficient to state, that by the application of the hot-blast process only could the successful and advan-

tageous manufacture of iron from the blackband be effected; and hence that, by the discovery of this new agency in the manufacture, an immense impetus has been given to the iron trade, and consequently to the general wealth of Scotland. A brief description of this interesting application of scientific discovery will be given in its proper place, but in the meantime it may be as well to state, that its chief advantage consists in a saving of fuel, the consumption of which latter material constitutes the most extensive source of outlay in the manufacture of iron; indeed, the proportion of coal used in carrying out even this improved method of manufacture is so great, as to render it an object of first consideration to have the furnaces in the immediate vicinity of productive coal-mines, almost altogether independently of where the ironstone, or the limestone which is used as a flux in smelting it, may be brought from.

After being dug out of the mine, the ironstone is roasted in a kiln somewhat akin to those used in the burning of lime in rural districts, where the lime is chiefly used for agricultural purposes. Having in this way been thoroughly calcined, which is generally done at or near the spot where it is found, and for the doing of which the blackband furnishes sufficient carbon of itself, the roasted ironstone is then conveyed to the smelting furnaces; these, as already hinted, being not unfrequently situated at a considerable distance from the ironstone district. At these furnaces the operation of iron manufacture may truly be said to commence, and there accordingly the description of the various processes ought to begin. Through the politeness of the proprietor and manager of Govan Iron Works, the following sketch has been permitted to be taken of the various operations as they are performed in that establishment. These gigantic works are the property of William Dixon, Esq. of Govan Hill, and are situated in the immediate vicinity of Glasgow, being little more than a quarter of a mile distant from the river Clyde, on its southern bank, and in close contiguity with the extensive suburb of Gorbals. Some faint idea of the magnitude of Mr Dixon's works may be formed from a statement recently made on the hustings by a gentleman, who, in seconding his nomination as a candidate for the representation in Parliament of the city of Glasgow, declared that Mr Dixon gave employment to about six thousand workmen, and paid upwards of £300,000 annually in wages.

Before entering the Cyclopean work, of which it is intended to convey a sketch in this and a following paper, the eye is arrested by the huge rotundity of five lofty circular towers, each of which is surrounded by a gallery near its upper extremity, and surmounted by a smaller tower belching forth immense volumes of lambent and bright flames, the aspect of which is striking at any time, but which, when viewed under cloud of night, produces an effect of the most startling nature. Immediately behind these fiery towers is a large building of a rectangular form, showing two or three tall windows with semi-circular heads; and all around are planted high and taper chimneys pouring out ceaseless torrents of dense black smoke. These are respectively the numerous chimney-stalks of the engine-furnaces, the engine-house, and the blast-furnaces. In approaching the gate of entrance, the ear is assailed by a loud, monotonous, and continued sound, somewhat like the roar of a tempestuous sea, or the sharper and more conflicting noise of a headlong cataract. This surging and still growing sound is occasioned by the air-blast rushing through the furnaces; the combined impressions upon the ear and the eye producing an effect of wonderment and awe, which, instead of being diminished, is increased by closer examination and a more minute familiarity with the objects and operations which produce it.

Once within the premises the senses are bewildered and oppressed by the novelty of the scene, the variety of the operations, the multiplied preparations, and the magnitude of the apparatus employed in the various processes carried on around. Scattered in different portions of the extensive area are large and compact piles of the cinder-like

fragments of calcined ironstone; in close contact with these are vast yet orderly accumulations of broken limestone; and beyond these still are extensive fields covered with huge pyramids of glittering coal, while on either hand are colossal fabrics of ponderous masonry. From each of the respective heaps of mineral produce run railways of a narrow gauge, whose numerous intersections puzzle and perplex the unpractised eye of the spectator; at each of the heaps is placed a fixed weighing-machine, for apportioning with proper exactitude the relative quantities of the respective materials, and all the railways communicate between the alternating mineral stores and a point behind the blast-furnaces. At this point the trucks and hutches which convey the different materials along the railways are lifted by an apparatus consisting of two endless chains working over cylinders, and having knobs projecting on their inner sides at fixed distances. The hutch, which is furnished with angular handles on each side, is placed between the chains, which in their upward progress fix the knobs already spoken of in the handles of the hutch, and the whole is immediately lifted up by a steam-engine of about sixty horse power, which deposits the truck upon a gallery communicating with those already alluded to as running round the smelting furnaces, all of these galleries being also furnished with railways on which the trucks are conveyed to the upper mouths of the furnaces, where their contents are precipitated into the fiery abyss; the empty carriages are then returned along the railways, and, by means of another set of endless chains, are carried down to the spot whence they were at first lifted. The relative quantities of the materials to be operated on vary in proportion to the productiveness of the ore and the readiness with which the metal can be separated from the other matters with which it is held in combination; not a little will also depend upon the degree of excellence which has been attained in the adaptation of the apparatus connected with the furnace. The proportions used in the works now under examination may be stated in round quantities as being of ironstone three-fourths of a ton, of limestone one-fourth of a ton, of coals two tons; the iron and limestone being put into one hutch, the limestone uppermost so as to be thrown first into the fire. With hutch upon hutch of these materials the capacious and seemingly insatiable interiors of the massive towers are filled, and by a continued application of the terrific blasting power the rapid combustion of the coal is ensured, and the metallic particles of the iron are separated from the refuse with which they had been previously combined, the contents of one of these furnaces being several hundreds of tons. But this is anticipating; instead of doing so, let us take a rapid yet orderly survey of the apparatus, and the various operations as they present themselves to inspection.

At the base of each smelting furnace is a massive cube of building, the interior chambers of which are large furnaces, wherein are placed a great number of tubes, or, more properly speaking, one tube, with countless convolutions arranged like the retorts in a gas-manufactory, completely surrounded by fire, and thus exposed to a very high temperature. Through this tube common atmospheric air is forced in a continuous stream by the stupendous night of a steam-engine of two hundred and eighty horse power. The air in its progress through the contorted involutions of the tube necessarily becomes very much heated, and is driven in large volume, with resistless force, and in a state of red heat, through twee-pipes fixed on three sides of the smelting furnace a little above its base; the air being introduced just above the level provided for the melted metal, and so distributed throughout the fiery mass contained within the cavity. It is the ceaseless rush of this enormous volume of air through the incandescent mass which causes the roaring noise already alluded to. The above-recent process constitutes the famous HOT-BLAST principle invented by Neilson, through the application of his patent for which he has realised a very large fortune, and concerning the merits of which so much has been said of late years in the law courts and in scientific as well as in ordinary society.

the difference between it and the old process applied to the blast-furnace being, that in the one previously in use the blast of air was applied cold, the enormous quantity of cold air supplied materially checking the temperature of the furnace, and thus causing the consumption of a greater quantity of fuel. It is only strict justice, however, to add here, that while the principle of introducing hot instead of cold air was first adopted by Mr Neilson, the real utility of the invention depends upon the application of two exceedingly beautiful contrivances, which owe their origin to the genius of Mr Condie, a gentleman now in the employment of Mr Dixon as engineer on the works at present under examination. These consist, in the first instance, of the tubes already mentioned, in which the air is heated, and without which or some similar apparatus the high temperature requisite for the hot-blast could not be attained. As regards the high temperature of the hot-blast air, it has been stated above that that fluid is in a state of red heat when driven into the furnace; this may, indeed, seem so like a mere figure of speech, that the assertion will hardly meet with ready credence to its full extent. To obviate any difficulty which might arise on this head, however, an exceedingly simple but conclusive test was exhibited to ensure our conviction; the directness of its demonstration deserves to be mentioned. A small iron plug was withdrawn from one of the twee-pipes, just before it enters the furnace, and a stream of the heated air was thus suffered to escape; into this current a small cube of lead, measuring about half an inch on the side, was introduced, and such was the heat that in little more than half a minute the lead was melted. The other invention of Mr Condie is not so extensive nor yet so striking in appearance as the heating apparatus; indeed, strictly speaking, its operation is entirely hidden from view, notwithstanding which, however, it is of vital importance in the process, and is applied to prevent the otherwise inevitably rapid destruction of the twee-pipe nozzles on their introduction into the fiery volume of the furnace. The preservative consists in coiling an iron tube, about three-quarters of an inch in diameter of bore, round that portion of the pipe which is fixed within the furnace, and through this tube is circulated a continuous stream of cold water, which is thus made to encircle the nozzle. Previously to the adoption of these exceedingly beautiful applications of scientific induction to its practical operation, the hot-blast principle was comparatively a dead letter. In the first place, the difficulty of obtaining a sufficiently high temperature for the blast was all but impossible, and, in the next, although an approximating temperature might be attained, the rapid destruction of the twee-pipe nozzles was attended with so much inconvenience and expense, and in many instances with such extreme danger, as to render its adoption a matter of questionable economy and great hazard.

The smelting furnace next demands some notice. It consists of a massive cylindrical tower, having an external diameter of about twenty-five, and a height of rather better than forty feet, at which elevation a gallery with a slight exterior projection is formed round it. Above the gallery a hollow circular tower, of about ten feet in diameter and of about the same height, is built; this latter constitutes the chimney of the furnace, and through four large apertures in its sides the coals and the other materials used in the manufacture are precipitated into the fiery pit, in which the combustion is never permitted to cease day nor night. The whole fabric is built of fire-brick, and the larger or lower tower is securely bound round with massive iron hoops, placed at the distance of every six inches in height, to prevent its being shattered by the expansive power of the heat employed within it. The hoops are two and a half inches in thickness, from the exterior surface inwards, and three inches in breadth. The interior structure is contracted into a parabolic dome at the top, surmounted by the hollow tower already named; and the bottom consists of a parabolic basin, the intervening space being a cylindrical tube of about ten feet across. Into this vessel, which is kept always nearly full, the materials, as previously

stated, are introduced from above, and the rapid combustion of the fuel and the reduction of the ore are ensured by the powerful blast already described. The degree of heat produced has never been ascertained, it being far greater than any yet discovered means for measuring temperature can indicate, any instrument hitherto invented for such a purpose being instantly fused on its being introduced into the terrific ordeal; the heat, however, is sufficiently great to melt almost instantly both the lime and the ironstone introduced, the metallic portions of the latter, by their greater weight, falling in a liquid mass to the bottom of the furnace, while the melted residue floats on its surface in the form of an opaque bastard glass, denominated *slag* by the iron-smelters. This matter is sustained on the surface of the liquid iron in the same way as most readers must be familiar with in the case of refuse floating on melted lead. A few feet above the bottom of the furnace is an aperture generally kept closed, but which is opened from time to time, and out of which, when open, flows an incandescent stream of melted lava-looking slag, the quantity and glowing aspect of which, to an uninitiated spectator, form a subject of interest and surprise. The operation of running off the slag is repeated hourly, and the vast accumulations of it constitute a source of considerable inconvenience on the premises. In order to get rid of it, free toleration is given to any one to take as much of the slag as he pleases, a fact which will readily account for its profuse application in the building of fence walls, laying of roads, and numerous other purposes, for which it is admirably adapted, in the vicinity of iron-works. Of late years enormous quantities of it have been used in the ballasting of railways, and the farmers find it a very suitable material for filling up what are called rumble drains. The process of separating the metal from the ore in a blast-furnace is of course ceaselessly and gradually progressive, but what is termed a 'making' occupies twelve hours, the contents of the furnace being run off at six o'clock in the morning and at six at night. The running off of the metal, as might naturally have been expected, constitutes a most interesting spectacle. In front of the furnace is a large area, falling very gently away from the tower, covered to a depth of several inches with a mixture of rough sand and small gravel; this, in a slightly moistened state, is compressed by a boy, by means of a wooden pattern, into extensive ranges of narrow gutters, about four inches deep and three inches broad, with semi-circular bottoms, these gutters being about three feet in length, and having a long gutter common to each of two ranges of the short ones already described—the whole number amounting to six or eight of these double ranges. This is called the 'pig-bed.' At the lowest point of the furnace a small opening is left in the building, which during the iron-making is plugged up with fire-clay; from this aperture a rude channel is scratched in the sand deep enough, and of sufficient length, to communicate with all the gutters in the pig-bed. When the hour appointed for running off has arrived, the blast is withdrawn, the plug of fire-clay is removed from the aperture, and out rushes the fiery torrent of glowing metal, which pours its burning tide over the whole space in front, completely filling up the moulded gutters; the farthest off range being first filled, when the communication between it and the furnace is readily cut off by simply pushing a quantity of the sand into the channel so as to form a barrier to the flow of metal; an operation repeated as each particular range is filled. While this process is going forward, and for a considerable time afterwards, the heat in the vicinity of the furnace, caused by the great mass of molten metal, is prodigious; the atmosphere is rendered highly luminous by its glow, and by myriads of little explosive exhalations, which dance and burst in brilliant and sparkling coruscations from the surface of the casting. Another phenomenon, equally striking and beautiful, consequent upon the cooling of the metal, is to be witnessed in the lively and energetic crepitation which takes place among the particles while they are becoming crystallised in the process of solidification. When the casting has been run off, the aper-

ture in the furnace is again closed by similar means to that already noticed, the blast is re-introduced, and the operation of smelting is resumed for another twelve hours. After the run off metal has been allowed sufficiently to cool, it is lifted out of the moulds in which it has been cast, and the shorter bars are broken off from the long ones formed by the communicating gutters, the former being denominated 'pigs,' and the metal so moulded is called 'pig-iron,' a name by no means indicative of the quality of the metal, that being signified by numerical arrangement, as pig-iron number one, number two, and so on.

Thus, then, we have traced the manufacture of iron from its being dug out of the mine till it is laid before us in the first condition of metallic iron, in which condition it is fit for the immediate use of the IRON-FOUNDER, in the production of what are termed iron castings, such as bridge and roofing beams, pillars, water and gas pipes, fire-grates, and other useful purposes, the pigs being merely broken and thrown into a comparatively small furnace named a *cupola* from its shape. The fuel used in the cupola is coke, and the temperature is raised by a constant stream of air forced into the furnace by the rapid revolution of fanners, usually driven by a steam-engine. The metal in this case, when melted, is generally carried in pots proportioned to the size of the intended casting, and poured into the mould which had been previously prepared for it, where it is suffered to cool, and is then presumed to be fit for its intended purpose.

Before quitting the blast-furnaces and the smelting operations to trace the farther processes of conversion from pig into malleable iron, the steam-engine already noticed, which does nothing but supply the current of air for the blasts, will justify a few remarks. The power of the engine has been stated, and its huge proportions and extensive utility may be gathered in some degree from the following details. It is worked on the high-pressure principle, and has its steam supplied by seven boilers, each about thirty feet long and eight feet in diameter; these are erected exterior but contiguous to the building in which the engine is situated. The heating of these seven boilers consumes in the course of twenty-four hours thirty-two tons of coals, not greatly less than 12,000 tons annually, a consumption of itself bearing out the necessity of having a large supply of coal close at hand. The steam cylinder is four feet in diameter, with a stroke of ten feet, and it has been worked at the rate of sixty strokes per minute; the whole of this enormous power is seldom put on, and it is generally worked at or slightly under that of two hundred horses. The blast is produced by the motion of two pistons worked in two air cylinders, supplied with air through valves, as in the case of common bellows. The one of these cylinders is nine feet in diameter, with a perpendicular stroke of five; the other is eight feet in diameter, with a stroke of ten feet. A volume of air equal to the cubic contents of both of these cylinders is forced into the blast-pipes at each stroke of the steam-piston, the tumultuary plunge and rush of this tremendous quantity of air producing a sound to which nothing can be so aptly compared as the roaring of thunder. The quantity of air thus propelled is sufficient to supply six blast and three refining furnaces, the former requiring a main pipe three feet in diameter, the latter a main pipe twenty inches in diameter.

THE POWER OF THE SOUL OVER THE BODY,

CONSIDERED IN RELATION TO HEALTH AND MORALS.*

THIS work, as we said in a former article, is a re-consideration of the subject of man's physical and spiritual relationship, viewed through the influences of the mind upon the organs of the body; the former treatise having illustrated the perfect adaptation of the body as the heritage and interpreter of a latent and immortal inhabitant. Dr Moore assumes God, the God of revelation, and the

God who is manifest in all revelations, to be the source of our physical and spiritual existence, and he holds that the revelations of man's spiritual nature which are given in the Holy Scriptures are the only rational, philosophical, and true theories of his mental and moral constitution. The human soul is of and from God; it is spirit—not of this world, although in it; and its incarnation is never satisfactorily explained when the philosopher leaves the clear and intelligible declarations of the Bible for the gropings of daring inordinate speculation. Dr Moore brings the theories and idealisms of the materialists and finists to the bar of human experience, human tendencies, and reason, and he proves in the most clear and incontrovertible manner the beautiful consistency and sympathy between man as revealed by the spirit which God has given him, and man as revealed in the Word of God. It seems to have become a popular idea that the Christian religion could not stand the test of all science, and of all developments of science. The spawn of an idea, that abstract intellectual excellence was peculiarly the heritage of the philosophical sceptic, seems to have been injected into the public mind, producing incalculable mischief to public faith and morals.

All truths are compatible with one another; there is no contradiction in all the truths of which creation is continent, for the source and unity of truth is God. This axiom, this sublime declaration of the infinitude and majesty of Jehovah and of the relationship of all science to Him, is a Bible proposition, and when applied in its strictest sense to all we do know or can know, the Christian philosopher has no fears for that faith, which is not dependent upon any physical or abstract science, but upon which every truth in science depends. Our author enters into his subject with all the meekness of true piety, and with all the clearness and openness of one who knows that philosophy truly bears witness to the truth. His grand aim is to prove from existing phenomena and all the regular philosophical data extant, that the mind or soul of man is something distinct from and superior to all material existences, and that it contains in itself sufficient evidence to demonstrate that even in the body it acts independent of it and upon it. The human soul, even when on earth, bears witness to its capacity for the life eternal, and, from its feeblest indications of reflection and concentration of thought to its proudest and grandest flights of imagination and depths of intellectual reasoning, it declares an immortality. Scepticism, crowned with all the ideal glories of a false philosophy, sitting upon the throne of the universe, and smiling in its pride as it gazes upon the worlds that revolve around it, is but a Damoclesian sovereignty after all. The hair of fate suspends the sword of death over it, and when that weak filament snaps, the finite being, who to himself was a God, sinks into nothingness. The philosophy which would rob man of a sense of dependence upon and duty to God, is neither fit for the moral government of man, nor true; and we rejoice to see Christian men, who know and feel whence and what they are, apply their minds to the direction of those who have too long been poisoned with insidious insinuations of religious and scientific duality or antagonism.

Dr Moore, in the following beautiful manner, introduces the predicate copula and subject of his argument, which are *God and man*: 'The sublimest and most interesting thoughts expressed in language are contained in the Genesis given by Moses. In this we find that the production of man was the finishing stroke to creation—the Creator's especial thought, the final end of the six days' work. This earth appears to have been furnished for him by the creative Word, which said, 'Let light be,' and light was. Man was then brought into being to behold *His* glory who formed our nature expressly in correspondence with the Deity: 'in the image of God created he him.' On divine authority, we understand this expression to denote the moral excellence and dominion with which man was endowed. (Eph. iv. 24; Col. iii. 10.) As the dust was fashioned by the immediate touch of Jehovah's finger, human structure took the impress of Divinity. That this

* By GEORGE MOORE, M.D. Member of the Royal College of Physicians, &c. London: Longman & Co.

form, of earthly mould and heavenly meaning, might not remain like the temple without its indwelling glory, God breathed within man's body the abiding spirit of various lives, and thus also illumined him with the moral reflection of the divine character. '*The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.*' In these words we have a distinct announcement that life and mind did not manifest themselves as the organisation of the body proceeded, as should have been the case, according to modern theorists, but that vitality and intelligence were superadded, in connection with a separate existence directly imparted from Jehovah, and therefore in immediate relation to him. Thus man walked forth in his paradise at once the representative and the worshipper of love, and light, and power, connecting the visible with the invisible worlds in his own person, and, by the union of spirit with matter, feebleness with perfection, exhibiting the glorious mystery of creation—Omnipotence revealed in contradictions reconciled. Man is the grand contradiction—a compound of paradoxes; for he is constituted not only of opposites, but of contraries. In studying ourselves, therefore, we become intimate with the greatest difficulties and the greatest interests. As before observed, the co-existence of mind with matter in one being is quite beyond our comprehension, but not beyond our knowledge, for we experience the fact. The reason of our compound constitution is, simply, that the Great Spirit has willed our adaptation to a physical world, from whence we are to derive intelligence and enjoyment, or the knowledge of good and evil for spiritual and eternal ends. We find, however, that our minds are governed by laws that have nothing to do with material organisation; for our sense of right and wrong, truth and falsehood, virtue and vice, has no relation to bodily structure, but as the vehicle and instrument of mind. We conceive ideas, combine, reason, not according to atomic affinities, but to spiritual associations. We, love, hope, fear, if not irrespective of external impressions, at least without their continuance. Above all, we retain, amidst the changes of our bodies and the shifting variety of decay around us, a distinct consciousness of our own identity, and an intuitive conviction, as far as reason is awakened, that we hold our faculties and endowments, not from the fortuitous action of nature, as a blind power, but from the purpose of God as an informing spirit, in whom we live, and move, and have our being for ever.'

This extract illustrates the basis upon which this Christian physiologist founds his inferences. He here shows us man as it were in visible contact with the Creator, and then he concentrates our attention upon the being whom God has made and quickened, and asks us to behold in the creature the hand-writing of the Father: '*The wild barbarian awakes to action, and every movement speaks of thought.*' He is evidently influenced by a world within him, where reflection and anticipation present incessant business for his spirit; and he will not live in the solitude of his own perceptions, but he seeks the higher pleasures of sociality and fellowship. His ideal existence is as actual as that of his body, and crowded with emotions. Memory and imagination people a world of their own, in the busy scenes of which he dwells more thoroughly and intimately than in that which is present to his outward senses. And he reveals his inner life by living language. He talks of what he feels, not only in words, but also in the lineaments of his face; and while he speaks, he stretches out his hand towards some object which may illustrate his words, or interest his companion, and thus, by the very act of pointing, at once declares himself superior in endowment to every earthly creature, except his fellow-man; for no other holds rational discourse, or even possesses that simple adjunct to human intelligence—the power of distinctly and designedly pointing, to direct the attention of another. It may be said that dogs point. They only stand still, as instructed, when they discover game. Their natural intelligence prompts not to the design of pointing. Even the monkey, though he has

a tolerable hand, never reaches so near reason as to separate the forefinger from the rest, in order to point; nor, if he would point, does he possess, like man, a proper muscle for the purpose. The hand of an ape is perfectly adapted to the end for which it was made—namely, to climb and to clutch; but if man had no better, then where would be his art and science? The manner in which the human being stands is also indicative of his noble nature, since none but he possesses a perfect foot—bearing the weight of the body on the centre of an elastic arch. No other foot has a heel. Observe, also, the peculiarities of the human countenance. The forehead, the nose, the chin, and even the very teeth are intellectual, for these are constructed rather to facilitate speech than mastication. Every feature conduces to intelligent expression far above all that is brutal. All the truly human is allied to thought, sentiment, and veneration; all is noble and even religious in the highest forms of expression. But all the beauty of a mere animal is but the fitness of its form to subserve sensual instincts and bodily propensities. We say, then, that the existence of a resident and superintending mind, a thinking principle, an intelligent spirit operating upon the body—in it, not of it—might be inferred from the external human form alone; and the manner of every movement and expression of that form proves how perfectly it was adapted for the use of a guiding and dominant spirit, pervading, informing, and employing it.'

Dr Moore pursues a critically analytical process through the whole gradative tenor of his argument. He lets us see, by the transparent honesty of his manner, that he has perfect faith in the truths which he advances; and his lucid applications of the multifarious examples by which he illustrates his subject prove that he has no desire to throw the veil of mystery over human research, although he is not inclined to follow the inordinate and vain speculations of human fancy. Perhaps the history of the human race does not furnish so fine an example of the existence of an immaterial and immortal soul seeking and finding communion with this outer world, independent of the usual sensual media, as does the case of Laura Bridgeman, the deaf, dumb, blind, and smell-less American girl, whom Dr Howe of Boston found like a breathing, moving statue, in which was hidden a living principle, which he at last led forth to know and love. Reasoning from her case, Dr Moore concludes that 'all the facts concerning the use of the senses demonstrate, in short, that the soul possesses intuitive endowments which the senses could not have conferred, for the faculty of using them is mental, and must of course have preceded their use. Our senses are constituted for this world, and we enjoy it; our undeveloped spirits are constituted in correspondence with another world, and we shall enter it.'

We wish that we could lay the whole of the doctor's views upon popular phrenology before our readers; they are so ably and admirably stated, and so calmly and clearly reasoned, that they are sure to be productive of reflection. 'The bare material notion does not agree with the conduct of ordinary phrenologists, either in their civil, social, or domestic relations. Their practice does not accord with their theory: they do not prove their faith by their works. When they wish to persuade a man to shun vice and pursue virtue, they appeal to some principle within—to the discrimination of a conscientious, rational, moral being. It is as vain to argue with self-acting organs as it would be to talk to a steam-engine. We must reason with Reason—with that which uses organs and machinery. What man loves his child as a mere *series of phenomena*, or educates him as if the mind, or that which thinks, had but an imaginary existence? Our affections will not allow us to act as mere materials, the accidents of which are sentiments and reasonings. We must struggle most stoutly to smother our convictions, in order to behave as if we felt no responsibility, and feared no result, when earthly appearance shall terminate. If degrees of criminality, as some men teach, be determined by the relative development of portions of our brains, and not according to the degree of our knowledge, and the

kind of motives presented to our reason, through our affections in our training, then the language of the Great Teacher is a violence to our nature—'If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin: but now they have no cloak for their sin.' These words appear to have no meaning, unless they signify that the extent of man's accountableness is commensurate with the degree of holy truth applied to his understanding. It is not possible too strenuously to insist on the responsibility of the rational will, that is, the instructed mind, when we consider that phrenologists teach a novel and outrageous doctrine of necessity in such language as this:—'Man's acts are the result of his organisation. His organs are made for him, therefore the responsibility of his actions rest with his Maker.' (Zoist.)'

Nothing can be more dangerous to man's moral health than this doctrine of the materialists. It destroys human responsibility, and builds man within a wall of disgusting and sickening egotism. Whatever he does is in accordance with his faculties, and consequently blameless, and, if he does not, he is also blameless, for the *vis inertia* of his nature is superior to the motive impulse. Man is thus reduced to a mere locomotive, who whether he doeth, or whether he doeth not, is yet fulfilling his destiny. Christianity is the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. It is the hidden fire which warms the philanthropist with a purpose; it is the voice which whispers to him of duty and responsibility; it is the one great system which shall compass all the mental, moral, and religious exigencies of humanity. It demands action, and it declares the consequences that follow all intromissions of duty. 'When a person becomes addicted to the habit of mental absence, he of course becomes more and more infirm of purpose; his will has no employment in the control of his thoughts; his moral as well as mental constitution is on the extreme edge of danger; the total and eternal death of his soul seems at hand. The mind cannot be elevated above the gross air and night-hag hauntings of sensuality, nor be endowed with the delight of true freedom and power, unless objects are set before it of a spiritual and eternally enlarging nature. If we understand not our relation to other beings, we lose our interest in them, and soon cease to be attracted towards them but by sensual impulses. Human affection and intellect both fail of their proper ends, unless reason be employed in consecutive thought, that is, in comparing facts and deducing truths. The idle or absent man is one who thinks not of and for himself as a part of a grand community of minds. He cannot be said to be educated. If his mind grow, it is only, like a jungle-creper, to encumber others. His busiest thinkings are mere outlines of bodily sensations. He owns no claims superior to his own; no active charities dwell in his heart; his faith, if he has any, is not, like God's gift, large and beneficent, as all God's gifts are when duly exercised, but all his affections are contracted and centred in his little bodily self. He shrinks from Christianity; its demands are too great for him, as it requires intellectual agony and the crucifixion of the lower self for the regeneration in glory of the higher self. There must be the struggling out of chaos into new creation by the spirit, but he is satisfied with his own bubble, and gazes only on that till it bursts. He is miserably weak, because he has not been obedient to the divine law, which would have urged him to triumph over circumstances and selfishness by acting like a man, with a worthy, because a rational, end in view; for to seek aright for honour and immortality is to co-operate with God.'

We have a lively sense of the importance and necessity of such works as this at the present time, when everything gives indications of transition. The mind of man can find no rest for the soul of its foot upon abstract systems of supposition. It is looking for satisfaction in all things; and, whatever tends to truly enlighten man, being calculated to bring him nearer to God, we heartily wish that that man may be blessed in his undertakings, who in love and sincerity clears the path of true knowledge

from the briars and thorns of a meretricious idealism, and, leading science to the feet of pure undefiled religion, shows to the world that knowledge, however extensive, is subsidiary to principles which are eternal, and that science and religion maintain a near relation to each other.

ROBINSON'S FOLLY.

A TALE OF A MODERN RUIN.

It has happened to me, in the course of my life, to wander pretty extensively through my native country, and to take up a temporary abode in many parts of it far distant from each other. A number of years ago, I was located for a season in the county of W——, where I had considerable difficulty in procuring a residence suitable to my resources and convenient for my worldly calling. During the time of my uncertainty, I was fortunate in finding a home in the habitation of an old friend, who accompanied me in my frequent rambles in search of a more permanent dwelling-place than that of Wooddale Farm. In the course of these researches, we on one occasion turned our steps towards a house which my friend Hardcastle informed me had been many years uninhabited, which he had once visited in the days of his youth, before its glory was departed, and which he desired once more to see in its premature decay. It was not a dwelling to my taste and purpose, however, and having almost in silence paced through its damp apartments, and taken note of the tattered condition of its internal decorations, and the dilapidations of its exterior, we took our departure. There is nothing in the way of edifices more mournful than a modern ruin. The place we had just left had not been erected sixty years; it had been built with all due regard to stability, and yet its walls were mouldering through sheer neglect, its floors rotting, and an unwholesome atmosphere gendring in every part of it from cellar to attic. It had been, my friend informed me, untenanted and unrepaired for a quarter of a century; a term of neglect sufficiently long to account for all the desolation we had witnessed.

'That house has a history, if it could be known,' I said, as we walked down the grass-grown carriage-road.

'It has; and if you have any curiosity to hear it, I will give you the particulars during our walk homewards.' Here is the story.

About seventy years ago, the little town of H—— boasted of three tradesmen who from small beginnings had risen step by step to the reputation of some wealth, and, consequently, to considerable local importance. They were named Jones, Brown, and Robinson. Jones was a bachelor of middle age at the time my story commences; Brown was a married man of more mature years, but without a family; and Robinson, a younger man than either of his friends (for friends they were), was a widower, and the father of a little boy. At this time the household of Mr Brown received an accession in the person of a little girl about seven years old. She had arrived in England under the care of the captain of an East Indiaman, and had been forwarded, according to directions, to the town of H—— and the house of her future protector. The features and complexion of this child sufficiently proclaimed her origin. India had evidently other claims upon her than such as arose from the mere accident of its being the country of her birth; she was a mulatto. Who her parents were, or rather who was her father—why she had been thus early and solitarily banished from her native land—and why, above all things, she had been committed to the charge of a petty drysalter (for such was Mr Brown's calling) in an obscure provincial town—these were questions which everybody in H—— began to ask of each other, but which no one could answer. In time, however, the mystery came out; and then it was discovered that there was not much mystery in the matter. It was a sort of transaction, perhaps more common in the last century than the present, but which may yet find its parallel.

The girl's name was Blanche Wilson. Why called Blanche it would be hard to say, excepting that parents have strange whims in the naming of their children; but

when it was discovered that the name of the young lady was Wilson, it was remembered that the now elderly Mrs Brown (then Mary Arnold) had a far-off cousin whose name was Wilson, who sometimes paid a visit from London to H—, to the no small annoyance of the more sedate Brown. But these occasional visits were discontinued, and Mary Arnold was fain to put up with the drysalter. When inquiries were instituted as to the fate of cousin Wilson, the young lady shook her head, heaved a gentle sigh, and pronounced the awful dissyllable 'India.' The child, then, for Mrs Brown made no scruple of avowing the fact, was the daughter of cousin Wilson; and this accounted for her location under the drysalter's roof.

The history of Blanche's father was a not uncommon one for those days of sicca rupes and nabobism. Sent to India when young, to push his fortunes there by the aid of a few recommendatory letters to one or two persons of influence in Calcutta, he had, first of all, obtained a trifling appointment in the civil government. By his own industry, aided, there is but little doubt, by a certain degree of unscrupulosity, he had rendered himself necessary to the higher powers, and was soon on the road to nabobical wealth. Meantime, the few friends whom he left behind him in England died off one by one, until his distant cousin, Mrs Brown, was his only living tie to his native country. By all accounts, Wilson was fond enough of the little girl, but her presence was an inconvenience; so, under pretext of a regard for her education, he had shipped her to England, trusting that, when she arrived there, his relation, Mrs Brown, would, for a handsome remuneration in hand, and in consideration of future hopes held out to her, take charge of the child. This was the substance of a letter which Mrs Brown showed to her friends, in which it was also hinted that, ten years hence or thereabout, Mr Wilson himself intended to return to England to enjoy the fortune he should by that time have secured. Mrs Brown was by no means dissatisfied with the charge which was thus somewhat unceremoniously thrust upon her. Neither was the drysalter himself. The girl, it is true, was no great beauty, to English eyes at least, but she was a sweet tempered child. And when it is remembered that Brown had no children, it is not wonderful that such an inmate was rather an agreeable acquisition, especially considering that she did not come (as the little Browns, had there been any, must have come) empty handed.

After the arrival of little Blanche the circumstances of the Browns were materially improved. New apartments were added to the rear of their dwelling; new furniture was imported; silks and satins glistened on the portly figure of the drysalter's wife, usurping the reign of modest gingham. People shook their heads at these changes, but the Browns themselves were unmoved by the envy or whatever else it might be of their neighbours. 'Let them laugh that win,' said the drysalter.

In due time Blanche was sent to a London boarding-school, spending only her vacations at H—. Five years thus passed away, and Blanche had not yet completed her education, as it is termed, when the doors of Brown's house opened to another visiter. This was no other than Mr Wilson himself. His intentions and expectations had been frustrated. Very far from having returned to England to enjoy the remainder of his life in ease and luxury, he had evidently come back merely to die. Mr Wilson lived only a few months after his return. During this time the house of Mr Brown was his home, and Blanche was his constant attendant. He formed no new acquaintance, paid and received no visits, shut himself up much in his own apartments, was querulous and exacting with all around him, moody in solitude, and would see neither physician nor minister. Previous to his death he sent for a lawyer, made his will, and paid over a large sum of money to the corporation of H—to be given away in charity. The funeral was so sumptuous as to excite the wonder of the whole neighbourhood, though poor Blanche was the only one who really mourned his departure; but the contents of his will were still more to be wondered at. The whole of his accumulated wealth, with the exception of a tolerably

handsome bequest to his cousin, Mrs Brown, was left to Brown and his two friends, Jones and Robinson, in trust for the orphan Blanche until she came of age. These executors were by the will also constituted the guardians of the poor child; and a clause in that will declared the whole property forfeited to the executors should Blanche marry under age without their joint consent. Should she die before arriving at the age of twenty-one, her guardians were in like manner to inherit her wealth. Why the dying man fixed upon the two men, Jones and Robinson, as joint-executors with Brown, could only be accounted for by his rigid seclusion from society after his return to England, and by the supposed recommendation of the drysalter.

After her father's death, Blanche returned to school, where she remained some four or five years. Meanwhile the proceedings of the three legal guardians had not been altogether unmarked. From industrious tradesmen they had become the magnates of their little town; speculated largely in houses and lands, adding house to house and field to field; projected a manufactory in the neighbourhood, which flourished for a time but is now fallen into decay. In short, the wealth of the young heiress, whether justly employed or not, was evidently not suffered to lie idle; and though there were not wanting some who made ill-natured remarks on the whole, Jones, Brown, and Robinson were looked upon as men who knew well how to look to the main chance, and were revered accordingly. Shortly after the return of Blanche from school, her only female friend, almost her only female acquaintance in H—, rather suddenly died, and the poor girl was thus left to the sole protection of three worldly-minded men. Whether at this time they deserved any harsher appellative I cannot say. It certainly was broadly stated, years afterwards, that the death of Mrs Brown was occasioned by deep-rooted grief. It was recollected how careworn and haggard her once broad and laughter-loving countenance had become ere she died; how averse she had shown herself to many of the money-making schemes of her husband; how her dislike had more than once been openly manifested to his inseparable associates Jones and Robinson; and how, when death was rapidly approaching, she had wept and sobbed over poor Blanche, and spoken in mysterious words and agonising tones of some much dreaded evil to come. At the death of Mrs Brown, Blanche, then about eighteen, was invited, or rather required, to take the superintendence of the drysalter's household; and her situation was altogether as undesirable a one as may well be imagined. Fitted by a superior education for society of a different class than that in which she was placed, she was but little inclined to form friendships with those around her. On the other hand, the stigma of her birth, and her domestication in the house of a tradesman, effectually barred any intercourse with the few families of good birth and property in the neighbourhood. Nevertheless, the report of her wealth and expectations was not without effect. Suitors made proposals of marriage, but they were summarily dismissed either by herself or her guardians. One only appeared to have made any impression upon the young lady herself, or to threaten to the watchful guardians anything like pertinacity in his advances. This was a young tradesman of H—. Whether the money of Blanche was the attraction in this instance I cannot say, but it is certain he contrived to win her over in his favour, and for some months to carry on a correspondence with her, unsuspected by the drysalter. At length the discovery was made, and, contrary to their expectations, Mr Brown smiled graciously upon the abashed lovers. Gently chiding them for their attempted secrecy, he gave his full permission to the young man to visit his ward, and encouraged Blanche to receive him as her recognised future husband. These were pleasant days to the hitherto solitary young lady, and for a few weeks the course of love seemed to run smooth. In due time the lover demanded his affianced bride in marriage, and preparations were made even to the ordering of the wedding-cake and the fixing of the marriage-day. At this juncture

the bridegroom expectant received one evening a visit from an old schoolfellow and fellow-townsmen. I may as well say, continued Harcastle, that this friend was my father, from whom I heard much of this story.

'So you are going to be married, Sam?' said my father.

'I am,' replied Sam; 'but I wonder you should have heard of it. It was to be kept a profound secret till it was over.'

'Oh!' continued the visitor; 'and pray whose wise scheme was this? Yours, or Blanche's, or Mr Brown's?'

'Not mine,' answered the young fellow, laughingly; 'of course I do not care if all the world knows it; but Blanche tells me that her uncle (as she calls Mr Brown) does not want a fuss made about it.'

'I dare say not,' said my father.

'Why, you know, I and Robinson are not exactly on good terms, and so'—

'And so,' continued my father, interrupting him, 'you are to be married without his knowledge. I see. But do you know what you are about? Have you ever seen old Wilson's will? Has Blanche?'

'No,' replied the interrogated lover; 'I believe she has not; and I know I never have. But what then? Brown has told us all about it.'

'Has he! Is it anything like this?' said my father, taking a copy of the will from his pocket and putting it into Sam's hands.

Poor fellow, I have often heard my father describe what a picture of indignation and desperation he looked when he came to the fatal clause; how he rushed out of the room, out of the house, without speaking a word. My father waited a full half hour for the return of his friend; and then, somewhat alarmed at his prolonged absence, hastened in search of him. He proceeded towards the house of the drysalter, and was about to knock at the door, when he heard the sound of approaching footsteps from within. The door opened and his friend appeared, Brown standing by with a light in his hand. They were evidently both flushed with recent dispute, but Sam was making strong efforts to be calm.

'Good night, Mr Brown,' my father heard him say. 'You have used me badly, sir, and poor Blanche too; but you will not gain your purpose. We can wait. We can wait two years, and then look to yourself.'

The door closed, and my father was recognised by his friend. 'Thank you, Harcastle,' he said; 'you have saved poor Blanche and me from ruin. Brown is a villain; but we'll circumvent him yet.'

It was certainly a bold game that Brown and his co-executors had played; but, except for my father, it would have been successful. There is no doubt whatever that the marriage was to have been solemnised without their *joint consent*, and then, and not till then, the will was to have been produced and enforced to its very letter.

As it was, the whole scheme was disconcerted, and the dishonourable plotters were put to their shifts. It was too true for their peace and security that, in little more than two years, their control over the heiress would cease, and that then they would be required to render up an account of their stewardship. It is equally true that they could not have given a satisfactory account of it. Many of their later speculations had been worse than unproductive, and, in the best of them, a large amount of capital was locked up, which could not, for many years, be withdrawn without a fearful sacrifice. Of course, the premature discovery of the base plot, which was to rob poor Blanche of her birthright, put an end to the wedding negotiations; for Jones and Robinson, pretending ignorance of previous connection, and a downright disapproval of it, refused their consent; and neither Blanche nor her lover were so desperately set upon the immediate consummation of their engagement as to throw up all their worldly expectations. The wily guardians of the young orphan coolly set themselves to work—not, indeed, to repair the web which had been ruthlessly broken through, but to weave a new one. To carry out their plans successfully, it was necessary for Blanche to be withdrawn from the near neighbourhood of

her lover, and desirable that he should sink in her estimation. Accordingly, a very few days after the exposure, Mr Brown and his ward were reported as absent from H—. Whither they had departed no one could guess. Sam's ruin was determined on, and unfortunately it was in the power of his enemy Robinson to work it. Those were the glorious days of imprisonment for debt; and within three months of his disappointment, poor Sam was incarcerated in the county jail at the suit of Robinson, who held a mortgage to which the name of the victim was attached; and such was the fury of his persecutors, that he shortly afterwards committed suicide.

This accomplished, other plans were ripening for destroying the happiness and securing the property of the orphan girl. Robinson had a son who was nearly of an age with Blanche. The guardians now tried to bring about a match between them, but, more honourable than his father, the young man refused to participate in the scheme, and, to avoid the reproaches to which he thus subjected himself, withdrew from his father's house, and was not heard of in H— for many years. Thus again frustrated, the unworthy guardians had recourse to a last effort, which proved too successful. Under the pretence of amusing his ward by change of scene, Brown had taken her from one gay place to another—from London to Cheltenham, from Cheltenham to Bath, and from Bath back again to Brighton—keeping up, at the same time, a constant correspondence with his two fellow-townsmen, and carefully guarding against any chance of communication between the young betrothed. Thus Blanche began to suspect her lover of mercenary indifference—an idea which Mr Brown took care to encourage; and poor Sam, in the midst of his pecuniary distresses, was deprived of the consolation of knowing, and at length of believing, that Blanche was faithful and firm. Firm and faithful, however, Blanche was while her confidence remained unshaken. But her credulity was imposed upon; and with constitutional rapidity her love changed almost to hatred. The opportunity was not lost; the train had, indeed, been long and carefully laid: before the paroxysm of jealous rage was over which succeeded the positive certainty, as she imagined, of her lover's infidelity, the elder Robinson made his appearance. How far the succeeding part of the drama—I should rather say the tragedy—was compulsory, can never be known. It is enough to say, that in less than six months after the commencement of her wanderings from H—, the unfortunate Blanche Wilson returned the wife of her youngest guardian. It was the sudden news of this that, finding its way to the debtor side of the county prison, overturned the reason of poor Sam and closed his life.

It is needless to say that each of the villanous guardians had, in this transaction, taken care of himself. As far as was ever known, they made an equal division of the poor girl's property, and settled down in their old quarters, and to their old pursuits.

But the tragedy was not yet ended. The miserable fate of her former lover reached poor Blanche's ear, and she perceived, too late, the plots by which she had been hopelessly entangled. The effect was fearful. Madness of the most desperate character claimed her as its own. It became absolutely necessary to remove her to an asylum, where she remained for years a confirmed and violent maniac, until death released her from her sufferings.

Brown and Jones now disposed of their several businesses, and removed to a town in the next county; while Robinson, who was by trade a builder, with his share of the plunder, busied himself in planning and building the mansion we have just visited. Having completed it, he also finally left H—; and the only connection kept up with that town thereafter, by either of the three men, was through the medium of an agent, who, it was generally supposed, eventually fleeced his clients to a large amount. But retribution of a far different character was shortly to overtake the miserable sinners. A few years after their removal from H—, Jones, who throughout the whole affair had been the tool of his more active associates, though

he shared their crime and their reward, was taken ill, and evidently lay on his bed of death. Then his conscience, which he had hitherto managed to stifle, began to affright him with horrible remembrances of the past and anticipations of the future. His mental sufferings, by all accounts, were most poignant. On one occasion, when life was apparently at almost the last gasp, he despatched a messenger for his old companion Brown. The messenger returned, charged with an excuse.

'I must see him,' shrieked the despairing wretch; 'go again; drag him to me if he will not come. I cannot die—I will not die till I have seen him.'

Thus invoked, the former prompter of the dying man unwillingly returned with the messenger, and slowly entered the chamber.

'Are we alone?' asked Jones, rousing himself from his approaching stupor, and rolling his glassy eyes around. 'Leave the room,' he shouted to his nurse, who was standing by; 'leave the room; I must see Mr Brown alone.'

The nurse obeyed. . . . A quarter of an hour—half-an-hour—an hour elapsed; and muttered tones, deep groanings, hysterical shrieks, by turns were heard from that awful chamber. At length the door was burst open from within, and Brown, his grey hairs almost erect, and his eyes glaring with terror, rushed forth, descended the stairs by frantic leaps, and hurried fearfully from the house. When the attendants ventured to enter, all was solemnly silent. They looked towards the bed: its late tenant was not there. Tremblingly they glanced around, and found the corpse stretched upon the floor, one arm extended, as though reaching forth graspingly towards the door in the last expiring struggle of nature. Before night closed upon the scene, remorse and horror had claimed another victim. Terrified, as it would seem, with the idea that the dying man was following close behind him, driven to desperation too with the reproaches which had probably been heaped upon him, and his conscience suddenly awakened by witnessing the mental agonies of his expiring fellow-sinner, the miserable man, Brown, hastened to his own house, entered it unseen, shut himself in his chamber, and was found, not long afterwards, lifeless, with the instrument of self-destruction clasped firmly in his hand.

Robinson survived his former associates about fifteen years. It is now about forty years since my father bought Woodsdale farm, and came to reside upon it. I was then eight or nine years old. Soon after we had taken up our abode here, my father had some business to transact with Robinson (the son, not the father), and I accompanied him. The house was in a different condition then to that in which we have this day found it; but even then, I cannot help remembering, there was an air of gloom about it which chilled my young veins. As we walked up to the front of the house, we encountered, in charge of an attendant, an aged man who stared wildly at us for a second or two, and then, without speaking a word, struck off into a side-path, and was shortly out of sight. This old man was the Robinson of my story. On our arrival at the house we were shown into a parlour, where we were joined by the younger Robinson, a grave, I should rather say a sad-looking, gentlemanly person of middle age, with whom my father entered into conversation on the business in hand.

The elder Robinson never recovered from his hypochondriacism. His son lived with him and managed his affairs; a servant, his constant attendant, followed his steps by day and slept with him by night—linked to him hand to hand, lest he should escape unperceived; the comforts of life were lost to him; he rarely spoke, except to himself; shunned all society; and at length died, unlamented and unblest.

At his father's death, his son broke up the establishment; shut up 'the Folly,' after an auction of all its furniture; disposed of all his inherited property at H—; and immediately left the neighbourhood. 'Robinson's Folly' has ever since remained unoccupied, the terror of the ignorant, and a beacon to all who can read aright the lesson which it teaches.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

SECOND ARTICLE.

If a literary bias be not impressed on the mind in the early stages of a man's studies, he seldom receives it in the subsequent course of his professional labours. If he be entirely devoted to theology before he become a clergyman, there is little chance that afterwards, amidst the constant and severe pressure of the duties of his sacred calling, he will be attracted to literature. The church is his world, and all nature to him is burdened with a sermon. The glorious and musical sky is but the sounding-board above his individual pulpit. And even though he should at college have been a follower of the muses, and have sought to be penetrated and pervaded by the idea of the beautiful, instead of being crammed by the hard prelections of ethical and theological professors, yet, when he is ordained to the work of the ministry, it is difficult for him to cultivate his first aspirations, and as the requisite leisure is wanting, so the taste may gradually decline and at length be extinct; the *reverend* will grow and the literary man die. The once contemplated epic poem is metamorphosed into a discourse at the opening of synod; the revolution to be effected in the whole world of letters by some ideal and splendid novelty turns out to be an ecclesiastical project for the augmentation of stipends; and the Parnassian laurels which overshadowed the glowing dreams of ambitious youth have been changed into the plain yet satisfying honours of D.D.

Mr Gilfillan's mental tendencies, however, were so definite and confirmed, and his temperament so enthusiastic, that when he was settled as a pastor in Dundee, he prosecuted with unabated vigour his early studies, and was resolved on reaching his first aims. We have heard that Shakspeare regularly for years lay open on his breakfast-table and made the coffee nectar. A copy of Shelley was the indispensable of his pocket in his extempore strollings, and of his portmanteau in his travels. Perhaps the several years in which he brooded over or secretly worked at his ambitious projects have been of essential service to him.

Mr Gilfillan had been introduced to Thomas Aird—a man of fervid genius, author of several works, in which the holiness of his character and the strength of his mind are alike displayed, a contributor to 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and editor of a newspaper in Dumfries. Mr Aird was not slow to perceive the promise of rare ability in his friend, and wished him to write sketches of the leading men of our age, which, accordingly, at intervals appeared in the 'Dumfries Herald,' and excited great notice and interest. These were not such trifles as Mr Grant, author of the 'Random Recollections of the House of Commons,' was at nearly the same time giving to the world in expensive volumes. They had all the raciness and piquancy, without the malice, of the portraits in 'Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk,' and were characterised by a piercing insight into his subjects and a splendour of poetic illustration to which Lockhart can make no pretensions. They were obviously suggested by Hazlitt's 'Spirit of the Age,' and whilst they exhibit as much subtlety, unperturbed however to paradox, they are also allied with a more daring imagination, a more copious fancy, and, of course, a far more candid and kindly heart. A newspaper was but too ephemeral a canvass for such original and striking sketches, and Raphael might as well have executed his immortal paintings on a handkerchief. They were liable to be neglected and forgotten, along with the column of advertisements and reports in which they appeared, and a more appropriate and permanent vehicle was necessary. A year or two ago, Mr Gilfillan collected these sketches, and added a few new ones, in the volume entitled 'Gallery of Literary Portraits,' which introduced him forthwith to fame. We have read no book which contains such a varied and yet homogeneous mass of eloquence, poetry, and genuine criticism.

By the press it was most cordially and almost universally hailed, and seldom has a production, even in these

days of gleaning, furnished so many quotations for the newspapers. In 'Tait's Magazine,' it was commented upon at great length, and with much geniality, by De Quincey. We believe, however, that the 'Gallery' has not been duly appreciated. Its brilliant and glowing style has greatly concealed its searching and subtle thoughts, and its popular manner has withdrawn proper attention from its philosophical matter. Its dashing rhetoric has kept the public view too exclusively fixed upon the surface. Its precision, flexibility, and rich texture of language, frequently rivaling the masterpieces of Walter Savage Landor, have disguised the boldness, grandeur, and value of the ideas which yet they expressed with such marvellous fitness and force. The lights were so beautiful that the objects which they defined were unnoticed. The analogies were so unexpected and vivid, that the principles of concord, the laws of harmony, along which the similes flashed, were not apprehended. It were idle in us to particularise some of the sketches in this well known 'Gallery.' Who can have forgotten that of Shelley, the 'eternal child,' though the introduction is singularly incongruous, since it represents the poet as allied to the prophets of Israel, who were stern men, whose cradle (if they ever knew one) had been rocked by the tempests of the wilderness and curtained by the flames of heaven? Who will fail to remember that of Thomas Carlyle? the most glorious frontispiece imaginable to Carlyle's 'French Revolution—a History.' We have seen the letter (and it was professedly a *grateful* one) written by this remarkable man when some fragments of the sketch first appeared in print, and we question whether any other reviewer ever obtained such words of cordial thanksgiving for the discharge of his functions. And small need be the wonder, for Carlyle felt that *he* must be a brother, though a younger one, who could appreciate him so entirely and describe him in a manner which drew out so forcibly all the characteristics of his grand nature. Who will not think of the magnificent sketch of Edward Irving, and of his pulpit-hour which gave a shock, as of an earthquake, to all the classes of London life? The genial notice of Charles Lamb might have been Lamb's own account of himself, and is worth a dozen of such biographies as even the accomplished and enthusiastic Talfourd has written. The fierce face of Ebenezer Elliot, the Corn-law Rhymers, stared with accurate outline and genuine expression out of an article which was solid, ornamental, and radiant as the shield of Vulcan, Ebenezer's own master. And even those sketches which were comparative failures contain many paragraphs of transcendent beauty and power. Believing that the estimate which Mr Gilfillan has given of Godwin is extravagant, there are yet many master-strokes of description in it, and especially the picture of the alchemist is of the highest merit. The one-half of the critique upon Keats is utterly and indeed professedly irrelevant, but the remainder amply redeems the whole. Though Wordsworth was entitled to a full-length portrait, yet the miniature likeness which Mr Gilfillan has executed is a perfect gem. The pieces on Macaulay and Lockhart, though they are rather meagre outlines, have some very memorable points. Since the publication of the 'Gallery,' Mr Gilfillan has finished several other sketches, some of which are decidedly his best productions, and will enrich a second series of collections. His supplement upon Foster and his estimate of Byron are the most remarkable. We cannot help noticing that latterly he has been somewhat capricious and unjust towards John Foster as well as Robert Hall. Mr Gilfillan can see Hazlitt in a splenetic and raging mood against man—Ebenezer Elliot cursing landlords bitterly—Byron intensely sulky—but he will give no quarter to Foster's melancholy, nor will allow in the least that Foster did well to be sad. He can weep in concert with the misery of sinners, but he chastises an eminent saint for mourning over the world's character and destiny. At the bottom of his heart, we suspect that Mr Gilfillan admires and sympathises with Foster, and we are convinced that in punishing Foster for gloominess of view and feeling he is taking vengeance upon his own kindred moods. Why does he, in his articles, introduce Foster so

repeatedly, if he is not under the fascination which one man of genius exercises over another? It will not be improper for us to give a brief extract from a letter which we received from Mr Gilfillan after he had read Foster's 'Life and Correspondence':—'Some books are dumb, and deaf, and dead—this one speaks to me as few books have spoken for a long period. I have been startled by coincidences of thought and sentiment between this giant and my humble self. What a rich mind these miscellaneous reflections evince! What a self-flagellant soul he had! How profound and perpetual his gloom! How ardent his desire to be away from out 'this belly of hell' into a clearer and better atmosphere! What a lingering minuteness in his observations on nature, as on a world he was to leave for ever, and on man as a species from whom he was and wished to be severed! How gentle, withal, is his gloom—gentle because habitual—a suit of sables from very childhood! I consider Foster *now*, in sublimity of conception, only second in this age to Coleridge, and perhaps for absolute originality his superior.' We are also here reminded of what Foster himself once wrote to a friend who had been abusing him:—'Genius hails its few brothers with a most fraternal warmth. I have too much talent not to be attracted by yours and to attract it; you could not shake me off if you would. We are both elevated so much as to confront each other conspicuously through the clear space above the heads of the crowd, and cannot help a pointed recognition of each other's mental visage.'

We believe that if Foster had been alive, Gilfillan's pilgrim-steps, during his late visit to England, would have been directed to Frome, and that, after Carlyle, the Baptist would have been visited by him with emotions of deepest reverence. We can fancy the old preacher and the experienced man of letters cordially exchanging, in his low and gurgling accents, thoughts with the young one. But death often prevents kindred spirits from meeting.

It is but proper that we indicate the faults which may, in our opinion, be chargeable upon the mass of Mr Gilfillan's productions, and they are faults of which he could easily be cured.

It is but a guess, though we think it a warrantable and likely one, that whilst he is most careful and elaborate in summing up his judgments upon authors, he has neglected an immediately previous analysis and consideration of their claims. He labours in reproducing vividly and in recasting poetically his old verdicts, which, being youthful, are liable to be substantially in some particulars erroneous, or at least imperfect; whereas, it would have been better if he had entirely begun a fresh study of the authors to be reviewed. A new reading, though it had not modified former opinions, would have rendered them much more distinct and exact. But he works upon the materials of his old impressions, without strictly canvassing the justice of these, so that whilst he is applying, and that with unequalled skill, the most searching tests of criticism, it is to merits which are very vague in his mind. He does not appear always to take the trouble of reading anew the books of the men upon whom he decides. Instead of revising the opinions which he had formed long ago, and which in many cases must have been influenced by cotemporary criticism, he satisfies himself with an artistic exhibition of these. Thus he often *seems*, and is censured for *being*, deficient in the art of analysis, when the truth is that he has contented himself with dealing with vague impressions, recollections, and ideas. His criticism wants, therefore, the basis of scientific qualities, which no man is more competent than Mr Gilfillan to have furnished. Or if he finds that his old opinions have been contradicted by eminent literary men with whom he has met in private, he adjusts and accommodates them accordingly without any re-examination, and generally he fails, for his mind is divided between two sets of opposite opinions which it would be vain to harmonise. It is sometimes amusing to witness this discrepancy. He forms a glowing image, a beautiful idol, and this evidently from his old and native impressions; but having met with some able sceptic, he himself too begins to sneer, and in a few pithy sentences, concluding

an inspired rhapsody of admiration, he renounces altogether the character of a worshipper. Ought he not to have regarded his own memory or the insight of others as alike fallacious or fallible, and again have addressed himself to a close and thorough study? His eyes are opening wider and wider, and seeing more clearly every day, and his *present* not his *past* judgment should be given. In his sketch of Bulwer, it is quite plain that his own impressions, received years ago, were those of fervent admiration, but he had come into contact with some literary man who had received other and very different impressions, and he labours at developing both, and attempts at the same time a due blending of both, but signally fails. Had he studied Bulwer again, his criticism would have been more, particular, vivid, consistent, and genuine. And with *Justice* we could make the same remark in reference to his essay upon Robert Hall; an essay which, without the explanation we have volunteered, would look exceedingly capricious. Mr Gilfillan is more than competent to judge entirely for himself, and, instead of falsifying or modifying his own impressions to suit those of others, he should once again subject them to the keen scrutiny of his own mental vision.

The same habit has occasioned another serious defect—the absence of a solid *substratum* of intellectual materials on which his imagination may work. The habit necessitates an undue exercise of imagination upon a very slight basis. We may also hint that, occasionally, mere gossip about literary chiefs, and that too, perhaps, of an unauthenticated kind, is too eagerly laid hold of, and too largely retailed by Mr Gilfillan. Anecdotes are the lowest and the narrowest forms of truth known in the world, and they can give no full idea of character unless all the circumstances and the entire scene be introduced along with the actions or the words singled out by report.

The unpublished opinions which Mr Gilfillan has heard from incompetent acquaintances are too freely mentioned, and although he himself would not agree with these, yet they receive no note of disapprobation. Of this we give a striking instance from the paper on Robert Hall: 'A distinguished Scottish divine who visited him expressed to us disappointment with his preaching, which was chiefly remarkable, he said, for the flow and facility with which fine and finished sentences issued from his lips; but added that his conversational powers were unrivalled, and that altogether he was by far the most extraordinary specimen of human nature he had ever witnessed. *He gave him the impression of a being detained among us by very slight and trembling tendrils.*' The last sentence (which we have put in italics) is a piece of most exquisite nonsense, and Mr Gilfillan should not have given it any currency in conversation or writing, or even have kept it on his memory. Robert Hall, whose body and soul were so manly, resolute, and even fierce in their uniform expression, to suggest the idea of a tender and sensitive plant, shrinking from the breezes and the light of earth! Why, the great man was sturdy and defiant as a Scottish thistle, and would have proved himself such in debate with the distinguished 'Scottish divine.' The 'tendrils' which excited so much sympathy were somewhat more like *prickles* which would have occasioned pain. The 'big-browed, keen-eyed' man whom Mr Gilfillan described, had no very sickly or ethereal aspect; and what spectator, save a very stupid one whom Mr Gilfillan should have discarded, would have perceived in the heavy and gross mouth and chin, and in the rotund waist of Mr Hall, any very heavenly tendencies—any indication that he was fast 'wearin' awa' to the land o' the leal?' Some delicate and fragile creature, like Felicia Hemans or poor John Keats, and not Robert Hall, might have been sitting by the side of the Scottish divine. We cannot conjecture who this divine was, for clergymen in large troops crossed the border to hold an interview with the celebrated preacher, and, alas! (contrary to all the English proverbs anent Scotch emigrants) they *did* come back to rehearse almost daily the conversation, and to report their impressions.

In spite, however, of these and other faults, which could easily be amended, Mr Gilfillan's 'Gallery' and the subse-

quent sketches are not only novelties, but, in the most important respects, they are models in the range of English criticism. To his hands, sooner than to those of any other professional judge, would we commit the grandest works of our literature.

Mr Gilfillan, our readers will be glad to learn, is a young man, not very much in advance of thirty, and therefore a brilliant and influential career is before him. May it be long, peaceful, and profitable! At present he is contemplating a work upon the 'Hebrew Bards and Prophets,' and if he do justice to himself, there is little fear but that he will do such justice to these bards and prophets of the Lord as they have never yet received. He is well qualified to take down the harp which hung upon the willows by the rivers of Babylon.

As a lecturer on literary subjects, he has frequently appeared, and with a success, it must be confessed, considerably less than his friends and admirers could have anticipated. His emphatic and earnest oratory, his brilliant style of composition, and the glowing character of his ideas, might have justified all in expecting a complete triumph. His audiences, indeed, could not have been the most select, for even in a large city few are the persons who would seek the philosophy rather than the easy science of a subject; and we believe, also, that Mr Gilfillan did not do himself justice in the way of careful preparation. His themes were those on which he had already written largely, and his hearers got lengthy paragraphs awkwardly introduced, which they had previously conned over as his readers. Besides, lecturing (such as it must be at present, if hearers are to be obtained) will fail to represent literature to advantage. An exposition of principles and rules would be thrown away, and the illustrations alone would be effective, so that the lecture would degenerate into a miscellany of recitations from well-known authors. Young ladies would rather listen to a recitation of 'Lord Ullin's Daughter' than to an elaborate essay on Campbell's genius.

To all his friends, Mr Gilfillan ever appears as the enthusiastic and accomplished literary man. His conversation and his letters are brief and easy, though original articles upon books and their authors. Often, when in solitude and gloom, have we been cheered by his epistles, until the postman was hailed as a Mercury from the sky; and on different occasions, when excitement was much needed, we have met him face to face. He himself has his dark hours and desponding moods, and his letters then are what he would call the 'soul-spray' of fierce tumult within. But he is beginning to study sorrowful hearts, and even his own, with an artist's curiosity and aim. The *man* must suffer personally, or by such a sympathy as shall wholly identify him with the lot of the miserable, ere the *artist* can work successfully upon the materials of genuine human life.

We have seen Mr Gilfillan in all his moods. Our first flying visit found him discussing and eulogising a *sheep's head*; and as his knife kept clattering among the teeth, he expressed a warm preference of that simple table-delicacy. He walked out into the garden, and made his desert off the gooseberry-bushes. All the afternoon and evening, his conversation was in a gentle though elevated strain. In and out of doors, we noticed that the same poetic hues dyed all his discourse; and we question much whether his vivid imagination needs the presence and inspiration of beautiful scenery: for whether he looked to the summer *grate* (prosaic enough, of course, with its black and cold ribs) or to the summer *sky*, his remarks were equally fine in essence and form.

Our next meeting was in the beginning of the present year, on the occasion of commemorating the birth-day of James Watt. Before the hour of festival, a young couple, a mere boy and girl, came to be married by him. They had evidently just got their faces washed for the ceremony, and no ablutions, no cosmetics even, could have made them look interesting. Yet Mr Gilfillan's imagination was excited: he spoke of love longer than life and stronger than death; he prayed for heaven and earth to be propitious on the match; and performed the marriage-service in the finest

style we have ever heard, just as if he had been uniting the lady-moon and the dreaming Endymion in the cave of the silvery grove. It was only at the close, when he shook hands with them and wished them all happiness, that he seemed to become sensible of the ludicrous elements in the scene. We repaired to the soiree. It was a crowded gathering, presided over by a nobleman whose eloquence was of the intermitting and hesitating kind, and who took as long to give out a second sentence as the stewards had taken to fill up a second cup of tea. We were then favoured with an *article* on personal cleanliness and on other kindred duties which the people owed to themselves. We often wished that the newly wedded pair had been present to get the benefit of the lecture, especially as they would not have been shocked by the multitude of grammatical mistakes which the orator committed. Mr Gilfillan then rose, and made a brilliant speech on the character and advantages of manly education. It was sadly out of tune with all the preceding and subsequent twaddle spoken by gentlemen—upon their legs. He urged the duty, not of keeping clean hands, but of gaining highly accomplished intellects, and would have sent his audience to the library rather than to the bath. He stood up like a prophet among school-boys, and concluded by a thundering denunciation of those who seek to separate or to alienate literature from religion. This was followed by a wretchedly weak attempt at a retort upon Gilfillan, by one who wisely said that he would not be ambitious in his eloquence! It was modesty most wise. With a servility becoming a page to his master, he very properly followed up what had been said about clean hands by recommending the use of gloves! And these are your improvement folks! Hands clean and gloved! Very good; but pray, what of souls? During the whole night there was not a sentence worth reporting, save what fell from Gilfillan.

Much boisterous fun had we in the house, over our joint recollections of the soiree. We sought to conjecture the place where James Watt was, for one speaker had represented him as *looking down* upon the meeting, another had sketched him as *peeping up* towards the same august assembly, and a third hinted that he was seated beside the president, as the public guest, and smiling very complacently upon the ladies. We had seen no face at the sky-light, no eye winking in the seams of the floor, and certainly the seat beside the chairman was occupied by a person whom no imagination could conceive of as James Watt. In private we made better entertainment than we had received in public.

A MOTHER'S HEROISM.

THE following beautifully simple and touching narrative was first published in the *New York Evangelist*, and may be strictly relied upon as true. The noble man, who by his means and sympathy encouraged and assisted this devoted and courageous woman to rescue her children from bondage, is said to be Professor C. D. Cleveland of Philadelphia. How many hearts of the noblest and most celestial character are pulsating unrevealed in the latent depths of this great world's bosom! How many warm and devoted natures like this mother's may be withering in the blighting breath of slavery! Ay, in the darkness of silent night, when no eye can mark them save His who is the source of courage, and hope, and light, full many a deed of noble, generous, heroism is enacted on the soil of America, by men and women with dusky skins—deeds that would eclipse the actions of a thousand Washingtons, and which, if written down, would throw an undying halo on the page of their cruel country's history. America, with the most unblushing effrontery, trumpets her tyrannies and immoralities to the world, and has the daring perversity of moral perception to reckon them fame, while the real, the true, the beautiful manifestations of the spirit which quickeneth that portion of her children which are enslaved, are hidden beneath a cowardly proscription. We are sure that there is not one who reads

this affecting narrative who will not say amen to its concluding sentence.

'Several months ago, a very intelligent and fine-looking woman—a mother—came to me in the greatest distress to seek my aid and counsel. She had two daughters living in a slave State, the one twelve and the other fifteen years of age, and she had received a letter, a few days before, from the man, if *man* he can be called, who claimed dominion over them, that unless she could raise *four hundred dollars* in two months, he would sell them to be taken to Louisiana. She herself was free, and was living in a very respectable family in this city (Philadelphia); but her daughters were born when she was a slave, and therefore claimed as slaves by the law of the State. The gentleman with whom the mother was living, knowing my interest in the cause, and truly sympathising with her in her distress, sent her to me to draw up a subscription paper for her, that she might raise the money. But here I could give her no encouragement. I told her that the friends of the slave in this city, who are but a small number, were weary of the constant applications of this kind made to them; and that many would not give from principle, as they felt it to be acknowledging the right of the slaveholder to hold man as property, and giving him that to which he has no right. I told her too, that though I had frequently given myself, in such cases, I did not like to do it, as far as the slaveholder was concerned; for that with the same money he might buy other children, and thus that her afflictions would merely be transferred to another mother.

As I talked thus with her, her countenance fell, the tears ran down her cheeks, and she looked the picture of despair. What true mother would not feel the bitterest anguish at the thought of having her only two children torn from her for ever, and meet a doom infinitely worse than death? She was about to leave me, when I said—'Stop a moment. Though I think it impracticable to raise this money in the way you designed, I will give you ten dollars with great pleasure, and *as much more as is necessary*, if you can get your children without giving the 'man stealer' a cent. I know something of the place where they are; and I know a true man who lives about thirty miles from them, to whom I will give you a letter, and who will aid you with advice, and whom I will request to give you, for me, all the money you may need. The man who holds your children has no right to them, except so far as a wicked and God-defying law gives it to him. They were stolen from you, their *mother*, at their birth, and are still kept as stolen. You have a right to them against the world, for children are commanded to obey their parents in the Lord, and not the slaveholder in the —.' At these words her countenance brightened, and she said she would think of it, and let me know, in a few days, her determination. Three days after, she called upon me as she had promised. She said her friends had dissuaded her from going, as it would be attended with so much danger; but, says she, 'I am resolved to go; for I will either rescue my children from slavery, or perish with them in it.'

I then sat down and wrote the letter I promised her to my friend, arranged other matters, gave her the letter, and she left me with a joyous yet trembling heart, promising to write me how she succeeded. A week elapsed and I heard not from her. I became a little anxious, and you may well suppose that she was a subject of my prayers. Another week passed, and still no news from her. In the meantime, one of her friends here came to my house daily to learn tidings from her, but I could give none. I wrote to the gentleman to whom I had given her a letter, and from whom I might get an answer in two or three days. These days came and passed, and no intelligence from either. My anxiety was great, as you may well suppose. Two days more elapsed; it was Saturday and still no news; when at ten o'clock that night, just as I had taken my candle to go to bed, I heard a carriage stop at my door, and immediately a loud ring at my bell. I went to the door, and who should it be but the mother herself.

'How rejoiced I am to see you,' I exclaimed, 'but where are your children?' 'There they are,' said she, pointing to the covered waggon standing before the door. 'Praise the Lord,' said I, 'for his goodness.' As I could not take them into my own house, owing to the severe (and ultimately fatal) illness of my youngest child, I went with the mother and procured a place for her children, where no human blood-hounds could scent them out; and early the next week I sent them on to Boston, as the mother could not believe that she could be safe in this city of 'brotherly love,' nor even in the State of William Penn.

The following is the plain, unvarnished story of the heroic mother, as she gave it to me from her own lips, narrating the manner in which she rescued her two daughters from slavery:

'I started for —, the next day after you gave me the letter; and as soon as I could, on my arrival, I went to find out Mr —. After a considerable time I succeeded, and gave him your letter. I told him my object and plans. He quite discouraged me from the undertaking, saying that it would be attended with a great many difficulties and dangers. However, I determined to go, and early next morning started on foot. Before night I got thirty or thirty-five miles—I cannot tell exactly—to within about three miles of the house of my old master, where my children were. I stayed there *in the woods* that night, and the next day I contrived to see my sister-in-law, who lived at no great distance, that she might see a coloured man, named —, who I knew would help me in my object; and also tell my children that I was coming after them, but to charge them most strictly not to speak of it to any one. She went to the house where the children were, and got so frightened that she told them I was in the neighbourhood. The next day she came back *to the woods*, where I had still continued, and told me what in her fright she had done.

'As I had always, whenever I had gone into the neighbourhood before, visited my children, I knew it would excite suspicion if I did not go now; so I went directly to the house, and saw the old man and his wife, and my children. This was Friday. I stayed there on Saturday and Sunday, till Monday evening; cooked and washed for them, and then bid my children good-bye, as if I should never see them again; for I told 'master' that I could not raise the money. After leaving them, I *stayed in the woods round about for three days*, in hopes of seeing the coloured man I before spoke of, who would help me. But not being able to see him, I walked back again the thirty-five miles to —, to see again the gentleman to whom you gave me a letter. I told him that if I could get a carriage with a faithful driver, I could get my children; that I knew such a one in the place, if I could get the money to pay him. Accordingly, he gave me eight dollars on your account. The next day I entered into an engagement for a carriage, and we got down that evening about nine o'clock, to within three miles of the house. I told the driver that I did not think it would be safe for him to go any farther, but that if he would stay there, and wait for me till break of day, I would go on; and that if I did not return, then he might drive back. I walked on and got to the house, I should think, about eleven o'clock. As I came near to it, the two dogs began to bark furiously; I stopped a moment and hid behind the fence, and saw 'master' get up and open the window and look out. Not seeing anything, he shut down the window. I waited till he was asleep, and then went forward. The dogs barked again, but did not fly at me, and I hurried quick into the cellar kitchen, where my children slept, and laid down alongside of their straw bed. In about fifteen minutes I *went up into the house* to see if all were asleep, and I heard 'master' snoring. I then went down and waked the children, and told them not to speak a word. I got on their clothes as soon as I could; and fearing that if I went out by the door the dogs would bark again, I determined to go out by the back window. I found it was fastened. I got up on the window-sill to take out the

nail, and as I was pulling at it I prayed, 'O Lord, defend me and my dear children this night; I commit myself and them to thee.' At length I got out the nail, and opened the window and lifted my children out, and then got out myself. The two dogs were there, but they only stood and looked at us, and *never even growled*.

'We had to go through the garden, and to get over three different fences and palings, and to go four miles to where the carriage was. But fear behind and hope before animated us, and we reached the carriage about one o'clock. We drove as fast as we could toward —, but not intending to go into the city, for I knew that 'master' would be there as soon as he could, after he waked up and found the children gone. By nine o'clock we got to a house inhabited by coloured people that the driver knew, within four miles of —. The next night we started, and by break of day got into Pennsylvania, to the house of a good Quaker man, where we stayed all that day. The next day he took us on about fifteen miles to another friend, and the next day, Saturday, this friend took us to Philadelphia, where we arrived, as you know, at your house, about ten o'clock at night.'

Such was the heroic conduct of this Christian mother in rescuing her children from slavery. Had they been white children, rescued from Algerine slavery, the fame of the exploit would ring from one end to the other of this land, and no praises bestowed upon it would be deemed too extravagant.

I saw the mother and her daughters last July. The former had obtained as much work as she could do at excellent wages, and the latter were at school learning to read and sew. 'Only think, Mr C.,' said the mother to me, with tears of joy and gratitude in her eyes, 'Mary can already say her *a, b, abs*, and yesterday she hemmed a handkerchief right smart.' May the God of the widow, of the fatherless, and of the oppressed, ever bless them!

THE OLD NEWSPAPER.

BY RICHARD OLDMAKENEW.

In the common use of language, it must have appeared to many that there are phrases, not a few, which do not strike the ear as being strange, just because they are common, while, at the same time, they amount to gross nonsense. Take the following, by way of example:—'Shut the door, and come in.' 'Sit into the fire; ye're sitting on the air of the door.' 'Fetch me the *brass candlestick*.' 'Is the kettle boiling?' 'Snuff the candle.' 'I can't take that meat with my heart.' 'Come in some day when ye're passing.' 'Will ye tak' a drink o' my milk?' 'Did onybody ever see sic a wind?' 'Our candles are very good if ye let them stand; but they run if ye carry them.' 'Will ye tak' another cup?' 'No; but I'll take a half.' It is curious, too, how language in common use takes a tinge from the business or trade of the person by whom it is employed. Thus, the wright says, 'That's striking the nail on the head,' or, 'That fits to a shavin.' The weaver speaks of the *thread* of a discourse; the saddler says, 'We have been too long saddled with vile taxation;' the tailor is averse to all *measures*; the farmer does not like to be *yoked wi'* them; the spirit of the shoemaker *waxes* wroth; the smith would blow the *wind* out of them; the grocer would turn the *scale* upon them; and the baker thinks the *batch* will not work.

It is by the oddness of expressions, such as these, that we 'strange,' as the man said, at the title of this paper—the *Old Newspaper*—a phrase also in common use. But, might we not just as well speak of an *old newcoat*, or an *old newhat*? The phrase, however, is completely understood, and that is enough. A newspaper, some seem to think, should, according to its designation, always contain something that is new; but how, say they, can this be the case with an old newspaper? all that it contains must of necessity be old. Well, let even all this be said, still it may be maintained at the same time that an old newspaper may contain much that is new—much, I mean, with which we were not previously acquainted; and much, the

conveyance of which to our minds may be both amusing and instructive. At the same time, it is generally the news of the present time, as to the doings of men in the political and commercial world, that are thirsted after—a thirst which when once excited can scarcely be allayed. The regard that a man has for a newspaper which he has been accustomed to read is irresistible. It is to him like snuff to the snuffer, tobacco to the smoker, and drink to the drinker. The habit of a newspaper, if I may so speak, grows upon a man, and is felt even by him who gains his bread 'in the sweat of his brow.' Look at him while participating of his evening meal. While he proceeds, let it be supposed that a newspaper (he being the next in the order of readers) is handed in for his perusal; then does mastication receive a new impulse; and, as he hurries on, it is in the desire that after the gratification of one appetite another may receive its proportionate share of reduction.

Often, during the last war, did I embrace opportunities of being present at the meetings of a newspaper club. Newspapers were newspapers, as to price, in those days; so that, to make matters easy, some six or eight persons would unite in a club conducted on specific principles. In the one to which I refer, the regulations were: 1st, That each member of the club shall pay his proportion of the price of the paper *per* advance. 2dly, That the meeting shall be held by rotation in the house of each other. 3dly, That no remarks shall be made by any one during the time that the paper is being read. 4thly, That the person in whose house the meeting is to take place, shall provide for the night, if in winter, a good fire, with at least two *six-in-the-lb.* candles. 5thly, That the person in the club who may be considered the best reader shall have the honour of thus officiating for the rest. 6thly, No one shall open up the paper till the reader arrives. 7thly, No drinking, except of water, nor smoking, shall be permitted during the time of the meeting. And, lastly, If any person, being a member of the club, shall wish some part of the paper, which may have escaped his memory, to be re-read, he shall be thus indulged. N.B.—The papers, being carefully preserved, shall be sold at the end of the quarter to the highest bidder.

Clubs of a nature like the above did a great deal of good in various ways. In the first place, few, if any of the members of the one referred to, attended in their working apparel, or with unwashed faces or hands. The reader, particularly, set an example to the rest in this respect, well knowing that while engaged in his high vocation, with the light shining brightly in his face, those around would have ample opportunity to observe his clean shirt and well-sorted perwig. He was withal a kind of oracle in his day. Then, secondly, as to the utility of such a club, it tended to foster good feelings among neighbours; and, thirdly, the fireside which perhaps had not been brushed up for weeks was now neatly swept, and rendered attractive by the application of some whitening matter. Every hole in the earthen floor was mended, that the chairs might keep in proper position; and, altogether, the usually ill-assorted place had all the appearance of a snug habitation. The scene altogether, when the club was fairly met, and the business of the evening in progress, was one for the pencil of a Wilkie or a Hogarth.

Sometimes, however, the rules were violated, especially the one prohibiting remarks, while the reader was engaged, if any great national event which had taken place was thus submitted to the attention of those present. Then a feeling of joy sparkled in every eye, and there soon followed a burst of applause. I remember, on one occasion, when the account of the battle of Trafalgar was read, John Paterson, an old man-o'-war's-man, but then disabled, very nearly upset the table with his highly joyous gesticulations, and seemed to think that all present should get up and join in a dance. His mirth, however, was rather damped, when a friend said to him—'But, Johnie, you should remember that Nelson has fallen.' 'I know he has fallen,' said John, 'I know he has fallen—brave Nelson—my old commander—Nelson the brave and the generous, who did his duty, as he expected every man to do the same. Every one knew what he would do when he gave

chase, whatever was the strength of the enemy; none, from the highest to the lowest, required to be told that he had just two words—victory or death. Oh! that I had fallen with him in glorious fight against the ruffians! Bad luck to the shot that will make me to remember Copenhagen for ever, and sent me home to be laid up like a land-lubber; and then the prize-money goes all right a-head of me.' This was rather a lengthened meeting; for the reader himself, before John concluded, had removed his spectacles to a respectable distance from his nose, viz., to the crown of his head, the newspaper was laid on the table, and the snuff-box handed round. All were eloquent, according to their several ability. The little urchins, however, in a distant corner of the house, cared nothing for this splendid triumph of the 'wooden walls' of Britain; theirs was altogether another concern, so that one of them, having lost all patience, said, with a half-frightened voice, 'Mither, I say, whan are ye gaun to mak' the parritch?' The affronted mother, blushing at such an indignity offered to the meeting, replied, 'Noo, bairns, did I no tell ye, before they cam', to be guid, and that if ye were guid, instead o' parritch, I wuld gie ye scones and something the nicht?' 'Weel,' says another, under the influence of that courage which an empty stomach imparts, 'can ye no gie us't, then?' It says much for the moral character of the men who thus met on such a joyous occasion, that they separated without thinking of an adjournment to a public-house. Each, at the dismissal, retired to his own home; and I have no doubt that some of them, in family and closet devotional exercise, gave thanks to the God of battles—to him who is a stronghold in the day of trouble, and who is more acknowledged in Britain than in any nation under heaven.

But to return to our narrative of the meeting. Every other part of the newspaper, except that recording the victorious achievements of Trafalgar, was 'stale, flat, and unprofitable.' Advertisements, and the rate of this and the other market, might not have been there, so far as the club was concerned. Even accidents were scarcely glanced at. The battle of Trafalgar could not but awaken feelings of congratulation; for the idea of an invasion by the French into Britain was in almost every mind, and the fear of it in almost every heart. That some such measure was really intended, appears from the fact that 'vast preparations were made in all the different sea-ports in France, a great number of flat-bottomed boats and transports were fitted out, and a formidable force was assembled on the sea-coast, to which they (the French) gave the absurd appellation of 'the army of England.' Idle stories were likewise propagated about rafts of an immense size that were to float over to England, and to carry terror and dismay to her shores.' The British nation was united as one man. From the highest to the lowest, all were ready to join with heart and hand against such aggression. Those who could not fill one post were willing to occupy another. Such, in short, were the preparations and determined front of resistance presented, that the boastful threat of the French, to be in England on a *set time*, announced by themselves, gave place to the influence of dastardly trepidation. Wives, as well as husbands, talked over the threatened invasion; collected together, and made it a subject of speculation and alarm. On one occasion, which I will never forget, a conclave of wives took place. The discourse was very animated; indeed, some of them wished that they had been men, to go and *fecht* the French—they were heroines in the prospective. Their courage, however, as will appear in the sequel, was like that of the knight of the thimble, of whom it is reported, that while proceeding homewards one evening after the labours of the day, he was somewhat elevated by 'a glass out of the wife's bottle at parting,' and a *whang* of cheese, with an abundance of bread in his pockets, for having continued his labour beyond the ordinary hour, that he might finish his job. To *cut* off an angle, he directed his course through a field rank with weeds (for the plough, in those days, yielded very much in prominence to the use of the sword); and, looking upon their nature and number, he was reminded of the shoals of Frenchmen about

to lay waste the country. 'Oh! the rascals,' he said, addressing himself to the weeds, 'if they were but as near my reach as you are, how I would cut them down!' and, *suiting* the action to the word, with such weapon as he could wield, tyrants fell at every blow. But, alas! for his manly courage. Having given forth one of these tremendous ebullitions of boiling wrath and dauntless heroism, a covey of partridges, rising suddenly on the wing, so terrified him, that, thinking the French had heard his boastful language, and had come upon him, he cried out, 'Oh, dinna meddle wi' me!—Oh, dinna meddle wi' me! I'm no worth the minding—I'm but a puir tailor!' So was it with the boastful heroines of the conclave referred to. 'The French conquer Britain!' said one of them. 'Puir silly bodies—scranky dirt! that wee, that our men wad need to hae a guid e'e in their head to get a shot at them. I'm tell'd, that when they come within arms' length o' the begnet, that our men tirl them up like flaes in a blanket.' The spokeswoman who thus uttered her sentiments found herself amply supported by others that were present. But another, more sedate in her opinions, ventured upon a per-adventure, remembering, as she said, that 'the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;' 'and then, there are sae mony o' them,' said she; 'they may be wee, for ought I ken; but I'm tell'd they're very ingenious creturs. It's said that gif they ance get ower, they'll flee like wild cats frae town to town—frae house to house, and set them a' on fire wi' what they ca'—I dinna jist mind the name o' them; but it's something like infernal spunks. Ye say they're wee; but a wee man can shoot a gun or a cannon just as weel as a big ane. Haith, I'm no vera sure about them. It was weel said o' the Irishman, when he was refused a place on the hairst rig because he was little—'Arrah, then, master, do you cut your corn at the tap?' Sae ye see, wi' a heap o' guns, it disna matter hoo sma' the men may be. Besides, there's sae mony o' them, jist like bees in a bink, that before they're a' killed our men may neither hae powther nor shot.' Others present sat completely silent, evidently under the influence of that frame of mind which made Andrew Armstrong 'a standing joke' in his day. Andrew being in a militia regiment, a review of it took place, after which those who composed it were loudly complimented upon the manner in which they had gone through their various evolutions. 'Indeed,' said the colonel, who conducted the review, 'if the enemy were now to appear, I could not wish for a better set of men.' At the very sound of the word enemy, Andrew's heart began to fail him, and he cried out, 'I say, cornel—cornel, I say; gif the enemy should happen to appear, ye had better put the east kintra lads first.' 'Good, my brave fellow,' said the colonel; 'I see you don't wish to fall in the first fire. Let this, then, be your sentiment—'May we never see the French, nor the French see us!'

A like frame of mind took possession of the entire female conclave referred to. While one was proceeding with a 'voice still for war,' another hesitating about the propriety of not being too sure of victory, and others occupying the position of humble listeners, behold there is heard in the distance the sound of martial music—of drums beating—and of the quick march of men in a haste. 'Weel,' said the bravest of the brave, 'it's jist them—that's no the sound o' men like our sodgers. They're comin' nearer and nearer—they're comin' this way.—What'll become o' us? Oh! my bonny bairns, it's no for mysel' I'm carin'—it's for you and your faither! Oh! sic a day as I hae lived to see!' One among the rest said nothing, and had been silent from the first. For a time her countenance maintained a deeply meditative appearance; then the point of fear came, when she suddenly snatched up her two youngsters, one in each arm, and fled with an almost greyhound's speed. 'Preserve us a', said another, 'my power's gane; my legs'll no carry me; sae I maun jist sit in the bit, although they should come and spike me through the heart.'

How great, how overwhelming is the influence of fear when strongly indulged! How numerous and enlarged the dangers it pictures up to the mind! All the consternation

that now took place had its origin in the conduct of a few boys, who, imitating, or rather mimicking, the martial spirit of the times, had arranged themselves into military array. An old pot constituted their drum, and tubeless sticks their instruments of music. All this, mingled with such huzzas as they could utter, frightened the females referred to out of all sense of propriety. The female heart, however, has not always been so easily daunted. Think of the horrible spirit which many females displayed during the bloody days of the French revolution; some of them, it is said, mounted the very cannons, and urged on to conflict and death.

By the loud laugh, the third regulation of the club was sometimes irresistibly over-reached, when some amusing anecdote tended to call it forth, such as, when the little Frenchman, during the battle of Waterloo, cried to a sturdy Highlander in General Picton's brigade, 'Quatre, quatre.' 'Quarter ye,' said Donald, 'she has no time to do tat, sae ye maun e'en be contented to be cutted in twa.'

The whole world now rang with the news of Waterloo. The pens of poets and the pencils of painters were all set in motion. Sir Walter Scott followed the fashion of the day, and much was expected from his descriptive powers. He went personally to the scene of this great fight, and had access to means of information enjoyed by few; but his poetic genius was not equal to the grand occasion. His poem was a failure; so that it was not without cause that some wag wrote thus:

'Of all the heroes who were slain
On Waterloo's ensanguined plain,
Not one, by sabre, lance, or shot
Fell half so flat as Walter Scott.'

Amazing was the interest excited by this successful contest. With the wounded, with the widows and orphans of the slain, deep sympathy was manifested, as well it might—so much so, that, in the course of five days, there was collected for them the magnificent sum of five hundred thousand pounds.

POLISH JEWS.

MISERABLE and forlorn as the whole of Casimir (part of Cracow) appears, still the Jews are not permitted to inhabit the principal street, but are huddled together in the narrow lanes and alleys which diverge from it. It is impossible to describe the sensation which their appearance creates in the mind of the stranger, when first he sees them walking about the streets like so many spectres, lank and lean, dressed in a long black robe reaching to their feet, and a hussar's fur cap or a large slouch hat upon their heads. They stand gazing around, apparently without anything to do; no apparent trade or profession; neither cultivating the land nor defending it in time of war; they only seem to cumber the ground on which they tread. This state of inaction is only apparent, for they are a very active though not a laborious people, preferring the pittance they may gain without trouble to a competency which common labour would easily procure them; living six days in the week upon black bread, and happy if they can get a morsel of meat on their Sabbath; cooped up in a hovel, lying pell-mell together without chair or table in their room; their bed consisting of a bundle of dirty straw; their garments tattered, leaving their bodies half-exposed, for they never mend their clothes; no change of apparel, no difference in their dress night or day—age alone stripping off their rags; compelled to dwell in the most obscure parts of the town; subject to persecutions inflicted upon them by their own laws and those of the government, which may be said rather to tolerate than protect them; the sport and derision of those who deal, and often have no faith, with them. Such is a true picture of this tribe, which is said to amount to more than half a million in Poland. Pale and haggard in their physiognomies, rendered more hideous by their long dirty beards, there is nevertheless a certain animation in their eye, and a cheerfulness in their countenances which almost lead you to believe they merit less commiseration. They ad-

dress you at every instant, either to buy their merchandise, or serve as factors, or do anything you may please to order them; money is their sole object, against making which they have no law; and though they live chiefly by what is styled trick and cheating, yet they seldom rob on the highway or break into houses, and few classes of men are less castigated by the penal law. They rob without being robbers, beg without being vagrants. Influenced by no laws, and yet so conforming to those under which they live, that they are almost independent of them. There is no means they will leave untried to pilfer you; nothing that they will not willingly undertake for money—proof to all kinds of rebuke, callous to offence. Load them with all kinds of opprobrious epithets—call them unbelievers, cut-throats, dogs, or spit upon their Jewish gabardine—nothing makes any impression upon them. Nay, I have seen them struck by passers-by, and that with the greatest injustice, and yet show no resentment, even in expression. Give them the slightest pittance, they are content, and will kiss your garment. Detect them in their frauds, they neither deny nor justify them; but if too severely rebuked, they show you, rather by signs than words, that you can have no pretension to fair dealings with those with whom you yourself deal so hardly.—*From the Life of a Travelling Physician.*

A MOTHER'S DUTY.

Every mother on the birth of a child should imagine herself addressed by the Creator, in the words of Pharaoh's daughter to the mother of Moses—'Take this child, and nurse it for me.'

NATURAL COMPASS.

In the vast prairies of the Texas, a little plant is always to be found, which, under all circumstances of climate, change of weather, rain, frost, or sunshine, invariably turns its leaves and flowers to the north. If a solitary traveller were making his way across these trackless wilds, without a star to guide, or compass to direct him, he finds an unerring monitor in an humble plant, and he follows its guidance, certain that it will not mislead him.

CHINESE BANKING.

Three per cent. per month, or thirty-six per cent. per annum, is the limited rate (of interest), and whatever the period upon which interest is due at the rate of repayment, no more can be received or demanded than the original sum lent, and the lawful interest thereon, to an amount not exceeding the principal. Debtors not fulfilling their engagements are punished by blows, or by banishment to a given extent, according to the amount of the debts; the blows to be repeated from month to month. Bills of exchange and promissory notes circulate. In lieu of endorsing the original note in the manner customary in Europe, they attach a piece of paper to it, in which they assign the reason why it has been handed over to another person instead of money; at maturity, the holder does not apply for payment to the drawer, but to him from whom he has received the bill; and thus each endorser proceeds, until at last it reaches the drawer; or the three or four persons whose names are on the endorsement, including the actual holder of the bill, call together on the drawer for payment; this latter mode is considered the most simple and effectual. On placing funds in a bank, the depositor is furnished with a pass-book, and whenever he draws for money, he sends his book to the bank, where the sum paid is entered in the same. It appears that when the pass-book is lost, there is a great difficulty in recovering the money which has not been drawn.—*Martin's China.*

MODE OF MEASURING TIME IN THE EAST.

The people of the East measure time by the length of their shadow. Hence, if you ask a man what o'clock it is, he immediately goes into the sun, stands erect, then, looking where his shadow terminates, he measures the length with his feet, and tells you nearly the time. Thus the workmen earnestly desire the shadow which indicates the time for leaving their work. A person wishing to leave

his toil, says, 'How long my shadow is in coming!' 'Why did you not come sooner?' 'Because I waited for my shadow.' In the seventh chapter of Job we find it written—'As a servant earnestly desireth his shadow.'—*Roberts's Illustrations.*

THE SABBATH.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
Yet yonder halts the quiet mill;
The whirling wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still!

Six days stern labour shuts the poor
From nature's careless banquet-hall;
The seventh, an angel opens the door,
And, smiling, welcomes all.

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain—
Thy strength thy master's slave must be;
The seventh, the limbs escape the chain—
A god hath made thee free.

The fields that yester morning knew
Thy footsteps as their surf, survey;
On thee, as them, descends the dew,
The baptism of the day.

So rest, oh, weary heart!—But, lo!
The church-spire glist'ning up to heaven.
To warn thee where thy thoughts should go
The day thy God hath given.

Lone through the landscape's solemn rest,
The spire its moral points on high;
Oh, soul, at peace within the breast,
Rise, mingling with the sky!

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,
Of power from old dominion hurld,
When rich and poor, with juster rule,
Shall share the alter'd world.

Alas! since time itself began,
That fable hath but fool'd the hour;
Each age that ripens power in man,
But subjects man to power.

Yet, every day in seven, at least,
One right republic shall be known;—
Man's world awhile hath surely ceased,
When God proclaims his own! SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

RELIGION OF THE HEART.

The feeling of religion is worth a universe, and transcends all the philosophising, and all the systems that ever drove poor reason mad; for, say what the most orthodox may, of the proofs from argument and controversy, one spark of genuine pious gratitude and reverence to God, the Creator and dispenser of all good—one spark of this arising in the heart, as a mere feeling, without a proof besides, is worth a thousandfold more than the most perfect cold conviction that any metaphysician could be satisfied with.—*Tremaine.*

A PASSPORT.

Any scrap of printed or written paper will answer for a passport, as it rarely happens that either the alcade or the rejidores can read. On the occasion when my passport was demanded, I discovered I had lost it. Fortunately I had in my pocket a bit of waste paper, which I had used instead of wadding in loading my gun. I ventured at all hazards to hand it to the Indian rejidor, who, having unfolded it, stared very gravely at the words 'Lucia di Lammermoor,' which he saw printed in large characters. It was the bill of the opera I had attended a few evenings before my departure for Lima. After examining the bill very attentively, and then scanning me very narrowly, the rejidor returned the paper with the observation that the passport was quite correct.—*Tschudi's Travels in Peru.*

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LIMNINGS OF SOCIAL LIFE

THE GREENS OF GREENHAUGH; OR, WHAT WILL
THE DOBSONS SAY?

'WELL, I declare, such a fright of a robe, Ann, I never saw. It's quite odious; I wouldn't wear it, I know, for certain.'

'I didn't think it was so bad, I'm sure, 'Tilda.'

'Bad, sister! Just look, Charlotte. Isn't it shocking. It's quite plain we must go to Mademoiselle de Lisle's for our patterns. These English dressmakers have no more taste than a heathen.'

'Taste!' echoed Charlotte, 'you might as well expect it in any barbarian's dress as in the workmanship of Mrs Jones.'

'But papa wont hear of the expense,' sighed Ann; 'Mademoiselle de Lisle charges so.'

'Oh, my, are we to be perfect dowdies on that account! I must speak to mamma.'

'Is it really so bad, though?' again appealed Ann, twisting her neck to obtain a view of her back in an opposite mirror.

'Wont you be convinced sister. It just hangs like a sack; you've no more shape than—I can't tell what, in it. And, what a sleeve! Look at that!'

'I must go to Mrs Lawford's *re-union* to-night,' resumed Ann, 'and what can I put on?'

'And the Dobsons are sure to be there,' chimed in Charlotte.

'And what will they say? Just imagine how that creature Agnes will turn up her nose. Drat her odious airs. She has all *her* dresses made by De Lisle, I suppose,' added 'Tilda.

'And just to think I've nothing to appear in, and all this satin spoiled,' pouted Ann, most appropriately.

'Come away, and let us hear what mamma will say.'

The three young ladies were the daughters of Joseph Green, Esq. of Greenhaugh. Joseph was a somnolent partner in a tallow-chandlery business. He had risen in life from plain Joe, the boy who kindled the vat furnaces, to an affluent situation and a pleasant little villa at Clapham. His origin and early history were by no means discreditable to him, but rather the reverse; for as certainly as no occupation honours a man till the man honours it, so surely is the reflection of having risen from an obscure position in life by honest industry one of the greatest honours any man can attain to. The only danger lies in attempting to forget that origin in the weak-hearted assumption of a position in society which the aspirant cannot fill but only make himself ridiculous in. This was exactly Joe's situation, and more so that of his wife and

daughters. The wife was a blowsy coarse-mannered woman, with a flaring flaunting taste, exhibited in dress, furniture, and speech. She tried hard, with her own notions, to *seem* the lady, but nobody could ever believe her to be aught else than Betty Jones, the ex-nurserymaid, in the draggled tawdry of five hundred a-year. Then the daughters were comely enough, and might have been pleasant, intelligent enough girls, but for example and bad training. They inherited their mother's notions, grafted on to a second-rate boarding-school education, which involved simply a false view of society, a little bad French and Italian, and domestic economy as practised in the manufacture of samplers and *papier-maché* ornaments. They dressed gaily, rejoiced in *bijouterie* and corkscrew ringlets, haunted the matrimonial market, and believed in love as taught by Madam de Staël. Such were the Greens of Greenhaugh.

And who were the Dobsons? The Dobsons were an opposition family of a retired greengrocer, who dwelt in Holly Park, the adjacent villa to Joseph Green's. The Greens and Dobsons were like two fraternal cymbals, they always clashed in any encounter, and could never meet lovingly or quietly. The Dobsons set up as a pattern family; the Greens strove to out-rival them; they were the thorn in the flesh, the ghoul, the ghost, the ogre, that haunted and disturbed the peace and felicity of the Greenhaugh hearth. Before the institution of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, our juvenile taste was refined by the exhibition of a bear dancing on hot plates in a peripatetic caravan. We remember with what delight we watched the clumsy saltations of Bruin, the infinite merriment his contortions and gyrations afforded to a gaping crowd, into whose calculations the amount of enjoyment the creature personally derived from the performance never entered. The Dobsons were the scorching-ground of the Greens' misery. They did all ridiculous, unnecessary, absurd, and expensive acts because the inmates of Holly Park propelled them, to the great edification and amusement of society. But the parallel fails in its double application, for the Greens in turn stirred up the Dobsons and moved them to similar efforts; they became evidently hot-plates for each other to caper on. Having settled this much by way of interpolated preliminary, let us proceed in illustration of the facts by detailing a few of the doings of the Greens.

When the young ladies entered the parlour in search of their mamma, they found her lolling on a sofa, and a little snubbed-looking page, in bright-green and yellow-braided livery, sitting at her feet reading a book in a dreary voice. She was dressed in a rich crimson gown, and cap ornamented with flowers of a corresponding hue, which im-

parted to the saffron of her countenance a colour approximating to that known by painters as bistre.

'Oh, mamma!' exclaimed they all in one breath, 'would you believe it? Mrs Jones has spoiled Ann's new robe.'

'Frederick, put a mark in the 'Woes of Lucilla,' and go down stairs, and you can assist Sally to clean the knives,' said the dowager.

The transition from the sweets of literature, as comprehended in a three volume sentimental novel, to those of labour, was a welcome one to the page, as might be inferred from the rapidity with which the command was obeyed.

'Now, my loves, do be silent one minute till you 'ear wot I'm goin' to say,' pursued the lady, interrupting the babel of sounds which again arose.

'Yes, mamma; but the dress, and I'm going to Mrs Lawford's to-night,' said Ann.

'And the Dobsons will be there,' added Charlotte.

'I'm sure I've said a hundred times over to Joseph that your clothes were spoiled by that woman, and you couldn't inspect nothing else; but with his nonsense about native industry, and the dooty of supportin' our own artizans, always flung in one's teeth, it was no use. Pretty native industry, indeed! as if it was any one's dooty to take their goods to a bad market.'

'But what's to be done now, mamma?'

'I'll tell you wot. Go up to Miss de Lisle's, take it along with you and get her to alter it. Of coorse you needn't say when it was made or who did it, and I'll keep it quiet from Joseph, depind.'

We need hardly relate that this decision was quite satisfactory, more particularly to Ann, who, provided the French dressmaker's art was employed, whether in disfiguring nature or adorning it, had an opportunity of at least equalling the Dobsons. Not that there was any positive fault with the new dress, but as it came from an Englishwoman's hands, woman's logic settled at once a conclusion against it. What a strange thing is the female mind. When it bewildered Solomon's wisdom, it might well puzzle yours or mine, and will in turn our children's. We might dip our pen in the Stygian stream and write above it MYSTERIES.

'Oh, la!' exclaimed Charlotte, who was standing at the window, 'there's the Dobsons' new footman talking to our Sally down the area.'

'Eh! how dare she!' exclaimed Mrs Green, rising up hastily. 'Run down, Tilda, and command her to come in immediately, the slut. Such impudence!'

'I wonder,' said Ann, 'why we don't have a footman. I'm sure pa's as able as them to keep one.'

'Every bit,' said Mrs Green; 'and I'm sure I heartily wish we had, if it was for nothing else than just to let them see that their neighbours are able to hold their 'eads as 'igh as them any time. But, as I often say, there's some people who don't know their own position, and think themselves too good for everything and everybody; but that they arn't, if they jist knowd it, which they'll come to do.'

'It would be so nice to have a footman,' said Ann, delighted with the prospect of plush and silk stockings walking up stairs.

'And how much more respectable to go out shopping with a man behind to protect you than that little elf of a page,' added Tilda.

'Yes; and one would look quite *distingoo* agoin' to the church on Sunday, and having him to carry the prayer-book behind and open the pew-door, when one thinks of it.'

Mrs Green already in perspective beheld herself 'the observed of all observers,' and the envied of the Dobsons, as she stately trod the chancel of the house of prayer on Sunday, followed by a servile menial, in whose sycophancy her glory would be exalted.

'Positively you must urger pa to allow us one,' said Matilda. 'We can't do without him when everybody else has one; and I'm sure the expense will be balanced by the work he can do for us.'

Mrs Green did not require further urging. From the moment she had seen the Dobsons' servant, she felt the imperative necessity of such an article. Already the livery was planned in her own mind. How admirable she thought he would look in light-crimson inexpressibles, flesh-coloured silk stockings, and pea-green velvet coat. It was absolutely necessary to have his colours of a decided order or nobody would notice him, and thus no honour could flow to her. Honoured in a servant's badge! Yes, countrymen, these are often all your laurels. How proud the savage is of the parti-coloured blanket he struts about in, but the civilised Englishman is glorified in his brother wearing the motley robe. A week later, a human being, dressed in the above costume, a tall well-made fellow, ascended the Dobsons' stairs, rang the bell, and left a message to the effect that there was to be a meeting of the Dorcas Society in Mrs Green's that night, and she hoped for the attendance of Mrs Dobson.

A more severe trial soon, however, awaited the good lady of Greenhaugh and her daughters, and one requiring much more tact and generalship to overcome. Not long was 'Plush' installed in office, and declared by all the girls of the neighbouring areas to be quite a love of a fellow, and hardly had the gratification his proprietors experienced in him, much the same as a child would in a new doll, subsided into tolerable indifference, when Mrs Green received the tidings one morning that the Dobsons had set up their carriage. The effect of this intelligence was tremendous on the mind of the good woman; for three days it ruined her appetite, and for three nights disturbed and destroyed her rest. Had it been anything else than this! 'But, oh dear, what was the world coming to when *they* must drive in their carriage! and who would pay for it in the long run, she would like to know?' Gradually, for some time, matters had been advancing towards this. First the Dobsons got a goat, which browsed on the lawn in front of Holly Park, its rambling propensities kept in check by a string and stake—the Greens got a sheep; then the Dobsons discarded the goat and took to a small cow—the Greens got a large one; an ass, for the exercise of the olive Dobsons, brayed one morning opposite their neighbours' window—little Master Green immediately was seen straddling a Shetland pony: but a carriage! However, it turned out not to be a carriage after all—nothing more in fact than a sort of hybrid-machine between a gig and barouche. There was consolation in this; but none in the assurance that now the Dobsons would laugh at them and enjoy a comfortable secure triumph. Such a thought was gall and bitterness, and could not be borne. Mrs Green and family plotted and planned, devised measures suggestive of success, and seized a convenient opportunity of putting them in practice.

As Joseph Green one day thereafter came home to dinner, his wife observed that he was in a happy mood. His face was bright—bright and shiny as her Majesty's on a new crown-piece. It mirrored the state of Joe's mind, which modulated in a sea of self-complacent gladness. As he thrust his hands into his pockets, and ginkled the coppers and keys therein, even the melody thereby created was associated with pleasant reflections, humble though that melody was. Mrs Green, we have said, was observant of the circumstance, but prudently she alluded not to it till dinner was over—prudently, for rest assured, dear reader, that when a man has comfortably dined, his heart is always tenderest to impression; and she desired to assuage it.

'Good news in the city to-day, Joey?' said she, interrogatively, after telegraphing the daughters out of the room.

'Prime, said Joe, chuckling at the fire. 'Calabar overland at five guineas prem., and Hoke-cum-Regis seven; netted a round five hundred, ducky. You'll get your crimson window-curtains now, and see if you can cut out the Dobsons.'

'That's a kyind creetur,' replied she. 'I like's to see you resonible, Joe, love. You know you wouldn't have it said that Joseph Green's house was shabby, even by them Dobsons, drat 'em.'

'Hang me if I would, deary.'

'Now shares is riz, there's no sayin' wot a power o' money you may make; but I know you wot do like some husbands with it—act the stingy, and save and scrape all, and your poor dear daughters and me none the better. I know you're too kyind to deny me or the family any little comfort; arn't you, Joey?'

Joe smiled complacently, straddled his feet wide on the fender, and twiddled his thumbs.

Mrs Green had got to her husband's side. She stroked his hair softly over his brow as she spoke, while he, like a great grimalkin, sat winking placidly at the fire.

'You're a wheedling one, 'Lisbeth,' replied he, suspecting her drift.

'Oh, la! come now, ducky darling, you're too hard upon your own 'Lisbeth,' said she, snatching a kiss. 'There, see your slippers are nice and warm, put them on, dear. Sure you feel tired; dont you now? It's a long walk to the 'buss.'

He didn't like this. No man does, to be told his strength is diminishing. Glancing at his limbs, rotund and lusty as ever, he repelled the accusation. 'Not a bit. I'm stout as ever, and will walk with any man of my years.'

The lady saw her mistake, but replied, 'Deed you are; and may you be blessed with a long enjoyment of the same, Joey. But really, as I say, you should spare yourself a little more. You arn't half careful, lovey, I often think. Wot's the good o' makin' money if it don't help to keep the world easy on ye?'

'True enough,' muttered Joe.

'And it's not me alone that thinks you don't take enough care of yourself; everybody does. Just the other day Missis Chigg called in, and as we was talking promiscuously she mentioned it. Says she, 'What a strong constitution that goodman of yours has.'—'Yes,' says I, 'though I say it, Missis Chigg, there's not many men of his years like him.'—'I'm surprised,' says she, 'to see him often on wet mornin's and afternoons travelling along to the city and home when he might do otherwise. I'm afraid, my dear, you don't valie that husband o' yours as you ought, or you wouldn't allow it. Just think if he was catchin' cold, inflammation, or rheumatics. You could never forgive yourself,' says she. No, Joey, dear, I never could,' continued Mrs Green, putting her arm round her husband's neck. Only think if you was to—but I daren't—I shall never, I hope, live to see that day. And your family, too, Joey, Joey, what *will* become of us—(types fall us here to give expression to the soterling sobs furnished by Mrs Green)—and at your time of life so susceptible of colds.'

One tear, a very pretty one be it spoken, dropped upon Joe's bald pate as his spouse conjured up the fearful thought of her husband's danger. Tears are not always types of the purity of the feeling which induces them; the one Mrs Green forced from its fountain should have fallen with an inkly stain.

'Don't take on so, 'Lisbeth,' replied Joseph, condolingly. 'I'll try to get the 'buss brought down this length, and can step out of our own door into it.'

Mrs Green sincerely wished he would do nothing of the sort. She said, 'You might do far better, deary.'

'How?'

'How! be independint o' them. Get a vehicle o' your own. Yes; you needn't shake your head—it's quite possible, I say. It would not cost more than a trifle, and then such convenience as we have here for a hoss.'

'Let me see; it would cost—'

'Nonsense, how you talk. Think of the saving in fares and your own constitution, and then the respectability of it, and how one could snap their fingers at them upsettin' Dobsons. And, Joey, there's no sayin' wot might come to happen; you know how near Mr Smith was of being made an alderman last year, and all of driving his own carriage and not riding in a 'buss.'

It was strange to observe how at length that coarse vulgar woman cajoled and 'sawdered' her husband, a man of ten times her wit and wisdom. But such are the daily doings of matrimonial existence, where the influence of

woman exerts a talismanic power no philosophy will ever solve. How often, like ourself, friend, you may have taken refuge in the simplicity of bachelorhood, and believed that no wife should ever 'glamour' you against your inclination. Don't be too sure of that. Look around you and say, if in the circle of your acquaintance you do not see men as quickwitted and sagacious as yourself completely though ignorantly under petticoat rule, infatuated and directed at will. Further need we not pursue that conversation. Next to a long account we dislike a long dialogue. Suffice it to say, that betwixt and the hour when Joseph Green was permitted to fall asleep, a promise that he would look after getting a barouche was extorted out of him.

It was found, however, that a carriage required a driver, and as it could not run without a horse, the horse a groom. Against these adjuncts Joe grumbled of course, but dutifully granted them at last; and, in the course of a few weeks, one Sunday morning a handsome vehicle, with the Greens' arms on the panel, and footman behind, rolled past the Dobsons on the way to church.

'I wonder wot they'll say now,' triumphantly whispered Mrs Green in her husband's ear, as, leaning on his arm, she glided under the porch of the church.

The spirit of rivalry now burned hotter and stronger than ever between the two opposite neighbours. They hated each other and abused each other with an edifying hatred and abuse, and yet they walked by the same rule. We need not pursue the Greens through a course of consequent expensive follies, or trace their gradual progress step by step in this senseless career of emulation. We need not speak of the new dresses the Greens bought and discarded almost as soon—of the box papa took at the opera—of the expensive conservatory he fitted up in the garden—of the charitable subscriptions mamma headed to outfigure her neighbours in the list—of the annoyances of the multitude of servants who rioted in idleness—of the German tutor they procured who nearly ran away with Matilda—of the dinners and fetes given to hungry parasites—nor of the old *roué* of a baronet they secured the patronage and visits of in return for Benjamin messes and loans of cash by the father Green, to outdo a Polish count established over the way. All bought, done, endured, and paid for out of the same spirit and with the same object.

The young ladies Green haunted the matrimonial market. By this we mean that they didn't wait patiently till husbands came in their way. No, no; their hopes of marriage were not so strong as to admit of this. They baited their hooks with the most approved-of recipes for catching a male biped, and angled hopefully—yes, hopefully, but not successfully. Men were shy; they nibbled at times, but would not bite. There were somewhere near a score of lanky, oily-haired, innocent-looking youths, who frequented Mrs Green's *re-unions* and drawing-room, who danced unobjectionably, sang duets with the girls, copied their music, mended their sketches, chattered, joked, and simpered with them; accepted of *bon-bons*, purses, and watch-guards from their fair hands, but never descended out of the circle of general attentions, or vowed attachment to anything more than amusement. Misses Green might ogle, but they would not sigh; mamma might hint, but they were impenetrable; and papa might banter, they took it in joke too. What could be the matter with the men? if not a frequent question, was a frequent thought at the family hearth of Greenhaugh; and sooth to say it presented a difficulty not easily solvable. Its solution lay here:

'I say, Charley, what d'ye think that girl Matilda was trying to-night?' observed one of these hopeful youths to another, after leaving a quiet little supper there.

'Skiver me, if I do, Hal. What's the last?'

'She was playing you off against me—to make me jump; you twig. Ha! ha! ha!' and the two sponges laughed in chorus. 'Ah! well, she's a nice enough gal, to be sure,' pursued Hal, a little remorsefully, when the laugh died away, 'but wot have a penny, and would be deuced expensive to keep. The old boy is sure to topple yet.'

'Coarse old fish, the dowager; gives a good spread,

though; and it's worth doing Romeo for that with a daughter.'

'Yes, so long's one doesn't make a muf of himself.'

That solved the mystery, but in a way the Greens were not likely to get the benefit of it. The season for these things was drawing to a close, however, and no decided advantage had yet been gained. Papa was getting cross at the expenses, and mamma at the delay. Indeed, the fact was that the former dared not look the state of his affairs in the face; the very idea horrified him. He had begun to borrow to supply the demands of his wife, daughters, and servants, and, to make up the difference, speculated largely, much at random. Yes, all the while his wife, when he remonstrated about it, disbelieved him, or affected to do so, and he had not courage enough to sweep off the items in his domestic economy, which would have reduced the expenditure to what he could honestly afford. What would the Dobsons say, was now a different kind of question with *him* from what it had originally been. If they got occasion to triumph, his creditors might take alarm, and then——. It was neck or nothing with him now. We have often thought that with every kind of dissipation and folly there is a certain spell which binds the victim down to his own destruction. In gambling, drunkenness, covetousness, and emulation, how else can we account for the wild infatuation with which men and women miserably plunge from one depth to another deeper, never conscious of obtaining any actual gratification, not expecting any often, and knowing all the while the goal to which they aim. Truly, in more senses than one, 'the way of transgression is hard.'

We said the season for parties was drawing to a close. The Dobsons had wound up theirs with a ball, and, as a grand finale, the Greens could do nothing less. Ann's birthday happened fortunately to be close at hand, and formed a convenient excuse, had any been needed, for obtaining the consent of papa. But there was another reason for this finish being more splendid than usual, afforded by the belief of the intriguing mamma and Ann herself that she had succeeded in captivating the Polish count whom the Dobsons had introduced into the world, and who was believed to have extensive territorial possessions at some unpronounceable spot in his fatherland. At least they ought to have been extensive enough, for the count often spoke very largely regarding them. This of course was a chance not to be neglected; and everybody knows, traditionally at least, what a ball can effect in these matters. A waltz or two, a polka mayhap, a stroll in the conservatory, the pressure of a hand, a languishing glance, a timid confidence—and the count was settled. Ann saw him already at her feet, and had half prepared the reply to the momentous question. Well, invitations were issued to every eligible individual, the Dobsons not excluded, and preparations set hastily about. There were rooms to empty, and furniture to stow into nooks and neglected garrets, lustres to buy, wreaths to suspend, plate to borrow, floors to chalk, dresses to overhaul and consult about, and fruits and wines to order, with a hundred and one et ceteras which nobody save those who give balls can detail or imagine. For three days Greenhaugh was in a revolutionary turmoil. There were strange porters and errand-boys from unknown regions rushing about the hall, confusedly mistaking things, and bewildering the domestics into absolute helplessness with their proceedings. Unknown individuals carried off the carpets in broad day, and hung up wreaths on the walls instead; hammers boldly knocked, and voices shouted in all corners; the kitchen fire was taken possession of and repeatedly put out by men in smutty moleskins, insisting on thrusting huge irons into it; tables were seen sticking fast in entries, and chairs moving up stairs, while long forms in green coverings continually poked their way through windows and against everything that would break by a fall; bells rung by invisible hands, and impromptu tunes were played on pianos with nobody to listen. Towards the close, pastry-bakers staggered in with suspicious hampers, fragrant enough to tempt the inquisitorial research of the youngest Green, whose pursuit of know-

ledge was rewarded with two days' sickness; trays with white cloths over them found room on tables, beside long rows of glasses; bottles were stowed in baskets beneath, and blanchmange and jellies in heaps took possession of the seats. The night at length came, and with it first the orchestra, two of whom had got remarkably loquacious by the road, and insisted on a preliminary drop to keep the clarinet and horn wet; then the three waiters, borrowed from the pastry-bakers, who lent out such things on hire, and who were to attend to the supper department, but who got fishy about the eyes and husky in voice long by that period; and ultimately came the company in ones, twos, and threes. The music struck up, the ball began, and we shall let it finish ere we resume the thread of our narrative, so far as the principals are concerned.

It was not to be supposed that the domestics of Greenhaugh were not to participate in the general enjoyment. If they did not it was not their own fault, for they tried hard at least. By eleven o'clock at night there was as comfortable and happy a gathering as could well be imagined. The nursery-maid had a particular acquaintance connected with the army present, and the cook one of the constabulary force, a cousin or something of her own; the maid and footman were on good terms, and the coachman being a married man, and the page indifferent to these things, it may readily be granted that their meeting was a comfortable one, and its enjoyments not a whit lessened by the aid of a liberal allowance of all the essentials to good fellowship. For a while they had it all to themselves, and many pleasant stories were told, many songs sung, and much delicious gossip indulged in, but as it grew late others dropped in coachmen, who brew chilly waiting long without in the cold, and servants from adjacent dwellings with shawls and cloaks for their masters and mistresses, required to be accommodated. Amongst these came two gruff-looking men, wrapped up in big coats, who entered the kitchen together. Nobody seemed to know them, and nobody asked their business, taking it for granted that they were connected somehow with parties up stairs. For a time they sat alone, and talked together. One of them, however, asked at length 'if there wasn't a drop of summat hot' in the house; and on being assured of the fact, and assisted to the materials for making it, brewed himself a 'stiff un,' over which he and the other, who did likewise, got confidential with the footman. That gentleman, although nobody had noticed it, had become very pale on the entrance of the strangers and then very red, but was now composedly enough conversing with them. Suddenly he started up at a piece of intelligence he received, and, clapping his thigh, exclaimed—'No! It's impossible! Do you mean——'

'We do,' said the strangers; 'no doubt on't.'

'I thought it had been some un o' the gather; well, that's surprisin'.'

So it was; and well might Plush look perplexed, and scratch his head, and meditate on the tidings, like a man studying a complex problem.

Soon thereafter the dancers began to drop away gradually, and in about half an hour the last of the stragglers descended the hall stairs. Mamma and her daughters immediately rushed together, to enjoy a brief retrospect of the events of the night.

'How have you managed him? Has he——'

'No, not yet, mamma,' pouted Ann. 'I'm sure it would, had that nasty creature Mary Dobson not been always in the way, putting herself forward to get him to ask her to dance. I'm sure I could have torn her very eyes out. I wonder what made her and her sisters come here—we didn't go to their ball to poke ourselves in *her* way. But, mamma,' added she, more calmly, 'he told me he was going to Brighton this week. I'm sure—I think—that—'

Ann's remaining sense of delicacy forbade the conclusion of the sentence. She blushed and looked her parent in the face. Mamma understood well enough, however, what the sequel should have been. She answered—'Ah! here's Joe coming; I'll be on him for a week or two down there. Oh, Joseph!' said she, as soon as the object was within hail, 'arn't you proud that it came off so well to-

night? I'm sure nobody can now say that we're behind our neighbours. And how near Ann, too, was of winning. But I won't say no more on that point. You must give us a week or two at Brighton. Everybody's going there. Consider, lovey, how your own and our healths need it after such fatigues; besides, the count's going, and the Dobsons.'

'To Jericho with the Dobsons,' shouted Joe, coming up. 'I'll tell you what, madam—you and they have ruined me. There is an execution in the house to-night; I'm not worth a penny. My name, my credit, and my money—gone, gone, all gone, with you and your daughters' tomfoolery and nonsense.' He struck his fist on the table with such a violence that the glasses danced, and rang, and tottered over the side with a crash, while his face was white and livid with rage.

Had an earthquake shaken the house, or a thunderbolt dropped through the Greenhaugh roof, the sensation could not have been greater than that caused by Joseph's announcement. Mrs Green for once furnished an extempore faint; her daughters dropped on their seats speechless after a prolonged scream; while the father rushed out of the room.

'Oh, lawk! oh, mercy!' sobbed Mrs Green at last, coming round; 'ruined, ruined, did Joe say? What shall we do? Oh, dear! oh, dear! that I should see the day. I can never face society again! Ruined—ruined! What will the Dobsons say? Oh, dear, oh!'

She wept and wrung her hands over the fate of all her projects swept away in a single minute. Around her ranged the daughters, sobbing in chorus, breaking out at times into disjointed scraps of woe and lamentation, as each successive picture of their future misery rose in view.

And, pray, what did the Dobsons say? Did they shed any 'crocodile tears,' or spitefully rejoice in their neighbours' fate? Some two weeks later, the neighbouring district population, with a motley mass of Israelites, and other characters unknown to the income-tax commission, collected around the doors of Holly Park, admiring sundry carpets and hearth-rugs there and at windows exposed to view, and listening to the eloquence of an ingenious orator, who, standing in front, concluded his address thus—'Only five pounds, ladies and gentlemen. I'm ashamed of the sum. Such a table—just look at it—its dirt cheap—worth twice the money. Five shillings more, did you say, ma'm?—going; five pounds—five—going—gone!'

Back again to his shop returned Mr Green, and to their city second-floor Mrs Green and olives. Hitherward also tended the steps of Richard Dobson impelled by the same intention; both having purchased a measure of wisdom at the cost of more than twenty years' hard-earned cash, having been penny wise and pound foolish, and learned, as many people do, a simple truth or two by dear-bought experience. Some time elapsed before they heard of each other; but they did hear. Passing along Cheapside one morning, on his way to the counter, Joe encountered his late rival full in the face. Each started, hesitated, looked doubtful at his neighbour. At length Dobson advanced, held out his hand, and said—'We have been a couple of fools, Green; but that's past, now. Let us forget it, or remember it only to learn wisdom by. Prosperity made us foes, let humility make us friends. There's my hand on't. Now I hope we can meet each other in a better spirit, and that that vain-glory which brought us back at last to our true station may be swallowed up with the things which ministered to it.'

'Amen,' responded Joe, squeezing the other's hand. 'We and our families have learned a lesson in pride; may we improve it in our fall! Let us be friends, as you say. Mrs Green and family will now, I'm sure, receive the visits of the Dobsons in another spirit than formerly, and will welcome them as sincerely as they once envied and emulated them.'

Some two years have passed since that meeting on old Cheapside. Since then Ann Green has become the wife, and an industrious, sensible, and useful one she is, to Charley Dobson, the young M.D., and it is said that the

other two daughters are approaching a similar episode in life. They are changed girls, changed for the better far; and now that they understand life to possess other realities than polkas, pianos, *papier maché*, Berlin and Shetland wool, we entertain great hopes of them.

Dear friend, the moral of the story is in it, not tagged on in italics to it. Don't think it hath no personal application. There are few if any of us totally indifferent to a vain-glorious emulation of our neighbours, and too many of us more regardful of the foolish conventionalities of life than those operative virtues which alone can confer happiness. If the last were more studied than the first there would be fewer fools for society's laugh, and less self-inflicted misery than arises from the silly apprehension of 'WHAT WILL THE DOBSONS SAY?'

MANUFACTURE OF IRON.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE process of smelting having been thoroughly completed, the next step in the progress of the metal towards malleable iron is what is called refining; and in the Govan Iron Works, with a view to more perfect economy in working, this operation is performed in close juxtaposition with the smelting-furnaces, the same blasting-engine supplying the blast-air in both cases simultaneously. To undergo the process of refining, the pig-iron, after being broken into small pieces, is put into a furnace of comparatively trivial dimensions, mixed in definite proportions with coke, by the combustion of a large quantity of which latter material the metal is once more thoroughly fused, and in this furnace is exposed to a long-continued and very high temperature, in the course of which it parts with a large portion of that carbon which it has not given off in the smelting-furnace. After a sufficiently extensive abstraction of carbon has been effected, the metal is allowed to run out at the lower portion of the furnace, by means nearly similar to those described in the previous process, and is moulded into oblong cakes about two and a half feet in length, a foot in breadth, and three inches in thickness. In running off from the refining-furnace, the true metal separates itself from a considerable residuum of a livid, black, semi-lustrous substance, which is glassy in appearance, being hard and brittle. This residual matter contains a large portion of iron, which, however, cannot be separated from the other substances combined with it without great difficulty. The refined metal, when cooled, is much more compact in structure and appearance, and is considerably heavier than it was when introduced into the refining-furnace; it is now of a lustrous white colour when broken, and it breaks with a sort of irregularly striated fracture. In the refined state, iron absorbs oxygen from the atmosphere or from water with great rapidity. Having passed through the refining process, the metal is dispatched from that portion of the work in which the two first operations have been performed, and is passed into the premises where the puddling-furnaces are placed, in which premises it is put through a series of important processes, at the conclusion of which it has been converted into malleable-iron, in the shape of bars, rods, or plates. In this course of change the operations are so singular and striking, and the machinery requisite for their due performance of so complex and powerful a character, as to demand a brief description, previously to entering upon which, however, it will not be uninteresting to take a cursory glance at the workshops in which the varied, ponderous, and intricate machinery and implements are manufactured for the use of the extensive works which we are about to examine.

These workshops, which consist of an extensive range of smiths' forges, an iron-foundry of great magnitude, engineering works, and carpenter's shop, occupy the south-eastern angle of the ground on which the whole of the works are situated; they are in close contiguity with both the blast and the bar works, being rather nearer the latter than the former, and they are within two or three hundred yards of the extensive coal-workings out of which

the whole of the fuel consumed in the various departments of the manufacture is excavated. These coal-pits, which are also the property of Mr Dixon, and worked by men in his employment, are connected with every portion of the iron works by numerous railways, while the Glasgow and Greenock branch of the Caledonian Railway passes within a few yards of the pit-mouths, and actually shaves the southern extremity of the bar-iron manufactory. As this branch passes through that district of Lanarkshire which is most fertile in blackband ironstone, and in passing towards the southern quay at Glasgow, and the more distant port of Greenock, almost intersects these iron works, the facility it affords for procuring the raw material of every kind required in their manufacture, and the ready means it offers for their transportation when manufactured, will at once be perceptible; but these advantages are not more obvious than the benefits to be derived from them are eagerly made available. Accordingly, there are large ranges of waggons and trucks constantly standing fitted up at this point; indeed, a full supply of all the appliances requisite for railway traffic, with the exception of passenger carriages and locomotives, is here continually in the course of manufacture and repair. Each of the departments of blast-works, workshops, and bar-works are contained in separate premises, having distinct entrances, and the respective classes of workmen are thus kept completely apart from each other. The pecuniary arrangements of each separate department are also kept perfectly distinct, so that the exact amount of profit or loss upon any of the establishments can be readily ascertained.

On entering the gate of the inclosure which surrounds the triangular area containing these extensive workshops, the range of building on the left hand is that occupied by the SMITH'S SHOP, in which there are from thirty to forty forges in continual operation, forging railway-wagon axles, the malleable portions of steam-engines, including piston-rods and driving-shafts, together with the innumerable other articles used in the complex operations of so extensive a series of works. On one side of this comprehensive smithy are huge turning-lathes, boring and planing machines, and all the other, or rather a great deal more, of the paraphernalia usually fabled as pertaining to the subterranean works of Vulcan, directed by, and under the immediate control of his one-eyed artificers, the Cyclops. Here, however, they are worked by the more comprehensible, though scarcely less wonderful agency of a steam-engine of between sixty and eighty horse power, which, situated in the middle of the western side of the workshop-area, drives the whole of the machinery required in these premises. Passing through the smithy, the establishment next entered upon is the FOUNDRY AND ENGINE-WORK. In the foundry-department the rollers for drawing out the rod and bar iron, the tilt-hammers for beating up the semifused metal, the ponderous framing for the cutting machinery, and the cylinders and walking-beams for their enormous and numerous steam-engines are cast, many of those castings weighing from eight to fifteen tons. Immediately adjoining the foundry is the engine-manufactory, in which is placed a powerful and beautiful planing apparatus, or slotting-machine, as it is called; enormous turning-lathes for turning and dressing the drawing-rollers; a boring-machine for adjusting the interior surfaces of steam-engine cylinders; besides numerous other articles of machinery, adapted to the performance of ponderous and complex yet delicate mechanical operations. In this shop, at the period of our visit, workmen were busy in fitting up a large steam-engine to be used in some portion of the works, its motive power being calculated as equal to that of from a hundred and forty to a hundred and sixty horses. In the same place they were also engaged in the construction of a tilt-hammer, on a somewhat similar principle to Naysmith's steam tilt-hammer, but greatly improved, the difference chiefly consisting in having the ponderous hammer attached to the steam cylinder, which is made to move up and down, whereas in Naysmith's, the hammer is fixed on the end of the piston-rod, the whole force of the blow being thus sus-

tained on a small point, which it is said has been occasionally driven through the hammer. In this improved apparatus, which is the invention of Mr Condie, already mentioned, the force of the blow is distributed over the whole surface of the cylinder-end; while another advantage not to be overlooked is the greater force which can be given to the blow by the instrument of percussion possessing greater weight, the difference in this particular being as the difference between the weights of the cylinder and of the piston-rod. This hammer has not yet been practically tested on a large scale, but of its general success little doubt need be entertained. In the same range of building which contains the engineering workshops is the extensive joiner's shop, in which are made the wooden patterns for the various castings. The making of these is effected with much neatness and great mechanical skill, and they are in every respect interesting specimens of elegant and substantial carpentry. Having glanced at, rather than attempted to describe, those really interesting workshops, we will now proceed to follow the refined iron through the remaining processes of its elaboration.

On entering the large covered area in which the PUDDLE-FURNACES are erected, the visiter is startled as he casts his eye around him, and perceives on every side enormous masses of revolving machinery, whirling with a maddened rapidity of motion, sufficient to make the boldest spectator giddy, while his ear is stunned by the rude aspect of nearly every species of confused noise which can be produced by the creaking and groaning of vast bodies of powerful and complicated machinery; the thundering blows of huge tilt-hammers, intermingled with the discordant shouting of innumerable workmen, who ever and anon, in a state but little removed from that of nudity, sweep past in all directions and seemingly from every point, trailing on the floor huge balls of metal at a glowing white heat, and in a nearly semi-liquid condition. The unusual nature of the spectacle, the confusion and amount of sound, and the seemingly perilous mode in which the various operations are being conducted, are so exciting, that it is some time before even the most collected beholder can recover self-possession and equanimity of mind sufficient to take a leisurely survey of the intricate machinery by which he is completely encompassed. This portion of the premises can scarcely be designated a workshop, as it is entirely unenclosed, and is only covered by an extensive and smoke-begrimed roof, the supports and the rafters of which are all of iron. On the ground are placed numerous ranges of low-built cubical furnaces, having diminutive doors opening into them, closed almost entirely by well-poised little iron gates, each having a small circular aperture in its centre. These are the puddle-furnaces, the heat of which is sustained on the draft principle, secured by lengthened flues conducted into a tall chimney erected at a considerable distance from the furnaces, and into which is also conducted the flue from the boiler-furnace of one of the large steam-engines.

The refined iron, after being broken into small pieces, is thrown into the puddle-furnace, where it is retained exposed to a very high temperature even after it has attained a state of semi-fusion. While in this condition in the furnace, it is frequently agitated and stirred about by the superintending workman, who, with a long and heavy rod, introduced through the aperture in the furnace-door already mentioned, keeps the now toughening metal in a state of continual mixture and agitation, in undergoing which process it parts with a considerable quantity of refuse, nearly approximating in quality and appearance to that which is thrown off in the refining-furnace. In this instance, however, the percentage of iron contained in the residuum is rather higher than in the former case. When the metal has been sufficiently purified by the operation of puddling, and has attained the requisite degree of tenacity, it is divided, by means of the iron rod previously mentioned, into masses of a rudely spherical form of about sixteen or eighteen inches in diameter, which are called puddle-balls, or blooms.

In the puddle-ball condition, the metal is extracted from

the furnace by means of large iron tongs or pincers, and thrown upon the floors, all of which are here covered with substantial plate iron. After being withdrawn from the furnace, the ball is seized by another workman with similar implements, and is by him dragged hurriedly along the floor in the direction of a huge tilt-hammer, at the side of which he leaves it. Here it is instantly pounced upon by another artificer, who, by dint of powerful manual exertion and no small exercise of dexterity, contrives to toss the fiery and unwieldy mass upon an anvil of great magnitude, where it is subjected to the rapid and heavy blows of the tilt-hammer, the force of which discharges squirting but continuous streams of liquid metal, which are forced about to considerable distances in all directions, and to protect themselves against the dangerous effects of which the workmen are encased in greaves or boots of heavy plate-iron, and have their faces covered with formidable-looking iron-wire-gauze masks. The hammer is an enormous mass of cast-iron of about five or six tons weight and of peculiar form, the head being a sort of oblong square having a slightly projecting blunt point in front of it; from the head backwards extends a very strong arm, at the farther extremity of which shorter transverse arms cross it; on the under side of these latter are cast two wedge-shaped pivots, which work in a prepared socket, on the same principle as the balance fulcrum of a scale-beam. In front of the hammer a powerful although not large wheel is placed, which is furnished with knobs or cogs projecting from its external circumference; as this wheel is driven round with great rapidity and force, the cogs are brought successively into contact with the projecting point of the hammer, and in passing under elevate its ponderous bulk to the height of twenty or twenty-four inches, when suddenly slipping from under it the hammer is permitted to fall with its own weight upon the glowing metal, striking it with a force equivalent to several tons, the machinery being so constructed as to give from thirty to forty blows per minute, each blow producing a markedly perceptible effect upon the pliant metal subjected to its power. The dexterity exhibited by the workmen in this department in manipulating the unwieldy and incandescent mass is as surprising to the spectator as it is admirably suited to the purpose. Immediately upon the puddle-ball being withdrawn from the furnace and dragged along, hissing and sputtering out fiery coruscations, to the hammer, a boy follows with a long thick iron bar, the end of which is heated to whiteness, and arrives at the spot just as the workman who superintends the hammering has succeeded in throwing the ball between the anvil and the rapidly rising and falling hammer; the workman having possessed himself of this bar thrusts the heated end of it into the plastic ball, and it is instantly incorporated with its mass. The rod thus furnishes the artificer with a lever or handle by which he moves and regulates the rapidly toughening metal with certainty and comparative ease, turning it in various directions so as to subject every part of the mass to the heavy and repeated blows of the hammer, which in this manner, by a powerful and percussant sort of kneading process, renders the metal more tenacious and compact. Having under the hammer formed the ball into an oblong rectangular cube of nearly two feet in length by about four or five inches in breadth and depth, he withdraws it from the anvil, and by a sudden jerk breaking off the rod of iron by which he has wielded it, he surrenders it to another workman, who instantly snatching it up in the gripe of a pair of huge pincers, thrusts the end of it into a diamond-shaped groove cut in a pair of strong and rapidly revolving iron rollers; the motion of these, dragging it through the vortex with the rapidity of thought, still farther condenses and elongates it. At the opposite side of the rollers the rolled bar is taken hold of by another workman, furnished with similar pincers, and is by him passed over the rollers to the one who at first inserted it between them, who again inserts its end into a slightly diminished aperture, thus still farther condensing its structure and extending its length. These passings through the rollers are repeated several times, each successive aperture becoming smaller,

till at the conclusion of the process, the mass which we lately saw in the shape of an irregularly formed ball, has now assumed the character of a bar of iron, measuring from eighteen to twenty feet in length, about three-quarters of an inch in thickness, and having a breadth of nearly four inches. In this condition it is allowed to cool, having thus passed through the first completed process in the manufacture of bar or malleable iron.

The regularity and speed with which it has been made to undergo these different operations are both surprising and beautiful, but cannot be fully appreciated from a mere description. Some idea, however, of these may be conveyed in the single statement that the whole of those complicated and important operations through which the iron has been put after its withdrawal from the puddle-furnace have been performed at one heating, and that the elaboration of all of them does not occupy a much greater length of time than will be required for a perusal of the brief description now given.

Instead of being beaten up by the tilt or shingling hammer, as it is sometimes called, the puddle-ball is occasionally prepared for the first or puddle-rollers by what is termed the squeezing process; this is performed by an instrument denominated a squeezer, which, somewhat resembling the jaws of some gigantic antediluvian alligator, is singular and interesting in its form and mode of operation. It is formed of one short and straight arm firmly fixed in the floor. At the extremity of the fixed arm a kneed moveable one is connected by means of a powerful axle. One of the kneed arms being attached to a crank on the shaft of a roller, the alternate up and down motion of the crank forcibly opening and shutting the jaws of the ponderous instrument, the iron introduced between which is thus kneaded by a kind of squeezing process instead of by percussion, as in the case of the hammering, which latter mode, however, is admitted to make the best and toughest metal. After being withdrawn from the squeezer, the cube is passed through the very same forms of operation with the rollers as those already described. At both the tilt-hammer and the squeezing-machine, the workmen take a regular rotation in working up the puddle-balls, and the repeated shouts, which startle and bewilder the stranger, are the signal-calls passing from the workmen in one part of the premises to the other to warn them for the performance of their several portions of the nicely-adjusted operations.

Having been thus drawn out into bars, these latter are, by the instrumentality of a powerful clipping-machine, cut into short lengths, regulated by a gauge, the lengths being for the longest about twelve inches and for the shorter ones about four inches. These are arranged into cubical masses by laying down first one of the long pieces, then putting three of the short pieces crossways on it, so that the drawn fibres of the metal in the two layers are at right-angles to each other; another long piece is laid on these transverse pieces, and it is again overlaid by the short transverse cuttings. These little bundles are arranged in this manner by boys, and, being laid on wheelbarrows, they are trundled to another set of furnaces, named balling-furnaces, fitted up in a manner to all appearance similar to the puddling-furnaces, and requiring quite as much attention in their management. Into one of these furnaces many of the bundles are introduced, and are there subjected to a temperature sufficiently high to bring them to a welding or white heat, which degree of temperature having been thoroughly established throughout the whole bundle, the workman at the furnace lifts it out, and, tossing it to another who is close at hand, the welded mass is instantly snatched up, and, as in the previous case, inserted in a well-fitting groove cut in a pair of large and well-hardened rollers, the rapid revolution of which, by dragging the pliant and semi-fluid metal through a contracted aperture, successively consolidates and lengthens it. Immediately on its being brought out at the farther side it is again returned over the top of the rollers and re-inserted into still diminishing grooves of a square, flattened, or circular form, until the requisite size of diameter and

the proper shape of bar, rod, or rail-iron, together with the necessary length, have been attained, after which the repeated rollings are discontinued. In this second rolling, particularly in the manufacture of bars or rods of the lighter sizes, the rapidity with which the process of elongation is effected is a matter of amazement to the uninitiated. The tortured metal twists and writhes along the floors in serpent-like contortions, its pliant and ductile form, as it passes through the rollers, assuming the motion and appearance of a fiery snake. After the bar or rod has been drawn to its intended diameter, it is cut to the length desired by a cutting-machine, and the quality of its make, together with the name of its manufacturer, are stamped upon it. These constitute the whole of the operations gone through in the manufacture of malleable iron; the crossing and welding process, named 'balling,' however, may be repeated, and that oftener than once, if thought desirable, each repetition being understood to increase the fineness and tenacity of the metal; but the processes already described are those which are generally deemed sufficient to prepare the material for ordinary purposes, and in this state accordingly it is brought into the market, or passed into the manufacturer's store, the last described process being denominated the FINISHING. Plate-iron is produced in precisely the same way; only in that case the rollers, instead of being grooved, are perfectly flat, and the breadth and length of the plate is adjusted by clipping it by means of the cutting-machine. Railway bars, in their preparation, differ in no respect from those of other bars, except probably that they are more frequently put through the balling-furnace and rollers, for the purpose of toughening the metal previously to being passed through those rollers which bestow on them their peculiar form. Here then the business of iron-making ceases. We have thus traced its progress from the mine where it was first shown us, an uninviting-looking stone, till it has assumed the form of rod, bar, or sheet iron. In its farther progress it is passed into the hands of other artificers, by whom its character and peculiarities are still farther modified, but as these, generally speaking, form distinct and independent manufactures, we will not pursue the subject at greater length.

At the opening of this outline of iron manufacture allusion was made to the vast importance which must of necessity be awarded to iron in the social and mercantile position of Great Britain. Its importance becomes more evident from every day's experience. 'It is a doubtful point,' says Dr Robertson, in his 'History of America,' 'whether the dominion of man over the animal creation, or his acquiring the useful metals, has contributed most to extend his power. . . . Nature completes the formation of some metals. Gold, silver, and copper are found in their perfect state. These were accordingly the metals first known and first applied to use. But iron, the most serviceable of them all, and to which man is most indebted, is never discovered in its perfect form; its gross and stubborn ore must feel twice the force of fire, and go through two laborious processes, before it become fit for use. Man was long acquainted with the other metals before he acquired the art of fabricating iron, or attained such ingenuity as to perfect an invention to which he is indebted for those instruments wherewith he subdues the earth and commands all its inhabitants.'

WHAT WE WOULD HAVE DONE.

In the philosophic but frivolous age of Louis XIV., there was a volume written by an old French Abbé, who had much time and little occupation, and known as the 'History of Possible Events that Never Happened.' The whole foundation of the abbé's work was *if*. Had certain political designs succeeded according to the expectations of their projectors, and certain historical facts taken place in a manner contrary to that of their actual occurrence; such as if the Gunpowder Plot had sent King James, with all his lords and commons, skyward—if the Duke of Marlborough had lost the battle of Blenheim instead of winning

it—what would have been the result to the thrones and nations of Europe?

The volume is not without instruction for readers who can spare time to find it; it shows that in the moral as well as in the physical world occurrences of the greatest magnitude have apparently minute and feeble springs; the jealousy of a court beauty, or the whisper of a servant, has effected the transfer of crowns and changed the destiny of nations. Worthy old abbé, his work has long since become a bibliopolic rarity! The world has entertained and forgotten many a speculation since it was written; but it is remarkable how frequently the spirit and power thereof are still found to mingle with the biographical convictions and converse of thousands who in all probability never heard of its existence. How many persons, among what may be denominated the unsuccessful order of mankind, can solace their own and their friends' leisure or idle hours with minute and brilliant descriptions of all they would have achieved had things gone differently with them, or had they been circumstanced like certain of their acquaintances. Nor is the leaven of those ideas confined to the 'ne'er-do-weels,' as the expressive Scottish parlance has it. There are few even of us prudent mortals who, in reflecting on our own fortunes, will not find it entering largely into the sum of our dissatisfactions. Had we stepped into life under other circumstances, or even in a different locality—had some branch of instruction been added to all that we were taught at school—if our choice had been directed to another profession than that of our present vocation—or had we formed some connection in the prospect of which we once feared, and hoped, and hesitated, oh, what we would have done! What mighty men we would have become! What benefits should have been conferred on our species! How distinguished we would have been among the notables of our day! How happy in our domestic relations!

Thus castles are built on *if* as well as on air, and there are few of the fortunate in their generation, small as that number is, who do not see some opportunity thrown away on others which they would have improved to incalculable advantage—some talent laid up in a napkin, which they would have given to the exchangers, and hope might have received her own with usury; but the beauty of the business is, that in many cases the reflection on misapplied possessions is mutual.

We have heard a divine declare that the world had lost a second Canova because he had not been bound to a sculptor; and known a young Italian at Rome who daily filled the studio with lamentations that he had not been taught theology. Parents and guardians generally come in for a good share of blame from these missers of their destiny. We at one time had the good fortune of residing near a remarkably rich and very fat chandler, who never forgave his father for having discouraged his early inclinations to poe.ry, which, he averred, if properly fostered, would have made him another Milton.

Strangely eccentric, too, are the untrodden paths of excellence to which the memories of some delight to wander. We recollect a flourishing cheesemonger, in our native town, who bitterly deplored that he had not been made 'a devil'—of course for the press—in which case he was certain of becoming another Franklin; and a gouty indolent old bachelor, who was wont to maintain that the only thing that prevented him from rivalling Bonaparte was the fact that he did not enlist in time.

'We might have been!' said Miss Landon, in one of her brief but fine lyrics; there are those who would add, with reference to her own history, wiser. We doubt not that the remark would hold equally true regarding the great majority of all who have lived and acted; but the what-would-have-done principle was never more forcibly illustrated, at least within the range of our observation, than in one of those summer trips, which increasing civilisation has made as convenient as nature has always made them necessary to the pent-up and over-wrought inhabitants of towns. We were steaming it through the lovely Links of Forth (of whose beauties we took occasion to speak lately

in one of our papers on 'Scottish Scenes') about the middle of the bright month of August, when every landscape promised a glorious harvest, and every tongue and pen throughout Britain was employed on the consequences of the late calamitous season, which, extending as they did far beyond Highland huts and Irish cabins, had struck down many a prosperous firm and ruined many a promising speculation; we were on deck for the view's sake, and a company of old acquaintances, whom the chances of steam had brought together, had gathered round us, each relating his opinion and experience of the trying year, and we could not help remarking, that though every man had some remedy for all cases of national or individual distress, it was invariably something which could never be practised in the matter of his own peculiar exigency.

'Oh, if I had been a grain merchant!' cried a Lothian farmer, after a long detail of seven lost acres of potatoes, 'I would have foreseen the famine, and certainly made my fortune by storing up grain.'

'Yes; but if I had been Lord John Russell,' responded a calico printer, 'I would have provided for the nation by government granaries, and never left the bread of the people in the hands of heartless speculators;' after which burst of patriotism, he proceeded to inform the company that all his debts were bad, and he knew not how to collect them. The story of his perplexity was interrupted by an old speculator in corn, who argued that grain merchants had been each and all stores of life to the nation, and so far from profiting, were in general losers by their philanthropic efforts to ward off universal famine. 'Who knows,' he continued, 'what will become of the twenty thousand I have embarked in the corn trade, not expecting this confounded fall; but if I were an Irish landlord;' and here followed a succession of improvements, sufficient to make even Skibbereen rejoice and blossom as the rose; which the captain of the steamer wound up with a manifesto of his intentions had he been either Daniel O'Connell or Dr M'Hale; in choosing between which characters the worthy navigator was by no means particular, till a row among some Irish reapers in the steerage changed the current of his eloquence to loud declarations that it was never in his power to manage such passengers, and he consigned them and the 'green isle' at large to the bottom of the Atlantic.

It is ever thus, said we, in the silence of our own spirit, as visions many and various rose before us, of all we would have done, and gained, and rejoiced in, had matters been as they can never be, and the shadows of life gone backward. 'Far off fields are green,' says one of the best of our popular proverbs, and the paths of others may seem literally bordered with advantages to those whose distance prevents them from seeing the inequalities of the ground, and the clouds of dust that trouble the traveller's progress. Every man knows best, and, let us add, knows only, the inconveniences of his own house, whether it be a castle or a cottage. To learn the temper of a weapon one must wield it; and it is not to be feared that inconsiderate and overweening vanity has much to do with those high resolves, which always require an extraordinary change of position for their fulfilment.

That certain men are placed in stations to which they are anything but an adornment, can be proved not only from the pages of history, but the observations of daily life; yet whether or not such individuals would be more useful or ornamental in any position, is a question quite as doubtful as that persons found deficient in an obscure condition are likely to appear with more credit in a prominent one. 'If thou hast been unfaithful over little, who will make thee ruler over much?' is the maxim of divine wisdom. The opportunities of mankind are in all probability more unequal than even their fortunes; but to improve to the utmost those within our reach, however limited, is the best possible proof of our capability to profit by higher advantages.

We have somewhere read of an Austrian colonel whose regiment was never known to stand a charge, and when catechised by Maria Theresa (for he lived in the days of the empress queen), the gallant officer assured her ma-

jesty that his men could never fight without a particular description of weather, which turned out, on explanation, to be of rather rare occurrence, as neither in storm nor calm, rain nor sunshine, heat nor cold, could they be expected to face the enemy; and the empress queen, considering their services depended on too many contingencies, gave immediate orders for disbanding the regiment. It would seem that the souls of that valorous battalion had, according to the old Brahminical metempsychosis, been transmitted to the dwellers by streams far distant from their German Danube.

There are still thousands in enterprising Britain who, by their own account, can struggle with the opposing squadrons of chance, and time, and vicissitude, only under the influence of favouring skies and very peculiar stars. Among the published correspondence of Coleridge is one letter to an intimate friend, in which that promising genius, after sundry keen comments on the unkindness of fortune, proceeds to expatiate on the great variety of valuable and interesting volumes he would write in case any beneficent power should accommodate him with only £300 a-year; on no less an income could the projected works be executed, though they ranged from sermons to ballads. 'Three hundred,' says the author of Christabel, 'would be sufficient for my wants, and spare me the drudgery of literary labour, which, by its continual demand on the mind and uncertain returns, is of itself a hindrance to the completion of any great or lasting work.' There is some truth in these observations, but the biographer adds, 'Coleridge's correspondent was perfectly aware that the volumes so readily enumerated existed only in his brilliant imagination;' and we believe it was Theodore Hooke who remarked, that 'Coleridge never finished anything but a dram of opium,' and Charles Lamb, in one of his quizzical letters to Manning, which now seem to have almost a prophetic tone, proved his acquaintance with the poet's character by specifying a multitude of half-written works which his demise should have bequeathed to the world.

What we would have done is not always the language of commonplace intellect; but, sudden though the transition be, this anecdote reminds us that we had an unlucky schoolfellow who employed it quite as often as Coleridge; his name was Simon Stickler. Simon resolutely maintained he had a genius, but nobody could ever discover its bent. At school we never beheld him dux; he won no prizes; but after every examination we were informed that his shortcoming was occasioned by the deficiency of some scholastic appliance possessed by one or other of his companions. Now an atlas like Bob Smith's—then a pair of compasses like young Scott's, was the desideratum; and we have known him attribute his defeat to the want of a slate-pencil, on which rested the pride and glory of a child in the primer class.

Simon's father realized a limited income by laborious industry, and was, as Dickens's Sir John Chester would say, 'slightly affected' with niggardliness, which furnished his son with an abiding excuse. From school Simon went apprentice to a respectable draper, but he quarrelled with his master and was sent home, as he averred, because he had not been bound to a bookseller, and calico did not suit his genius. He went to the man of books, and six months afterwards discovered that divinity was the thing for him, and he would certainly eclipse Chalmers, if only sent to college like young Thompson over the way. To college he was sent, thanks to whines and whimpers, and the advice of friends, acting at once on the vanity and affection of his mother; but Simon stuck fast on his first examination, and no persuasion would induce him to make another attempt at the degree. He next bethought him of medicine, but the dissecting-room was something beyond his endurance, and that circumstance supplied him with a plea against Providence for not having endowed him with nerves equal to those of some four hundred students who annually attended the anatomical lectures. At this point we lost sight of the genius, the paths of our pursuits being distant; but when Simon again appeared to us, he was established in his father's business, which was that of an

ironmonger, death having called home the worthy old man with all his economy, and his son reigned over the warehouse in his stead. Simon was considered in the fair way to prosperity, having married, of course with the approbation of all his relations, a lady regarded as an heiress in a small way; but Simon was indolent, his partner's temper was none of the sweetest, and his bosom friends were treated to long and lamentable outpourings of all the honours and fortune he had missed, by not emigrating to New South Wales in time, and marrying Miss Macleod the young governess, to whom he had sent valentines when at college.

We were last in Simon's shop at Clerkenwell, when the glories of Cobden and the Corn Law League were new. Richard Cobden, M.P., was the man of the moment, and the newspapers as usual furnished those accounts of birth, parentage, and education so liberally manufactured for every name likely to keep the printer in work, or the idle from ennui. Simon was discussing the biography supplied by a morning paper to an humble listener in the shape of a birdcage-maker, who was quietly choosing some wire at the counter. He was an elderly poor-looking mechanic whom we knew to have a wife and seven children.

'Only think of that Jack!' said Simon, increasing in condescension as he concluded the tale. 'If you and I had been born in Manchester, and our fathers had made us bagmen, as Cobden was, see what we might have done!'

'Vy,' said the old birdcage-maker, coolly comparing two wires, 'von doesn't know what von would 'ave done till von tries the sivation, but the ticket now is to do the best von can.'

We are not amongst those whose quiet is often broken by the ghosts of detailed opportunities, weary spectres as they are, and ever apt to return in the darkest of mortal days; yet we left the shop admonished, and the looks and words of that old man choosing the wire yet recur to our memory when, as the wisest will do, we find ourselves disposed to neglect or undervalue the improvable capabilities of our lot, or speculate largely on WHAT WE WOULD HAVE DONE.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH, AND UNIFORMITY OF TIME.

Thou wondrous, whispering wire!
Thou time and space-annihilating wand!
Thy marvels are beyond
All thought to which our intellect may aspire

It needs me but to say,
Wait me a message to yon far-off friend!
Instant, thy lightning (what can this transcend?)
Echoes the thought a thousand miles away.

What is the secret of thy magic power?
How does the wondrous influence go and come?
Science is mute; profoundest thought is dumb:
And doubtless will be to life's latest hour.

The how—the why—we see not. Still
Enough we know.
Thy viewless messenger *does* come and go,
Bearing whatever thought or touch we will.

To a large portion of our readers, the electric telegraph, that special wonder of the age, is doubtless a perfect mystery; and we marvel not that they should wonder, when they are assured that time and space are now practically annihilated, and that an operator can ring a bell and hold converse with another a hundred miles distant; yet if they will kindly accompany us to the end of this paper, we are not without hope that the mystery will be somewhat opened to them.

In days of yore,
This known world o'er,
There were of wonders seven:

but whatever the number might have risen to in modern times, the discovery of the electric telegraph has unquestionably added one other to the list. It is the wonder of the age. That a person should sit quietly in his room in London, and, by the merest touch of his finger, be able to ring a bell at Edinburgh, is a marvellous thing; but that such

is the triumph of modern science is not more strange than true. Yes, the operator shall but touch the magic key, and instantly will the lightning messenger traverse a thousand miles of wire, and simultaneously ring a bell at both ends of his journey to show that he has accomplished his flight. We say the 'lightning' messenger, for electricity, and lightning, and galvanism are looked upon as one and the same influence; and we use the word simultaneous in its strictest practical sense, for the rate of travelling is so quick that it cannot be appreciated. A signal shall be made at one end of a wire, say in London, go to Edinburgh and back, and make a signal at the other end of the wire in the same room in London; and the three signals will be observed at precisely the same instant, that is, the lapse of time between them, whatever it may be, is so small that it cannot be perceived or estimated. The rate of travelling is such that it would girdle the earth in a second.

Many who are altogether unacquainted with the electric telegraph are familiar with the common electrifying machine and have received an electric shock. Now, without wishing it to be inferred that this machine and the telegraph are precisely similar, perhaps the effects of the one may be made available for illustrating the use of the other. When an electric shock is given, the persons who receive it are generally placed near to the machine; but let us suppose that six individuals intending to receive a shock were to place themselves a mile apart, at six stations, communicating with each other by a wire terminating at the opposite end of the machine. If a shock could be communicated through the whole circuit, it is quite clear that electricity might be used as a means of distant signaling, that in fact the operator could make a simultaneous communication at all these six stations. And if it was desired to ring a bell at each of them, it would only be needful for the various persons to connect their wrists with the wires by means of metal bracelets, attaching the elbow to a bell-pull; and those who have once experienced a smart electric shock will have no hesitation in acknowledging that six bells will very soon be set ringing.

We have thus shown how, by means of the common electrifying machine, to make a simple signal and to ring a bell. Suppose now that we wished to make distinctive signals, it would be very easy to arrange that one shock should indicate a certain meaning, two rapid shocks another, three another, and so on; and a certain number of shocks repeated at fixed intervals of a second, half a second, and two seconds, &c., might easily be arranged into a code of signals. Then as to recording or writing these signals, suppose a piece of paper is made to travel under the point of a pencil at a certain given rate, and that a string is attached to the elbow from this pencil instead of the bell-pull, it will be at once seen that the elevation or depression of that pencil, in accordance with the involuntary muscular contraction of the arm, would indicate on the paper the number and rate of the shocks that had been communicated to the boy who, like 'patience on a monument,' was sitting quietly in his metal wristbands to receive these gentle impulses. Of course we have made all these suppositions on the further supposition that a constant supply of electricity could be conveyed along the six miles of wire. Now, whether this be correct or not, it is known that from a galvanic battery, or from the earth itself, a constant current of electricity may be sent along a metallic wire any distance.

True, says an objector, but is man's muscle an element or agent in the electric telegraph? Is that the power by which Bain, and Brett, and Cooke, and Morse, and Wheatstone, read, and write, and talk, and print, and ring bells a thousand miles off? No; but science has discovered a power which enables us to do all this—a power very similar in its action to this muscular contraction—and a power over the working of which we have entire control at any distance. This power is magnetism or electro-magnetism. It is an ascertained fact that if a piece of soft iron, like a horse-shoe magnet for instance, be surrounded with a coil of wire along which a current of electricity or galvanism is made to pass, it becomes magnetic while the current

passes, but that the magnetic power leaves when the current ceases. We need not explain how easily this force may be made use of to move the hammer of a bell, or to stop or set in motion any machinery. Then as to signals and communications, these were at first made by means of five magnetic needles, the same as in the mariners' compass, but placed perpendicularly when at rest, and free to move either to the left or right. A galvanic or electric current passing round a magnetic needle causes it to deflect or move from its position. If the current flows in one direction the needle moves to the right, if in the other it moves to the left. Five of these needles being placed side by side, and the figures and principal letters of the alphabet suitably arranged on a dial above and below the needles, it is quite practicable, by their separate or combined use, so to deflect them as to point at will to any particular letter. This was the form at first suggested. It required five or six wires, and was never much used. It has been superseded by the 'two-needle telegraph,' of which we believe there will shortly be about two thousand miles in use in this kingdom.

The one adopted by the Telegraph Company has two needles only; they are suspended vertically, and move either way, the letters of the alphabet, &c., being indicated by these movements; thus one move to the right of the right hand needle may mean *a*, two moves to the right may signify *b*, three moves *c*; and by means of one or other of the needles, or the two combined, the whole alphabet is readily indicated, as well as the digits. Messages are thus communicated from place to place, the attendant reading off the message as it arrives to an assistant who writes it down; their attention having been previously called by the ringing of the bell. Arbitrary signs, to represent or signify words or sentences, such as 'stop,' 'go on,' 'the train has started,' &c., may also be arranged; and as the movements of the needles are very rapid, a long message may be sent in a very short time. In America, whole columns are reported by their telegraphs in the newspapers, and no doubt such will soon be the case in this country.

A supposed improvement on the company's plan has been patented by Brett & Little of London. Conceiving the tremulousness of a magnetic needle calculated to prevent the accurate observance of very rapid movements, they dispense with the needle, and use, as their motive power, a small magnet, the deflection of which moves two pointers not magnetic, one to the right the other to the left, skillfully availing themselves of the well known fact that a positive galvanic current deflects the magnet in one direction, and a negative current in the other; and by using one move of the pointers, or both pointers, or the combined use of both, they are able to indicate all the letters of the alphabet and the digits, as in the company's two-needle telegraph, but requiring one wire only instead of two.

Professor Morse's telegraph system, the one used in America, is quite different from these. He writes the message on paper in symbols. A continuous sheet of paper, passing by the aid of machinery (which can be set in motion by the telegraph) at a fixed rate, under a style or pencil attached to the apparatus, receives the impressions, whether they be simply dots or lines of a shorter or greater length, which will be made by the elevation and depression of the style as acted upon by the magnet. A suitable combination of dots and lines enables him to symbolise the whole of the alphabet and the ten digits. Thus one point . may represent the letter *e*; two points .. the letter *o*; three points ... the letter *s*; one point and one stroke — *a*; one stroke and two points —. *d*; one stroke — *z*. And these signs —. —. —. —. —. —. will represent the word *dates*. Persons familiar with the symbols have no difficulty in transmitting or transcribing them with ease and rapidity.

We may mention one other form of this telegraph—that in which chemistry is brought to lend its potent aid, and the use of the magnet, or magnetic-needle, is dispensed with. The electric current is a powerful chemical agent; and

using symbols, somewhat after the American mode, the alternate transmission and non-transmission of the electric current through a delicately prepared paper, is made use of to discharge or change the colour, thus producing a series of coloured lines and dots, instead of the pencilled lines and dots, as in Morse's system.

We have thus given a brief and popular, but, we hope, an intelligible sketch of this wondrous agent and instrument. A full notice of all the varieties, or of the practical details, would be out of place in our columns. Nor have we thought it needful to explain the mode of obtaining the supply of electricity, which may be either from the earth or from a galvanic battery. In conclusion, we may observe that the reader will have some idea of the electric telegraph, if he bears in mind, 1st, That a current of electricity may be transmitted instantaneously along a metallic wire to any ascertained distance. 2d, That this current will convert a piece of iron into a temporary magnet, the magnetism ceasing when the current ceases. 3d, That the power or force of such magnet may be used to ring a bell, &c. 4th, That a similar electric current will deflect a magnet or a magnetic needle. 5th, That this deflection may be used for the transmission or communication of signals, or signs, or symbols.

The effects, social and political, to be anticipated from the general introduction of such a means of communication, will afford food for thought to the moralist for years to come, and these effects will probably exceed the anticipations even of the greatest enthusiast. The mind has yet to be disciplined to the contemplation of instantaneous and simultaneous transmission of intelligence through the whole kingdom.

Intimately connected with the extension of railways, and the general use of the electric telegraph, is the adoption of Uniformity of Time throughout Great Britain. Most people are cognisant of the fact, that when it is midday at any particular place on the earth it is midnight at the exactly opposite portion of the globe; but they do not so generally reflect that there is a difference of time between any two places that lie east or west of each other. The variation between the clocks of Edinburgh and those of Glasgow, for instance, is about four minutes, because the difference of longitude is about one degree; between Glasgow and London about sixteen minutes; between the extreme east and west of Britain about half an hour; and, as the longitude of no two towns in the kingdom is precisely the same, it follows that the clocks of no two towns should indicate exactly the same time; nor, in fact, should any two that are placed east and west of each other, however short the distance.

To show that this want of agreement in the clocks of various towns, in other words, the want of 'uniform time,' must be a great hindrance to that simultaneous regularity and punctuality which have always been so desirable on railways, would be an easy task. A train leaving London by the Great Western Railway, for instance, at twelve o'clock, and arriving in Bristol in three hours, will be there ten minutes before three, because Bristol time is ten minutes later than London time. On the return journey, the time occupied will appear to be twenty minutes longer, because London time is ten minutes before Bristol. If any reader wishes to know what the practical inconvenience is, to say nothing of the danger, let him reckon the time, up and down, at which the trains ought to arrive at the different stations. But the extension and connection of the various railways have now rendered essential to our safety that which at one time might have only been conducive to the companies' convenience; we therefore record, with pleasure, the decree of the railway potentates, that uniformity of time shall be observed in all places of their dominions in Britain. We hope the government or the parliament will at once sanction the decree; but whether they do or not, the railway clock and the telegraph clock will very soon become the public regulator; more especially so, if, as has been proposed, the falling ball at the Greenwich Observatory should be connected with some of the principal telegraphs, and the wondrous

messenger shall have tolled the midday bell at Edinburgh before the ball that liberated him shall have reached the few feet of its descent. All that is needful to ensure the general and cordial adoption of uniform time is to prepare the public mind for the change—a change which they would not perceive, and not be at all acquainted with, could all the time-pieces be quietly altered some night to agree with London or rather Greenwich time. Those who are acquainted with the story of the discontented pendulum will recollect that the farmer found his watch wrong a few minutes one fine morning; and this would be the sum total of inconvenience to the public. Having set their watches with the railway clocks, things would be all right again: the railway time would become the standard for the town; instead of being, as it now is, just the reverse. The change would inconvenience astronomers only; and they are quite able to take care of themselves.

An attempt has been made to lessen the inconvenience by affixing two minute-hands to the clocks, one indicating London time, the other the local time. But this is like many other half measures: the full and immediate reform would be the least inconvenience; and the object of these remarks is to show that the transition may be easily made, and promptly. The clock and the sun are not by any means so regular in their companionship as many persons suppose: they imagine that the regulating of clocks by the sun-dial is making them to agree in time. No such thing; it is only some four times a-year that they do coincide. Sometimes the clock is fifteen minutes before the sun, and sometimes the sun is fifteen minutes before the clock; and our time of rising and retiring will be regulated by the sun, under the new system, as much as it is now, that is, not at all. At present we reckon that the sun sets as much after six as it rises before, or as much before as it rises after. But this is true only of sun time, not at all of clock time. For instance, in Manchester, on the 1st of February, the sun rises at 7h. 34m., and sets at 4h. 26m. by the sun; but his time of rising by the clock is 7h. 48m., and he sets at 4h. 40m.—the clock at that time of the year being fourteen minutes before the sun. But on the 10th day of November, although the two days are of precisely the same length, the sun rises, not at 7h. 48m., but at 7h. 18m., and sets at 4h. 10m.—the clock being sixteen minutes after the sun.

We have introduced this example for a double purpose: First, to show that if the proposed change may sometimes take our clocks a little farther from the sun-dial, it will sometimes bring them a little nearer; and secondly, to apprise the reader that on days of equal length, at opposite seasons of the year, the times of sunrise and sunset vary very considerably. Thus, in the example given, the sun rises half an hour earlier on the 10th of November than on the 1st of February, although the two days are of the same length, making the November mornings light and the evenings dark in comparison with those of February. These light and dark mornings, as resulting from equation of time (the term used to signify the difference between the time indicated by a sun-dial and that of a well-regulated clock), is a very interesting subject, on which the reader may profitably and pleasantly ruminate a little while.

SCOTTISH LITERATURE.

THE progressive principle illustrates itself in all transitive phenomena. The process of accretion goes on from a beginning, gradually and certainly, until a whole thing is formed or developed; and when it has reached a state of maturity or fruition, it gradually and certainly decays. What we are accustomed to recognise as mighty, soul-fired genius, did not spring up accidentally and at once from a rude primeval soil in all the ornate and polished array of taste, thought, and expression. It is, and has ever been, the climax of a process of gradation. The savage who first fixed his eyes steadily upon some rude object in nature, and felt the gropings of the knowing principle within him, is as much a link in the chain of thought or speculation as Carlyle or Emerson. The wild

man who first mimicked the daring deeds of some absent or dead companion savage before the council of his nation, is a Shakspeare in the womb of the past; and he who first ejaculated one little word to express the stirrings of the spirit which was fain to speak of nature, was a poet of the first degree in that long sierra which leads us up to Burns, to Milton, and to the Bard of Avon. As men pass along this probationary path of the world towards that brighter and better world of promise, their views and powers enlarge and expand. Nature does not change her aspects to suit the eyes of the beholders; the wild, silent, dark, awe-inspiring mountains are the same old primeval footholds still on which the Titans stood and shook their hands to heaven; the valleys are still green and embosomed with wild flowers as they were when time had no grey hairs nor wrinkles on his brow; and yet we of to-day view these hills and valleys and all the other features of nature through a light of which our fathers only saw the glimmering. There has been a progress in poetry not on account of nature's phenomena changing, but because man's powers of sympathy and development have been ever educating. The poets of olden times looked on nature with the eyes of children at the break of dawn. The landscape was obscure and confused, but even in its confusion and obscurity it was beautiful. They sung what they felt, they gave a tongue to what they saw. Their successors, instructed by their experience and with more light, looked deeper into the mysteries of the world, before, below, above, and around them; and so they went on, with the sun, beholding new phases of the same phenomena, and clothing their idealisations of an identical object first in the lisping numbers of a rude primeval childhood, and at last with all the attributes and ornaments of beauty in expression and grandeur of imagination. All art progresses rapidly and markedly until it attains a certain height; it is led on its path by men who, with the blind impetuosity of genius, rush prominently and boldly forward in the van of humanity. The inordinate, the enthusiastic, the self-sacrificing few, like the forlorn-hope of progress, rush forward and fall as they beckon the heavy battalion to come on; and it is when mankind generally have reached the point from which they can intimately examine and appreciate those who shone like comets before their sight, that the decay of art may begin to date.

Scottish literature, properly so called, may date its rise from Allan Ramsay and its decay from Hogg. The mountain-harp was hung up to rust upon the willows when the heart of Ettrick's bard grew cold, and his hand became palsied. The winds from the mountains may wail through its chords, and breathe their sad requiems over the graves of those who awakened its strains in days of yore; and the spirit of Scottish poetry may sigh as she wings her way over the silent and sad hills and glens of the minstrel-quickenings land, but the swell of the full proud strain of other days will greet her no more until new times and new ideas demand interpretation. The day-star of Scottish song sunk deep into the darkness that shrouds the 'brow of old Cairngorm' when the last of her chieftain bards laid his head to rest by the streams of Yarrow. The lyre that had passed from the hands of Ramsay in original vigour and integrity, and which was polished and embellished as it was transmitted to the fingers of the minstrel of 'Kilmeny,' was broken into pieces when his spirit went away, for no one was found powerful enough to bear the harp of the 'poet of Scotland,' although many could support the fragmentary harp-strings and minor reputations of Scottish poets.

Allan Cunningham stands amongst the first of that numerous band of Scotchmen which has presented to the world so many multiplied witnesses of a widely diffused poetical taste in this our mountain land, and of a general and well-cultivated poetical talent. The Orpheus of our national minstrelsy sunk in Burns, and with Hogg departed the power of leading and teaching a choir; but every little grove, and rill, and mountain corry, and glen, seemed to have received 'a nymph, a naiad, or a grace'

of its own when the last great light of Scottish poesy sunk in the night of death. All Scottish thoughts, and feelings, and delights seemed each to receive a particular worshipper and exponent of its own, and the most ardent and glowing of these worshippers were men of many toils but single talents. Burns had struck the national heart with the electric conductor of his genius, and that heart was sending forth sparks from the depths of its life in answer to his trumpet call. But the responses were growing feeble although they were numerous; for the fields of romance, and love, and patriotism had been now shorn of almost all their capacities of song. The intellectual poetic fancy of the age required rest for a season, until it should awake to a brighter path, and see some Himalayas to overtop its present ken, and so it is going to sleep amidst the lullabies of the minor chansonniers after the thundering pæans and glowing anthems of the mighty ones have been hushed.

Allan Cunningham was born at Blackwood, near Dalswinton, in Dumfriesshire, on the 7th of December, 1781. His father occupied the pleasant and somewhat honourable and refining situation of gentleman's gardener at the period of Allan's birth; but, being a man of considerable ability and well-known probity, he was chosen shortly after by Mr Miller of Dalswinton to be his factor and land-steward. The birthplace of Allan and the scenes of his boyhood had already been consecrated to genius and song by Burns. It was amongst the beautiful pastoral scenery of Nithsdale that young Cunningham fed his ardent and vigorous fancy. He listened to the echoes of the Bard of Coila's songs, and drinking in the droppings from the rich nectar of his fancy, and imbibing and nursing his cherished nationality, he soon commenced to 'warble his woodnotes wild.' The uncle of Allan Cunningham, who was a country builder, and had attained to a considerable business, received his nephew as an apprentice, intending to share his trade with him at a future period; but 'the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft aye,' and this plan was never consummated. Allan Cunningham was a married man and a journeyman stone-mason when Cromek visited Scotland for the purpose of collecting any unpublished fragments of Burns that might be floating about the scenes which he had canonised and sung. He was directed to Allan as one likely to assist him in his researches: and it was not long before the collector discovered that he had met the very man for his purpose. Allan Cunningham, however, saw that the gleanings of an already over-trodden field was not likely to be either a very inspiring or profitable business; he therefore advised that a collection should be made of the old ballads and songs of Nithsdale and Galloway, and Cromek at once entered into his views. Allan Cunningham continued to supply to the London virtuosos the productions of his own pen as genuine Scottish lays, and the beauty and freshness of their diction so completely captivated and blinded the publisher that he never perceived the internal evidence they bore of being modern. 'Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway' were published in 1810, in which year Allan Cunningham removed to London. In the great metropolis he was for some time employed as a writer for the newspapers; and in 1814 he was engaged as superintendent over the works of the great sculptor, Sir Francis Chantrey. He continued in this situation till the period of his decease, which took place on 29th October, 1842. Allan Cunningham was a voluminous and indefatigable writer, being a poet, biographer, and novelist, but it is in his capacity of a poetical editor or as a poet only that he is really particular or national. He has produced several ballads and songs of great beauty and sweetness, evincing fine powers of description, great vigour of thought, and refinement of ear. They embrace the two antagonisms of love and war. Rising in wild outbursts of Jacobitical wrath, wailing in the half-devotional, half-vengeful pathos or grandeur of the hill-nursed covenanting spirit, or warbling amongst green fields and groves, and by the streams sacred to pastoral love and simple beauty, there are some fine touches in them all of Scottish life and manners. The following

imitation of the ancient ballad is bathed in the real ethereal dew of fresh glowing poetry:—

‘BONNIE LADY ANN.

‘There's kames o' hinnie 'tween my luv's lips,
And gowd among her hair;
Her breists are lapt in a holy veil;
Nae mortal een keek there.
What lips daur kiss, or what hand daur touch,
Or what arm o' love daur span,
The hinnie lips, the creamy lufe,
Or the waist o' Lady Ann?
She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;
But nae gentle lip, nor semple lip
Maun touch her ladie mou'.
But a broider'd belt, wi' a buckle o' gowd
Her jimpy waist maun span:
Oh, she's an armfu' fit for heeven—
My bonnie Lady Ann!
Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,
Tied up wi' siller thread:
And comely sits she in the midst,
Men's langing een to feed
She waves the ringlets frae her cheek
Wi' her milky, milky han';
And her cheeks seem touch'd wi' the finger o' God—
My bonnie Lady Ann
The mornin' clud is tasselt wi' gowd,
Like my luv's broider'd cap;
And on the mantle that my luv wears
Is mony a gowden drap.
Her bonnie ee-tree's a holy arch,
Cast by nae earthly han';
And the breath o' heaven's 'tween the lips
O' my bonnie Lady Ann.
I wonderin' gaze on her stately steps,
And I beet a hopeless flame!
To my love, alas! she maunna stoop;
It wud stain her honour'd name.
My een are bauld, they dwell on a place
Where I daurna mint my han';
But I water, and tend, and kiss the flowers
O' my bonnie Lady Ann.
I am but her father's gardener lad,
And puir, puir is my fa';
My auld mither gets my wee, wee fee.
Wi' fatherless bairnies twa.
My lady comes, my lady gaes,
Wi' a fou and kindly han';
O, the blessin' o' God maun mix wi' my luv,
And fa' on Lady Ann.'

Allan Cunningham published, in 1822, a dramatic poem, 'Sir Marmaduke Maxwell,' founded upon a border tradition. In 1832, appeared his epic poem of the 'Maid of Elvar.' In 1835, he edited a volume called the 'Songs of Scotland,' and also an edition of the works of Burns, to which he prefixed a life of the poet, interspersed with original anecdotes and varied information; he contributed a series of lives of eminent British painters, sculptors, and architects for 'Murray's Family Library,' extending in all to six volumes; and two days before his death, he completed the life of his dear friend and countryman, Sir David Wilkie. Allan Cunningham's industry is above all praise. His literary works were produced during the hours of freedom from his regular avocations in the studio of Chantrey; they bear witness to his indomitable ardour of soul and fond and devoted nationality. We have seen something bearing a strong family resemblance to the following beautiful little lyric in the poems of a living Leith bard, Robert Gilfillan:—

‘MY AIN COUNTRIE.

‘The sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has tint the blythe blink he had
In my ain countrie.
Oh! gladness comes to me,
But sorrow comes to me,
As I look o'er the wide ocean
To my ain countrie.
O! it's no my ain ruin
That saddens aye my e'e,
But the love I left in Galloway,
Wi' bonnie bairns three;
My lamely heart's burnt bonnie,
And smit'd my fair Marie:
I've left my heart behind me,
In my ain countrie.

The bud comes back to summer,
And the blossom to the tree,
But I win back—oh, never,
To my ain countrie.
I'm leal to the high heaven,
Which will be leal to me;
And there I'll meet ye a' sune,
Frae my ain countrie.

The foregoing piece possesses the essence of real and affecting pathos, but it will be seen to be irregularly executed. Such was Allan Cunningham's genius: it was strong, vigorous, and earnest, but it was erratic and badly regulated. His earlier productions which he passed upon Cromek as undoubted originals are his best poetical effusions. Some of them are truly polished and smooth to the ear, others are rough and jarring, but all are full of true poetic vitality.

An elder, though almost undistinguished, brother of Allan Cunningham, named Thomas, was a copious producer of prose and verse, and author of that beautiful song, the 'Hills o' Gallowa,' the echo of whose sweet tones come back with the memories of youth, reviving our mother's voice. We wonder if this fine lyric has clung to our heart and memory from being associated in our youthful recollections with the following anecdote: A Scottish gentleman travelling in India arrived about sunset, weary and hungry, at a native krall. As he was passing through the village in search of some shelter for the night, he was attracted by the soft low cadence of a woman's voice. He paused and listened, when, here in India, far away from even the settlements of Europeans, the language of his own home fell on his ear, and he distinctly heard the words chanted of—

'And when auld Scotland's heathy hills,
Her rural nymphs an' jovial swains,
Her flow'ry wilds an' wimpling rills,
Awake nae mair my canny strains
Where friendship dwells an' freedom reigns,
Where heather blooms an' muircocks crawl,
O! dig my grave, and hide my banes
Among the hills o' Gallowa.'

'Woman,' cried the traveller, rushing towards the spot where the songstress sat, 'where did you learn that song?' The native woman, who was very fair, and who was nursing a fair child, explained to the stranger that she had learned it from her mother, a Scotchwoman, who, emigrating to India with a rich family, had married a sepoy, and had gone to his home in the interior with him when he was discharged from the army. It was like a well in the desert to our countryman's spirit; it revived the heathy hills and wimpling streams of his own dear native land, and refreshed his heart with sweet hopes and warm recollections.

The poets who remain to be enumerated in this series may be said to possess only a local habitation and a name. Many of them have cultivated song with much success, and have added gems to the literature of their country; but these gems have never been sufficient to stud for either a crown, so that their lustre is confined to a coterie or the readers of some local journal. We shall recur to this subject, however, in a following paper.

H O M E.

BY CHARLES DOYNE SILLERY.

'Life's choicest blessings centre all at home!'

HOME! in that one simple little word what a multiplicity of delightful ideas arise within the mind! what a variety of pleasing associations—what a field of lovely fancies—what a world of heavenly feeling!

When the warrior rests from his work of death, on the dark battle-field, what refreshes his soul—what gladdens his heart—what glorifies his imagination—more than the memory of home? He beholds, in ecstatic vision, the loved of his heart, with her little angels kneeling around her knee, weeping for his absence, and praying for his protection! Then the manly strength of the warrior is melted down to the tender weakness of the husband, his full heart overflows with a tide of deep unutterable feeling, till sleep,

that balmy blessing to the wearied, wafts the toil-worn warrior to his home!

And the mariner who trusts his little bark to the mercy of the tempestuous elements, when the skies grow dark and the wild waves foam, and the thunder rolls and the lightnings stream; when masts, and sails, and cordage, are rent and torn from the shattered hull, where do his thoughts most love to turn? Where beam the rays of his roving spirit? What fills his soul with a light and a loveliness amid all the darkness and desolation around? 'Home, home—sweet, sweet home!'

When the exile hears of home, with what a full pulse doth his crushed heart throb! *There* was centred all his happiness—all his innocence—all his early hopes and flattering anticipations. Where was the brother who wandered through the woods with him? Where was the kind sister who gathered roses with him on the sunny mountain-side, and braided her dark hair with the wild flowers they gathered together? Where was the fond mother, who had hung with deep solicitude over his infant cradle, and taught him first to lisp the name of his Redeemer? Where was the father, who had trained and directed the developments of his youthful mind to all that was noble in intellectual acquirement? Oh! where was the dear partner of all his early joys, his young, first, only love? All, *all*, under the willow tree, where the green rank grass is waving, and the deep low notes of the woodland dove mingling with the melancholy murmur of the passing stream. The very *graves* of our homes are dearer far than any other place in the wide world! 'Oh, that I were at home!' sighs the solitary captive. 'When shall I see my home again?' says the wearied exile. 'Are they thinking of me at home now?' exclaims the watchful mariner; and 'Oh, how sweet will be my return home!' cries the war-worn soldier, as he beholds the mountains of his native land.

Man never values a treasure so much as when it is lost to him for ever—man never knows his blessings and comforts until they have passed like a dream before him—and man never enjoys the sweets of home more than when he returns, after a long absence, to that only spot on earth which his heart holds sacred and eternally dear!

'Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is mine own—my native land?'

'England! with all thy faults I love thee still!' from thy hills and thy valleys, thy rocks and thy streams, my heart hath drawn her feeling and my soul her inspiration, my frame its health and my mind its vigour! 'With thee were the dreams of my earliest youth!' How can the minstrel thy mountains have cherished ever prove ungrateful? Thy prosperity shall be my prosperity, thy mourning shall be mine—with thee would I prosper or with thee would I perish—'thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.' And at length, when my harp is broken, like 'the golden bowl at the fountain,' when 'the silver cord is loosed,' and 'in death I shall calm recline,' may the sunbeams shine, and the wild flowers bloom, o'er my lowly bed in my native land.

The happiest hours of our existence must have been those when we 'remembered our Creator in the days of our youth,' mid the hills of our home and the home of our heart. Oh, happiest moments of life's fitful fever, how fleeting is thy loveliness! how transitory thy felicity!

We may have lived in obscurity—we may have left an humble cottage, and roved round the world 'like a child at a feast,' from the east to the west, in search of happiness—we may have enjoyed the society of princes, banquetted with emperors, and been befriended by kings—we may have dwelt in the pictured halls and the gilded mansions of the great, the mighty, and the powerful—seen far lovelier landscapes, far fairer faces, far brighter scenes than those of home; yet the heart must turn to the humble cottage embosomed among the green hills, and beautified by a thousand vivid associations, when life's 'ways were ways of pleasantness, and all her paths were peace!'

When I was a wanderer on the flowery shores of the

East, where the burning sun looks down on a landscape as fair and as lovely as itself, among the rainbow-beaming flowers in the garden of India, where all is beauty and perfume, where Flora oppresses and bewilders the soul with her magic luxuriance, how was I delighted to behold a simple wild weed, a native of my distant home, where the white lambs crop the tender herb, and the blue-bells glisten in the dewy morning! And among the gorgeous-plumaged birds, how lovely and how dear was a feathered creature from the country of my heart! A flower, a bird, a brook, a tone of music, moonlight on the water, a kind word from a gentle heart—all brought a flood of tender associations upon the soul—all gladdened the exile's heart with the thoughts of a distant home.

Oh! blessed memory that can bear our homes across the burning line—waft affection, innocence, and happiness on 'wing seraphic' to the uttermost boundaries of the world! The least patriotic, the least enthusiastic, the most unintellectual, and the most reckless of beings, bear in their hearts each a miniature of his home! The love of home is as naturally implanted in the human breast as a mother's affection for her offspring.

All, at one time, had a home; and, however destitute, however poor, however bowed down and broken-hearted by misfortune, memory recurs not to the days of our childhood and the loves of our home but the soul brightens into a paradise of intellectual glory, and the swollen heart overflows with a tide of deep, unutterable rapture.

Who would not love to die *at home*, surrounded by the friends and partners of his boyhood? Who would not far rather rest in the green grave at home, under the old remembered willows, with the same sweet birds singing by the warbling waters that sung at his birth, far up in the blue sky on a sunny summer morning? Who would not wish to sleep with, and to be gathered to his fathers—to have the same flower-bells blooming o'er his ashes, and the same blessed sunbeam smiling along his grave, by the woods and the wilds of his dear loved native home?

And when the minstrel's harp is hushed for ever—when the voice of song hath died away—when the warrior's sword is 'rusting ingloriously,' with 'the banner unlifted, the trumpet unblown'—when the limner's lovely art is forgotten, and the sculptor's adamant chisel buried in the dust—when cities are laid desolate, and nations have withered away—when the world itself is annihilated, the stars blotted out from the face of heaven, and the universe consumed with fervent fire—when the work of Death is done, and Time lies down and pants his weary spirit into eternity, then may the blessed—then may all the families of the earth, meet in that 'house not made with hands'—that eternal home, to which we are all fast hastening, where the tears shall be wiped from every eye, where 'there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain;' for 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him'—that holy, heavenly, everlasting home, where angels and arch-angels dwell in unimagined beatitude and glory—that long and last, that good and happy, that bright and beautiful home, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

SELF AND PARTNER.

(From Punch's Pocket-Book for 1848.)

MR CROSBY had arrived at that time of life at which sensible men, whilst their habits assume a strictness, begin to indulge in a laxity of dress, and wear ample waistcoats and easy boots. His features and person betokened the man who knows what to eat, drink, and avoid; who lives generously, and at the same time takes care of himself; and who has been engaged in the cultivation of Epicurean philosophy for some eighteen or twenty years. In his hale, ruddy countenance, you could read soundness and stamina, while the 'crow's feet' at the angles of his eyes intimated to you that he was no chicken.

Mr Crosby possessed a competence, and a commission in

her Majesty's corps of Gentleman Pensioners; he lived in chambers, and dined at a club or a coffeehouse. Thus far in the way of life had Mr Crosby marched on without impediment; that is to say, unmarried. But the period had now arrived at which it occurred to him that if he meant to marry at all, he had better do it. He did it. Five years afterwards he was seen in Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, surveying wistfully the exterior of the Blue Posts; in predicament, though not in appearance, resembling the Peri at the Gate of Paradise. It seemed as though he had buried himself in wedlock, and now, like some unquiet ghost, had returned to visit the scenes of his former life. He had evidently exchanged a state of single blessedness for the reverse; and he thus related the story of his griefs to an old acquaintance who accosted him:—

'Take my advice, sir: never marry. You will ask how I came to do so? For the best reason, sir, that a man can have for committing an act foolish in itself. There was beauty, sir; there was temper; there were accomplishments; and some money. I was not rash, sir. I looked before I leaped; but, sir, I never should have taken the leap. I did not marry in haste, sir, although I am repenting at leisure. I consulted with my friends, who agreed that I was doing a good thing. I disobliged none of my relatives, sir, except my nephew, who was my heir-presumptive. I was not foolish in love, sir, either. The case was this: I felt tired of living alone. I believed that my landress cheated me. I was convinced they stole my tea and sugar. I lost several shirts, and the rest usually came from the wash without buttons. My fire was frequently suffered to go out; and when I returned home wet in the feet I had to air my own stockings. Now, sir, it struck me that by marriage I should avoid these inconveniences. I had heard much of domestic management; and was induced to suppose that it would provide good dinners at a trifling expense. I expected, also, that I should find my boots better cleaned, my clothes better brushed, and the state of my wardrobe, in general, better attended to in the matrimonial state than in that of celibacy. I anticipated a better ordered breakfast-table than what I had been accustomed to. In short, sir, I looked for an increase of comforts, and if I had not, sir, I never should have changed my condition.

'Now, sir, my grocery is not only embezzled, but that by a monthly nurse, in addition to the servants, of whom I am under the necessity of keeping two; and my expenditure in that article has increased tenfold. It is quite a fiction, sir, that matrimony is advantageous to shirts: mine are as buttonless as ever. The fire in my study is neglected for that in the nursery; and my slippers are invariably put out of the way. My wardrobe is left to regulate itself, the servants being wholly occupied in dusting carpets and scrubbing floors; and once a-week the house is turned upside down, my papers displaced, and my walking-stick and umbrella mislaid, under the pretence of putting things to rights. I dine, sir, one day on a leg of mutton, and for half the week afterwards on the same dish in various forms. I can now appreciate the virtue of promptitude in waiters. I now know what it was to get a chop coaxed at ten minutes' notice—and let me tell you, sir, there are no such things as chops in wedlock. It is worse than useless to row my servants. Instead of exciting their alacrity, it only elicits excuses from Mrs Crosby. Then with respect to my breakfast: My newspaper is indispensable to the comfort of that meal. I can never read it in quiet; interrupted every moment, as I am, by some frivolous question or remark.

'The annoyances arising from my children, sir, are most intolerable. They are continually crying, and a box on the ear only makes them yell the louder, and my wife join in the concert. The best of children are only less noisy and mischievous than the ordinary run. But all of them are subject to teething, hooping-cough, and measles, which render their existence a misery to themselves and a burden to all around them, except to their mothers and nurses, who, I really believe, like the trouble which they thus occasion. But their wretched complaints, sir, are not

only troublesome, but expensive. I am never without a doctor in the house. Whilst I was a single man, sir, I never knew what medical attendance was. But women and children are always ailing. Not only are my butcher's, baker's, grocer's, and other bills augmented, but their number is increased by a doctor's bill, with nothing to show for it. And when I was married, sir, I found out, for the first time, what rates and taxes are.

'Between ourselves, sir—I don't mind telling you—I got about two hundred a-year with Mrs Crosby. But my additional expenditure so far exceeds that sum that I am obliged to deny myself many enjoyments. I have given up my daily pint of wine, and I no longer smoke. Thus, sir, has matrimony not only not increased my comforts, but has deprived me of those that I already possessed. Instead of being able to take my stroll, to see the sights and learn the news of the day, I now find myself resolving myself, as I go, into a Committee of Ways and Means. Sir, this worry—this ceaseless wear and tear of the brain—deprives a walk of its legitimate and constitutional character. Sir, depend upon it that it is a mistake to marry for comforts. I find myself obliged to resign my own and consult those of others. A single man, sir, has only himself to take care of; a married one has to take care of his wife and family. I made what everybody considered a prudent match. Sir, there are no such things as prudent matches. I am as miserable, sir, as I could have been if I had married for love. So do you remain single, sir, if you have a regard for Number One, for in matrimony you will find, sir, that you will have to care for Number Two.'

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

There are in the English language 20,500 nouns, 40 pronouns, 9,200 adjectives, 8,000 verbs, 2,600 adverbs, 69 prepositions, 19 conjunctions, 68 interjections, and 2 articles; in all above 40,000 words.

AN ENGLISH ADVENTURER IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

Having approached as near the land as we could, our headway was stopped, and we waited the arrival of a canoe which was coming out of the bay. Soon after, the canoe came alongside. In it were eight or ten natives, comely, vivacious-looking youths, all gesture and exclamation, the red feathers in their headbands perpetually nodding. With them also came a stranger, a renegade from Christendom and humanity—a white man in the South Sea girdle and tattooed in the face. A broad blue band stretched across his face from ear to ear, and on his forehead was the taper figure of a blue shark, nothing but fins from head to tail. He was an Englishman, Lem Hardy he called himself, who had deserted from a trading brig touching at the island for wood and water, some ten years previous. He had gone ashore as a sovereign power, armed with a musket and a bag of ammunition, and ready, if need were, to prosecute war on his own account. The country was divided by the hostile kings of several large valleys. With one of them, from whom he first received overtures, he formed an alliance, and became what he now was, the military leader of the tribe, and war-god of the entire island. His campaigns beat Napoleon's. In one night attack, his invincible musket, backed by the light infantry of spears and javelins, vanquished two clans, and the next morning brought all the others to the feet of his royal ally. Nor was the rise of his domestic fortunes at all behind the Corsican's; three days after landing, the exquisitely tattooed hand of a princess was his; receiving along with the damsel, as her portion, one thousand fathoms of fine tappa, fifty double-braided mats of split grass, four hundred hogs, ten houses in different parts of her native valley, and the sacred protection of an express edict of the Taboo, declaring his person inviolable for ever. Now, this man was settled for life, perfectly satisfied with his circumstances, and feeling no desire to return to his friends. Friends, indeed, he had none. He told me his history. Thrown upon the world a foundling, his paternal origin was as much a mystery to him as the genealogy of Odin; and, scorned by everybody, he fled the parish workhouse when a boy, and

launched upon the sea. He had followed it for several years, a dog before the mast, and now he had thrown it up for ever. And, for the most part, it is just this sort of men—so many of whom are found among sailors—uncared for by a single soul, without ties, reckless, and impatient of the restraints of civilisation, who are occasionally found quite at home upon the savage islands of the Pacific; and, glancing at their hard lot in their own country, what marvel at their choice?—*Melville's Adventures in the South Seas.*

THE SKATER'S SONG.

Away on the glist'ning plain we go,
With our steely feet so bright;
Away! for the north winds keenly blow,
And winter's out to-night.

With the stirring shout of the joyous rout
To the ice-bound stream we hie;
On the river's breast, where snow-flakes rest,
We'll merrily onward fly!

Our fires flame high; by their midnight glare
We will wheel our way along
And the white woods dim, and the frosty air,
Shall ring with the skater's song.

With a crew as bold as ever was told
For the wild and daring deed,
What can stay our flight by the fire's red light,
As we move with lightning speed?

We heed not the blast who are flying as fast
As deer o'er the Lapland snow;
When the cold moon shines on snow-clad pines
And wintry breezes blow.

The cheerful hearth, in the hall of mirth,
We have gladly left behind—
For a thrilling song is borne along
On the free and stormy wind.

Our hearts beating warm, we'll laugh at the storm
When it comes in a fearful rage,
'While, with many a wheel on the ringing steel,
A riotous game we will wage.'

By the starry light of a frosty night
We trace our onward way;
While on the ground with a splintering sound
The frost goes forth at play.

Then away to the stream, in the moonlight's beam,
For the night it waneth fast,
And the silent tread of the ghostly dead
At the midnight hour hath pass'd.

H. B. T.

AN EDITOR'S DUTIES.

The preparation of a constantly recurring periodical work, especially if conjoined with other duties, is a sure means of making time fly fast. There is no cessation—no pause; the task is never done; the mind never uncupied. 'I'll leave it till to-morrow,' cannot be said; pleasant loiterings must not be hoped for; it is on, on, till the account is closed; and so the years' ends come long before they are looked for. An editor's duties, even in a case comparatively unimportant, are onerous and unthankful. If he step out manfully he can scarcely avoid treading on somebody's toes, who will make a point of never forgetting it; whilst those on whom he may bestow commendation, even if nothing more substantial, during his journey, will quietly place it all to their own merits.—*The Builder.*

BROWN BREAD.

Out of 112 lbs. of wheat, 28 lbs. are taken in the shape of bran and coarse flour, leaving only 84 lbs. of fine flour. Were the bran only taken out, which would in no case exceed 7 lbs., there would be left 104 lbs. of nutritious flour, allowed by medical men to be more wholesome and more digestible than the fine flour now used.

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REV. W. WHEWELL'S BRIDGEWATER TREATISE.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THIS work is the production of a mind thoroughly scientific, possessed of extensive knowledge, and imbued with sound views in religion and philosophy. It has received no small share of public approbation, for the fifth edition is now lying before us, and the first was published in 1826. At least another edition (a cheaper one) has appeared since; perhaps more. It bears the title, 'Astronomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology;' and the learned author, taking the benefit of recent discoveries in these departments of natural philosophy, endeavours to show 'how the views of the creation, preservation, and government of the universe which natural science opens to us, harmonise with our belief in a creator, governor, and preserver of the world.' The material universe, when first observed, presents a number of facts which, in appearance, are more or less isolated; but a more accurate and comprehensive examination leads to the conclusion that there is a bond of union betwixt many of these facts, and they are governed by certain laws. It is the leading object of science, strictly so called, to discover what these laws are; and here one thing is certain—'Nature acts by general laws; that is, the occurrences of the world in which we find ourselves, result from causes which operate according to fixed and constant rules. The succession of days, and seasons, and years, is produced by the motions of the earth; and these again are governed by the attraction of the sun, a force which acts with undeviating steadiness and regularity. The changes of winds and skies, seemingly so capricious and casual, are produced by the operation of the sun's heat upon air and moisture, land and sea; and though in this case we cannot trace the particular events to their general causes, as we can trace the motions of the sun and moon, no philosophical mind will doubt the generality and fixity of the rules by which these causes act. The variety of the effects takes place because the circumstances in different cases vary, and not because the action of material causes leaves anything to chance in the result. And again, though the vital movements which go on in the frame of vegetables and animals depend on agencies still less known, and probably still more complex, than those which rule the weather, each of the powers on which such movements depend has its peculiar laws of action, and these are as universal and as invariable as the law by which a stone falls to the earth when not supported.' The laws of a community afford a fair indication of the wisdom and benevolence of those who are entrusted with the powers of legislation. A similar process of reasoning should help us in determining the moral and intel-

lectual character of the great Author of the universe, from the material phenomena which are presented to our view. Care must always be taken not to press too close the analogy betwixt divine and human administration; but certainly the argument is as simple as it is irresistible, and it is one which has the direct sanction of Scripture—'He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? He that formed the eye, shall he not see?'

It is important at this stage to have a distinct idea of what is meant by the laws of nature. The language is obviously metaphorical; and it is intended to teach us, that as moral laws direct the actions of persons, so natural laws exercise over things that kind of control of which they are susceptible. 'In this phrase are included all properties of the portions of the material world; all modes of action and rules of causation, according to which they operate on each other. The whole course of the visible universe, therefore, is but the collective result of such laws; its movements are only the aggregate of *their* working. All natural occurrences, in the skies and on the earth, in the organic and in the inorganic world, are determined by the relations of the elements and the actions of the forces of which the rules are thus prescribed. The relations and rules by which these occurrences are thus determined necessarily depend on measures of time and space, motion and force—on quantities which are subject to numerical measurement, and capable of being connected by mathematical properties. And thus all things are ordered by number, and weight, and measure. 'God,' as was said by the ancients, 'works by geometry;' the legislation of the material universe is necessarily delivered in the language of mathematics; the stars in their courses are regulated by the properties of conic sections, and the winds depend on arithmetical and geometrical progressions of elasticity and pressure.'

In constructing an argument for presiding intelligence and wisdom, from the correspondencies and adaptations of the different parts of nature, the attention might be confined to the earth, and the system of organic life by which it is occupied; or one may take a wide range, and contemplate the earth in connexion with the solar system of which it is a portion. The former may be called terrestrial adaptations, and the latter, cosmical arrangements.

TERRESTRIAL ADAPTATIONS form the subject of the present article. The thoughtful mind, as its sphere of knowledge is increased, receives a stronger impression of the wonderful correspondence of the organic and the inorganic world. Such an adaptation is found to exist betwixt the properties of plants and animals, and the facts of astronomy and meteorology, as to render it absolutely impossible that it could be the result of accident. The exquisite

delicacy with which the various parts are adjusted to each other make it manifest that they constitute but one machine; and it admits of no question that He who filled our planet with vegetable and animal life, and endowed them with their respective functions, had previously calculated (humanly speaking) what was the weight of the earth, the density of the air, and the magnitude of the ocean. But we must now present to our readers a few of those adaptations in detail. Here is one—the length of the year. This is a most important period of time. If you look at the vegetable creation, it will be found that their internal functions are completed in this cycle; and it is equally clear that all the external agencies which operate upon plants are embraced within the same limit. ‘The vegetable clock-work is so set as to go for a year.’ Now, there is no necessity in the nature of things why our year should consist of the precise period of twelve months. It might have been longer or shorter. The earth’s distance from the sun is about ninety-six millions of miles; let this distance be increased twelve millions, and the year would become thirteen months; let it be diminished to the same amount, and the year would be limited to eleven months; remove the earth as far from the sun as Mars is, and the year is prolonged to a period of nearly twenty-three months; bring it as near as Venus is, and the year is reduced to nearly seven months. Or the change supposed could be effected in another manner. Let the present distances betwixt the earth and the sun be preserved, and increase or diminish the size of the central mass. What would then happen? The earth would immediately revolve around the sun with lesser or greater velocity, and the year would expand or contract in the same proportion. If such an alteration were to take place to any considerable extent, the consequences would be most disastrous. Our whole botanical system would at once be deranged, the functions of all our plants would be completely changed, and the vegetable creation be consigned to an irremediable destruction. The proof of this is easy. ‘Most of our fruit trees, for example, require the year to be of its present length. If the summer and the autumn were much shorter, the fruit could not ripen; if these seasons were much longer, the tree would put forth a fresh suit of blossoms, to be cut down by the winter. Or if the year were twice its present length, a second crop of fruit would probably not be matured, for want, among other things, of an intermediate season of rest and consolidation, such as the winter is. Our forest trees, in like manner, appear to need all the seasons of our present year for their perfection: the spring, summer, and autumn, for the development of their leaves and consequent formation of their *proper juice*, and of wood from this; and the winter for the hardening and solidifying the substance thus formed. Most plants, indeed, have some peculiar function adapted to each period of the year, that is, of the now existing year. The sap ascends with extraordinary copiousness at two seasons, in the spring and in the autumn, especially the former. The opening of the leaves and the opening of the flowers of the same plants are so constant to their times (their *appointed* times, as we are naturally led to call them), that such occurrences might be taken as indications of the times of the year. It has been proposed in this way to select a series of botanical facts which should form a calendar; and this has been termed a *calendar of Flora*. Thus, if we consider the time of putting forth leaves, the honeysuckle protrudes them in the month of January; the gooseberry, currant, and elder in the end of February, or beginning of March; the willow, elm, and lime-tree in April; the oak and ash, which are always the latest among trees, in the beginning or towards the middle of May. In the same manner the flowering has its regular time: the mezerion and snow-drop push forth their flowers in February; the primrose in the month of March; the cowslip in April; the great mass of plants in May and June; many in July, August, and September; some not till the month of October, as the meadow saffron; and some not till the approach and arrival of winter, as the laurustinus and arbutus.’

The remarkable fact that requires notice here is, that

all these stages in the history of the plants recur at an interval of about a twelvemonth. A periodic law is thus in operation, and all engaged in their cultivation act upon the principle, that the various processes of vegetation require a portion of time, which cannot be abbreviated into much less than a year. Here then we find that the earth in its path round the sun occupies exactly that period which is best adapted for bringing to perfection the flowers and fruits which grow upon its surface. Blind and insensible must that man be who refuses to acknowledge in this a proof of design. ‘Why should the solar year be so long and no longer? or, this being of such a length, why should the vegetable cycle be exactly of the same length? Can this be chance? And this occurs, it is to be observed, not in one, or in a few species of plants, but in thousands. Take a small portion only of known species, as the most obviously endowed with this adjustment, and say ten thousand. How should all these organised bodies be constructed for the same period of a year? How should all these machines be wound up so as to go for the same time? Even allowing that they could bear a year of a month longer or shorter, how do they all come within such limits? No chance could produce such a result. And if not by chance, how otherwise could such a coincidence occur, than by an intentional adjustment of these two things to one another? by a selection of such an organisation in plants, as would fit them to the earth on which they were to grow; by an adaptation of construction to conditions; of the scale of the construction to the scale of conditions.’

The functions of vegetable life may be said with great propriety to bear the same relation to the year that a watch does to a sun-dial. It is curious, at the same time, to observe that the connexion is equally apparent in the conditions of animal existence, and that the argument may be applied with equal force. ‘The same kind of argument might be applied to the animal creation. The pairing, nesting, hatching, fledging, and flight of birds, for instance, occupy each its peculiar time of the year; and, together with a proper period of rest, fill up the twelve months. The transformations of most insects have a similar reference to the seasons, their progress, and duration. ‘In every species’ (except man), says a writer on animals, ‘there is a particular period of the year in which the reproductive system exercises its energies. And the season of love and the period of gestation are so arranged that the young ones are produced at the time wherein the conditions of temperature are most suited to the commencement of life.’ It is not our business here to consider the details of such provisions, beautiful and striking as they are. But the prevalence of the great law of periodicity in the vital functions of organised beings will be allowed to have a claim to be considered in its reference to astronomy, when it is seen that their periodical constitution derives its use from the periodical nature of the motions of the planets round the sun; and that the duration of such cycles in the existence of plants and animals has a reference to the arbitrary elements of the solar system: a reference which, we maintain, is inexplicable and unintelligible, except by admitting into our conceptions an intelligent Author, alike of the organic and inorganic universe.’

The length of the day is another of these adaptations. A year is measured by the revolution of the earth round the sun, and a day is measured by the revolution of the earth round its axis. If, as we have seen, there is an adaptation betwixt the solar year and the powers of vegetable and animal life, it is somewhat probable that a similar correspondence betwixt them and a day may be found to exist. Upon examination, this is found to be the case. This conviction is based, as in the former instance, upon two facts. First, the length of the day is a mere arbitrary quantity; for the earth could be made to spin upon its axis at a slower or quicker rate, and we might have a day of twelve hours in length, or thirty hours, instead of twenty-four, as at present. Second, the animal and vegetable kingdom undergo certain changes every day, for which twelve hours would be too short and thirty hours too long. Let us select an illustration from the vegetable economy.

In the same manner in which Linnæus proposed a Calendar of Flora, he also proposed a *Dial of Flora*, or flower-clock; and this was to consist, as will readily be supposed, of plants, which mark certain hours of the day, by opening and shutting their flowers. Thus the day-lily (*hemerocallis fulva*) opens at five in the morning; the *leontodon taraxacum*, or common dandelion, at five or six; the *hieracium latifolium* (hawkweed), at seven; the *hieracium pilosella*, at eight; the *calendula arvensis*, or marigold, at nine; the *mesembryanthemum neapolitanum*, at ten or eleven; and the closing of these and other flowers in the latter part of the day offers a similar system of hour marks. Some of these plants are thus expanded in consequence of the stimulating action of the light and heat of the day, as appears by their changing their time, when these influences are changed; but others appear to be constant to the same hours, and independent of the impulse of such external circumstances. Other flowers by their opening and shutting prognosticate the weather. Plants of the latter kind are called by Linneus *meteoric* flowers, as being regulated by atmospheric causes; those which change their hour of opening and shutting with the length of the day he terms *tropical*; and the hours which they measure are, he observes, like Turkish hours, of varying length at different seasons. But there are other plants which he terms *equinoctial*; their vegetable days, like the days of the equator, being always of equal length; and these open, and generally close, at a fixed and positive hour of the day. Such plants clearly prove that the periodical character, and the period of the motions above described, do not depend altogether on external circumstances.

The habits of animals in their waking, sleeping, &c., are all adjusted to those alternations of light and darkness which make up the period of twenty-four hours. Man is decidedly a being of this kind, and his frame is so constructed as to admit of a series of functions being accomplished during this natural day. The human system is not adapted for a day of twelve or thirty hours in length; and it is both interesting and instructive to remark that the observance of this period is 'beneficial to the human frame, independently of the effect of external agents. In the voyages recently made into high northern latitudes, where the sun did not rise for three months, the crews of the ships were made to adhere, with the utmost punctuality, to the habit of retiring to rest at nine, and rising a quarter before six; and they enjoyed, under circumstances apparently the most trying, a state of salubrity quite remarkable. This shows, that according to the common constitution of such men, the cycle of twenty-four hours is very commodious, though not imposed on them by external circumstances.'

The mass of the earth is another of those adaptations. This opens up an admirable field for illustration, did our limits permit. Who would suppose beforehand that the very existence of the present races of plants and animals upon our globe is dependent upon its size or density. Let us explain this. Animal and vegetable life cannot be sustained without the continual motion of their fluid parts, and certain forces are required for the purpose of keeping up this circulation and of drawing the particles together. 'The positions of the parts of vegetables are also the result of the flexibility and elasticity of their substance; the voluntary motions of animals are produced by the tension of the muscles. But in all those cases the effect really produced depends upon the force of gravity also; and in order that the motions and positions may be such as answer their purpose, the forces which produce them must have a due proportion to the force of gravity.' This adjustment has actually been made, and the proof is as simple as it is beautiful. The mass of our planet might have been different from what it is. Suppose it doubled, and what would be the immediate results? Every muscular movement would be twice as difficult as at present, every burden would be twice as heavy, every step that was taken would require twice the exertion, and man and beast would be more fatigued with five hours' labours than they are now with ten. Let it be diminished by one half, and what

would then follow? The air would be too thin for our lungs, our movements would become slippery and unsteady, and we should feel as landmen walking on the deck of a ship when the sea is rough; our bodies would be so light that an ordinary breeze of wind would make us reel to and fro like drunk men, and if its force were increased considerably, it would leave us all sprawling upon the ground. Add a little more violence, and we are thrown backward and forward, as a hat pursued by its owner in a strong current of wind; all things upon the earth would be thrown into a state of the utmost confusion and disorder, and life would become absolutely insupportable. Similar injurious consequences would attend the processes of vegetable existence.

Let us now give a specimen of these curious adjustments between the mass of the earth (or, in other words, the force of gravity) and the functions of plants. 'The first instance we shall take, is the force manifested by the ascent of the sap in vegetables. It appears, by a multitude of indisputable experiments, (among the rest, those of Hales, Mirbel, and Dutrochet,) that all plants imbibe moisture by their roots, and *pump it up*, by some internal force, into every part of their frame, distributing it into every leaf. It will easily be conceived that this operation must require a very considerable mechanical force; for the fluid must be sustained as if it were a single column reaching to the top of the tree. The division into minute parts and distribution through small vessels does not at all diminish the total force requisite to raise it. If, for instance, the tree be thirty-three feet high, the pressure must be fifteen pounds upon every square inch in the section of the vessels of the bottom in order merely to support the sap. And it is not only supported, but propelled upwards with great force, so as to supply the constant evaporation of the leaves. The pumping power of the tree must, therefore, be very considerable. That this power is great has been confirmed by various curious experiments, especially by those of Hales. He measured the force with which the stems and branches of trees draw the fluid from below, and push it upwards. He found, for instance, that a vine in the *bleeding* season could push up its sap in a glass tube to the height of twenty-one feet above the stump of an amputated branch. The force which produces this effect is part of the economy of the vegetable world; and it is clear that the due operation of the force depends upon its being rightly proportioned to the force of gravity. The weight of the fluid must be counterbalanced, and an excess of force must exist to produce the motion upwards. In the common course of vegetable life, the rate of ascent of the sap is regulated, on the one hand, by the upward pressure of the vegetable power, and on the other, by the amount of the gravity of the fluid, along with the other resistances, which are to be overcome. If, therefore, we suppose gravity to increase, the rapidity of this vegetable circulation will diminish, and the rate at which this function proceeds will not correspond either to the course of the seasons, or the other physiological processes with which this has to co-operate. We might easily conceive such an increase of gravity as would stop the vital movements of the plant in a very short time. In like manner, a diminution of the gravity of the vegetable juices would accelerate the rising of the sap, and would probably hurry and overload the leaves and other organs, so as to interfere with their due operation. Some injurious change, at least, would take place. Here, then, we have the forces of the minutest parts of vegetables adjusted to the magnitude of the whole mass of the earth on which they exist. There is no apparent connexion between the quantity of matter of the earth, and the force of imbibition of the roots of a vine, or the force of propulsion of the vessels of its branches. Yet these things have such a proportion as the well-being of the vine requires. How is this to be accounted for, but by supposing that the circumstances under which the vine was to grow, were attended to in devising its structure.'

These adaptations have occupied the greater part of the space which can be allotted to this article. This has been done intentionally, because they present trains of thought

which are not only extremely interesting in themselves, but which are seldom laid before the general reader. But there are many other adaptations. There is the magnitude of the ocean. According to the calculations of Laplace, the eminent French astronomer, its mean depth is four or five miles. Increase the quantity of water in the bed of the ocean, and the whole earth would be covered except the tops of a few chains of mountains. Is this accidental? There is the magnitude of the atmosphere. Increase the mass of the present atmosphere, and the structure of vegetables could not sustain the additional pressure, and the force of an ordinary wind would swell to the violence of a hurricane. Another adaptation is found in the constancy and variety of climates. It is not difficult to conceive a scheme according to which the whole of the earth's surface might be exposed equally to the sun, and the same temperature would have existed everywhere; and it is just as easy to show how the climate would have possessed no stability at all had the earth been a comet, undergoing incessant and rapid changes from heat to cold and from cold to heat. But upon our planet there exists a wonderful steadiness attended with considerable changes; and in accordance with this, we perceive different classes of animals and plants in different countries. The mean annual temperature of any place upon the earth varies very little. The extreme cold of any winter or the extreme heat of any summer scarcely affects the average temperature for the year. The vegetables in each locality require this constancy of temperature for their preservation. But there are also great varieties of climate in countries that are far removed from each other, and there are varieties of organisation corresponding to these. How beautiful is this provision! An inhabitant of the tropics conceives it impossible that vegetable life could exist in regions which lie farther away from the influence of the sun. The ancients who dwelt in the temperate zone were firmly of opinion that those parts which were nearer the centre could not be inhabited, from the burning heat, and that those which were nearer the poles were rendered equally unfit for existence, from the intensity of the cold. But it is not so. The torrid, the temperate, and the frozen zones of the globe have each their own productions. Every zone has its peculiar vegetables; and while we miss some, we find others make their appearance, as if to replace those which are absent. If we look at the indigenous plants of Asia and Europe, we find such a succession as we have here spoken of. At the equator we find the natives of the Spice Islands, the clove and nutmeg trees, pepper and mace. Cinnamon bushes clothe the surface of Ceylon; the odoriferous sandal wood, the ebony tree, the teak tree, the banyan, grow in the East Indies. In the same latitudes in Arabia the Happy we find balm, frankincense, and myrrh, the coffee tree, and the tamarind. But in these countries, at least in the plains, the trees and shrubs which decorate our more northerly climes are wanting. And as we go northwards, at every step we change the vegetable group, both in addition and by subtraction. In the thickets to the west of the Caspian Sea we have the apricot, citron, peach, walnut. In the same latitude in Spain, Sicily, and Italy, we find the dwarf palm, the cypress, the chestnut, the cork tree; and the orange and lemon tree perfume the air with their blossoms; the myrtle and pomegranate grow wild among the rocks. We cross the Alps, and we find the vegetation which belongs to northern Europe, of which England affords an instance. The oak, the beech, and the elm are natives of Great Britain: the elm tree seen in Scotland, and in the north of England, is the wych elm. As we travel still further to the north the forests again change their character. In the northern provinces of the Russian empire are found forests of the various species of firs—the Scotch and spruce fir, and the larch. In the Orkney Islands no tree is found but the hazel, which occurs again on the northern shores of the Baltic. As we proceed into colder regions we still find species which appear to have been made for these situations. The hoary or cold alder makes its appearance north of Stockholm; the sycamore and mountain ash accompany us to the head of the Gulf of Bothnia; and

as we leave this and traverse the Doplrain range, we pass in succession the boundary lines of the spruce fir, the Scotch fir, and those minute shrubs which botanists distinguish as the dwarf birch and dwarf willow. Here, near to or within the arctic circle, we yet find wild flowers of great beauty; the mezerium, the yellow and white water-lily, and the European globe-flower; and when these fail us, the rein-deer moss still makes the country habitable for animals and man.

In this connexion may be mentioned, that though the vegetable productions of nature are confined each within comparatively narrow limits, yet there is no part of the earth's surface which does not admit the successful cultivation of one kind or another of them. Wheat, vine, olives, rice, cotton, sugar, tea, maize, bread-fruit, sago, palm, and the cabbage-tree, have each and all their limits. Nor is it unimportant to remark, as part of our argument, that this variety of productions in the different sections of the world has a great influence in stimulating the industry and promoting the social happiness of man. Our author next proceeds to consider the constituents of climate. He states the laws of heat with respect to the earth, water, and air; the laws of electricity and magnetism; the properties of light with regard to vegetation, of sound to the atmosphere, and of light to the ether whose vibrations produce it. These and the other laws that have come formerly under our observation are very numerous, and as they might have been different in some respects from what they are, there is evidence of choice in the Designing Mind, that he selected these and not some others. But the appearance of choice is still further illustrated by the variety as well as the number of the laws selected. The laws are unlike one another. Steam certainly expands at a very different rate from air by the application of heat, probably according to a different law; water expands in freezing, but mercury contracts; heat travels in a manner quite different through solids and fluids. Every separate substance has its own density, gravity, cohesion, elasticity, its relations to heat, to electricity, to magnetism; besides all its chemical affinities, which form an endless throng of laws, connecting every one substance in creation with every other, and different for each pair anyhow taken. Nothing can look less like a world formed of atoms operating upon each other according to some universal and inevitable laws, than this does: if such a system of things be conceivable, it cannot be our system. We have, it may be, fifty simple substances in the world, each of which is invested with properties, both of chemical and mechanical action, altogether different from those of any other substance. Every portion, however minute, of any of these, possesses all the properties of the substance. Of each of these substances there is a certain unalterable quantity in the universe; when combined, their compounds exhibit new chemical affinities, now mechanical laws. Who gave these different laws to the different substances? who proportioned the quantity of each? But suppose this done. Suppose these substances in existence, in contact, in due proportion to each other. Is *this* a world, or at least our world? No more than the mine or the forest are the ship of war or the factory. These elements, with their constitution perfect, and their proportion suitable, are still a mere chaos. They must be put in their places. They must not be where their own properties would place them. They must be made to assume a particular arrangement, or we can have no regular and permanent course of nature. This arrangement must again have additional peculiarities, or we can have no organic portion of the world. The millions of millions of particles which the world contains must be finished up in as complete a manner, and fitted into their places with as much nicety, as the most delicate wheel or spring in a piece of human machinery. What are the habits of thought to which it can appear possible that this could take place without design, intention, intelligence, purpose, knowledge?

In our next number we will conclude our analysis of this interesting treatise with an account of the relations and connexions of the solar system.

HOMES FOR UNPROTECTED FACTORY GIRLS.

THOSE persons who are engaged in the administration of the law, or who are in the habit of visiting prisons, or mixing much with the working classes, must be well aware that a considerable portion of the crime amongst the female population in manufacturing towns is attributable to the unprotected state of young girls, arising either from the death or improvidence of parents, or of those who may for a time have supplied the place of parents. It is by no means unfrequent for much steadiness of character to be shown in a girl's career while working at the same mill for several years successively, till, upon the death of a parent or relative, she is forced to seek lodgings for herself. The probable result may easily be foreseen. Lodging with other girls in an uncomfortable home, with no one to care for her or to feel an interest in her good conduct, she seeks pleasure where it offers itself. The rate of wages varying from 4s. to 7s. a-week, a small extravagance in dress, or an occasional absence from work, arising from sickness or other causes, is often sufficient to throw her behind with her rent, and the young thoughtless girl becomes an easy prey to the suggestions of degraded companions. The owners of wretched lodging-houses can give no credit, and some kind of home the poor girl must have. In such circumstances the downward course is pretty rapid; and an early death, or a life of crime and degradation, is the natural result. In the United States of America the wages for female labour are much higher than in England and Scotland, and the mill-girls in some factories enjoy a degree of comfort in home, dress, and mental recreation that in this country would appear chimerical, were not the fact well ascertained. This superior state of enjoyment is not by any means wholly dependent on the higher rate of wages. A great and important peculiarity in the factories referred to is, that arrangements are made for the protection of the girls employed in them, and for the cultivation of their self-respect. Young women of modest character (for none other are allowed the privilege) live in a building near the mill prepared for the purpose, and superintended by a matron of respectability and intelligence. The young women sleep in separate rooms, but meet in the evenings and at meal hours in large rooms, neatly furnished and supplied with books, periodicals, music, &c. The matron fixes the hours when all the inmates must be within doors, and takes care that no irregularity of any kind occurs. It is unnecessary at present to speak of the way in which their houses and grounds are adorned, the excellent lectures which they can command on religious, scientific, or literary subjects, or of the power to contribute to charitable institutions enjoyed by the protected American factory girl, as these cannot in the first instance be attained; but the all-important object of protection to the young helpless female and the cultivation of her self-respect is undoubtedly within our reach, if once the desirableness of the object was clearly perceived and its practicability made manifest. It is with this view that we direct attention to the subject, and we are not without hope that ere long means will be adopted to provide respectable homes for the unprotected factory girls of this country.

It is clearly the interest of every millowner to have steady and respectable workpeople; and some rich and benevolent proprietors of mills have stated it as their opinion that they have been well repaid, even in an economical point of view, by an annual expenditure of £200 in schools. But in the proposed scheme no outlay with such distant results is at all necessary. Were a manufacturer to take a house capable of accommodating about forty girls, furnish it very plainly but neatly—two public rooms well lighted, warmed, and supplied with entertaining and profitable literature, being set apart for the accommodation of all—and place the establishment under the control of a respectable intelligent matron, whose duty it would be to admit none but girls of modest character,

he would, we believe, receive a return that would completely cover the expenses and the interest of the capital laid out in furniture. After collecting various facts, we submit the following as the probable expense attendant on such an institution. The estimate is not given as precise in its details, but we believe it to be quite high enough in the aggregate:—

Rent and taxes for a house to accommodate 40 young persons.....	£50	0	0
Coal and gas.....	25	0	0
Salary of matron.....	40	0	0
Board and wages of one servant.....	12	0	0
Interest at 7½ per cent. for £300 expended in furnishing 20 bedrooms (40 bedssteads), 2 public rooms, kitchen, matron's room, &c.....	22	10	0
	£149	10	0
The payments of 40 girls at 1s. 6d. a-week each (the usual price at present for very poor accommodation) would amount to.....	156	0	0
Balance.....	£6	10	0

A somewhat larger sum would be obtained if a greater number of girls were admitted, and a shilling a-week charged to sisters who shared the same bed. The weekly charge would be deducted from each girl's pay at the mill, so that the proprietor would be sure of his rent as long as the factory girls liked the home; and if that home was really made cheerful and comfortable it would not be likely to be without tenants; on the contrary, it would serve as an attraction to all respectable factory girls to seek work at the owner's mills. The food might be given at the rate of 2s. 6d. a-week each, or so much for particular meals, and this sum would afford the expense of any additional service that would be required. Every possible advantage should be held out by a savings bank and sick fund allowance, with a view to promote provident habits; and means might also be taken to make the institution subservient to the promotion of habits of domestic and household economy, which might afterwards be turned to valuable account. We might have dwelt at much greater length on the numerous and important advantages of such institutions. These, however, will be so apparent to all as to render further comment unnecessary. We rejoice to learn that the subject is now engaging the attention of the amiable Mrs Hill, a lady on whom the mantle of Mrs Fry has fallen, and who has recently made a tour of Scotland and Scotland's prisons. In private circles where the scheme has been mentioned, it has met with much approbation; and we hope this public notice of its character and object will not be without good results.

CITY FLOWERS.

THERE is not in all the broad wilderness of human nature one plant that is utterly a weed. The deadly nightshade and the poisonous henbane that taint the pure atmosphere with their breath, and the rank sunflower that only lives in and follows glaring sunshine; the poppy, that seems formed only for the distant eye, and the hyssop, whose life-blood is bitterness;—all plants, however trivial and seemingly noxious, have latent honey in their flower-cups, if we had only power to reach and eyes to see it. Humanity has weeds enough, alas!—weeds that grow rank and wild amongst the holiest, sweetest flower-plots—weeds that are plucked from the virgin soil of a comparative purity, and are left to wither—weeds that are trampled down and scorned, or cast out pitilessly to die. But these weeds, scorned and outcast though they be, have the effluence of divinity in them; they are of that order of plants into whose being God breathed the breath of life. Hidden beneath the disguise of dark umbrageous sin, slumbers the image of Jehovah; and if, instead of cold and hopeless outlawry from the Eden of the world's good fame, the world would hold the door of mercy open to the erring, who knows how the seeds of virtue might revive in the sunshine of repentance and hope, to crush the serpent's head of guilt and sin? We have seen the weeds of human nature darkling in the coldest barren soils; we have seen them in their utter egotism, left of man to crawl along the

ground in neglected wildness, or to twine around some upas tree of sin, who, like the fabled vampire, held them up to blight and then to kill them; we have seen them so fallen from childhood's fresh, glowing purity and radiance that the very indications of their origin were almost lost: yet—oh! yet—upon the very verge of double death, one pure drop of dew would exhalé from the depths of the flower-cup of life—the faint odour of the capacity to bloom in the immortal bowers of heaven would steal from the essence of humanity, perfusing the withering plant with the incense of worship, and teaching us that hope and soul were still resident there.

We recollect of one fair flower, fresh and fragrant as dew and beauty could render it; we see it still, through a long vista of memory, blooming in a mother's bosom, and nestling itself there. How fair it was that little human plant! Upon its cheek some favouring goddess had seemed to lay celestial snow and to have strained the rose's essence through it, so pure, so soft, and so glowing was the face of this young bud of fair humanity. There was no winter in its sunny, hopeful years, for its heart seemed to irradiate a heavenly sunshine over its being, and to keep it fresh and warm. The song of the birds, the odour of the flowers, were lovelier and sweeter with this little smiling girl beside them. There was more of God in her pure tiny being than in the whole universe of mindless creation; and father, mother, and kindred felt this truth as they listened to the music of her voice, and to the breathings of her intelligent soul. He to whom the Creator of all things had given her, felt that she was very precious; the custodian of this imperishable child felt that the gift was from heaven, and he sought to train her up—up, until her aspirations and her faith would recognise and love the dew of Zion. We see her yet in the sunshine and glory of her opening day, and drinking in the incense that came breathing from the plains of Bethlehem, and the banks of the sparkling Jordan, and the garden of Gethsemane, and the mount of Calvary; we see her yet sitting among a thousand flowers in her father's garden, and she more lovely than them all. We see her father and mother, in the summer days—we see them sitting at their ivy-curtained window, and bathing that fair young maiden's face in the suffusion of their love-illuminated glances. O, God! will one so fair, and pure, and formed to be beloved, ever know proscription from their hearts? will she of whom they are so proud and hopeful ever be outlived from their pride and hope? This is a world of mingled bliss and pain; it is a changing scene of hope, and fear, and sorrow. There is no rest in it—for life is all unrest; it is the path we tread towards the better land, and in our journeyings onward all is dark, save hope, and faith, and heaven. There is night on earth—cold, cheerless night—dark, pitchy, murky night; yet, even in the night's darkest hour, there is some star to burst through the gloomy clouds of its despair and lead our hopes to heaven.

It was night; and, at an hour when men had generally sunk to rest, we walked forth. We have a strange liking for lonely night-musings and wanderings. Night has ever been a pleasant time to us. We loved it in the country, when we used to sit and gaze through the openings in our alder-bower at home, upon twinkling Hesperus, the glittering Pleiades, Orion's belt, the Plough, or the horned moon. In our dreamings of space, and in our youthful fancies regarding those distant worlds, we unconsciously acquired a love of silent, stilly night, that still is ours. Your eyes cannot reach the stars, in the city; if they do, they reach too high. It is only in the country that man can see nature, either in the ambient regions beyond this earth or on its bosom. Groves of tall green trees, and lawns sparkling with dew, and birds chanting their clear matin songs, and streams dancing and murmuring on through willow-curtained banks, and stars, and sun, and moon, can only be seen in harmony in the country. We must be dissociated from humanity in all its aspects save one, if we wish to view nature in her whole. We must only see man in repose, surrounded by all other visible objects of creation in peace, if we wish to look with

satisfaction above, beneath, and around us. In the city, the heart and eye are engrossed and concentrated in humanity. Your stars are the feeble lights that glimmer in high attics; your groves are long, dark, dingy alleys; your streams are streams of want, and pain, and suffering, from which issue murmurings of sorrow and of entreaty; and your constellations and sunlight are the ministrings of the angel few that have, and feel, and give.

We walked along the silent deserted street, realising in memory the death-like stillness that reigns in the Thebes and Palmyra of old, and wondering if this city, too, would yet be as tenanted as they. Now and again, a passenger, well wrapped up, would hurry past, and we could mark, by the impatient yet light spring of his step, that there was a bright home before him. Now and again the lights would vanish from the windows; then the hum of midnight roysterers would issue from some lane; then some dark form would steal from a dark stair, and flitting like a night-owl into the darkness again, would vanish. Deep, unseen heart of society! he who would see some of thy most pity-producing revelations must walk forth at night.

Look! there stands a church, with its lofty taper spire pointing up to heaven. That church has four eyes, like another Janus. It has one for each of the cardinal points—north, south, east, and west. Each of these large, circular, lighted-up orbs is divided into twelve compartments, indicative of as many divisions of time; and there is a large heart pulsating behind them, which makes the iron fingers on their dials point the hours and minutes as they flit away. Look! there is another temple; it is close upon this lofty church. It too stands erect, and its eyes, if it dared, could look into the face of heaven. It is not a tenanted temple; it possesses a noble guest—noble in its origin and destiny—once pure and holy. See! light garments flutter in the night wind; so fluttered the garments of another day. There is a rose in that poor nameless weed's hand; it is withered, and so are her cheek and heart. She gazes at the lighted-up clock—her eyes swim—the hands swing back and draw the veil from the past—memory's dull eye begins to open upon the long vista of one short life—youth, arrayed in innocence and truth, comes over her vision, and, with a scream, that poor forsaken flower rushes once more into the oblivious labyrinth of sin.

We were sitting one day in one of those modern burial-places which seem to be made in mockery of the living bones of the poor, when our eyes were attracted by a form that seemed crushed with grief and suffering. It was a woman, whose deep habiliments of woe were unable to draw the eye from her face. Black is a poor symbol of grief; the blanched cheek tells its tale more forcibly than could a world's drapery of sable weeds. It was in this woman's face that we sought to read her sorrows, not in crape and silk. She tottered slowly over the gravel, and approached a new-made grave; she knelt beside it, and she wept. We knew her; we had known her in other days—in days when she would have kissed and blessed the cheek of her who in that nameless narrow bed was forgotten of all save this mourner. She was the mother of her whom we have pictured. Poor flower! blighted, blasted, outcast, trampled on, because thou hadst trusted, loved too well. Thou art gone now, and on earth there is no renewing of thy beauty or of thy peace. Yet surely there was one ligament left to preserve thy relation to the great Father—one little filament that still bound thee to thy God. Thy last request, when thou hadst crawled back to thy mother's lap to die, was to sleep beside thy father; thy last prayer was for forgiveness to the cruel and the heartless; thy last tear was an oblation to heaven, the purest thou couldst give. Who knows upon what heavenly diadem that gem is beaming? Scorn not the meanest thing on earth, for God hath made it; trample not on the most noxious human weed, for still Jehovah's image is flickering, mayhap feebly, there. Pity, weep over, mourn the sins of humanity; love and cherish the sinner, and point his eyes to heaven. Who knows where these weeds of the wilderness were first planted, and with what dews of holy hearts they were nourished? Who knows

the temptations that induced their already fallen natures to farther fall—to taste the fruit of an irretrievable worldly expulsion? Peace be with them—poor, trampled, blighted flowers!

RANDOM JOTTINGS.

THE BLACK NICKAR-TREE, OR SOAP-BERRY.

There are few things that so beautifully illustrate the kindness and wisdom of Providence as the adaptation of plants and animals to climate, and their applicability to the uses of man. The cocoa nut tree supplies to the natives of the islands of the Pacific Ocean a species of bread, milk, and drinking utensils; several tribes make mats from the bark of other trees, with which they clothe themselves, and upon which they sleep. Captain Cook found a plant in these islands, which, from its fruit resembling bread in taste, he called the 'breadfruit tree.' It is from a tree called the maple that the Americans produce an excellent sugar, and our own is formed from the juice of a cane; cotton, caoutchouc, coffee, and many articles of daily consumpt too numerous to mention, are growing wild in various parts of the globe, but none of them appear more curious to us than the black nickar-tree or soap-berry, which is indigenous to the West Indies. This tree is generally about thirty feet in height, and its trunk is about two feet in circumference; its bark is of a greyish or ash colour, and its branches spread in clusters near to the summit of the tree; its leaves are very beautiful in form, being somewhat of an elongated egg shape, and meeting in opposite pairs upon the light twigs. About the decline of the year the blossoms appear, which are small in size and of a whitish colour. In the corolla or flower are five fertile and three barren stamina; and as plants are classified according to the number of stamina contained in the flower, some class the soap-berry, having eight, with octandria, while others, arguing upon the useless character of the three barren ones, call it pentandria. From the flowers are produced clusters of black wrinkled berries about the size of a gooseberry, and these the laundresses of the West Indies use in washing, which answer all the purposes of soap. These trees grow luxuriantly in the archipelago of the Antilles, but no part of them save the fruit has ever been applied to any useful purpose. Indeed one vegetable physiologist argues that its ashes, mixed with those of other trees, destroys their scouring property; this is not vouched, however, and seems improbable. The fleshy substance which forms the capsule or seed-covering is that part which contains the alkaline and detergent properties of soap. When it is rubbed in water it produces a white foamy lather, exactly resembling that of soap in appearance, and this of course has caused these berries to be used in the cleansing of linen through the whole West India islands; a practice, however, which has been and is upon the decline, in consequence of a belief that it injures the articles subjected to its detersive action. It has been computed that several of these berries will cleanse more linen than sixty times their own weight of soap; but they are rather too sharp, and are observed gradually to burn the articles which require to be frequently subjected to their use. After a little investigation, the admixture of some mollient may render these berries, which possess the properties of soap almost in a natural condition, a very valuable article of commerce as well as a cheap article of domestic economy. In an account of this plant in Dale's 'Pharmacologia,' published in London in 1737, the tree is described as indigenous to Jamaica and the other islands of the West Indies. The fruit is ripe about the month of October, and is unctuous but has no smell, changing from a reddish colour to black, and hanging in round clusters. Medicinally, the berry is said to be excellent for a disease called chlorosis. The seeds are used in various ways for ornaments to the person, being formed into necklaces, buttons, and beads. Its bark has also been recommended as an astringent, but the

most curious, as we believe would be the most valuable, part of it is the fruit.

TOBACCO.

This narcotic, which has now become of so general use all over the globe, was unknown in Europe until fifty-seven years after the discovery of America by Columbus. Hernandez de Toledo, a Spaniard of some account, introduced a small quantity of it into his own country, in 1559, from the province of Tobaca, in the island of St Domingo. From Lisbon, Jean Nicot, the French ambassador to the court of Spain, carried the Nicotian weed to Paris, where Catharine de Medici used it as a powder. The pope's nuncio, Cardinal Santa Croce, carried the plant to his native country, on his return from an embassy to the courts of Spain and Portugal. The French and Italians received it enthusiastically in the form of snuff; and, after this singular practice had grown somewhat into desuetude, they commenced to smoke. It is generally supposed that Sir Walter Raleigh introduced the plant into England, but Camden says that Sir Francis Drake and his companions brought it from Virginia in 1585, where, singular to relate, the Indians had taught them to use it as a remedy for indigestion. To such an extent did the practice of smoking obtain, that the peers were enveloped in clouds of their own raising, while deliberating on the sentences of the Earls of Essex and Southampton, in 1600. If these stories are correct, they furnish us with a parallel to the disgusting practice of chewing, which prevails in the senatorial halls of the United States. The general prevalence of smoking, however, became intolerable to refined society, and a matter of concern to sovereigns, priests, and physicians. The priests declared it sinful, although one of their own dignitaries had carried it to the Vatican, and, in 1684, from that same Vatican issued the bull of Pope Urban VIII., declaring that all persons found guilty of taking snuff within a church would be subjected to 'bell and candle,' and driven from the pale of the church. Pope Innocent renewed this bull in 1690; and, in 1719, the great Sultan Amurath IV. commanded his chabouk-loving subjects to drop the use of tobacco under the pain of death. Smoking was forbidden in Russia upon the pain of an offender losing his nose; in Berne, and other parts of Switzerland, the police severely punished those guilty of the offence; and, to sum up, James VI., of polemical memory, employed his royal pen and wit in condemning the practice. In spite of capital indictments, priestly proscription, police vigilance, warnings of physiologists, and royal 'counterblasts,' however, this plant has spread its domain, and maintained its hold upon the appetites of the luxury-loving of all lands. Tobacco is cultivated in Europe as far north as Sweden, and is also grown in China, Japan, and other Eastern countries. It has now become an extensive source of revenue in almost all countries, from which cause there is little prospect of its ever again becoming the subject of governmental denunciation. There is no more fruitful source of dyspepsia, nervous atrophy, insanity, and hypochondria, than the excessive use of this weed; but it is in the growing sense of the community, and not in coercion, that its gradual expulsion from use must be hoped for.

THE BRIDAL FEAST.

[From the French of VICTOR JOLY.]

THE 27th of November, 1802, was a day unusually dismal even for a northern climate. The sky was dark and watery, and laden with heavy fogs, which a cold east wind drove before it like a large sombre banner. Sometimes a pale ray of the sun, breaking through the blackness, came to illuminate and brighten up the faint light which was admitted through the window of an inn situated on the road conducting from Brussels to Tervueren. On the afternoon of this day, two persons were detained in the Red Cross Inn, evidently waiting for some conveyance. One of them was a man about fifty years of age, of a respectable appearance, who appeared to suffer the delay with great

impatience. He paced quickly up and down the red floor of the little smoky room, listening to the monotonous click of a large clock in an oaken case which occupied one of the angles of the room. The stranger continued his promenade with as much precision as the sound of the pendulum, stopping only occasionally at the window to give a glance at the sky, beat a march with his fingers on the glass, look at the pendulum, and then resume his walk. Suddenly the sound of an approaching vehicle was heard. The traveller hastily threw up the window to look out, and exhibited the utmost chagrin when the carriage which passed turned out to be a hearse. 'In truth, Marguerite,' said he, addressing a lady, who during all this time had remained seated, and plunged in a profound reverie, 'we are certainly most unfortunate; it is two o'clock, and the diligence for Tervueren must be past; the waiter must have been mistaken, and here we have spent a most precious hour, considering that it grows dark now about four.'

'We had better set out at once, father,' answered the girl, 'we may perhaps find some carriage going to the Hunting Lodge, and at any rate we shall have got over so much of the way.'

'My child,' said the father, 'you have proposed what I feared to think of. Your many visits to-day must have fatigued you; but, to be sure, a girl purchasing her marriage finery does not think much of that.'

'Oh, yes! I have been abusing your goodness very much, is not that it?' said Marguerite. 'It is you, perhaps, who are fatigued. In that case we shall still wait.'

'Wait! I should like better to go all the way on foot than wait another half-hour in this dismal room. I have counted every nail in the chairs twice over for lack of better amusement.'

'Let us go then,' said the young lady, smiling. Then enveloping herself in an ample silk pelisse, she prepared to follow her father. They were followed to the door by the innkeeper, who addressed the stranger as Monsieur Aubry.

Before proceeding farther, it may be as well to inform the reader that M. Aubry was formerly a counsellor of the royal court of Brussels, who, after an honourable career of twenty years as a magistrate, had retired to a little country house which he possessed at Tervueren, a pretty village about three leagues from Brussels. There he devoted himself entirely to the education of an only daughter, in whom was centred all his affection and all his hopes. His life was calm and unruffled, and the course of education which he thought it necessary his daughter should receive did not allow of those fanciful accomplishments, which, he said, did not embellish life but served to fritter it away. With such opinions, the subject of a husband for his daughter gave rise to many anxious reflections; but the entreaties of Marguerite led him into acquiescence to her nuptials with a young man whom she ardently loved, but who did not, in the eyes of her father, appear to possess all the qualities he would have desired in a son-in-law.

Albert Degreef, the son of a rich wood-merchant who had perished upon the scaffold during the civil dissensions of 1793, was the man whom M. Aubry had somewhat reluctantly accepted for a son-in-law. As for his fortune, it was allowed to be considerable, the best proof of which, to the common people, was his liberality. To the advantages of position he united others of a more personal nature, possessing a tall graceful person; eyes, which although sometimes glaring like a tiger's, were yet fine and expressive; and long black curling hair. All these seconded the suit of Albert, who was now in two days to become the husband of the fair Marguerite.

All that morning had been spent in the careful selection of her bridal costume. She had wished to see and to order it herself. In becoming a wife, she did not wish to cease being admired. Carefully wrapped in their mantles, the two travellers were now hastily wending their way along the steep road leading to the village by the side of Averghem. On arriving at the summit of the acclivity, they stopped for a moment to throw a glance back upon the road they had travelled, which appeared like a long

black serpent, with bright spots here and there, formed by the little pools of water. Before them the route appeared quite deserted. Behind were one or two country people, hastily making their way home, and who in passing had saluted the two pedestrians with 'God protect you on your journey.' M. Aubry began to feel uneasy; the roads were then extremely unsafe, and each day was adding to the list of crimes perpetrated by a bold and ferocious band of chaffeurs,* who had as yet resisted all government efforts to deliver the country from their ravages. The cunning and security with which these brigands made their attacks had inspired the superstitious portion of the inhabitants with a belief that they were guided by some unseen powers, for, wherever the gendarmerie remained, the inhabitants might sleep in safety, but pillage, torture, and incendiaryism invariably followed their departure. It was not then without a secret feeling of inquietude that M. Aubry saw the day fast declining, and as yet no appearance of any conveyance by which they might be forwarded on their way. The day darkened more and more, while strong gusts of wind swept through the forest which encircled them on every side, giving rise to those mysterious murmurs which seem to be the voice of the storm. The heavy fogs rolled down more rapidly, and seemed to weigh down the tall trees, which shook like reeds in the blast. The rain descended in torrents, and formed in large pools on the road, while the wind, still rising in force, whistled through the long alleys of trees in the forest, making them assume those fantastic shapes and emit those melancholy wails, which must be heard in the forests of the north in order that their terrifying influence may be fully understood. M. Aubry and his daughter were evidently under some vague indefinite fear, exhibited by the anxious looks which they so frequently cast behind them, vainly endeavouring to discover through the universal gloom some approaching carriage. However, the rain, which for a short time had slackened, now began to pour with fresh fury, and it became absolutely necessary to find some sort of shelter.

'If you wish, Marguerite, we shall stay at the farm of Jacques Leroi, which is about a couple of gunshots hence; we shall find shelter there until some vehicle shall pass on its return to Tervueren.'

'I should like much, father,' answered Marguerite, 'I have been afraid this some time.'

'Afraid! and of what? is not your father with you, and armed?'

'I am afraid, but of what I do not very well know. Be quick, father, we shall remain at Jacques Leroi's farm. We shall be safe there.'

M. Aubry quickened his pace, holding the arm of his daughter, whose uneasiness seemed momentarily to increase. However, two minutes more saw them installed under the care of Jacques Leroi, who exerted himself to render as agreeable as possible the night's hospitality asked by M. Aubry. The house in which the travellers found refuge stands to this day, although numerous habitations have sprung up all around to enliven the solitude. Built with its front to the highway, it formed a large brick building of three storeys. Over the back part, which looked down on the forest, were several narrow windows or shot-holes, defended by strong iron bars placed vertically in the masonry; and in the side of the wall to the left there was a little window, below which were piled up some fagots to within ten feet of the window-sill. This, like all the other windows, was defended by an oaken shutter liberally studded with large iron nails, which showed, in conjunction with the heavy iron-barred doors, that the inhabitants were well aware of the danger to which they

* The name given to bands of men who at that period infested many parts of Belgium and France, committing unparalleled outrages. Their practice was to enter all farm-houses to which they could gain access, and endeavour to extort money from the inmates by means of torture. Their usual method was, to place their victims before an immense fire and to roast the soles of their feet until a confession was elicited as to where their money was deposited. In this manner great cruelties were perpetrated on the unprotected inhabitants.

were exposed, and had made suitable provision for it. Seated at a large old-fashioned chimney, M. Aubry and his daughter were now enjoying the hospitality of Jacques Leroi, who on the occasion had ordered an extra supper, to which ample justice was done by all. The conversation became gay and animated, and although Marguerite fell into one of her reveries, Jacques Leroi and M. Aubry smoked away at their pipes and retailed to each other their recollections of war, rapine, and chauffeur cruelties.

'Master,' said one of the servants, while replenishing the fire, 'Peter the courier tells me that they have burned the farm of Our Lady of the Woods.'

'I daresay,' said the farmer, 'it is a house built in the middle of the forest, and more than a league from any habitation; it is not astonishing.'

'But it seems to me that you are just lonely enough,' said M. Aubry.

'Oh, with me it is different,' replied Jacques, stoutly; 'all the doors and windows about the house are solid; and, besides, there are three men constantly here with loaded muskets, which serve to scare all evil doers you know.'

'But,' said M. Aubry, 'you might be assassinated a hundred times before help could reach you.'

'Do you think there is danger here then, father?' said Marguerite, roused from her reflections by the last words of her father, which seemed to find a sad echo in her own breast.

'No, my child, I do not think there is any real danger here. My remarks were more as general suppositions than with direct reference to our present situation.'

'But, tell me, what will Albert think should he chance to pay us a visit to-night at Tervueren? What will his feelings be should he imagine we have set out?'

'What nonsense!' said Jacques Leroi; 'can one not be absent from home a day without the dread of being eaten by wolves. Keep yourself easy, my lady, lovers are not often lost before marriage.'

Nine o'clock having now sounded, two of the farm-servants came to receive instructions from their master regarding next day's work, and after having received these and bade good evening to the guests, retired to rest.

'I know country life too well not to submit to it, Jacques,' said M. Aubry; 'your occupation demands early rising. I hope you will have the goodness to rouse me up in good time.'

Their host then took a lamp and conducted them to the chamber prepared for them. It was a large dark room, off which was a little cabinet lighted by the window of which we have previously spoken as situated on the left side of the wall, and underneath which was piled the heap of logs. In that cabinet they had prepared a bed for Marguerite, who, wearied out with the cares of the day, lay down without undressing, and soon partook of that sleep which reigned throughout the whole domicile.

It might be about two hours after this that Marguerite awoke from her sleep, her spirit distracted with a multitude of emotions, which were called forth by her approaching marriage. The sky was now cleared from all fogs, and she rose to obtain a view of the high road, from the window. The moaning in the forest still continued, but had now become feeble and uncertain. All else was silence and solitude. The only object that could be distinguished was the distant church-spire of Averghem, which was dimly discernible by the cold pale rays of a November moon. All around the farm were stretched out two arms of the forest of Linthout, encircling the landscape in a sombre shadow of trees, to which the occasional gusts of wind gave an appearance of animation. All nature appeared so melancholy that it chilled Marguerite, who hastily regained her couch, with a fervent aspiration for daybreak. She had scarcely lain five minutes, ere she thought she heard a confused noise as of several persons speaking together. In great trepidation she arose quickly to ascertain the cause of the noise, which became gradually louder, and seemed to proceed from beneath her window. Suddenly a heavy knock at the front door startled the whole household.

'What do you want—who are you?' demanded Jacques Leroi, in a sullen voice.

'Open, and you will know,' was the response from without.

'I do not open to people whom I do not know, and you are all masked or blackened. If you wish money, I will throw you out what I have; but if you wish to enter the house by force, I will speedily give you good cause to repent of it.'

'Come, then, no more words. Will you, or will you not open?'

'No.'

'The battering-ram, then,' replied the same voice; and immediately four men advanced from the shadow in which they had been standing, carrying a long and heavy log, with which they approached the gate.

During this brief and rapid colloquy M. Aubry had been roused by the servants, who were now at their master's side, each armed with a double-barrelled gun.

'If you would like to take flight with your daughter,' said the farmer to M. Aubry, 'one of the lads will show you a little door which leads out close upon the forest. But the house is perhaps surrounded, so the best plan is to remain. A few shots, I think, will soon bring these bandits to reason.'

'I sincerely hope that it may!' said the father, pale with affright.

Suddenly the house shook violently with the heavy strokes of the battering-ram, which the bandits wielded with terrible energy against the door. The farmer and his servants placed themselves at the loopholes. The brigands ran back a few paces, to bring their formidable weapon forward with a stronger impulse, when three small jets of flame issued from the shotholes, and, with mingled cries of rage and despair, three of the assailants rolled on the ground mortally wounded. To this rough reception, however, their companions appeared to give little heed. They replied to the encouraging cries of their chief, who with an iron lever guided their ponderous instrument, and applied themselves to the attack with redoubled fury, fearless apparently of the murderous fire to which they were subjected. All at once the attack ceased, the chauffeurs abandoned their ram and picked up their wounded, whom they bore off to an outhouse which was situated at some little distance. Silence appeared to be nearly re-established, for nothing was heard but the gradually lessening sound of their footsteps, and the faint cries of the wounded, resounding through the calm night air.

The danger appeared to be past. M. Aubry, to whom the animation of the scene had imparted some courage, directed his steps to his daughter's chamber to re-assure her; but to his surprise found the door firmly bolted from within. Attributing this circumstance at first to the terror by which his daughter might have been inspired by the chauffeurs' attack, he was about to call on her, when the sound of some glass broken with violence was heard in the chamber, and recalled all his fears. Alas! a horrible drama was now acting in the chamber of Marguerite. Despairing to take by force a house so well defended, the leader of the bandits began to look around for some means of taking the farm by surprise, and his eye caught the heap of faggots piled up under the window of the cabinet, where Marguerite fearfully and anxiously waited the result of the strife. Active and vigorous, the hardy chauffeur was already on the top of the branches, which placed him but a few feet from the level of the window; it was the work of a moment more to draw his poinard, manufactured of the truest steel, stick it in an aperture of the brick wall, and swinging himself up by its aid, gain the sill. Certain now of success, he cautiously signed to his followers to avail themselves of the same entrance, and speedily twenty masked ruffians, all armed with uncouth murderous weapons, were ready to rejoin their formidable chief.

No sound was heard in the chamber. Marguerite's fears were allayed, and she knelt and rendered thanks to God for his great mercy in saving them all from the murderous band of the chauffeurs, when suddenly a violent sound was

heard at the little window, and a horrible apparition greeted her alarmed glance. On the outside of the broken window, which was illuminated by the pale moonbeams, she perceived the head of a man in a hideous dark mask, but whose glaring eyes seemed to menace her. Marguerite gave a piercing shriek, and, stimulated by that indescribable feeling which animates woman under extraordinary circumstances, she rushed upon the bandit, whose looks appeared as if they would magnetise her. Then commenced a terrible strife. The young girl, having seized the chauffeur by his long black hair, she threw herself forcibly on the floor, whilst, with the tenfold vigour of frenzy, she drew the head of the brigand against the side of the window, where his breathing soon became short and spasmodic. On the outside, the bandits, who perceived the imminent danger of their chief, exhausted themselves in vain efforts to dislodge him from a position where, from his body hanging partially over and his head drawn strongly against the side of the window, he would undoubtedly be suffocated. Already his strength seemed to be fast decreasing; he made a last and desperate effort to release himself from the powerful grasp which retained him; then his muscles relaxed, and his body heavily and powerlessly fell over on the floor within. On beholding this, the chauffeurs set up a dismal cry, and throwing themselves in disorder from the faggots, took to flight in every direction.

When the farmer and M. Aubry entered the chamber of Marguerite, after having hewn down the door, they found the girl seated on the floor pale and exhausted, holding in her clenched hands the dark locks of the bandit chief, who did not seem to breathe. However, after a short time, he appeared to revive a little, and, glancing round vacantly, and in a feeble voice, he emitted this command—'Give no quarter, I say; burn them all.' M. Aubry, when he heard the voice, nearly swooned, and eagerly approaching the bed where the brigand had been placed by three of the servants, what was his mingled horror and astonishment to behold in the chauffeur leader Albert Degreef, his would-be son-in-law, his daughter's betrothed!

The numerous crimes committed by these formidable ruffians received now a fearful punishment. In three days after the attack on the farm, the blood of Albert Degreef and ten of his accomplices streamed on the scaffold at Brussels. They died boldly and courageously, but without knowing the hand to whom they owed their death.

A singular circumstance terminated the days of Marguerite. From the moment that her hands were disengaged from Albert Degreef, she sunk into a state of profound catalepsy, from which she did not recover until the fatal moment when his head rolled into the pannier. 'I have known him well,' she said; 'I have too often caressed his hair to be mistaken. He comes to seek me to-night. The bridal feast is prepared. He shall have company without heads—all his friends—they tell me.' She died the same evening, with a smile on her calm, pale, beautiful countenance.

This was the first decided blow struck by government against this notorious band, which from that date fell one by one into the hands of the gendarmerie. They seemed to be unable to find a successor combining the same resolute hardihood and serpent-like cunning which characterised the redoubtable leader under whose guidance they had perpetrated so many diabolical crimes, and who had contrived, by dint of that same cunning, to conceal for so long a period his connection with them.

LELAND AND HIS ITINERARY.

The name of the zealous antiquary which we have prefixed to this article is more or less familiar to a certain class of readers, as he is not unfrequently quoted by historical and other writers whose object leads them to explore the annals of the past. Yet, to the large majority of those who now recreate and instruct themselves with books, the individual and his works are as little known as those of Giraldus, Cambrensis, Polydore, Virgil, or any

other early author upon antiquities. The fact that most of Leland's writings were published in Latin will doubtless be considered a sufficient apology for the general ignorance; yet there is one work, his celebrated 'Itinerary,' written in the quaint English of the day, which may assist us in making him a little better known to a wider circle of readers.

John Leland was born at London about the year 1507, and, being left an orphan at an early age, was taken in charge by Thomas Myles, a great friend to letters, who placed him under the care of W. Lilye, the famous grammarian, master of St Paul's School. He afterwards studied at Oxford and Cambridge, and eventually became chaplain to Henry VIII., who was so well pleased with the talents of his new divine that he created him antiquary-royal, the only occasion on which the title has been conferred in this country. Leland was also appointed librarian to the king, and in 1533 received a commission under the great seal, 'whereby he was empowered to make a search for *England's antiquities*, and peruse the libraries of all the cathedrals, abbeys, priories, colleges, &c., as also all places wherein records, writings, and secrets of antiquity were repositied.'

The accomplishment of this formidable task must have required a more than ordinary degree of zeal and perseverance, at a period when the badness or absence of roads rendered travelling both laborious and dangerous. The great forests, which had stood from the days of the Heptarchy, still covered large portions of the country, and were infested with outlaws; extensive districts were little better than marshes; and of the bridges which now span the rivers, not one-tenth part were in existence. Although Leland doubtless met with every facility which the royal authority could command, yet his travels occupied a period of six years, as appears from the following quotation from his address to the king in 1546, in which he sums up his labours:—'I was totallye enflamed with a loue to se throughlye all those partes of this your opulent and ample realme, in so muche that all my other occupacions intermytted, I have so traueled in your domynions both by the see coastes and the myddle partes, sparynge neyther labour nor costes by the space of these vi. yeares past, that there is almost neyther cape nor baye, hauen, creke or pere, ryuer or confluence of ryuers, breches, washes, lakes, meres, fenny waters, mountaynes, valleys, moyses, hethes, forestes, woodes, cyties, burges, monasteries, and colleges, but I haue seane them, and noted in so doyng a whole world of thynges verye memorable.' On his return to London, after the completion of his survey, the persevering traveller sat down to digest and arrange the enormous mass of materials which he had collected. And when it is remembered that these related, as he himself tells us, to nature and art in every part of the kingdom, we may appreciate the zeal and industry which for another period of six years were perseveringly devoted to the labour.

We may imagine the pleasure the earnest antiquary must often have experienced in his itinerant investigations on visiting the monasteries, which were then thickly sprinkled over every quarter of the island, amid scenes of great natural beauty—in woody and secluded valleys, on the banks of streams sauntering through broad meadows or dashing noisily through narrow and tortuous glens, or in a sheltered nook on some sunny hill-side overlooking the fair champaign beneath. With what delight must he have explored their dim libraries, dusty with age and neglect, and pored over the treasures they concealed; now taking notes of church endowments, of repairs and additions, and other 'things notable'; or questioning the more aged of the monks on the genealogy of the noble families of the neighbourhood. Not unfrequently would he climb the steep road to some lofty castle, or turn aside to visit a stately park or pleasant manor-place, from whose musty archives he gleaned materials to swell his ample catalogues. The information he gathered is recorded in a quaint and sententious style, without any attempt at connected narrative, of which a specimen may

be taken in a few paragraphs written at Bala in Wales: 'Much wood yn this commote. Litle corne. Plenty of pasture. There be great hilles in this commote. It bredith good horsis.' Amid this heterogeneous mass, we however incidentally meet with curious particulars—little episodes of gossip as it were—which amply repay the labour of searching for them. Sometimes we learn that one of a noble line was 'attaynted for comynge with the Kyng Richard to Bosworthe Field:' or that another 'buyldyd a pece of the Goldsmythe Haule.' Hearsay information was not rejected, for we frequently meet with such entries as 'Mastar Paynell told me,' or 'as sum saye;' and among such matters the diligent inquirer tells us that one of the ancestors of Sir William Parr, 'being clarke of the kechyn with one of the Lord Rosses, fell in love with a dowghtar of his, and married hir agayne hir father's wille,' an incident which a fertile novelist might turn to good account. Again the distances are given from town to town, with a short sketch of their history, which render the work exceedingly valuable as an authority for reference, and affords us the opportunity of comparing the present condition of many of our great towns with what it was in the sixteenth century. Of personal adventure, which, at that day, in a perambulation of six years, must have been often noteworthy, we have no record; the nearest approach to it is in one place where he tells us that his 'horsys passid over Trent *per vadum*, and I *per cynbani*.' Was this near the town of Burton on that river, now celebrated for its extensive breweries and somnolent population, but when Leland visited it for 'mani marblers workynge in alabaster?' Portions of the volumes, of which there are nine, are taken up with the regular detail of the itinerary, and other portions with the fragments of information picked up on the way, arranged without any apparent order. Besides this, the editors have appended accounts of various ancient customs, curious anecdotes, and other matters of interest to the antiquary, from which we shall glean in passing. One of these editors is very eloquent in his praise of Leland's labours: 'Fyrst he perused the profittable monumentes of thys great nombre of olde wryters, and by the serche of them his studyouse harte was enflamed to procede yet farther. For after he had redde them over, he toke upon hym a veyre labourouse journey over all the realme every waye, both by see and by lande, by the space of vi. yeares, that he might knowe the costes thereof, as wele by practyse as by speculacyon, and thereby give instructions to other. Consider a multitude of thinges here named, yf all their specialtees were broughte fourth ones into lyght, as he hath collected them together, it woulde apeare one of the greatest wonders that ever yet was seane in this region.'

According to some writers, Leland was almost distracted at the magnitude of his task. On the dissolution of the monasteries he was deeply grieved at witnessing the havoc made among manuscripts, books, and other stores of learning. He addressed a letter on the subject to Cromwell, the king's secretary, praying for aid in his researches, and for the adoption of measures to preserve the monuments of learning from destruction. 'It would be,' he writes, 'a great profit to students, and honour to this realm; whereas, now the Germans, perceiving our desidousness and negligence, do send daily young scholars hither, that spoileth them, and cutteth them out of libraries, returning home, and putting them abroad as monuments of their own country.'

Arriving at Oxford in the course of his journey, Leland informs us that at one time, in the town and suburbs, there were 'twenty-four parish churches and more,' and 'moste florished with the scollars in an huge nombar, and and other inhabitants, in Henry the 3. tyme. Ther was an infinit nombar of wrytars and parchement makers in Oxford in Henry the 3. tyme. . . . They had lybertye to provyd for vitails two myles about.' Among the particulars relative to the religious houses in the neighbourhood we meet with the following legend:—'Robert Oiley had a wife called Edith Forne, a woman of fame, and highly

esteemed with King Henry. This Robert began the priory of Black Canons at Oseney by Oxford, among the isles that Isis river there maketh. Some write that this was the occasion of making of it: Edith used to walk out to Oxford castle with her gentlewomen to solace, and that often times, where, in a certain place in a tree, as often as she came, certain pies used to gather to it, and there to chatter, and, as it were, to speak unto her, Edith much marvelling at this matter, and was sometimes sore feared as by a wonder. Whereupon she sent for one Radulph, a canon of St Fredisurdes, a man of virtuous life and her confessor, asking him counsel; to whom he answered, after that he had seen the fashion of the pies chattering only at her coming, that she should build some church or monastery at that place. Then she entreated her husband to build a priory, and so he did, making Radulph the first prior of it.'

We have modernised the spelling of this quotation, in which it will be seen that the 'virtuous' confessor had an eye to the aggrandisement of the church, while endeavouring to explain a fact in natural history. Of Bath the honest chronicler writes:—'The city of Bath is set both upon a fruitful and pleasant bottom, the which is environed on every side with green hills, out of which come many springs of pure water, that be conveyed by divers ways to serve the city; insomuch, that lead being made there at hand, many houses in the town have pipes of lead to convey water from place to place. . . . This bath is much frequented of people diseased with lepre, scabs, and great aches (rheumatism?), and is temperate and pleasant, having eleven or twelve arches of stone for men to stand under in time of rain. Many be holpen by this bath from scabs and aches. The colour of the water of the baths is as it were a deep blue sea water, and reeketh like a seething pot continually, having somewhat a sulphurous and somewhat a pleasant savour.'

Going on to Bristol, we read that it is 'a great city, well walled, having a fair castle. In it is now, as I remember, xviii parish churches. Avon river, about a quarter of a mile beneath the town, in a meadow, casteth up a great arm or gut, by the which the greater vessels, as mantopships, come up to the town.' In addition to other information, Leland tells us that in the time of Henry III., 'scholes were ordeyned in *Brightstow* for the conversion of the Jews;' and then quaintly instances a fact in the palaeontology of the district, in which were found 'stones clerly fascioned lyke cockills, and myghty shells of great oysters turned into stones.'

Turning aside into Dorsetshire, we light upon an account of a quarrel between the clergy and the laity, a sort of 'town and gown' squabble, which were doubtless not unfrequent in the days when the priesthood waxed fat and insolent. There was a contention at Sherborne, which 'was the cause of the abolition of the parish church there. The monks and the townsmen fell at variance, because the townsmen took privilege to use the sacrament of baptism in the chapel of All Hallows. Whereupon, one Walter Gallor, a stout butcher, defaced cleen the font-stone, and after the variance growing to a plain sedition, and the townsmen, by the means of an Earl of Huntingdon, lying in those quarters and taking the townsmen's part, and the bishop of Salisbury the monks' part, a priest of All Hallows shot a shaft with fire into the top of that part of St Mary's Church that divided the east part that the monks used from that the townsmen used; and this partition, chancing at that time to be thatched in the roof, was set a-fire, and consequently all the whole church, the lead and bells melted, was defaced. Then Bradford, abbot of Sherborne, prosecuted this injury, and the townsmen were forced to contribute to the reedifying of this church.'

The isle of Portland, which at that time contained about eighty houses, did not go unvisited. The traveller remarks: 'There be very few or utterly no trees in the isle, saving the elms about the church. The people bring wood thither out of Wight and other places. The people of the isle live most now by tillage, and somewhat fall from fishing. The people be good in flynging of stones, and

use it for defence of the isle. The people there be politic enough in selling their commodities, and somewhat avaricious.' From this it appears that the quarrying of stone, now the chief means of support of the Portlanders, was then unattempted, as Leland makes no mention of it. Passing on to Portsmouth, he describes it as having 'much vacant ground within the town-wall, with one fair street from west to east. The town of Portsmouth is murid (walled) from the tower a furlong length, with a mud wall armed with timber, whereon be great pieces both of iron and brazen ordnance. About a quarter of a mile above the town is a great dock for ships, and in this dock lieth part of the ribs of the Henry Grace of Dieu, one of the biggest ships that hath been made in *hominum memoria*.'

'Travelling northwards, we find the following curious account of the origin of the name of Rutlandshire: 'The commune fame is in Ruthelandshire that there was one Rutter, a man of great favor with his prince, that desired to have of rewarde of hym as much land as he could ryde over in a day upon a horse of woodde, and that he ridde over as much as now is in Ruthelandshire by arte magike, and that he was after swallowid into the yerthe.' To which wonderful piece of information Leland appends this characteristic commentary: 'This is very like a lye, and more lykelihood it is that, for Rotherland, or Rutheland, it is shortly caullid Rutlande.'

The busy metropolis of the midland counties occupies but brief space in the description: 'The beauty of Birmingham, a good market towne in the extreme partes of Warwickshire, is one street going up alonge almost from the left ripe (bank) of the brooke up a meane hill by the length of a quarter of a mile. I saw but one paroch church in the towne. There be many smithes in the towne that use to make knives and all mannour of cuttinge tooles, and many loriners that make bittes, and a great many naylor; so that a great part of the towne is maintained by smithes, whoe have theire iron and sea cole out of Staffordshire.'

Here is evidence that iron manufactures have been carried on in Birmingham for more than 400 years. The same persistency of trades is seen in other places. Riding through Shropshire, the diligent observer writes: 'There be some blo shoppes to make yren upon the ryppes or banks of Mylbroke, coming out of Cadertun Cle;' Wolverhampton receives no further notice than that of being 'a very good market towne;' Sheffield is nothing more than 'the chefe market towne of Halamshire, and there be many smithes and cuttelars in Halamshire;' Coventry, we are told, rose by 'makynge cloth and cappes, which now decayeth, the glory of the city also decayeth;' Kidderminster, too, was then famous for woollen manufactures, for we read that it 'standeth most by clothing;' and of Worcester 'there be divers fayre streetes in the towne well builded with tymbre. The wealth of the towne of Worcester standeth most by drapering, and noe towne of England, at this present tyme, maketh so many clothes yearly as this towne doth.' Of the great cloth mart of Yorkshire we read: 'Ledis (Leeds), on Ayre ryver, is a praty market, having one paroch church reasonably welle buildid, and as large as Bradeford, but not so quik as it. The toun stonndith most by clothing.' No mention is made of any particular trade in connection with Manchester, which is described as 'the fairest, best buildid, quikkest, and most populus tounne of al Lancastreshire, yet is in hit but one paroch church. Ther be divers stone bridgis in the tounne, but the best, of iii arches, is over Irwel.' But the germ of cotton factories was in existence in the neighbourhood; we read that 'Bolton-upon-Moore market stonndith most by cottons and cource yarne. Divers villages in the mores about Bolton do make cottons.' Wakefield must have been a not undesirable residence for its clothiers. Leland tells us it 'ys a very quik market towne, and meately large; wel servid of flesch and fische, both from the se and by ryvers, whereof dyvers be ther-about at hande. A right honest man shal fare wel for 2 pens a meale.' Of the great and increasing commercial

port at the mouth of the Mersy we have but a scanty notice:—'Lyrrpole, *alias* Liverpoole, a pavid towne. Ther is small custome payde, that cawsithe resorte of marchaunts. It hath but a chapell. Irish marchaunts come muche there, as to a good haven. Good marchandis at Lyrrpole, and moch Yrisch yarn, that Manchester men do by ther.'

From these quotations, which might, with equal interest, be greatly extended, a general idea may be formed of the nature of the 'Itinerary,' and of its great value as a book of reference. The earliest edition is extremely scarce, as not more than one hundred and twenty copies were printed. It is a monument of persevering research which commands our respect. Leland's desire, however, as he expresses it, to bring every thing into 'lyvelye lyghte,' proved too much for his physical powers. Soon after the death of the king, he was attacked by illness, and, having suffered the loss of his reason for two years, died in 1552, leaving behind him the reputation of 'great learning, and being an accomplished linguist, and an indefatigable and skilful antiquarian.' The church in which he was buried, St Michael le Querne, was destroyed by the great fire of 1666, and never afterwards rebuilt. His works remain to perpetuate his memory.

POEMS BY EMMA BLOODWORTH.*

THIS little volume contains the reflections and sentiments of a very amiable and a highly cultivated mind. Miss Bloodworth is evidently well acquainted with the poets, and seems to have studied poetry more than the political bias of that poetry, and to have admired the authors for their works alone, more than for the relative influence of their writings. She opens her cabinet of sonnets with Chaucer, the first of England's great poets, and then, passing over a period of upwards of three hundred years, she sings of the mulberry-tree of Milton, which stands in the garden of Christ College, Cambridge. From Milton she reverts to Shakspeare, the grand master of poetry, and then touches off reflections upon Beattie, Dante, Schiller, Cowper, and a great many of greater and of lesser fame. Miss Bloodworth has observed no periodical order in stringing her pearls. English, Scotch, German, and Italian names follow each other just as she happened to be in the fancy to pay the authors the tribute of her own verse. There is a uniform ease, and even elegance, in the composition of these poems, which mark them out as the finished lucubrations of a lady of talent, more than of a woman of genius—of a Hemans with a gentle, warm heart, more than of a vehement soul-burning Sappho. The following is a very sweet and truthful picture of

REMEMBRANCE.

We remember! all the sunshine
Of hours long passed away.
We remember, till we half forget
The shadows of 'to-day.'

How often when the brow is grave,
And all is dark around,
The heart from some sweet memory
An inward joy hath found.
And better far it loves to dwell
Midst those visions of the past,
Than to watch the changing splendour
Upon the present cast.

We remember! all the sorrow
That met us on our way,
When our path seemed 'midst the flowers
Of the long, long summer day.

And often when the eye is bright,
And on the lip a smile,
We feel the heart-pulse sinking
With some hidden wo the while.

So we nurse perchance the brightest thought
Amid a thousand fears—
And we have not always done with grief
When we have done with tears.

Amongst the most beautiful of Miss Bloodworth's poems, however, we esteem the following soft and smoothly

* Sudbury: G. W. Fulcher.

versified piece on 'Youthful Worship;' it is the emanation of a kind and gentle spirit:

There is no shade upon thy brow,
No dimness in thine eye,
Thy smile is yet not chased by tears,
Or followed by the sigh,
Thy step, so light and free, but one—
But one—bright path has trod,
The youth-time hath life's sunny hours,
Remember now thy God!
Ere burning fever wastes the heart,
Or passion fills the soul,
Or dreary thought hath touch'd the mind
With its strange, wild control:
Ere change is thine, the spirit fix
In its own true abode,
The future hath its haunting care,
Remember now thy God!
While thou can'st meet the morning hour
With welcome tones of joy,
While hope has yet no fleeting charm
That evening may destroy,
While the sad, evil days, whose blight
The young may not record—
Are still so distant from thy home.
Remember now thy God!
Before the 'silver cord is loosed,
Or golden bowl is broken,'
Ere earth has lost the loved, the true,
And deep farewells are spoken,
Before thy heart the lesson learns
To bless the chast'ning rod,
Oh! worship at one fadless shrine—
Remember now thy God!

This little volume of song has been dedicated as a tribute of love and affection by a daughter to her father. We are sure that many daughters would be grateful to their fathers for the possession of such a Christmas offering. If this is not the kind of book that will become a standard one, and consequently not of sufficient power to claim popular homage, it is one of those that the public may well encourage, as an incentive to young ladies to enlarge their sympathies, extend their knowledge, and cultivate their sentiments, rather than waste their precious hours on frivolities.

ALONZO DE OJEDA.

FIRST ARTICLE.

Of all the companions and successors of Columbus in those enterprises which so materially affected the western continent and exercised such an influence upon the character and condition of Spain, none deserves more to be noticed than Alonzo de Ojeda. In our rescripts of these Spanish and Portuguese discoverers and adventurers, we have endeavoured to separate as it were their constituent parts, and to let the reader behold them in their true aspect. We have given them every credit for that determination of will and recklessness of consequences so necessary to the consummating of any great enterprise; but at the same time we have shown that one of the most debasing although one of the most active impulses, the love of riches, was the prime motive of their actions. The history of Alonzo de Ojeda's adventures in America are more like romance than fact. He was an example of all the reckless warlike idiosyncrasy so finely illustrated in Don Quixote. He possessed all the martial accomplishments of the Cid, and was as ignorant as Sancho Panza without possessing his common sense.

Alonzo de Ojeda was born in Cuenca, in New Castile, and was the scion of what is termed a noble house. He was trained to all the warlike accomplishments of his times in the household of the Duke of Medina Celi, one of the most powerful nobles of Spain, whom he served as page or esquire. The wars of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries between the licentious nobility and the crown, and their constant battles with the Moors, fostered the ferocious passions of the Spanish hidalgos and people, and rendered the service of every nobleman a probationary course to the battle-field. Ojeda, although diminutive in stature, surpassed almost all his cotemporaries in feats of horsemanship and arms, and was so possessed with the furor of brute courage that he became the admiration of all who knew him. His well formed frame, hardened by constant

exercise and animated by an indomitable spirit, became capable of the most surprising actions considering its smallness, and made him dreaded by those who were apparently vastly his superiors in physical strength. Like Napoleon, Alexander, Francis I. of France, and Kosciusko, all men of diminutive size, Ojeda was esteemed a most accomplished warrior and daring leader, proving that the perverted mind is more fruitful of warlike deeds than size of bodily frame. When quite a youth, he accompanied Columbus in his second voyage, during which he doubtless imbibed his ambitious notions of aggrandisement and conquest, and being the cousin-german of a Dominican friar of his own name, who was one of the first inquisitors of Spain and a great favourite with the Catholic sovereigns, he did not accompany Columbus in his third voyage, but set about intriguing for an independent command. His cousin the inquisitor was the intimate friend of Bishop Don Juan Rodriguez Fonseca, who was chief manager of the affairs of the Indies. Introduced to the notice of the bishop by his cousin, Ojeda soon became a great favourite with the ecclesiastic, who presented him with a small Flemish painting of the Virgin, which the youth set a great value upon, constantly wearing it about his person and viewing it as a talismanic protector. Alonzo lingered about court, dancing attendance upon his friend Fonseca for some time, but at last news arrived from Columbus of his having discovered the coast of Paria, which he described as a terrestrial paradise, abounding with precious stones and rich ores. Ojeda had full admission to the charts and letters which Fonseca received from Columbus, and the news of this discovery fired his cupidity and zeal. The bishop, who was an enemy to Columbus, was ready to enter into any scheme to molest the great discoverer; he accordingly granted Ojeda a commission to fit out a fleet and proceed upon a voyage of discovery, which commission interfered with the privileges granted to Columbus by the King of Spain, but which was so cunningly worded that it appeared to respect these. Ojeda was poor and a young adventurer, but he had a vast reputation for courage and energy, and there were too many monied men in those days willing to risk their means in speculations of plunder and pillage, if they saw the least prospect of a speedy return of their capital. Backed by rich merchants, Ojeda soon equipped a fleet of four ships at Port St Mary. He obtained the co-operation and services of one of the most famous mariners of his time, Juan de la Cosa, who accompanied him as chief mate; and having also engaged several of the old sailors of Columbus, he set out on his first voyage. In this fleet, but in what capacity we do not know, sailed Amerigo Vespucci, a Florentine merchant of good education but broken fortune, who eventually gave his name to the whole of that vast continent which stretches from Cape Horn to the North Pole.

On the 20th of May, 1499, the fleet of Ojeda sailed from Port St Mary, touching at the Canaries for supplies, and then stretching across the Atlantic, reached the New World in twenty-four days. The expedition merely passed over the track which Columbus had already explored, and consequently observed nothing novel until it arrived at the island of Trinidad. The people of that island, who were of Carib origin, lived in the same promiscuous way in which the people of Easter Island did when visited by Cook and La Perouse. Their habitations were of large construction, in which many hundreds of people dwelt. They seemed to have no religious rites; their wealth consisted in beads and other ornaments made of the bones of fishes. Feathers and stones strung upon thongs adorned their persons, and with these simple trifles, at which the Spaniards smiled, the natives were content, while they doubtless viewed the Spanish cupidity for gold with surprise, as to them it was valueless. Ojeda sailed about in quest of discoveries until he arrived at Maracapaná, where finding a convenient harbour he landed; and having repaired his vessels and built a brigantine, he felt himself prepared once more for a long voyage. During the time occupied in repairing and building his fleet, the natives visited Ojeda in great numbers, bearing presents to him of venison, fish, and

cassara bread, and also assisting the sailors in their labours. These offerings and this assistance were propitiatory oblations to what the simple Indians believed to be superior beings, and when they supposed that they had sufficiently ingratiated themselves with the strangers, they informed them of a race of savages who landed on their island, slaying them and destroying their property, while at the same time they bore off captives to their own island that they might devour them. These cannibals the natives of Maracapaná besought Ojeda to punish; and as nothing was more consonant with his active destructiveness than the idea of killing these anthropophagi, he took seven Indians on board of his ships as guides, and immediately proceeded to destroy the warlike Caribs. After seven days' sailing, he arrived at the Caribbee Islands, one of which was pointed out as the land of the man-eaters. On approaching the shore, the Spaniards observed it to be crowded by warriors, who wore coronas of feathers and had their bodies painted with gaudy colours. They were armed with all the missile weapons of primitive warfare, and brandished lances and bucklers at the threatened invaders. This demonstration aroused the fury of the Spanish commander, and ordering out his boats with a cannon or patereroes in each, he pulled for the shore. Showers of arrows and javelins fell around the boats, but still they approached the land. Throwing themselves into the sea, the Caribs, like our own forefathers at the landing of the Romans in Britain, brandished their spears and clubs to prevent the landing of the Spaniards; but disciplined combativeness, as in the former instance, overcame the unschooled valour of the poor creatures who sought to defend their homes. Firing their guns amongst their naked bands, and then rushing upon them with sword and buckler, the followers of Ojeda shot them down and slew and dispersed them despite their desperate resistance. They were routed, and driven with great slaughter to the forest, after which their houses were despoiled and burned, and many of their people borne away to Maracapaná as captives. In this expedition Ojeda had one man killed and several wounded, which latter circumstance caused him to lie inactive for twenty days until they recovered. His next visit was to the island of Carazoa, whose inhabitants became Brobdignagians in the imaginative eyes of Amerigo Vespucci, but whom subsequent navigators found to be in dimensions like other people. Sailing along the coast, he came into a beautiful and tranquil lake or bay, upon which stood a village. The houses were built upon piles driven in the bottom of the lake, and they were connected by a system of drawbridges, while canoes for distant excursions lay moored to every dwelling. The appearance of this bay and village so struck Ojeda as resembling the position of Venice upon the Adriatic that he named the lake the Gulf of Venice, and to this day it retains the name of Venezuela. On the first appearance of the ships, the inhabitants fled to their houses and drew up their drawbridges, and while the delighted Spaniards were gazing upon the beautiful and tranquil scene, a fleet of canoes also pulled into the harbour, and seeing the strange ships attempting to approach them, they pulled precipitately for the land and hid themselves in the forest. They soon returned, however, with a peace-offering of sixteen young maidens, and these being received, four on board each ship, as tokens of amity and confidence, the people came swarming from their aquatic homes and from the shore to examine the wonderful ships of the wonderful strangers. This was a delusive truce, however, for suddenly some old women uttered piercing shrieks as a signal for hostilities. The captive maidens plunged into the sea, and the warriors showered darts and spears upon the surprised Spaniards. Ojeda was too much in his element in an affair of this kind to be taken much aback, so, immediately ordering out his boats, he charged like a fury into the midst of the thickest of the Indians, sinking many canoes and killing and wounding many people. He then visited the houses of this city of the waters in search of booty, but he found none of any considerable amount; he spared the village, however, that he might not causelessly irritate the natives,

and then coming to a harbour which he called St Bartholomew, but which the natives named Maracaibo, he again cast anchor. His reception at this place was a regular ovation. A band of twenty-seven men landed in compliance with the desires of the natives, and were conducted inland from village to village and feasted and fêted during nine days. Native games and dances were performed before them; they were borne about in litters and on the people's shoulders lest they should feel tired. They loaded themselves with dresses, war-weapons, rich plumes, and the skins of birds and beasts, and these they carried before their visitors and then conveyed in their canoes to their ships. This race of Indians were the most beautiful and graceful that the Spaniards had yet seen on the American continent, and the simplicity and openness of their manners produced a very favourable impression on the minds of their European visitors. Leaving these friendly people, some of whose women accompanied them, the Spaniards coasted along the western shores of the Gulf of Venezuela until they arrived at the Cape de la Vela. The state of his vessels, and the disappointment of not meeting with immediate stores of gold and other wealth, induced Ojeda to bring his coasting voyage to a conclusion at this point, and to steer right for the island of Hispaniola, although his commission forbade such a course of procedure. Alonzo knew that this island abounded with dyewood, and the desire of obtaining a cargo of this valuable wood was a great deal stronger than his scruples regarding the legality of obtaining it, so he bore towards Yaquimo, where he cast anchor in September 1499. Columbus was governor of the island at this period, and Ojeda soon brought himself into collision with the admiral. The agent of Columbus was successful in forcing Ojeda to give up his intended invasion of the admiral's territory and to resume his wandering voyage, which became a regular succession of kidnapping excursions, resulting, however, on his arrival at Cadiz, early in the year 1500, in having only 500 ducats to divide amongst himself and crew after the payment of all expenses.

This, the first voyage of Alonzo de Ojeda, did not add much to his wealth nor to that of any of his coadjutors, at the same time its meagre proceeds did not detract from the young adventurer's fame. Those who had accompanied him loudly sounded his praises as a bold and dauntless warrior, whose physical prowess and activity were almost supernatural, considering the smallness of his body. The qualifications so industriously ascribed to Ojeda were popular virtues in Spain in those days, and it was not long therefore before, through the influence of the Bishop Fonseca and his own fame, he had a commission in his pocket and a fleet of four ships under his command. He had no money of his own, but the prospect of a rich and speedy reimbursement induced Juan de Vergara and García de Campos to enter into a confederacy with him, they advancing the necessary means to fit out an armament, and Ojeda procuring the commission and conducting the expedition. The king granted to the young hidalgo a track of the American continent as a province, and commanded him to prevent the voyagers of England from sailing near these recent discoveries; an act of presumption and exclusiveness which can only find a parallel in the robber who awards a portion of his plunder to an inferior confederate in order to induce him to keep better people from seeing or sharing it.

In 1502 this second expedition set sail, and crossing the ocean arrived at Margarita or Pearl Island. The country granted by the king to Ojeda lay farther south than that part of the coast where he first arrived, he therefore coasted along foraging for plunder; and recollecting that he would require household articles in the foundation of his colony, he judged it politic to steal these things from people whom he would only see as a passing visitor rather than provoke the enmity of those in whose country he intended to settle. He gave orders therefore to plunder as effectually and extensively as possible, but not to destroy. The major or affirmative proposition was carried out to the

very letter, for everything of value that his followers could lay their hands upon became theirs according to the law of force; the negative part of the order was a mere dead letter, however, for the Spaniards slew and burned those whom they did not make captives or the property which they could not carry away. The part of the American coast which these pirates ravished was called Valfermosa by Ojeda, on account of its beauty and fertility; he changed its aspect, however, wherever he went, and made it, instead of a 'lovely' coast, a scene of desolation and tears. Many cotton hammocks and various household utensils fell into the hands of the marauders in these forays, and they obtained some gold from the poor Indians as ransom for their women and chief men. Many of the females were detained, however, and distributed among the ships. Ojeda, it is said, retained nothing of all these spoils save a single hammock. Although they found plenty of household stuffs in these attacks, the Spaniards could not find those necessary things provisions. Ojeda therefore dispatched Vergara with a caravel to Jamaica on a foraging expedition, with orders to join him at Maracibo or Cape de la Vela. The main part of the expedition arrived at last at Coquibacoa, but, the country being bare and sterile, Ojeda determined to found his capital at the bay of Santa Cruz, now named Bahia Honda. The natives opposed the landing of the Spaniards, which led to hostilities, in which the former were slain in great numbers, and were thus inspired with what in the jargon of the terrorists is called a 'salutary terror.' Peace-offerings of gold were brought to the conquerors and graciously accepted, but no sooner had they begun to fell trees and build their settlement than a neighbouring cacique led his forces against them and obliged them to fight as well as work. In this way a fortress was built, which was defended by lombards, and contained the magazine of provisions and the treasures amassed in the expedition. This, like all the expeditions which had been undertaken by these unprincipled Spaniards, was pregnant with the elements of disruption. Each of the leaders fixed his eyes upon the strong-box which contained the gold; and the provisions having run short, and Vergara not having made his appearance from Jamaica, there was neither unity amongst the chiefs nor contentment amongst the subordinates. When Vergara did at last arrive at the colony, the spirit of faction was rampant. Ocampo's anger was excited against the governor, who had dispossessed him of the key of the strong-box, and he immediately enlisted Vergara in a plot to seize Alonzo and break up the settlement. Inviting him on board of the caravel to see the provisions which had been procured, the two confederates immediately seized him, and accusing him of having needlessly provoked the hostility of the Indians, together with having transgressed the limits of his power, they informed him of their determination to carry him a prisoner to Hispaniola. After thirteen days of negotiation and finesse, Ojeda was thrown into chains and carried on board of a caravel which sailed for Hispaniola. During the voyage, trusting to his strength and skill as a swimmer, he slid over the side of the vessel and tried to reach the land, but the weight of his fetters almost sunk him, and although his hands were free he had to shout out for help from his captor partners, who took him from the sea almost drowned. Ojeda was delivered to Gallego, the commander at Hispaniola, but the box, which seems to have been the *magnum bonum* of the whole affair, Ocampo and Vergara retained in their own possession, doing what they pleased with its contents. About the end of September, 1502, the whole of the belligerent parties were sent to San Domingo, when the chief judge of the island, after hearing the whole cause, gave judgment against Alonzo de Ojeda. From this verdict the governor appealed to the king, and a complete revision of the sentence was given by the royal council in 1503, who ordered restitution of his property. This property, so far as regarded Ojeda, was a pleasant fiction, however, for the law had swallowed it all, leaving him nothing after his campaign of litigation save the triumph of a nominal victory.

The shades of obscurity close around the fate of Ojeda

for several years after this lawsuit; indeed notice is taken of his having made a voyage to Coquibacoa in 1505, but he was in Hispaniola in 1508, as poor as ever, so that his gains had probably been as scanty as on his previous adventures, or he had managed, like an accomplished spendthrift as he was, to dispose quickly of them.

While Ojeda was roving about in his obscurity and poverty, without employment and without the prospect of obtaining it, King Ferdinand began to feel an active increase of his avaricious desires. These mainsprings of this mean and selfish monarch's nature began to vibrate immediately upon his hearing Columbus's account of the gold mines of Veragua, which the great discoverer supposed to indicate the *Aurca Chersonesus* of the ancients, from which the gold used in the building of Solomon's Temple was said to be obtained. Succeeding voyagers had borne home improved and multiplied praises concerning this land of gold, and so Ferdinand became desirous of founding settlements along the coast of Terra Firma under the dominion of some able commander. This position the king felt to belong of right to Don Bartholomew, the brother of the deceased admiral; but he was not inclined to do acts of justice when these militated against his own interests, and so, lest he should be constrained to reward the brother of Columbus upon terms somewhat equivalent with his deservings and the respect due to his family, he determined to find more pliable and less expensive tools. The likeliest for his purpose, of all the companions of Columbus, was Alonzo de Ojeda, at least such was the supposition of partial friends, but Alonzo was distant from court, and could not thus prefer his suit to the bishops; and again, he was so poor that he could not propose to equip even a gunboat for the expedition. An unexpected windfall, however, conducted to set this roving adventurer once more upon the troubled waters of ambition. Juan de la Cosa, who was reckoned to be the most accomplished mariner of his times next to Columbus, and who was looked up to as a nautical oracle by the Spaniards, was also at Hispaniola while Ojeda was there, and having acquired some gold, he proposed to place it at the disposal of his old commander, and to assist him in his undertakings should he procure Ferdinand's commission. Ojeda gladly accepted La Cosa's proposal, and in compliance with their arrangements, the veteran immediately set out for Spain, in order to procure Ojeda's appointment as commander of Terra Firma.

La Cosa visited Alonzo's old patron the bishop Fonseca, and soon interested him in the affairs of his former protégé. Fonseca had great influence in Indian affairs, and he therefore urged the mean and bigot king to appoint Ojeda his viceroy. A rival, the complete counterpart of Alonzo, had just stepped forward to claim the coveted command. Don Diego de Nicuesa was, like his rival, small in stature, handsome, ferociously and foolhardily brave, and in every way fitted to take the place of Ojeda, but in two points he surpassed him, and these were in coolness and refinement of manners. In order to displease the friends of neither candidate, and that he might advantage himself as much as possible, Ferdinand divided the governorship of Terra Firma between these two doughty leaders, and gave to them the island of Jamaica in common, from whence they might draw supplies of provisions. Juan de la Cosa was appointed lieutenant to Ojeda in the government, with the post of alguazil mayor in the province. With two brigantines and one ship, containing about two hundred men, Cosa set out to join his commander, Nicuesa following with four large ships and two brigantines, well manned, armed, and provisioned. Ojeda welcomed with joy his trusty friend and lieutenant, but his proud spirit was not a little chagrined at the comparative appearance of the two fleets which now lay in the bay of San Domingo; and as he saw that his armament was insufficient for his contemplated enterprises, he prevailed upon a lawyer to invest all his fortune, amounting to two thousand castellanos, in the project, and to leave a remunerative and established situation for the prospective position of alcalde mayor of the contemplated colony. Martin Fernandez de Enciso risked his money, and, in order that he might the sooner enjoy

his chief-judgeship, he was induced to remain at Hispaniola and beat up for recruits to the expedition, while Ojeda proceeded to found the settlement. The conjoint right to Jamaica, which had been given by the king to Ojeda and Nicuesa, led these two commanders into a quarrel. There was an assertion of right on the one hand and a negation of it on the other, which produced intemperate words and a challenge on the part of Ojeda; but the polished Nicuesa and the polite Juan de la Cosa prevented any bad personal consequences from the fury of Alonzo. While the rival commanders contended regarding their respective rights to Jamaica, Don Diego Columbus, who considered himself wronged and aggrieved by the unwarrantable assignment of this island to any one while it was assured to him, sent a representative with an armament to dispossess them both. Ojeda was furious, and threatened to strike off the head of the representative of the adelantado, but, although he was loud in his bravado, he nevertheless departed without doing anything to bring him into collision with Don Diego Columbus.

AN ACCOMPLISHED SOMNAMBULIST.

A curious circumstance has been related by a highly-beneficed member of the Roman Catholic Church. In the college where he was educated was a young seminarist who habitually walked in his sleep; and while in a state of somnambulism, used to sit down to his desk and compose the most eloquent sermons; scrupulously erasing, effacing, or interlining, whenever an incorrect expression had fallen from his pen. Though his eyes were apparently fixed upon the paper when he wrote, it was clear that they exercised no optical functions; for he wrote just as well when an opaque substance was interposed between them and the sheet of the paper. Sometimes an attempt was made to remove the paper, in the idea that he would write upon the desk beneath. But it was observed that he instantly discerned the change, and sought another sheet of paper, as nearly as possible resembling the former one. At other times a blank sheet of paper was substituted by the bystanders for the one on which he had been writing; in which case, on reading over, as it were, his composition, he was sure to place the corrections, suggested by the perusal, at precisely the same intervals they would have occupied in the original sheet of manuscript. This young priest, moreover, was an able musician; and was seen to compose several pieces of music while in a state of somnambulism, drawing the lines of the music paper for the purpose with a ruler and pen and ink, and filling the spaces with his notes with the utmost precision, besides a careful adaptation of the words, in vocal pieces. On one occasion the somnambulist dreamed that he sprang into a river to save a drowning child; and, on his bed, he was seen to imitate the movement of swimming. Seizing the pillow, he appeared to snatch it from the waves and lay it on the shore. The night was intensely cold; and so severely did he appear affected by the imaginary chill of the river, as to tremble in every limb; and his state of cold and exhaustion, when roused, was so alarming, that it was judged necessary to administer wine and other restoratives.—*Poyntz's World of Wonders.*

WHAT MAKES MARRIAGES UNHAPPY.

Let it be remembered that marriage is the metempsychosis of women; that it turns them into different creatures from what they were before. Liveliness in the girl may have been mistaken for good temper—the little perversity which at first is attractively provoking, at last provokes without its attractiveness; negligence of order and propriety, of duties and civilities, long endured, often deprecated, ceases to be tolerable, when children grow up and are in danger of following the example. It often happens, that if a man unhappy in the married state were to disclose the manifold causes of his uneasiness, they would be found, by those who were beyond their influence, to be of such a nature as rather to excite derision than sympathy. The waters of bitterness do not fall on his head in a cataract, but through a colander; one, however, like

the vases of the Danaides, perforated only for replenishment. We know scarcely the vestibule of a house of which we fancy we have penetrated into all the corners. We know not how grievously a man may have suffered, long before the calamities of the world befell him as he reluctantly left his house-door. There are women from whom incessant tears of anger swell forth at imaginary wrongs; but of contrition for their own delinquencies not one.—*Walter Savage Landor.*

REMORSE.

(For the Instructor.)

How dark is life! how dreamy man!
How full of change his little span
Of care-enumber'd time!
Griefs cloud our scene, and reason sleeps
While restless passion flies, or creeps,
To folly, or to crime!
'Tis but an hour, in mem'ry's glance,
Since I, a child, by choice or chance,
To guiltless pleasures ran;
Yet boyhood's dream, and hopes which lit
My youth, are gone; and here I sit
A conscience-stricken man,
Father of all, accept the prayer
Of penitence—thy rod forbear—
Bid me to wisdom wake;
And, while my reason soars to light,
The sin, removed from mortal sight,
Forgive for Jesus' sake!

WHAT IS A SIGH?

What is a sigh?—A sunny thought
Of childhood, clouded by a care;
A hope to disappointment wrought;
A lover's wish; a sinner's prayer;
Man's heritage; an inward fight,
Prolong'd beyond the spirit's power;
A breath which bears the soul to light,
When sadly closes life's dark hour!

NEWTON GOODRICH.

A REASON FOR CONTENTMENT.

Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils bear patiently and sweetly, for this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to to-morrow.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

IDLE DAUGHTERS.

'It is,' says Mrs Ellis, 'a most painful spectacle in families where the mother is the drudge, to see the daughters elegantly dressed, reclining at their ease, with their drawing, their music, their fancy-work, and their reading—beguiling themselves of the lapse of hours, days, and weeks, and never dreaming of their responsibilities; but, as a necessary consequence of a neglect of duty, growing weary of their useless lives, laying hold of every newly-invented stimulant to rouse their drooping energies, and blaming their fate, when they dare not blame their God, for having placed them where they are. These individuals will often tell you with an air of affected compassion (for who can believe it real?) that poor dear mamma is working herself to death; yet no sooner do you propose that they should assist her, than they declare she is quite in her element—in short, that she would never be happy if she had only half as much to do.'

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'THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.'

MAN has been described as a cooking animal, a reading animal, a laughing animal. We never heard him called a grumbling animal, and yet we question if this be not as apt a designation as any of them. We cannot indeed enter deeply into the feelings of the inferior creatures, but, as far as we can judge, they seem to be animated with a spirit of cheerfulness to which the proud and pensive lord of the creation is a stranger. One cannot tell what may be the emotions of a lion or a tiger after a day or two of unsuccessful hunting and enforced fast. We hope never to make the acquaintance of either under such circumstances. Probably the lion retires to his den in a melancholy mood, grumbling audibly, picks the clean bones scattered there over again, and goes to sleep for very hunger. But even in that case we question if he entertain any ideas analogous to man's fretful and splenetic sentiments—for instance, that lions are the most miserable of created beings, and that this green earth seems only made for *sheep*. Generally speaking, the gladness of the inferior tribes is glorious. To say nothing of the lark, who is the very archetype of glee, and comes into the mind whenever the word is used, look at the kitten—don't you think that tail was made on purpose to be played with? or do you think that cotton-balls were made for anything else? Look at the dog, gambolling about in the exuberance of his animal spirits, his whole demeanour expressive of the feeling that he does not know what to do to manifest his glee; and then coming home hungry and tired, when he finds his hints of urgent appetite unheeded, curling himself into a comfortable recumbency and burying his bodily necessities in oblivion. Look at the whole creation on a bright summer day, the myriads of gilded insects sunning themselves in the beams; the butterflies fluttering from flower to flower; the gnats darting around in all sorts of eccentric evolutions. Did you ever notice a swarm of flies how soberly they are sailing about in the air, until one or two of them dart at one another in playful humour, when the whole party join the fun, and away they all go in an endless succession of sportive gyrations? Some tribes are busy enough too. The ants are hurrying to and fro as if their lives depended upon it. Just observe one of them: what a business-like air there is about him; how he seems annoyed at every little obstacle; you may imagine his exclamations of impatience when he meets and dodges a fellow-labourer; he is for all the world like a man hurrying into the city to profit by a fall in the funds, but who cannot get on for the throng. The bees, too, are busy enough, as Dr Watts and everybody else knows, but they seem to enjoy it amazingly. None indeed are more to be pitied than the unemployed.

But insects generally must lead a truly jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily. Imagine a palace of ivory or pearl, with pillars of silver and capitals of gold, all exhaling such a perfume as never arose from human censer. Fancy, again, the fun of tucking yourself up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of the summer air, and nothing to do when you awake but to wash yourself in a dew-drop, and to fall to and eat your bedclothes. One cannot indeed wonder at the amenity of an ear-wig or the suavity of a lady-bird under such circumstances. Yet, on the other hand, the inferior animals are exposed to dangers and miseries to which man is a stranger. With all our woes, real and imaginary, we are in little danger of being eaten up, except in the very rare and exceedingly disagreeable case of meeting a hungry lion, as above adverted to. Yet are the inferior creatures eminently cheerful. Up to the moment that the trigger is pulled, the bird is as cheerful on the bough as the little fluttering fly which, up to the moment that it found itself in the bird's bill, was enjoying itself in the warm smile of heaven. Even those hapless beings which are the objects of man's tyranny, and they form but a slight exception, for man is generally kind to them for his own sake, not *theirs*—even these, when they *do* get the galled shoulder from the collar or the chafed back from the saddle, display an unwieldy merriment which is quite delightful. They do not fall into a horse laugh 'tis true, for this again is *our* privilege, but they exhibit some most amusing and eccentric gambols.

The great cause for all this, the grand distinction between man and the inferior races, you will say, and say truly, consists in MIND.

'The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy foresight, would he skip and play?'

Man's imagination it is that too often makes him miserable; his sorrows are sometimes of the past, more frequently of the future. The past, indeed, is more frequently painted in brilliant colours, while an indefinite gloom and blackness hangs over the future. We go about telling one another that 'the light of other days is faded,' and 'all their glory past;' we have been happy, that is in former times, and *that's* the reason we are never to be happy again. Some indeed go further; poets seem to have a special license to complain, like our friend Burns, who includes the past in his season of sorrow. So he sweetly sings to the mouse,

'The present only touches thee,
But ooh! I backward turn my e'e
On prospects drear;
And forward though I canna see,
I doubt and fear.'

Now, this was very unphilosophical of the poet. Why should a man give himself up to doubt and fear, when it

is man's highest privilege to hope and trust? The same charming poet, in an exquisitely natural, but not for that the less *nonsensical*, apostrophe, says,

'How can ye sing, ye little birds,
And I so weary, fu' o' care?'

This is a fine expression of man's natural peevishness. What business had the little birds to sing when the poet was not in a singing humour? We are not finding fault with the poet *as a poet*. On the contrary, all this is exquisitely natural and poetical; we only think the man was wrong *as a man*. We deprecate man's propensity to spoil the present with the past or the future. Depend upon it, those little birds with which the poet was so angry never sang 'the light of other days.' We do not deny that there is something natural in the fault of which we complain. The roughness of the road that we have traversed fades from our eye as we look back upon it, while nearer obstacles and impediments stand out in startling prominence; but we should not submit to all that is natural when it is opposed to all that is reasonable. If we can *enjoy* ourselves in the present by wandering for a while in the day-dreams of the past, so be it; *present* enjoyment, of a harmless description, is man's highest wisdom; but if we are to make ourselves unhappy by comparing what we are pleased to call the brightness of the past with the blackness of the present, away with all such unsatisfactory musings. Such is the ultra-sentimentalism of boy-and-girl ballad poetry. Poets, yea the best of them, are given to this, but they are not consistent in their grumblings either. Burns makes some amends for the murmurings above quoted when he sings in a happier strain, 'The *present* moment is our ain,' only that unhappily poor Burns had no very enlarged ideas either of true pleasure or of the real value of the present. Then there is Moore, charming poet! and yet how he loves to prate about

'All that's bright must fade,
The brightest oft the fleetest,'

of which we do not believe a word, and

'All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest;'

which you may believe if it will make you the happier. It is generally, however, secondary poets who indulge in this super-sentimentality, and tell us so much about the 'light of other days,' and the 'bright days of the past,' and so forth. And, prithee, where are those bright days of the past? It may perchance do us good in the present to inquire. Are you a youngster, rejoicing like a strong man to run a race, and do you look back with regret upon those days when you sported a schoolboy on the green? Perhaps you have forgot the drudgery of a continual set of tasks, when that drudgery was unalleviated by the reasonable hopes that you now entertain of reward for labour. Yes, there is much talk about the happiness of our school days, but drudgery unsupported by a sense of duty, or a calculation of future advantage, as it generally is in unreflecting childhood, is no joke. And then think of the rod. Why, we believe that a child has as much dread of the rod as a man has of the guillotine. Are you a family-man, and do you look back upon the days of courtship as the 'light of other days?' Yes; there was a great amount of positive enjoyment no doubt, but you forget, perhaps, the bitter heart-sickness of suspense, the sudden fever of jealousy, the utter flatness of common life with which that life of excitement was interspersed. Are you an old retired man, regretting the zest of adventure that active life afforded?—you perhaps forget its concomitant anxieties. Do you regret the social parties of the past?—you forget their headaches; the friendships of the past?—you forget their heartaches.

But let us take 'the light of other days' in a wider and more comprehensive sense. Look back, then, upon the whole expanse of time, and tell us what there is in the complete range of the past to compare for a moment with the present. Look at the social state of man in all its phases, and try if you can discover the bright days of the past. Time was when rude and migratory tribes wandered over the present seats of civilisation—when man

contested with the inferior animals for the possession of his portion in this fair earth. Subject to the extremes of famine and abundance, the comfortless savage roamed the undivided plain, preying upon the lower creatures—supplied, by his superior cunning, with rude weapons, but obliged, by his inferior strength, to resort to wiles and stratagems; tearing off the reeking skin of his victim for a garment; burrowing in the earth or twisting the boughs of a tree for his habitation; groping in the ground for a root, or snatching a berry from the thorny bush, to appease the appetite which his successful chase could not allay. From the primeval man stepped up to the pastoral condition; but, before we trace his progress, just pause for an instant upon that first 'light of other days' which the faint lamp of history affords, and say whether you would rather cast your

'Half-naked limbs upon the gravelly bank,
Thrown up by wintry torrent roaring loud,'

or tuck them snugly up in a first-class carriage. Well, man, still dependent upon the inferior animals for mere existence, found it more convenient to domesticate some species than to leave them all at liberty; hence, from a hunter he became a herdsman—from a fisherman, a shepherd. By this step in his social progress we are introduced to the much vaunted condition of the pastoral life. Now, do you as an honest man believe a word about the innocent simplicity, the Arcadian elegance, of the pastoral state? It is all very well, on a fine summer holiday, to throw yourself on the warm mossy turf for an hour or two—to disregard the tickling of the ants and flies, and listen to the bleating of the 'silly sheep'; it is pleasant enough to breathe the balmy air of morning, and listen to the lowing of the cattle; but it is quite another thing to do these things 'professionally.' Agriculture is the next step: but no sooner has man begun to divide the earth than he begins to quarrel about it. He was not a little inclined to fight for the limits of his hunting-ground; he strove much more for extended pasturage: but when he came to have a precise property in the earth—when definite boundaries were to be maintained—a dark scene of turbulence, violence, and bloodshed marked the stormy period.

Now, in all these natural phases of social life—in all this gloomy 'darkness of other days,' do you see anything to envy? Do you not think that steam-boats and steam-carriages—though the former do sometimes blow up or blow down, and the latter occasionally run off the rails—much better than all this?

But not to go so far back or so far away, turn your eye upon our own ancestors, and putting out of the question the painted savage, with his leathern shield upon his arm, or his wicker caracle upon his back, what an amount of monstrous evil oppressed the people of comparatively civilised society! Time was, when thousands and tens of thousands of hapless human beings could be expelled from hearth and home to misery and death, and some of merry England's finest provinces devastated—villages consigned to the flames, hamlets razed to the foundation, farms left a mass of charred and blackened ruins, cottages a heap of shapeless rubbish, arable land given back to the unreclaimed wilderness, meadow and field allowed to become waste and fallow. For what?—For what! To amuse a regal oppressor, and gratify a few of his truculent aristocrats with their favourite pastime. There is, indeed, an alternative: you might have been one of the paltry *few* instead of the multitudinous many; but, as a man of humanity, which would you rather have been—the oppressor or the oppressed? Miserable alternative! And then, when these same smiling provinces had been restored to their primeval wildness—when the rank herbage had been allowed to wreath its foul luxuriance over the blackened, fire-smitten land, and men and women, old men and babes, maidens, wives, and widows, given up to such atrocities as make the ear tingle—you might have been impaled for killing a stag, or hanged for hunting a hare. Talk of modern game laws! Yes, *do* talk of them. Excerate them, if you please, until the filthy rags of feudalism are swept

from the land—but think of their frightful atrocity in the 'bright days of the past.' Again, time was when an Englishman was a slave—when he could be lashed, scarred, sold, mutilated, murdered, torn from his wife and children—when, without a crime committed, he bore a brand singed on his brow, or wore a collar rivetted on his neck—when he was a serf, the goods and chattels of his owner. True, again, you might have been one of the favoured few; you might not have been the property of another, but possessed *such property* yourself. Here, again, as a *Briton*, we might put the question to you—(Ah! that we could do the same to all our brethren of mankind!)—would you not really rather be a slave than a slaveholder?

But, turn from the thralldom of the body to that of the mind. Do not waste your time with dogmas, but imagine the misery of not being allowed to think for yourself in the concerns of your own soul. One would suppose that the axiom that 'thought is free' was self-evident enough. Not at all! It has only become apparent in these days—if it have now.

Then, time was—recently, only just past, almost within one's memory—when you could not walk the street by night or ride the road by day but in bodily fear: you might be robbed, beaten, murdered. You might certainly have the satisfaction (if you lived) of seeing the gallant gentleman who had soiled his fingers with your dirty purse drawn to Tyburn, with a bouquet in his breast, bowing to the ladies—for hanging was a trifle in those days. Men were hung up by the half-dozen, like a row of whittings strung together by the gills to dry. Such days! Bring us our income-tax paper, and we will fill it up forthwith. It is better, after all, than a 'benevolence,' or ship-money, or tonnage and poundage.

Light of other days! Stuff and nonsense. It was no more to be compared to the light of present days than a blinking oil-lamp is to a brilliant gas-burner.

REV. W. WHEWELL'S BRIDGEWATER TREATISE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE subject of terrestrial adaptations was considered in the previous article upon this celebrated treatise of Mr. Whewell. It was then shown that there exists a correspondence between the facts of astronomy and meteorology, and the functions of the animal and vegetable creation, so wonderful as to make it clear above all contradiction that one Great, Presiding Intelligence has been at work. We are now to enter upon another department of the wide field of astronomy and general physics—the relations and connexions of the solar system. It may be called COSMICAL ARRANGEMENTS.

In framing an argument from the harmonies and adaptations of the solar system, for the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, there are some peculiar difficulties. It is easier for us to compare and contrast the functions of plants and animals with those machines which are framed by human ingenuity and labour, and thus to perceive how infinitely superior is the Divine Architect. The arrangements, moreover, are not so obvious in their utility, and require more knowledge for their comprehension. But while all this is true, there is another aspect in which Cosmical Arrangements have a decided advantage over Terrestrial Adaptations. Astronomy is the most perfect of all sciences. It has an immeasurable superiority over all other departments of natural philosophy. So unerring is the law of gravitation, and so exact our knowledge of all the movements of the solar system, that an astronomer could readily calculate the very spot which was occupied in the heavens by a planet thousands of years back, and he can do the same, and with equal accuracy, for ages in the vast futurity that stretches before us.

It is assumed that our readers are familiar with the general facts of the solar system. The sun is the centre around which the planets revolve. They move round the central orb in paths nearly circular, and in nearly the same plane. They are globular in form, and wheel round upon their own axis. In examining a *planetarium*, or a repre-

sentation of the solar system, a great deal of machinery is seen in operation. There are wheels, and pulleys, and chains, and wires, and all the parts are brought into contact with each. But in the solar system nothing of this kind is perceived. There is no pressure, no physical impulse, no ropes, no fluids, no gases. Onward still move the planets through the depths of space, in that path which was originally marked out for them by the finger of Omnipotence; never do they touch or drive each other along in their seemingly mazy dance: they affect each other only from a distance, as the magnet does the needle. What wondrous mechanical genius and power must be required in order to procure results like these! 'Perhaps the following comparison may serve to explain the kind of adjustments of which we shall have to speak. If there be a wide shallow round basin of smooth marble, and if we take a smooth ball, as a billiard-ball or a marble pellet, and throw it along the surface of the inside of the basin, the ball will generally make many revolutions round the inside of the bowl, gradually tending to the bottom in its motion. The gradual diminution of the motion, and consequent tendency of the ball to the bottom of the bowl, arise from the friction; and in order to make the motion correspond to that which takes place through the action of a central force, we must suppose this friction to be got rid of. In that case, the ball, once set a-going, would run round the basin for ever, describing either a circle, or various kinds of ovals, according to the way in which it was originally thrown; whether quickly or slowly, and whether more or less obliquely along the surface. Such a motion would be capable of the same kind of variety, and the same sort of adjustments, as the motion of a body revolving about a larger one by means of a central force. Perhaps the reader may understand what kind of adjustments these are, by supposing such a bowl and ball to be used for a game of skill. If the object of the players be to throw the pellet along the surface of the basin, so that after describing its curved path it shall pass through a small hole in a barrier at some distance from the starting point, it will easily be understood that some nicety in the regulation of the force and direction with which the ball is thrown will be necessary for success. In order to obtain a better image of the solar system, we must suppose the basin to be very large and the pellet very small. And it will easily be understood that as many pellets as there are planets might run round the bowl at the same time with different velocities. Such a contrivance might form a *planetarium* in which the mimic planets would be regulated by the laws of motion as the real planets are; instead of being carried by wires and wheels, as is done in such machines of the common construction: and in this planetarium the tendency of the planets to the sun is replaced by the tendency of the representative pellets to run down the slope of the bowl. We shall refer again to this basin, thus representing the solar system with its loose planetary balls.'

It has been already stated that the planets move round the sun in paths which are nearly circular. The curve which they describe is not an exact circle, but it is nearly so. In the language of science it is an ellipse; familiarly it is known by the name of an oval. We can have only one circle, but there is an infinite number of ovals; and exquisite skill must have been employed in determining the precise force and velocity that would be required to make each approximate so closely to a circle. This regularity is so great that a person who looks upon a diagram of the solar system in our books of astronomy, sees a series of curves drawn round the sun, which he would mistake for perfect circles if he were not informed to the contrary. Was it the effect of chance that these orbits are so nearly circular? Look at a shooting-target; observe its concentric circles, and ask, were these painted by a blind man, drawing his brushes at random across the board? Choice has thus been exercised. There has also been evinced a love of harmony; but there is more than this. The plan thus chosen is the only one adapted to the conditions, certainly, of the earth (probably of the other planets), as the

seat of animal and vegetable life. The oval which the earth describes is such, that she is nearer to the sun in winter than in summer by about one-thirtieth part of the whole distance. Had the oval been much greater, the difference of heat and of cold in the two seasons would destroy all living creatures; and even were it not so considerable, it would effect a complete revolution in the seasons, and their character would be undergoing perpetual changes from century to century.

It is an important question—Has provision been made for the stability of the solar system? If the planets were attracted only by the sun, without being affected by each other, the movements would go on in the same regular manner, and might do so for ever. But the law of gravitation makes them all act upon each other to a greater or lesser extent—an extent proportional to the distance and the magnitude of the respective bodies. The earth is attracted towards the sun, but it is also subject to the influence of the moon, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and other orbs; while these again are drawn toward it in return. Can a system be permanent, where all the parts, while they move round a common centre, are perpetually tugging at each other? It is quite true that the planets are very small when compared with the sun, and that these derangements must consequently be very significant in a single revolution; but these may accumulate during a series of years, and become so formidable in the course of several centuries that the whole system would be thrown into confusion. 'If, for instance, the result of this mutual gravitation should be to increase considerably the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, that is, to make it a longer and longer oval, or to make the moon approach perpetually nearer and nearer the earth every revolution, it is easy to see that in the one case our year would change its character, as we have noticed in the last section; in the other, our satellite would finally fall to the earth, which must of course bring about a dreadful catastrophe. If the positions of the planetary orbits, with respect to that of the earth, were to change much, the planets might sometimes come very near us, and thus exaggerate the effects of their attraction beyond calculable limits. Under such circumstances, we might have 'years of unequal length, and seasons of capricious temperature, planets and moons of portentous size and aspect, glaring and disappearing at uncertain intervals;' tides like deluges, sweeping over whole continents; and perhaps the collision of two of the planets, and the consequent destruction of all organisation on both of them.'

Now, certain changes were observed to take place from the first period when science extended her observation to the heavenly bodies, and fears were entertained by some that these would increase in magnitude and in number, until universal ruin would drive her ploughshare through this once beautiful creation. The problem was too difficult to be solved by the mathematical methods known in the days of Newton. 'Having given the directions and velocities with which about thirty bodies are moving at one time, to find their places and motions after any number of ages, each of the bodies all the while attracting all the others, and being attracted by them all,' it was reserved to the genius of Lagrange and Laplace to make the discovery, that all these alterations were periodical, that they were confined within certain limits, that they reached a certain point, like the swing of a pendulum, and then came back to their old position, and that the restoration was at last, and in all respects, perfect and complete. There was thus given to the scientific world a triumphant demonstration, that these phenomena which had created so much alarm for the stability of the system, and which were thought to be deviations from the great law of gravitation, were but its natural consequences. How profound must have been the sagacity which devised such a harmonious combination of difficulties apparently insurmountable! 'It is difficult to convey an adequate notion of the extreme complexity of the task thus executed. A number of bodies, all attracting each other, are to be projected in such a manner that their revolutions shall be

permanent and stable, their mutual perturbations always small. If we return to the basin with its rolling balls, by which we before represented the solar system, we must complicate with new conditions the trial of skill which we supposed. The problem must now be to project at once seven such balls, all connected by strings which influence their movements, so that each may hit its respective mark. And we must farther suppose that the marks are to be hit after many thousand revolutions of the balls. No one will imagine that this could be done by accident. No wonder, therefore, that Laplace, whose tendencies, to speak mildly, were not upon the side of credulity, was compelled to make the confession—'We ought to believe that a primitive cause has directed the planetary motions.' The solar system is thus, by the confession of all sides, completely different from anything which we might anticipate from the casual operation of its known laws. The laws of motion are no less obeyed to the letter in the most irregular than in the most regular motions; no less in the varied circuit of the ball which flies round a tennis-court, than in the going of a clock; no less in the fantastical jets and leaps which breakers make when they burst in a corner of a rocky shore, than in the steady swell of the open sea. The laws of motion alone will not produce the regularity which we admire in the motions of the heavenly bodies. There must be an original adjustment of the system on which these laws are to act; a selection of the arbitrary quantities which they are to involve; a primitive cause which shall dispose the elements in due relation to each other; in order that regular recurrence may accompany constant change, that perpetual motion may be combined with perpetual stability, that derangements which go on increasing for thousands or for millions of years may finally cure themselves, and that the same laws which lead the planets slightly aside from their paths, may narrowly limit their deviations, and bring them back from their almost imperceptible wanderings.'

Among other arrangements may be noticed the central position of the sun, as the source of light and of heat. The mechanical uses of the sun, placed in the centre of the system, with the planets moving around it, would have been the same though it were entirely destitute of light and of heat. The advantages of having the lighting and warming apparatus of the whole system in the centre are so obvious as to render any remarks unnecessary to point them out to the intelligent reader. There are also the satellites—those inferior orbs that attend the planets. Who can doubt that the moon was ordained to give light to the inhabitants of the earth when the sun's face is hid? The earth has only one satellite, but it is interesting to observe, that, as a general rule—for there are a few exceptions—the number of these useful and cheering companions to a planet increases in proportion to its distance from the sun. Can this be accidental? And then mark the provision that is made for the stability of the ocean. 'If we suppose the whole globe of the earth to be composed of water, a sphere of cork immersed in any part of it would come to the surface of the water except it were placed exactly at the centre of the earth; and even if it were so placed, the slightest displacement of the cork sphere would end in its rising and floating. This would be the case whatever were the size of the cork sphere, and even if it were so large as to leave comparatively little room for the water; and the result would be nearly the same if the cork sphere, when in its central position, had on its surface prominences which projected above the surface of the water. Now this brings us to the case in which we have a globe resembling our present earth, composed like it of water and of a solid centre, with islands and continents, but having these solid parts all made of cork. And it appears by the preceding reasoning, that in this case, if there were to be any disturbance, either of the solid or fluid parts, the solid parts would rise from the centre of the watery sphere as far as they could; that is, all the water would run to one side and leave the land on the other. Such an ocean would be in *unstable equilibrium*.' It is natural, therefore, to inquire if there is

no room for the apprehension that some extraordinary convulsion of nature may happen which might end in the waters all rushing in one direction, and submerging the highest mountains. How are we saved from the slightest fears of such a catastrophe? The plan is simple. The mean specific gravity of the earth is about five times that of water; and thus the ocean is retained in its bed. If the density of water were increased six times, or that of the earth diminished in like proportion, the sea would forsake its present position, and the globe would have two hemispheres, one fluid and the other completely dry.

Our author discusses at considerable length and with much judgment the far-famed nebular hypothesis, which was originally proposed by Laplace, but only as a mere conjecture. According to it, all the materials of the solar system, and of the universe in general, existed at one time in a luminous vapour, so thin and diffused that its existence could scarcely be perceptible. This fine mist condensed in the course of ages, and out of this were formed suns, planets, and stars. This is mere guess work at the very best, and though it were proved to be correct, the question would still return—Whence came this diffuse nebulousness, this shadowy brightness, this gaseous matter, out of which worlds are continually forming? Epicurus, when a boy, had these verses of Hesiod read to him by his teacher:—

‘Eldest of beings, chaos first arose;
Thence earth wide stretch’d, the steadfast seat of all
The immortals;’

upon which the inquisitive scholar asked his preceptor, whence came chaos? Of late we have had a revival of this and similar impious nonsense in a work called ‘Vestiges of Creation,’ the great object of which is to show how easily we can dispense with a Creator. We have never been able to read any parts of this work without having our memory refreshed with the following story. It is related, we think, of St Denis, that when his head was struck off by the executioner he rose up, placed it under his arm, and walked a thousand paces before he fell down lifeless. When this incident was mentioned one day to a person, a smile of incredulity flitted across his countenance. ‘What!’ said the narrator, boiling with indignation, ‘do you believe it impossible for the saint to walk a thousand paces after his head was separated from the body?’ ‘I crave your pardon,’ was the reply; ‘I have no difficulty whatever respecting the thousand paces; my whole difficulty lies in the first step.’ So is it here. How are we to account for the first step? Who made chaos? Whence come the atoms? Who formed the fine mist, and impressed upon it those laws which have finally produced from it the goodly and spacious world that is spread out to our view? But there is no necessity for any more remarks on the nebulous system, as it was dashed in pieces last year by the discoveries made by Lord Rosse, when, by the aid of his prodigious telescope, he was privileged to pierce farther into the depths of space, and to behold greater wonders of immensity, than had ever before been granted to mortal.*

One chapter of this treatise is engaged with a subject of the deepest interest and importance—the existence of a resisting medium in the solar system. Are the spaces in which the planets move free from all matter, however rare? For a long time it was supposed that they were completely empty, an absolute vacuum. It has, however, been lately discovered that this opinion is wrong, and that there does exist a thin resisting medium. For this we are chiefly indebted to the observations that were made upon Encke’s comet. This body, which probably has no more solidity or coherence than a cloud of dust or a breath of smoke, and through which the stars are seen with undiminished splendour, was found not to be in the exact spot in which it ought to have been, according to calculation. It was kept back by a thin resisting medium. Similar influences must of course act upon the planets, though their

effect will not be apparent, for thousands or even millions of years, from the quantity of matter they contain. But their velocities will be retarded, they will be drawn nearer and nearer the central body in their various revolutions, until they fall upon it at last, and the system be reduced to a mass of ruins. The solar system will thus one day perish, though we know not when it shall take place. It may take millions upon millions of years, should the will of God preserve the system so long in existence, before this retarding force destroy the celestial motions. But one thing is certain, that the machinery cannot last for ever. ‘The vast periods which are brought under our consideration in tracing the effects of the resisting medium, harmonise with all that we learn of the constitution of the universe from other sources. Millions, and millions of millions, of years are expressions that at first sight appear fitted only to overwhelm and confound all our powers of thought; and such numbers are no doubt beyond the limits of anything which we can distinctly conceive. But our powers of conception are suited rather to the wants and uses of common life than to a complete survey of the universe. It is in no way unlikely that the whole duration of the solar system should be a period immeasurably great in our eyes, though demonstrably finite. Such enormous numbers have been brought under our notice by all the advances we have made in our knowledge of nature. The smallness of the objects detected by the microscope and of their parts; the multitude of the stars which the best telescopes of modern times have discovered in the sky; the duration assigned to the globe of the earth by geological investigation;—all these results require for their probable expression, numbers, which so far as we see, are on the same gigantic scale as the number of years in which the solar system will become entirely deranged. Such calculations depend in some degree on our relation to the vast aggregate of the works of our Creator; and no person who is accustomed to meditate on these subjects will be surprised that the numbers which such an occasion requires should oppress our comprehension. No one who has dwelt on the thought of a universal Creator and Preserver, will be surprised to find the conviction forced upon the mind, of every new train of speculation, that viewed in reference to Him, our space is a point, our time a moment, our millions a handful, our permanence a quick decay.’

In connexion with those immense sweeps of duration, how appropriate seems the vastness of the universe! ‘The earth, the globular body thus covered with life, is not the only globe in the universe. There are, circulating about our own sun, six others, so far as we can judge, perfectly analogous in their nature; besides our moon and other bodies analogous to it. No one can resist the temptation to conjecture, that these globes, some of them much larger than our own, are not dead and barren; that they are, like ours, occupied with organisation, life, intelligence. To conjecture is all that we can do, yet, even by the perception of such a possibility, our view of the domain of nature is enlarged and elevated. The outermost of the planetary globes of which we have spoken is so far from the sun that the central luminary must appear to the inhabitants of that planet, if any there are, no larger than Venus does to us, and the length of their year will be eighty-two of ours. But astronomy carries us still onwards. It teaches us that, with the exception of the planets already mentioned, the stars which we see have no immediate relation to our system. The obvious supposition is, that they are of the nature and order of our sun: the minuteness of their apparent magnitude agrees, on this supposition, with the enormous and almost inconceivable distance which, from all the measurements of astronomers, we are led to attribute to them. If then these are suns, they may, like our sun, have planets revolving round them; and these may, like our planet, be the seats of vegetable, and animal, and rational life. We may thus have in the universe worlds, no one knows how many, no one can guess how varied; but however many, however varied, they are still but so many provinces in the same

*For an article on Lord Rosse’s Telescope, see INSTRUCTOR, No. 90.

empire, subject to common rules, governed by a common power. But the stars which we see with the naked eye are but a very small portion of those which the telescope unveils to us. The most imperfect telescope will discover some that are invisible without it; the very best instrument perhaps does not show us the most remote. The number of stars which crowd some parts of the heavens is truly marvellous. Dr Herschel calculated that a portion of the milky way, about 10 degrees long and $2\frac{1}{2}$ broad, contained 258,000. In a sky so occupied, the moon would eclipse 2000 of such stars at once. If we take the whole range of created objects in our own system, from the sun down to the smallest animalcule, and suppose such a system, or something in some way analogous to it, to be repeated for each of the millions of stars which the telescope reveals to us, we obtain a representation of the material universe; at least a representation which to many persons appears the most probable one. And if we contemplate this aggregate of systems as the work of a Creator, which in our system we have found ourselves so irresistibly led to do, we obtain a sort of estimate of the extent through which his creative energy may be traced, by taking the widest view of the universe which our faculties have attained.

We will not enter upon a review of the mechanical laws as presented by our author, nor on the concluding section of the work, which is styled 'Religious Views.' These present some fine trains of lofty thought to the inquiring mind.

THE FRIENDS.

'THERE is not a more surly, audacious, determined scoundrel in the plantation,' said Mr Riggle, the planter, to Mr Flopper, the breaker, 'I can make nothing of him;' and he followed this admission by drawing his finely-scented handkerchief from the pocket of his roundabout, and blowing his nose with a flourish.

Mr Flopper did not answer Mr Riggle in the usual way; he seldom did as other people did; he was eccentric; so he winked his left eye, drew up the left side of his face, squirted out an immense quantity of tobacco-juice, and then slapped his thigh rapidly and forcibly for about half a minute.

'Oh, I see!' said Mr Riggle, biting the end from a cigar, and throwing himself back in his arm-chair; 'you think you could bend him?'

Mr Flopper parted his huge lips, as if merely to expose his yellow tusks; he then looked fixedly at Mr Riggle, winked his eye again, and then nodded his head in a way which showed that it was his fixed conviction that he could bend Old Hickory if he was in his power.

The room in which these friends sat was furnished with all the sumptuous elegance that wealth and taste could produce; furniture of the richest wood that St Domingo ever grew was shining in patent polish and clothed in rich brocade; pictures of the grandest and most beautiful scenes in nature were glittering in their gold frames on the walls; and the rich Turkey carpet, the silken hangings, the mirrors and green Venetian blinds, conspired to make the lofty-roofed room in which these men consulted a very comfortable, or perhaps, some people would say, a very luxurious one.

Mr Riggle and Mr Flopper were two very different-looking personages. Anybody, from mere external observation, might have affirmed that there were no ties of consanguinity binding them together, unless indeed they had recognised the bloody ligatures of the cat-o'-nine-tails, and then they would have seen their bond of union. Mr Riggle was an elegant person; fashionable, high-spirited, and well-bred. His form was most gracefully symmetrical, the tones of his voice rich and mellifluous, his dress most unexceptionable, and his fortune ample. He was a Virginian, whose estates were broad and whose slaves were numerous; and few in all that land of patriots and freemen had such a reputation for patriotic love as he. Mr Riggle was remarkable for the ardour with which he defended the institutions of the state, and his protestations of zeal in the cause of his country's honour and glory were

registered on the hearts of his compatriots as deeply as were the brandings of red-hot irons on the flesh of his freedom-loving slaves. His speeches in defence of truth and justice, and of human birthrights, and in condemnation of perfidious tyrants and enemies to free thought and action, would have made a beautiful little manual for the men and women who tilled his plantation; but then, you see, by some subtle process of metaphysical reasoning, Mr Riggle had discovered that they were not men and women, but animals; and who ever heard of a wise man like Mr Riggle, or good republicans like his countrymen, teaching animals to read? He strove, or rather his overseers strove—for Mr Riggle was nervous, and sometimes forgot his text when talking to his slaves—to teach them contentment; but in that they were not very successful, although the lash and the branding-iron were the alpha and omega of their tuition. Mr Riggle's clothes were of the newest and most approved cut, and his jewellery was of the chastest and most elaborate workmanship; and his smile was of the sweetest and blandest quality, as he reclined in his easy-chair, and looked with his half-languishing black eyes, through the smoke of his cigar, at Mr Flopper.

Any benevolent, feeling persons that looked at Mr Flopper's face for the first time must have felt a strong inclination to believe that they too were looking through such a smoky medium as Mr Riggle looked, or they must have entertained serious fears that they were being attacked with jaundice. His mean, ferocious-looking features were as yellow as saffron, and their expression partook so much of the attributes of disgust, that they might have served for an emetic to any squeamish man in the States. His brow was low and narrow, and so profusely did his bushy eyebrows cover it, that you would have supposed the part exposed to be a yellow bandeau bound round his forehead. His coronal region was as flat as if it had been crushed down by a hydraulic press; and his long lanky hair fell in locks from his head, like black snakes that had been tethered by their tails to one point. The lower part of his face was sharp and closely shaven, and his mouth was large and sinister-looking. There was only one virtuous expression in all his countenance, and that was the unmistakeable truth that beamed from every feature, revealing the cold, cruel, and sinister character of the man. There was no mistaking of him; there he sat, exposed by the countenance he carried. It was a lighthouse, warning men away from the rocky reefs and callous formations that clung round the nucleus of his heart. He was a slave-breaker—a farmer, who took to his home the *contumacious* (!) chattels of sentimental masters, in order to bend that obdurate principle of *will* which slaves always dare at some period of their lives to give evidence of possessing. His large straw hat lay on the floor at his side, and his white, loose apparel hung carelessly on his lath-like but wiry frame. His large feet were incased in short broad-pointed boots; and in his long skinny hands he clutched a thong of plaited ox-hide. He was a most unprepossessing, vulgar-looking being, with repulsion written upon every button of his garments and in every motion of his frame; and yet there he sat, the companion, the friend, of the elegant, the genteel Mr Riggle.

If people wish to discover those affinities which constitute the amalgam of friendship, they must look for them, not on, but deep below the surface of humanity. Messrs Riggle and Flopper were friends; they had a high opinion of each other's particular genius—that is, Mr Flopper esteemed Mr Riggle as a great orator and scholar; Mr Riggle esteemed Mr Flopper as a man of energy and action. If any of Mr Riggle's overseers would set to exhorting the flesh of any tender female or tiny child, Mr Riggle always made it a point to explain how much more emphatically and excruciatingly his friend could have done the business. And if any of the negroes left to the tender mercies of Mr Flopper would raise their voices in piteous complaints, that gentleman would compliment them with blows, and assurances, almost as heavy as his whip, that they rivalled Mr Riggle for 'lingo.' The planter and breaker could not be said to love each other—for love is

the inheritance of the loftiest and noblest natures, and never dwells in the same bosom with callous, cruel selfishness; but they *professed* to feel warmly for each other, which is as much as friends of such a stamp could do. They sat and looked at each other, and they were indeed striking contrasts outwardly; but they felt the latent mutual link that bound them in the indissolubility of sentiment, and they smiled each in his own way at the other, as if they were mutually pleased.

'Yes, Flopper,' said the planter, shaking the ashes from the end of his cigar, and laying one leg over the other, as he puffed forth a volume of smoke; 'you *do* think you could bend him.'

'I guess yes,' growled the breaker, winking his left eye rapidly, and clutching his thong with his long bony fingers, as if he could strangle anybody, although their throats were as tough as cow-hide.

'It is for his good that his obduracy should be crushed,' said the planter, in a plaintive tone; 'and then you see what an example it is to the other negroes,' he continued, as if his feelings were hurt at the bare idea of that dreadful example.

'Make example of him,' muttered Flopper, rapidly—'fine example;' and he winked his eye like an ill-omened owl.

'Yes; but, my dear Flopper, you do not seem to appreciate the full force of my allusion,' said Riggle, in a tone which showed that he was getting into his element. 'The example of rebellion in this wretch Arthur, might lead to insurrection, and the overthrow of our free and glorious institutions; it is dangerous, sir, and must be put down.'

'Put down!' thundered Flopper, rising quickly, and striking an imaginary negro with his thong.

'It is the best thing I can do for him,' said the planter, musing. 'I have had him whipped, put on low diet, branded, and all that sort of thing, and now he is just brought back from his last attempt to get amongst these Indian savages. These Indians live too near us for the safety of our property,' he muttered. 'One's property has too many facilities to escape when Indians are one's neighbours—eh, Flopper?'

'Send Indians beyond the Mississippi,' said Flopper, with a grim smile. We wonder if he knew that he had expressed the sentiment which regulated the future policy of his government. It is wonderful how obscure ruffians and exalted ones coincide in feeling upon identical subjects.

'I have ordered him three hundred lashes,' said Mr Riggle, calmly, 'and then you may take him with you. I depend upon your making your own of him.'

'When is it to be?' said Flopper, throwing himself into a position, and whirling his thong over his head.

'In a few minutes,' said Riggle, looking coolly at his beautiful glittering watch. 'Shall you have a glass of wine in the meantime?'

On a beautiful lawn before the stately and beautiful mansion of Cincinnatus Fredonius Riggle of Liberty Hall, Virginia, at exactly eight p.m., on a soft and delightful summer evening, were collected all the 'people' of the said Cincinnatus Fredonius. Around the green, flower-spangled lawn were clustered trees of the most varied forms and shades of colour, from the dark sombre clumps of oak to the almost white leaves of the poplar. The silver willow shot its tall head from amongst the thick matted foliage of red-beech, and the festoons of laburnum twined round the long spear-like shoots of the alder. There was an impervious natural fence round this little park, in which the guinea-hen and peacock strutted and picked up their reptile food, and in that fence the birds were singing their soft and plaintive matin melodies. There was a crowd of negroes standing in the lawn—for Cincinnatus was rich in human beings, just as Laplanders are rich in rein-deer, or Tartars in horses, or Connaught farmers in pigs. Yes, Cincinnatus was a man of much substance, if you reckon men, with God's immortal gift of soul breathing in them, nothing but substances. Ay, there they stood, dressed in the uniform of slavery; for recollect it is an evidence of liberty when man can dress as he pleases; if he follows

a formula in dress, he is either the slave of a fashion or of compulsion. All slaves, soldiers and civil helots, are known by their uniforms; therefore the condition of the slaves of Cincinnatus was not to be mistaken, as the men, with their coarse linen jackets and trousers, and the women with their calico gowns and turbans, stood quietly and timidly upon the grass.

Amongst that crowd of negroes there was one man who surely had not been long in thralldom, for he looked around him with keen, uneasy glances, as if his very eyes sought to escape from this scene of bondage, and he moved about the throng with an air which showed that his limbs had not yet been schooled to abject control. He was beautifully proportioned in form, and carried his head on high with a free and majestic dignity that, alas! was at war with the state to which he was being introduced. His loose dress could not conceal the indications of that ideal line of beauty which, in the painter's imagination, marks the outlines of the perfect human form; nor did it disturb the natural ease and grace of his motions: and his face, which, in its calm and intelligent beauty, was reflective of his mind, did not attempt to conceal the emotions of freedom which fitted across it like flashes of wildfire across the brow of sable night. His free spirit had written upon his countenance the magic characteristics of the 'free' as plainly as did the burning hand write Belshazzar's doom upon his palace-wall. Gamba was only a slave in opinion; his body had been purchased by Mr Riggle only one day previous to this, but his soul was still unchained and unbroken.

In the centre of the lawn, two strong upright wooden posts were firmly planted, about three feet apart, and, nailed to these, was a thick crossbeam, to which, by a strong belt, was attached a pair of iron shackles. It was round this cross that the crowd of abject men and women were gathered, and it was to witness the immolation of a fellow-man—of a human brother—that they stood by. Messrs Riggle and Flopper walked slowly and majestically from the mansion towards this spot, and the air became redolent with tobacco and the fumes of wine as they advanced. They came in the easy, dignified manner of men who did not expect to see anything new, but yet they would rather be here than absent; the sight of a flopping would amuse them—it would pass the time—it would dispel ennui; and this was one of the chief pleasures of planters in general, and of breakers in particular. As they approached, the negroes fell back into two lines, forming a sort of triangle, so that every one of them might view the torn flesh and behold the writhings of the victim in his agony. And then a victim was led towards the stake. It was Arthur; he who had been the subject of Riggle and Flopper's conversation.

Did not God make that *man* equal with either of these palefaced casuists? Ay; on the tablet of his brow, in the beamings of his proud and heaven-directed eye, in the conscious freedom of his footsteps, the finger of the Most High had written the indelible decree, 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me.' Arthur did not *know* this law, perhaps—this law which proscribes man's bondage to man; but he *felt* it: he felt that God had written in his constitution the impulse of liberty—an impulse so strong that human ligatures could not reach it, nor bind it down to inactivity. He felt that he was not man's, nor his own, but God's. The planter he could not obey; he could not yield his spirit to him; he could not make him his deity, for his Father's voice was ever speaking to him of liberty, and calling him to himself.

Noble, gallant negro! the lash and branding-iron, the chain, the knife, and starvation, had never been able to reach, corrupt, or break thy love of freedom;—thou wert free! ay, more nobly so than if thy personality had never been denied thee!

Arthur had fled from bondage time after time, in despite of all attempts to chain on him its yoke; and here he was again, about to be chained to that cross, to be beaten at that whipping-post—to be crushed, if man could crush him. He stood and eyed it calmly, perhaps scornfully,

for his proud lip curled with a smile of scorn. His body seemed weary and bent, but his spirit was not afraid; it spoke boldly from his eyes; it defied coercion.

The negroes stood calmly round; they were inanimate statues; they were petrified with the idea of fear. The white men looked coolly on; they were figures of iron; they were hardened and impervious from their exaggerated consciousness of power; but, oh! there was one in the throng whose heart beat in unison with Arthur's, who was his second self in all but his chains. Need we say who he was? Arthur and Gamba are in each other's arms: they know each other; they too are friends. They looked into each other's eyes, and in them they saw the memories of youth, and home, and friends, and those they loved—and of their country, with its hills and sparkling rivers, and its flower-covered plains, and its palm-trees with their broad leaves, and the plain with its beautiful pendicles, and its cedars with their wide branches and sombre shade. Ay, in those burning, glowing orbs that were swimming with tears, and in those tears that were streaming over their sable cheeks, they each saw the green forests in which they had played in youth, and the fields they had trod in manhood, and the village where their kindred dwelt. All their treasured forms of beauty and love that had lain hidden in the isolated individuality of each other's memory now awoke to life and strength, when quickened by sympathy. In the vivid idealism which memory pictured, they lost the sense of reality, and they smiled, and kissed each other's cheeks, and wept. Heart to heart, hand clasped in hand, Gamba and Arthur were free; they were away to the world of liberty, which kind Heaven has always in reserve for man—the world of thought—that world which lives between this flitting, cruel *œre* and the world of immortality.

Mr Riggle laughed; it was a sentimental giggle, uttered in the shrill treble of dandyism; and then Mr Flopper's deep, disagreeable bass came in to complete the grating discord. The palefaced friends looked at each other, and they laughed outright. How coincident they were in morals and sentiment! how little they knew of morality and the heart! And therefore, knowing not those nobler sentiments, those softer pulsations of soul and feeling which regenerated man feels, they sought to conceal their ignorance of their workings by laughing at their workings in others.

The laugh of the planter and breaker recalled the young men to a sense of their condition; and Gamba, who had never succumbed before, who had never acknowledged the white man's lordship, now bent on his knees before his tyrant master, and besought him with all the fervour of a glowing heart to spare his friend. He painted the spot where they were born in all the bright colours of his own impassioned imagination; and then he spoke of the acts that had bound them to each other—of Arthur's generosity, of his courage, and of his station in his own land; and then he appealed again to the white man's mercy. Poor Gamba, he had surely never met a slaveholder before.

Mr Riggle only smiled at these appeals, and when Mr Flopper whispered something in his ear he still smiled more blandly, opened his eyes widely, muttered that it was a capital idea, and then ordered a thong to be placed in the hand of Gamba, commanding him to beat the back of him who was now tied up before him—of his newly discovered friend. Shocked at the mandate, Gamba rose to his feet and gazed upon the planter with so incredulous yet scornful an air that that great personage, losing all control of his temper, burst into a fit of passionate indignation that would have become him well had he been declaiming in favour of liberty in the State Assembly; and forthwith ordering Arthur to be taken down, he commanded the fugitive slave to whip his generous friend.

Arthur and Gamba looked at each other, and the love and dignity of that glance assured them of each other's truth. 'Go tell your palefaced myrmidons to obey you,' said Arthur, looking scornfully at the planter; 'I never did; I never will.'

'Go ask a wolf to rend the cub with which it has shared

its den, and it would turn and rend thee,' said Gamba, calmly; 'Arthur saved my life, and that life shall forsake me before my hands shall lift a vile scourge to him.'

'Do you stand by and behold me bearded thus?' cried Riggle, furiously turning upon his passive negroes, and kicking them in his wrath. 'Do you stand by, Flopper, and patiently listen to such a bravado?' he continued, turning to that gentleman.

Flopper had not stood patiently, for he had ground the tobacco which he chewed into pulp, and had scattered incessant showers of black expecoration, and he had grasped his thong with all the energy and passion of his nature, although he had moved not.

The sun was setting, that beautiful glowing sun; the sinking beams were kissing the leaves of the branching trees and the cheeks of the closing flowers; the zephyr was sighing farewell to the departing rays; and the dewdrops were trembling in their tearful purity upon the herbs. Light and joy were departing with day from inanimate nature; but rest and their own fragrance, and the freshness of the dew, were beginning to weep and sigh their sympathies to the flowers, and they would continue to do so through the dull darkness of night, until the sunlit morrow came. There was peace and love in nature; the very birds ended their carols with a cheerful, hopeful tone, and the whip-poor-will closed his vesper cry with a merry good night; but there stood men on that lawn—the torturer and the tortured—the tyrant taskmaster and the unwilling slave; they confronted each other, the one strong in his self-will and in his egotism of power, the other stronger still in the resources of his will and God's assistance.

'Tear them asunder!' shouted the planter, motioning imperiously to some negroes with his hand. The people, equally astonished at the daring of their countrymen and at the fury of their master, stood still, and did not obey him.

In an instant, however, the breaker had sprung upon Arthur, and grasped him by the shoulder. They grappled with each other, they struggled, they fell—the white man, despite of his assumption of lordship, beneath; the dark-skinned son of Africa above, with his large muscular hand grasping the throat of his writhing antagonist. The planter, now foaming with rage, rushed upon the negro, and, kicking him ferociously, strove to rescue the breaker from his power. The flesh was driven from Arthur's bones by the vigorous blows and heavy boots of his master, but he still held on to the throat of the breaker. Gamba saw the blood flow from his poor friend's wounds, and he heard the dull, heavy sound of the kicks, as they rebounded from his limbs. His brow lowered with an ominous and painful expression of disgust and suffering. His frame trembled for a moment, and then a gleam of firm and settled purpose lit up his face and eyes.

'Farewell, Arthur,' he cried, in his own language; and there was a soft and melancholy echo in the tones of his swelling voice that would have made a stoic weep. 'Farewell! we have met only to take our final journey together. The white man is lord here, and, oh! what a cruel one! We will go together to a land where he cannot use his yoke and thong.' As he spoke, he drew a poniard from his garment, and, rushing upon the planter, struck him down; then turning to his friend, who leaped to his feet and opened his arms with a smile of rapture, he plunged it into his bosom, and then into his own. A low shriek of suppressed agony burst from the trembling onlookers, and many, throwing their arms frantically in the air, rushed from the spot.

Ah! there was terror and consternation in the huts of the poor slaves that evening, and there was wailing in the mansion of their master; but the last sunbeam lingered to look upon the silent lawn, and its sad and mellow radiance fell on the calm faces of the friends, who, locked in each other's arms, seemed dreaming of home. On the morrow they were hurled into a ditch—an undistinguishable hole; but did their blood cease to cry for vengeance on the law which slew them? In three days the planter was buried in a flower-covered grave, and a marble monu-



Dear yours
A. Cunningham

ment looked with its hard encrusted face at heaven, and said that he had many virtues; but had not the recording angel written down his deeds? and did not the cherubim pity man's falsehood and vanity, as they looked at the shameless stone?

This is one episode of slavery's dark picture; and let the reader remember that it is no falsely coloured one. This incident is true; alas! too true. When will the day come that the Southern States will either acknowledge the demoniac character of their institutions, or break the bonds of their countrymen in bondage? Alas! that hearts like Arthur and Gamba's should burst and bleed beneath the heels of Riggles and Floppers!

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON is an English clergyman's son. He was born in Lincolnshire, was taught Greek and 'the humanities' at Trinity College, Cambridge, imbibed a species of poetic mysticism from Shelley, learned metaphysics and simplicity of diction from Wordsworth, and studied poetry from nature. There is little known of Tennyson personally. All that can be said of him individually might be written upon his tombstone, and his epitaph would neither be redundant nor very particular. He is said to be of a retiring, reflective disposition, and this is almost the only characteristic of the man that you could discover through the medium of his poetry; for you might as well seek to discover the peculiar mood and chief mode of Shakspeare's spirit in his plays as Tennyson's in his two little volumes. The one is an impersonality, an abstraction, with no material form, but soul enough to supply a legion of inferior beings to himself with vitality, sensation, and thought; his creations tremble on the verge of his own spirituality, and graduate down from a Prospero to a Caliban. You feel Shakspeare in his dramas, you know him to be superior to all you read, or all that even his electric thoughts, clothed in radiant words, can suggest, but you cannot see him; he is too subtle to be grasped like a palpable essence; he is too spiritual to be seen; he is the soul that permeates through and vivifies the modifications of his thoughts, investing them with life and motion, but which loses its personality in the multiplicity of forms which it assumes. There are no distinctive marks of a woolcomber, or a poacher, or a second-rate player, or a punch-quaffing wit, that could make the shafts of railleury flash round the brow of jolly Ben like the lightnings of Jove round the brow of old Titan. There is nothing of Shakspeare's self, but the philosophy of human nature, which belongs more or less to all men as well as to him, in all he says or sings, so that it is not to his writings that man will go for a history of his habits. It is not in Tennyson's poems that men will discover the great lineaments of his nature. It is true that the individual human soul may be said to have no particular aspect, that even in its successive passions and moods there is a seeming but no real identity; still there is an individuality of mind when in repose—a uniformity in its periods of rest which all men believe they can perceive, and even this Tennyson's mind-mirror fails to show us. Tennyson is a poet, even a great poet, although his productions are not numerous, and these productions cannot be said to be popular. If present popularity is the only safe presage of future glory, then Alfred may not anticipate the brightening of his star in the horizon of posterity; but if even the 'prince of critics' is fallible, and the precedent of Wordsworth is a reed worth the leaning on in faith, then he may without presumption hope to emerge from the dim, indefinite, abysmal region where flickers the nebulae of neglected or ostracised genius into a bright place in the galaxy of fame. Indeed, the sphere of Tennyson's influence is already steadily widening, and men are seeking to know more of him, so it is likely that in this age of calm revision and correction—in this period of examination and amendment of extreme opinions and sentences, passed by a proximate but now decayed censor-

ship, he may assume his true position at the poetical round-table. His literary career has been a counterpart of his own—quiet and unassuming as regards the author, but, like his own passion-painting, as relates to the world of criticism, torn and fondled between extremes.

In 1831, his first offering was laid upon the altar of his country's poetic genius; and while it was savagely mangled by some of the fierce tribunes of the republic of letters as a rescript of the puerilities and absurdities of a presumptuous, would-be-mystical boy-dreamer, others exalted it to a high place in their veneration. To his first volume succeeded a second, not larger in dimensions than its predecessor, and possessing less of the proprieties of style and thought. This production, even the small but zealous coteries of Tennyson's admirers were forced to admit, exhibited less poetic excellence than his first; and the revision and weeding of his two books for a third edition, in 1843, showed that the poet himself acquiesced in the decision of his friends. It is to be lamented that in this censorship over himself, however, he was too severe, as he expelled with the huge 'krakens' of his distempered fancy the mild and lovely 'syrens' of his better dreams—an indiscriminate-ness of expulsion which his admirers regret and his friends condemn.

Tennyson we conceive to be excellent in all the forms of poetry—in the descriptive, enthusiastic, dramatic, and reflective. His verse is generally as soft and mellifluous as the sweet-singing waters of Paradise; it is a form of song with heart-chords that can thrill in the wild delirium of passion, tremble amidst the doubts and fears of a morbid, half-misanthropic scepticism, or enunciate strains of gentlest love. In description he ranges from an extreme minuteness and precision that may appear finical and feeble, to a grandeur and power that inspire the listener with awe. You are at one moment looking with him into a 'long green box of mignonette,' and listening to the prattle of a pretty youth regarding the charms of a pretty girl; in the next your eyes are fixed on the broad expanse of a wild dreary world, with a dull unbroken sterility before you, where you can see

'Far as the wild swan wings, to where the sky
Dipt down to sea and sands.'

As you gaze with this magician upon this dull, ideal region of his darker mood, and behold

'The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
With shadow streaks of rain,'

you imbibe a dreamy sense of agony from the earnestness of his temper; your heart grows cold as you look through the dim and lurid vista which he opens to your vision, and nightmare seems to ride upon your strangled sleep as his intense, too real landscape hangs like a changeless circumstance upon your eyes. When you are attempting to rouse yourself to wrestle with the power, however, that raised this dismal picture in the phantasmagoria of your soul, behold he changes the scene:—

'And one, an English home—grey twilight pour'd
On dewy pastures, dewy trees
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored—
A haunt of ancient peace,'

arises, like a dream of the spirit-land, before your enraptured sense of inward sight. You roam in restless wonder with this mighty painter, who combines the distinctive palpable power of individualising and grouping possessed by Raphael, the grandeur of M. Angelo, and the richness of Titian's vehicle, together with the softness of Claude, through all gradations and changes of nature's aspects. You are with him in the soft twilight-haunted chambers of his father's personage, or you are scanning with the wonder of Vathek the thousand-throned hall of Eblis, and he is at home in them all. In richness and profusion of metaphor, in a full luxuriant amplitude of descriptive imagery, perhaps Coleridge alone surpassed him, as he hardly excels him even in the soft musical cadence of his numbers. Tennyson has been a poet since his earliest years; he has fed since earliest boyhood upon all the phenomena of nature that observation could lay before his ken, and he has revolved all the images and aspects of things in his

ideality, fancy, and reason, until he has made them parts of himself; there is a confident abandonment in his fancy that takes captive the spirit of his auditor, and reduces it to his own mood, when he gets abroad to the wold or valley. You feel that every blade of grass and every flower is known to him, and that the voices of the winds, and trees, and purling brooks, and sobbing streams, are all familiar to his ear as the laugh of the 'airy fairy Lilian.'

Critics have been almost universally agreed upon the surpassing beauty of his 'Recollections of the Arabian Nights.' They are indeed a poetic dream of beauty, whose elements, like ore of gold, have lain refining in the crucible of a soul familiar with beauty's quintessence, until they have resolved themselves into the symmetry, consistency, and melody of an almost perfect poem. It was

'When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy;

that the germ of this exquisite orient spectacle implanted itself in his memory; and no sooner do we step into the shallop with him, which rides upon the fragrant, glistening deeps, over which hang the low and bloomed foliage of the groves of his recollections, than the 'tide of time' flows back with us, and away we are borne again to the 'sheeny summer morn' of youth, on which we used to sit enraptured amidst the gem-clad groves of Aladdin. The golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid rises like a galaxy of suns before our vision, and onward we float with the poet,

'By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old;

cleaving with the prow of the shallop, which sparkles like a thousand prisms, with colours as bright as the plumes of the peacock, 'the citron shadows in the blue;' we pass with a whirl through folded doors flung open for our admission; we bathe ourselves in the rays of the gold-reflected light that falls with a dim, luxurious, mellow radiance on the brodered sofas that ranged on either side along the walls of that gorgeous palace, whose grandeur was only fit for, and commensurate with, the 'goodly time,' the golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid. Never did Mussulman, amidst the luxury and languor of the harem of harems, and surrounded by all the attributes of the East—with eastern odours, and sunshine, and magic, and beauty—dream such a dream of Paradise as does Alfred Tennyson, or people it with such a houri as she—but let the poet describe her: it were almost profanation for other to attempt it—

'Then stole I up, and trancefully
Gazed on the Persian girl alone,
Serenely with argent-lidded eyes
Amorous, and lashes like to rays
Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
Tress'd with redolent ebony,
In many a dark delicious curl,
Flowing beneath her rose-lune zone;
The sweetest lady of the time,
Well worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.'

Tennyson's ideal of woman is almost Shakspearian. It is a chaste and ethereal conception, such as we would suppose to germinate in the imagination of one who had a dim traditional idea of Milton's Eve in her conditions of purity and sin. His women are as beautiful as Byron's, with less of dross about them. They are outlined with a free yet delicate pencil; you can perceive the very bend of their soft feminine forms, as, sitting amongst roses, lilies, and delicate carnations, they turn their large swimming eyes upon their worshipper, nor chide him that 'he gazes too fondly on each face.' Each of his women may be termed an articulation in the anatomy of love; one might almost construct a complete economy of the passion, from its dawn to its death, by studying the Clarabels, Lilians, Marianas, Isabels, and Enones of his fancy, and observing the phenomena of the 'consuming fire' in the spirits of each.

'Airy, fairy Lilian,
Flitting, fairy Lilian,
When I ask her if she love me,
Claps her tiny hands above me,
Laughing all she can;
She'll not tell me if she love me,
Cruel, little Lilian.'

Portia does not more distinctly draw her own portrait, and

at the same time give us an insight into her mind, where woman's wit and woman's tenderness combine, when she declares, 'My little body is awary of this great world,' than does Tennyson in these few glowing words, cut out from the elements that store the studio of his imagination, a palpable, rosy-cheeked, beautiful, 'airy fairy' girl. You see her little feet, that scarce could crush the rose, and from the pressure of which the resilient daisy would raise its dew-crowned head and smile again; you see her fitting like another Ariel round the young boy-bard, and you listen to hear the tinkle of silver bells chiming to the music of her footfalls; but instead, you hear her clap her tiny hands, and laugh in the unrestrained joyousness of a girlhood that has known no sorrow. And this Lilian, you may perceive, has wit, and, what is more, she has capacities for deep and eternal love:

'When my passion seeks
Pleasure in love-sighs,
She, looking through and through me,
Thoroughly to undo me,
Smiling never speaks.'

Why does she not speak? are an undistinguishable throng of feelings, subdued and cherished long, crowding from the deep fountains of her heart into her voice and eyes? And doubts, too; for she is not yet into the vortex of love; perhaps doubts impel her to look

'So innocent—arch, so cunning—simple,
From beneath her gather'd wimple,
Glancing with black-beaded eyes
Till the lightning laughter's dimple
The baby-roses in her cheeks;
Then away she flies.'

The sunshine of this 'May' Lilian's spring of life has never known a cloud; the song of 'Pan, knit with the graces and the hours in dance,' has ever found an echo in her young, fresh, crystalline spirit; and however 'gaiety without eclipse' may weary a young transcendentalist lover, Lilian will laugh until she feels the first agony of sorrow; and then we are mistaken in her nature if the shadows of deep and consuming thoughts will not flit across her pale transparent brow, to reveal how strongly she can feel, as well as rejoice.

Amongst the most popular of Tennyson's poems, as well as one of the most perfect of his pictures, is his 'Mariana in the Moated Grange.' There is not in the whole circle of literature a more beautiful illustration perhaps of the process of poetical accretion than is this sense-satisfying system of delineations; for it is not one excellence placed amongst many subdued, ill-executed crudities, which it is expected to eclipse, and whose blemishes, it is anticipated, will enhance by contrast its own beauties; but it is a picture perfect in outline, filling up, tone, keeping, and execution. The words from Shakspeare's 'Measure for Measure,' of 'Mariana in the Moated Grange,' to speak physiologically, is the corpuscle which, in the womb of the poet's fancy, grew particle by particle into a complete organisation of female loveliness, framed in every circumstance of life's and love's cold sorrow. She is the sister of that wealthy, honoured Frederick, whom the cold, calculating, selfish Angelo wooed and won, when she was in the full flush of her charms, and surrounded by all the pomp of wealth-bringing circumstances; she is the sister of that Frederick who perished at the sea, when the argosie went down that bore his sister's nuptial dowry; and she is the deserted of that same Angelo who lavished so much of his love upon her gold that he had none for her. From these suggestive words, uttered by the Duke—'At the moated grange resides this dejected Mariana'—Tennyson creates a scene of dull desolation, which the mind becomes drowsy in contemplating. A woman, forsaken of the man she loved and still loves, stands listlessly looking from her casement across the 'glooming flats.' She does not look to mark his coming. Her eye used to light his path, like Hero's torch, and it grew brighter as he approached; but it is only from habit, or from a hidden, unrevealed impulse that she approaches her window now. She is dejected; and how finely in keeping with that dejection, how true to the philosophy of sympathy, is the decay of those sur-

rounding objects, which, when her heart was fresh and green, were trim, and neat, and full of her soul-reflected beauty! The flower-plots, no longer tended by her tender care and sunned in her smiles, are 'crusted by blackest moss;' the peach-trees—sure mark of desertion—hang trailing on the ground, and the rusty nails drop from the walls of the crumbling tenement, whose rotten thatch moulders from the broken roof. Ah! it was once a pleasant home: when her mother bustled through the rooms; when her father sat at this very casement, and, gazing on the setting sun, circled her waist with his strong arm; when her young, buoyant brother climbed that poplar whose trunk is now 'all silver green, with gnarled bark,' and shook its branches, as he laughed, and shouted 'Mariana!' She sees these faces again: these old familiar faces rise in the vista of her memory, and flit before her sight; she hears their voices awake with the night-vail of the wind, and whisper recollections of youth's holy loves; but she retains neither the memories of youth nor love: her soul is full of one thought, one corroding agony:

'The night is dreary:
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am away, away,
I would that I were dead!'

All our sympathies are won from us by a strong yet sad necessity, as we gaze upon this lonely woman through the speculum which Tennyson holds up to our senses. Her beauty; her desolateness of condition and heart; the dreary, bleak silence of the scene in which she resides; the half-cherished recollections that would fain rise with the vibrations of her sighs and reflect themselves in her tears, but which vanish in the soul-absorbing, melancholy cadence of that sweet, low-toned, sorrow-stricken overture;—all these electric agencies of sympathy operate so powerfully upon the sensitive heart, that we are almost impelled to declare that this is no accretive vision, no child of imagination, no skillful combination of analogies, but a too sad, too vivid reality.

There is no doubt but that one of the strongest evidences of high art is this same power of sympathy which Tennyson so eminently possesses. He loses himself in his subject, and thus, in some intangible form of beauty, gains admission to the heart and sympathy of his sympathetic auditor. Was it the 'Isabella' of Shakspeare that his fancy dissociated from the relations amongst whom the 'sweet singer of Avon' placed her, and idealised, in tints as soft and beautiful as those of Murillo, into the glowing individuality which he calls 'Isabel?' She is only the meet companion of a poet this Isabel; and not of a poet who has an equipoise of 'dirt and deity,' but of a transcendentalist. It was not meant that such an one as she should listen to the ribald jests of Lucio, or to the coward cravings of the licentious Claudio; but we feel that 'Isabella' or 'Isabel,' in its proper society when she has become for a season one of the dream-goddesses of Alfred Tennyson.

There is one essential, identical element in Tennyson's pictures of women, which bears the same relation to them all that the true or beautiful bears to poetry; it is indeed the poetry of his women varying only in its aspects, not in its essence, and that is beauty. 'Madeline,' who ranges through light and shadow, 'darting sudden glances sweet and strange,' and luxuriating in

'Delicious spites and darling angers,
And airy forms of fitting change,'

is the same spirit of beauty which he imparts to the frame of 'Cleopatra,' that

'Queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
Who govern'd men with change,'

His 'Margaret,' dressed with a Trojan maiden's robes, and roused to a highly dramatic state of passion, might easily pass for the twin-sister of 'Ehonor.' Tennyson's mind is haunted with visions of beautiful women; and they would seem to us not to be at home save in the elysium which his glowing imagination has painted for them. His 'gardener's daughter' lives in a paradise of

roses, as beautiful as are the shades where the 'Fair Rosamond' and 'Jephthah's daughter' flit about in their disembodied loveliness; yet they are all women, although refined and elevated to a kinship with the poet's mind. 'Dora' is one of Miss Mitford's beautiful little tales rendered in blank verse; perhaps the prose version of the story is the more ornamental. There are two instances, however, in which he gives us glances of women, which we would specially notice—they are so true to what woman is, if his other pictures are only visions of what she should or might be. The one is of 'Lady Clara Vere de Vere,' the other is of 'Cousin Amy' in 'Locksley Hall.' We feel something like a proud sense of Tennyson's manliness in looking with him at the former; we tremble with him as he repeats a few bitter but prophetic words regarding the latter. 'Lady Clara Vere de Vere' will never break a heart like his, for, like Scott's 'Lila,' she is merely a 'lady'—a cold, soulless, aristocratic damsel, like one of her forefathers' devices wrought in china. She would kill a world of plebeian men with the sound of her name, if she could; but what effect could this one phonetic attribute have upon the heart of him who can say—

'Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good:
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.'

So say we; and if Tennyson had proclaimed more cognate truths in this same strain, the world would not only have been the more beautiful but better on his account. It would be well if the 'Lady Clara Vere de Veres' of this land would take the following lesson to heart; and it is a pity that Alfred Tennyson had not infused more of the didactic element into his strains:

'Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor upon your lands?
Oh! teach the orphan boy to read;
Or teach the orphan girl to sew;
Pray heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go!'

'Locksley Hall' is one of those combinations of the mystical, the beautiful, the true, and the passionately ironical, which, from its internal contrasts, becomes a better remembered whole. M. Michelet could write a volume of philosophy upon the following propositions:

'As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.'

How true! This is poetry; for it suggests a long train of thoughts—of the fall of a superior nature to the condition of one which is brutal, but which will be dominant because it is man's. Woman, if she associates much with a man, assimilates to him; it is her nature to be moulded in conformity with what, by a moral necessity, becomes her ideal of strength. 'To wish and think as man does, to act and suffer with him,' is marriage; and Amy, as certainly as Tennyson has said it, will become as gross as the clown whose love vibrates between a horse, a hound, and woman.

It were almost supererogatory to say that Tennyson is an original poet. This fact has been often repeated, yet we think that we can trace resemblances in his poems to many of his predecessors. In his ballad of 'Oriana,' and it is a powerful one, there is much of the distinct, sonorous echo of Campell's 'Hohenlinden.' The imagery is as palpable, the verse, if it wanted the second last repeat of 'Oriana,' as free. There are touches of Keats, Coleridge, and Wordsworth in his pictures, but so slight that you see they are half tints which have been acquired from reading and not from study. Tennyson's style is English; indeed his language is as much so as Cobbett's; but it is almost unpardonable of the poet, when commentators and modern editors are translating the obsolete words and

phrases of Shakspeare, that he should dim the light of his meaning, or break the even tenor of our sympathy with him, by recalling from disuse words which are only known to the antiquarian etymologist, and which can have no other tendency than to confine him to the few who have leisure to rest with him at his pauses.

Tennyson's morbid, changing, doubting, unsatisfied spirit, which he so finely allegorises in his 'Palace of Art,' with its passionate love of the 'good and true' and its fine capacities for a Joshua-like position in the van of progressive man, has been content to take refuge from its own vague hypochondriac sorrows in the past. He suffers and he is dissatisfied; he creates a region in which his own soul may dwell, and he keeps himself from contact with man, in order that he may live and suffer in this egotistical ideal world of his. But poets, of all men, do not live for themselves; they rule the world whether they will or no. They may see far beyond the present ken of other men, and may speak so unintelligibly that they will for a time be set aside and neglected; but, if they have discovered one phase more of truth, they will yet operate upon the living mind; for humanity requires all forms of truth and beauty, and the original poet must, although his body has gone away, reign over at some time the intellectual and consequently the bodily world.

Tennyson's young, fresh muse was nursed in a time of fierce human action. The world had reached one of its climacterics. The people were 'awearied, awearied,' but, instead of wishing that they were dead, they panted for more light, and a more spiritual life, when he appeared upon the stage of thought. His poems, however, hardly allude to the era of their birth, and they certainly are not coloured with the light of that era. He suffers, and he knows that *we* suffer; but he only develops himself in the spasmodic throes of his doubt, or in the mnemonical glory of his innocence; he does not speak to us in the language of sympathy, and of hope. He is indeed what George Gilfillan calls him—an 'artist, but no prophet.'

Genius is a rare gift, and it is given to man for a high and holy purpose; it will shine of its own native lustre, and it will illumine all who recognise it; but it depends upon its possessor whether it will be expended in phantasmagoric displays that merely minister to the senses and the educated imagination, or whether it will glide before man like the pillar of fire, leading him on towards a new region of life. The poet has his mission to perform as well as the more prosy portion of his brother men; he has duties devolving on him, and he is responsible for the performance or intromission of those duties. If the impulse of the world is forward, he is the first to feel and know so; for that impulse was born at some former time of a poet, and the living one intuitively recognises his departed brother's voice. He has no excuse, therefore, for expending his precious hours, his glowing thoughts, and his sweet-toned voice, in painting the hues of the peacock's tail, or in contemplating the variations of those hues, while the poor bird suffers and cries to him, the man of thought, for sympathy and aid. We have had enough of the past; we have had enough of description, and passion, and cold reflection; we now want sympathy, and hope, and direction. Alfred Tennyson was born and lives at a time when men are shouting in the wilderness of the world, 'Oh, for a better time!' He might have been the herald of a new era; the prophet-preacher of a 'good time coming.' He has a right appreciation of human nature; knows man to be what nature says he is. Conventional titles are not so high in his estimation as that of man. But he wanted courage to become a teacher, and left to far less capable men the direction of the mind of the masses. He rests upon the downy couch of his study, with a pension of two hundred pounds per annum, to assist in preserving his dream-language; and the images of an elegant but too ethereal fancy flit round his brow. He is content to be styled 'Tennyson, the star of the new poetic era;' we had rather that he had chosen, with his fine genius and magic song, to have been 'Tennyson, the poet of a new and better moral era.' He has capacities for such a position, and he knows that

he has; 'but, sickening of a vague disease,' he is too tremulous to attempt to preach. He tells us that

'Meet is it changes should control
Our being, lest we rust in ease;
We all are changed by still degrees,
All but the basis of the soul.'

We know this; this is true. Tell us, Alfred Tennyson, if thou knowest, or ask thy master, Thomas Carlyle, to tell us our destiny. The Hebrew prophet led the children of Israel from a Goshen of slavery and toil to a better land; the children of Jacob cried, like thy 'Lotos-Eaters,' 'Ah! why should life all labour be?' and the prophet, inspired by the Infinite, did not answer them with contemptuous hopeless moralisings, such as

'But pamper not a hasty time,
Nor feed with crude imaginings
The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings,
That every sophist can line.'

He sympathised with his people, and, leaving the land of his exile and seclusion, he came and wept with and encouraged them. Why does not Alfred Tennyson leave the Midian of his retirement to point the people's way to the coming Canaan? What does he mean when he says,

'Nor toil for title, place, or touch
Of pension?'

We wish he had been more literal and less abstract; we wish he had toiled for his kind with the same success with which he has dug up the shapeless ores of poetry and fashioned them into a diadem of exceeding beauty. Long may he live, however, and wider may his fame spread! We are not singular in believing him to be one of the greatest of living poets.

HINTS ON HOUSES.

THE kinds of houses and architectural buildings constructed by man are as various as his tastes, national character, and the circumstances of climate by which he is surrounded. The ruins of ancient times show us sufficiently the different styles of architecture; but it is chiefly that of temples and palaces and the luxurious abodes of the rich and powerful; we know little of the houses of the common people. In fact, the chief labour and science in bygone times appears to have been but too exclusively devoted to buildings of pomp, and luxury, and show, while little or none was bestowed on the comfort, convenience, or salubrity of the dwellings of the great mass of the people; and such, too, has been the case down to our own day. Accident or caprice, or some local advantages of defence and safety from enemies, have most frequently been the motives for the selection of sites of our cities and towns; and hence we have these often situated in the most unwholesome localities, where houses lie huddled together without any regard to order or comfort.

In the warm climates of the eastern nations, the common dwellings of the people are now, as they seem to have been in all ages, of a very simple character. The Egyptian and Syrian house is of one storey—a simple enclosure of four walls, part of it covered with a flat roof and part open, the roof, or 'house-top,' being fitted up as a sleeping-place. Most of the time of the people is spent in the open air, so that their houses are only frequented at meal times and during the night. Yet in Egypt and in many parts of Asia are the remains of the most magnificent temples and public buildings of any in the world. The houses of the higher classes of the Greeks and Romans were elegantly and luxuriously fitted up; but as amongst those nations at least one half of the population consisted of slaves, and as we find very few arrangements made for their accommodation, the probability is, that the lower classes of the people generally, including the servants and slaves, were but very indifferently provided for. The Roman houses in general consisted of but one storey. Sometimes there was an upper flat apportioned to the slaves; and, in some parts of the city, houses of six and seven storeys appear to have been at one time common; for we find, in the reign of Augustus, a law enacted that the height

of houses should not exceed seventy feet. The Roman houses were built of bricks, and covered with thatch in the earlier periods of the city, and latterly with tiles. The interior was frequently decorated with costly marble pillars and other ornaments. The principal rooms, especially the atrium or receiving-room, were large, and lighted chiefly from the roof, where there was a large open square that admitted not only light and air, but the rain water collected from the roof, and which was received into a water-cistern in the middle of the floor. The sleeping apartments seem in general to have been small and not very commodious. In warm climates the luxury of domestic apartments consists in cool shaded rooms, with fountains of water and a free circulation of air by means of open passages leading from one room to another, and is thus quite the reverse of the close warm carpeted apartments of northern climates.

The idea of huddling houses together, and of piling up one house on the top of another, seems to have arisen from motives of security and protection in those rude and warlike times when aggression and outrage were the predominating propensities of man. Some elevated spot was chosen for a city and surrounded with walls, or some rocky promontory jutting into the sea, and thus within a limited space buildings were crowded on buildings in the most irregular and inconvenient manner, without any plan or without any proper views of comfort or salubrity. Thus it is that we find the older cities of the Continent and in this country with high houses piled one upon the other, with narrow, irregular, intricate streets, totally unfit for promoting a due circulation of air, or for facilitating proper drainage and cleanliness. But, even long after all necessity or fears of self-preservation from attacks of enemies had ceased, the same want of plan or forethought is perceivable in the greater proportion of our modern-built cities.

In selecting a place for human habitation, either for cities or single houses, a somewhat elevated, dry, and sloping ground should be chosen, so as to admit of thorough drainage and pure air. The streets should be straight, and of ample width, so as to cross each other at right angles, one or more of such streets extending along the whole length and breadth of the town, in order to permit of ample ventilation. Intervening spaces for walks and shrubberies should be left at convenient distances. Besides the airiness and beauty imparted by such, there is a salubrity given to the atmosphere by trees and plants, the nature of the process of vegetable growth tending to balance and counteract the vitiating effects of animal life on the surrounding atmosphere. Houses should not exceed two or three storeys in height. For the mass of the people, indeed, one floor or storey is sufficient. The excessive height of houses necessitates thick strong walls, and a long range of stair to reach the upper apartments, the expense and inconvenience of all which will more than counterbalance the additional roofs and ground areas of lower houses. There ought to be no sunk floors or cellars for habitable purposes. It seems an absurdity to dig down into the cold damp earth and build apartments often at a greater expense than those above ground. Even for kitchens it is an inconvenient and unprofitable mode of proceeding. It is necessary, however, that great skill and care be employed in so arranging the foundations of a house that the ground floor may be perfectly dry. This may be effectually done without the necessity of having sunk apartments, except it be cellars or store-rooms. The Roman architect Vitruvius gives ample directions for laying such foundations; and the remains of Pompeii afford practical examples of the different layers of clay, ashes, and gravel thrown into the foundations of houses to prevent damp.

We have often thought that in our cities great improvements might be made, especially for the advantage of the mass of the people, by still farther extending the principle of general supply, as practised in our gas and water companies. For instance, might not heat be thus communicated with a considerable saving of fuel, and an improve-

ment of the temperature and general comfort of dwellings? Thus, suppose for every district of one hundred or more houses there was a central place where heat could be produced and distributed, either as hot water in pipes or heated air in flues, to every part of such houses; at the same time, that this central apartment would be accessible to the inhabitants of the district or hundred, where they would be supplied with boiling water, with the means and apparatus of washing and drying clothes, and of warm bathing. In such a central establishment the most important domestic operations might be carried on, even including the cooking of food; and thus not only would fires in dwellings be rendered almost unnecessary, but fewer and smaller apartments devoted to culinary operations would be required; at the same time that a permanent and more equable warmth would be diffused throughout every apartment of the house. The annual expense of coals, besides the labour attending the getting up of fires, and the great waste of the material where, as in the ordinary fire-places, at least one half of the heat escapes up the chimney, while the unburned smoke also mounts up to vitiate the atmosphere, would all be greatly reduced by more economical processes such as we have hinted at. Even in the houses of the middle and higher classes, where three or four winter fires increase the expense in proportion, the mode of heating the whole house by central flues would greatly reduce the annual expenditure, besides adding much to the real comfort and healthfulness of the apartments. We could thus have every part of the house equally comfortable and warm, instead of in a winter night having to pass from a heated parlour to lobbies, and corridors, and bed-rooms of the temperature of Nova Zembla. When the idea of transmitting gas in tubes throughout a city, and supplying every individual family with a brilliant light from a common source, was first broached, it appeared to many as chimerical as the heating process we now suggest, but which a similar experience may yet realise.

Conjoined with ventilation and cleanliness, the next great consideration in a climate such as ours is a due regard to temperature, and especially that sort of equable temperature of the whole air of our apartments which is most conducive to health. No doubt there is something cheerful and life-like in the blazing fire and associations of the domestic fireside that might not easily be got over, yet the plan proposed need not exclude an open fire, which, however, under such circumstances, might be maintained at one half of the expense of the present system.

In modern times there has undoubtedly been a great improvement in the dwellings of the higher and middle classes, though unfortunately an equal degree of improvement has not descended to the lower. How different are the elegant apartments and carpeted rooms now, compared to the halls in Queen Elizabeth's time, strewn with rushes! and this was in the royal palaces. No wealthy tradesman would now think of living in such narrow bare apartments, with low roofs, small grated windows, and narrow winding stairs to approach them, as constituted the castles and keeps of our lordly ancestors. It is to be hoped that the cottage of the peasant, as well as the crib and cellar of the city artisan, may soon undergo a like beneficial change.

From the highly interesting views which the ruins of Pompeii afford of the domestic establishments of the ancient Italians, it appears evident that those people, even inhabiting cities which might be compared to our second or third-rate country towns, had very complete ideas of elegance and comfort. Their principal apartments are designed with great taste; the walls are everywhere adorned with paintings; and every article of furniture and domestic use has an elegance of form and execution which bespeaks a high degree of refinement, both in the possessors and the artisans who fashioned them. The profuse manner in which the walls and ceilings of the houses are ornamented with paintings, apparently done in a very cheap manner, shows that art was highly appreciated among them, and that artists abounded. Might not a hint be taken from this and applied to our modern dwellings? We have

abundance of artistic talent in the present day, and it only wants fostering and encouragement to increase. The taste for fresco-painting bids fair to be resuscitated, at least as respects our public buildings; but here is a cheaper mode of rendering the walls of our apartments, to which our eyes are daily turned, a source of never-failing enjoyment. A kind of material something resembling our common size-painting might thus, in the hands of a tasteful artist, be capable of producing the most pleasing results.

ALONZO DE OJEDA.

SECOND ARTICLE.

On the 10th of November, 1509, Ojeda sailed from San Domingo with four vessels and about three hundred men, among whom were Francisco Pizarro, the future scourge of Peru. Hernando Cortes was prevented by inflammation in one of his knees from joining the expedition. After a rapid and prosperous voyage, the fleet anchored in the harbour of Carthagen. Juan de la Cosa was well acquainted with this coast, and also with the character of its inhabitants, against whose fierce courage, prowess, and poisoned weapons, he warned Ojeda to be on his guard. The women joined the men in battle, and threw the lance with much force and expertness. There was nothing to be gained from contending with the warlike natives of this coast, and everything to lose, and as all La Cosa's wealth was staked in this adventure, he advised Ojeda to leave this unfriendly shore, but the proud and bellicose governor was not inclined to succumb to this necessity, and he therefore determined to land, hoping at least to seize as many captives as would serve to discharge the debts which he had contracted at Hispaniola. The naked savages were soon routed by the steel-clad and more disciplined ones, who, taking several prisoners, upon whom they found plates of gold, followed the fugitives for four leagues into the country. La Cosa protested against the dangerous ardour of his commander, but finding his remonstrances unheeded, he zealously seconded Ojeda in his most foolhardy attacks. Penetrating far into the woods, the Spaniards at last found themselves before an encampment of the Indians, where a numerous band, armed with bows and arrows, lances, and clubs, were ready to contend with them. Raising his buckler and waving his bloody brand, the furious leader gave forth the old Spanish war-cry of 'Santiago,' and dashed madly on the foe; all the Indians fled save eight of the most dauntless, who threw themselves into a lodge and plied their bows and arrows with deadly aim. For some time they kept the practised Spaniards at bay, but the furious Ojeda having infused his own daring into his band, they rushed upon the lodge, and having set fire to it, its eight defenders were roasted alive and perished in horrible agonies. Seventy prisoners were sent to the ships, and still the insatiable governor, followed by his valiant monitor, continued the pursuit until they arrived about nightfall at a village called Yurbaco. The inhabitants had evacuated this place and fled to the fastnesses of the mountains, bearing away their most valuable goods. Believing that the Indians were completely terrified, the conquerors dispersed to plunder; but they paid dearly for their temerity. Suddenly great numbers of warriors rushed from the woods, uttering appalling cries, and falling upon the invaders with great fury. Helmet and corslet availed not now to defend their wearers from the blows which they had provoked; they fell beneath the ponderous clubs of their numerous antagonists, and died in dreadful agonies from the wounds which they received from poisoned darts. Ojeda had collected a few soldiers and thrown himself within a pallisaded enclosure, but his men fell thick around him, and his own activity and the well-tempered buckler which he threw over his small body, alone protected him from the fate of all his band. At this critical juncture La Cosa brought a few followers to the rescue of his leader and friend. Standing sentinel over the gate of the pallisades, the veteran fought in Ojeda's defence until almost all his men had fallen and he himself had been severely wounded. With all the frenzy of

desperation quickening his furious and impetuous temper, Ojeda at this moment rushed forth alone upon the enemy, shouting the cry that had often rung in his ears when he charged with the chivalry of Saville upon the Moors, and sweeping his foes from his path with his bloody sword, he cut his way clear through the Indians and escaped into the forest. La Cosa saw his leader fighting furiously amongst the natives, and much as he had deprecated the rashness which had produced this fearful end to their adventure, he would have followed him, but the poison was rankling in his wounds, and he felt himself gradually losing strength. At last sinking to the ground, he ordered the only Spaniard who survived, of seventy that had accompanied Ojeda in this expedition, to fly, and if he saw Alonzo de Ojeda to tell him of his fate. Alarmed at the protracted absence of their friends, those who had been left on board of the ships sailed along the shore in boats, making signals and using every means to discover their lost companions, if any of them survived; it was in vain; there was no response to the sound of their trumpets nor to the report of their guns, and hour after hour found the searchers growing more dispirited and gloomy. At length, when despair had almost destroyed their hopes and paralysed their energies, they came to a clump of mangrove trees which grew on the margin of the sea. In this bosky thicket, which seemed to be impervious, they saw a man in Spanish attire, whom, upon rescuing from its bosom, they found to be Alonzo de Ojeda. Stretched upon the mangrove roots, in a state of such emaciated exhaustion that he could not speak, but unwounded, lay this fighting desperado, with his buckler on his left shoulder and his blood-encrusted blade in his right hand. When his followers had recovered him with cordials and warmth, he began to lament the rashness that had cost him the lives of so many men and of his friend La Cosa. His own escape he attributed to the miraculous interference of the Virgin. After having escaped into the forest, he travelled on in the darkness until the yells of the natives, and the sound of their conchs, died upon his ear, and then he felt that he was alone. When day broke, he hid himself in the most lonely parts of the mountains, and then, with the light of the stars, he journeyed on through rocks, precipices, and tangled woods, until, exhausted and worn out, he sunk down upon the couch of mangrove roots where his friends had found him. Ojeda and the man who bore to him La Cosa's dying message, were the only two who returned from that cruel foray. Upon his shield were the dints of more than three hundred arrows, which may be said to have been three hundred witnesses of his dexterity as well as danger.

Ojeda was not yet recovered from the effects of his fasting and fatigue when Nicuesa, his rival governor and enemy, appeared in the harbour with his fleet. Ojeda dreading vengeance for the manner in which he had treated Nicuesa at Jamaica, hid himself, and ordered his people to tell Don Diego that he had gone upon an unfortunate expedition and had not yet returned, at the same time entreating Nicuesa to give his word as a cavalier that he would not take advantage of Ojeda's misfortunes to revenge their former quarrel. Nicuesa indignantly repudiated the idea of enmity under such circumstances, and ordering the men to go and bring Ojeda, he received him with open arms, offering him his assistance in any way he might consider he required it. Revenge was the first impulse of the bloodthirsty Ojeda, and Nicuesa was ready to second him with heart and hand. Landing four hundred men and several horses, the two leaders proceeded towards the homes of their victims, and arriving in the dead of night, when all the natives were buried in sleep, they surrounded the silent dwellings of the unsuspicious Indians, and then rushing on from every point, they raised their war-cries and ferociously stabbed and struck down every one whom they met. The flames from the blazing houses rose high over head, illuminating the foul carnage that was going on within its compass. Fathers, mothers, sons, and brothers, infants in their mothers' arms, and maidens in their helpless youth, were struck down by the steel-clad

Spaniards and tossed upon the crackling piles of wood and thatch. In vain the bewildered naked people tried to escape; they were aroused from their couches by the wild yells of revenge and of despair, and when they flew to the doors of their burning homes they were met with the points of bloody swords. The remembrance of La Cosa's self-sought death added bitterness to the already virulent hatred of Ojeda and his allies, so that, sparing neither age nor sex, they left the village, when the morning dawned, a smoking Golgotha. In this way did the friars of Spain carry the dove-like spirit of Christianity to the New World, for there were priests in these invasions; and thus did their impious disciples exemplify their faith in the meek and lowly Saviour, the Lord of Love, the Prince of Peace. If there is aught in the whole catalogue of mockery which is calculated to reduce faith and practice conjointly to contempt, it is the assumption of Christianity by these fiendish discoverers of America. Their presumptuous adoption of abstract formulas, under the name of Christianity, is enough to bring the blush of grief to every true Christian's cheek when he reflects that their prayers were the preludes to murder and robbery. From the sack of this village Ojeda and Nicuesa bore away gold and other precious stuffs to a great amount, the share of Nicuesa and his men being equivalent to £7456 sterling. Having settled accounts and praised each other's fighting qualities, Ojeda and Nicuesa parted, each declaring that the other was a great hero, and also that they were very fond of each other, and would be henceforth fast friends.

Now, when his men were disheartened and rendered numerically weak through his own foolish and cruel impetuosity of temper, Ojeda determined to found his colony. It seemed to be the fatality of this man to neglect his duty when means of doing it were at his disposal, and then to attempt to repair his remissness by seeking to perform, with perfectly inadequate means, what he should, and could at the right time, have previously executed. Sailing along the borders of the Gulf of Uraba, Ojeda endeavoured to discover the river Darien, famed in Indian story for its golden sands; but failing in this attempt, he landed on the east side of the gulf, and chose a height for the site of his town, which he called San Sebastian. This settlement was founded, however, under the most gloomy and unfavourable auspices. The men began to dread the prowess and courage of the fierce and unfriendly Indians; the howls of wild beasts came echoing from the depth of the forest; serpents hissed from all the rocks and thickets; and alligators dragged their horses into the river. Poisoned arrows flew amongst them by day, and howls and war-whoops kept them awake at night; so that, worn out and dispirited, Ojeda's colonists began to turn their eyes to the more settled provinces. Ojeda, who was aware of the inadequacy of his means to render his settlement permanent, dispatched a ship to Martin Fernandez de Enciso, his prospective alcalde mayor, with all his captives and gold, at the same time urging his confederate to send recruits and provisions to San Sebastian.

In the mean time the Indians seemed determined to give the garrison, for so it only was, no rest. They made attacks and provoked sallies, which always ended in the agonising deaths of some of the poison-wounded Spaniards. At length, after many hairbreadth escapes, Ojeda and many of his men were led into an ambush, and the ferocious hidalgo, who believed himself to bear a charmed life, and whom the Indians also supposed to be a supernatural being, was wounded in the thigh with an arrow. The natives, satisfied that they had sealed his fate, set up a shout of triumph, and the governor was borne to his fort, wounded in body and crushed in spirit. This circumstance, operating upon his superstition, made him believe that the Virgin was angry with him; he therefore vowed that if she vouchsafed his recovery he would build a chapel, and dedicate the picture which he had received from Bishop Fonseca to her as an offering. Ojeda then adopted the following desperate means of cure. He caused two iron plates to be heated red hot, and applied to each orifice of the wound; and then, being swaddled in cotton steeped in vine-

gar, he had the satisfaction of believing that his vows and remedies had succeeded in propitiating the Virgin and effecting his desires, for he recovered. During this period of inaction and despair a sail appeared in view, and then, to the joy of the Spaniards, who supposed it to be from the alcalde mayor with succours, it anchored at San Sebastian. This turned out to be a ship, however, which a desperate fellow named Talavera, and a gang of less scrupulous robbers than the Spaniards in general, had stolen from some Genoese in San Domingo, and with which they were wandering about erratically in their ignorance of seamanship and of the seas which they navigated. Chance sent them most opportunely to San Sebastian, when the garrison was in great strait for provisions. This ship and its stores had become Talavera's by the hand of force, but he determined not to part with it or any of its contents except in regular mercantile barter; he therefore demanded gold from Ojeda for every particle of food which he conceded to him.

After gazing in vain upon the lonely ocean for the anticipated stores from San Domingo, the Spaniards, their patience being at last worn out, determined to seize one of the vessels and return to Hispaniola. This decision, of which Ojeda became cognisant, reduced him almost to despair. Upon the settlement of this colony and the retention of his present command, depended all his future prospects of aggrandisement. Should he be forced to abandon San Sebastian, he must inevitably become a broken and ruined man, for he had exhausted both his means and credit, and had not the most distant hopes of prosecuting another voyage, even supposing which, it was also extremely unlikely that he should obtain another commission. He therefore proposed that he should leave Francisco Pizarro as his lieutenant, and go himself to San Domingo in quest of stores. The settlers, who had every confidence in his zeal and energy, at once agreed to this proposal; and Talavera, who had become tired of his desultory voyages, agreed to return to Hispaniola with Ojeda, hoping that the services which he had done to the colony would induce the governor to obtain his pardon for the theft of the Genoese vessel.

Ojeda had scarcely put to sea in the private ship, ere, upon his attempting to command her, Talavera put him in irons. The impetuous little warrior raved and stormed at this insult, and, demanding them to unchain him, engaged to fight the whole ship's crew, if they would meet him two at a time. But they knew him too well to attempt such a dangerous trial, and so they allowed him to rave in his shackles. A storm, however, induced the ignorant pirates to do what the threats of the chief were unable to accomplish. They were about to be wrecked, when, like Gessler on the lake of Uri with the captive Tell, they remembered that Ojeda was a sailor, and, to save their own lives, they gave him the command of the ship. Despite of the exertions and spirit of the governor, however, he was not able to reach Hispaniola, but was constrained to run the brigantine upon the southern shore of Cuba, where the now destitute and desperate crew of Talavera landed, and then began a march which only finds a parallel in that of Pizarro from the land of Cinnamon to Quito.

Cuba was as yet a wilderness where the white man had not attempted to settle, and thither fugitives from the oppressions of the Spaniards fled. Parties of these furious creatures opposed the shipwrecked band. Seeing that he was unable to contend with these fugitives and the natives, he climbed the mountains of the island, and wandered through the green savannahs and forests, and across morasses, in order to avoid the necessity of battle. Hunger, thirst, extreme heat, mosquitoes, and incessant exertion, all conducted to torment this broken-spirited band. For thirty days they dragged their weary limbs through a long continuous quagmire, dying upon the roots of mangrove trees, and leaving their bodies to be sodden by the ardent sunbeams. Of seventy that had set out from the vessel, only thirty-five came through the morass, and even a number of these lay down in despair when near its termination, that they might die and end their sufferings. The volatile and energetic Ojeda, however, continued to lead

forward a few of the most active, and to their unutterable joy they reached firm ground, and a path which led to the village of a cacique named Cueybas, which they reached, and then sank down exhausted. How different was the spirit manifested by these poor Indians to that which characterised the Spaniards in their intercourse with their kindred people. They gathered round the wayworn men, and when they had heard their story, they raised them gently from the ground, and, bearing them in their arms and on their shoulders, took them to their dwellings, where they placed meat and drink before them, and exhibited all the pity and humanity which would have been beautifully compatible with the faith which their protégés professed but did not feel. When he heard that there were others lying dying on the mangrove clumps of the marsh, the cacique immediately dispatched a party of Indians with provisions to them, and ordered them to carry to the village such as were unable to walk. Las Casas pays one of the most beautiful compliments to these people that it was possible to pay to men, and expresses in one sentence the whole power and glory of moral force and love. He says, in speaking of their kindness to these Spanish robbers, 'They did more than they were ordered, *as they always do when they are not exasperated by ill-treatment.*' Ay, how much more easily would it have been for Spain, and how much sin, shame, and human lives would it have spared her, if she had sought in peace and love the homes of these kind and generous people, whom by her injustice she exasperated, and then, by force of arms, slew!

When the Spaniards had recovered from their fatigues, the cacique sent a band of Indians to conduct them to the province of Macaca, and to carry their knapsacks and provisions; indeed, wherever they went they were most hospitably treated, kindness being a characteristic of all these islanders previous to their intercourse with the cruel and rapacious white men. The province of Macaca was situated on that part of Cuba which lies nearest to Jamaica. Ojeda, on his arrival at Macaca, learned that Don Juan de Esquivel, the representative of Don Diego Columbus, had established a settlement on the island of Jamaica; and although Ojeda had declared that he would strike Esquivel's head off if he found him at any time on that island, the latter received him in a most kindly manner at his settlement, and facilitated his passage to San Domingo.

Talavera and his rabble crew, dreading the vengeance of the law, remained in Jamaica; but Diego Columbus shortly afterwards caused them to be apprehended, and it being clearly proven that they had stolen the Genoese vessel, Talavera and his principal accomplices were condemned and executed. Verily, justice in these Spaniards had only oneeye. Talavera and all the sweepings of Spain might have robbed and murdered the Indians without censure or punishment, but the 'honour among thieves' was supported most jealously with sword and gibbet. Ojeda, on his arrival at Hispaniola, immediately set about making inquiries for his confederate, the alcalde mayor. He was informed that he had sailed some time previously, amply provided with stores for the colony. Ojeda lingered in San Domingo, anxiously waiting for either news from San Sebastian, or his friend the lawyer; but neither came, and, as men now regarded him as a broken man and needy adventurer, he walked the streets of Hispaniola a shunned and neglected unit. He was no longer Alonso de Ojeda, the brave and chivalrous knight, whom fortune loved and gallant men were proud to associate with; he was now poor Ojeda the visionary, the chimerical dreamer, whom it was necessary for his pseudo friends to eut, least he should borrow money from them. In addition to his pecuniary misfortunes and the coldness of his wealthy countrymen, he bore the bitter hatred of those of Talavera's friends who had escaped the gibbet. He had been a principal witness at the trial, and was believed by the pirates to have materially conduced to the death of their associates; they therefore set upon him one evening as he was returning home, with the determination to kill him. Misfortune and neglect, however, had neither weakened his arm nor subdued his spirit. He placed his back to a wall, and not

only defended himself from harm, but drove the assassins in rapid flight before him.

The sun of Ojeda had set, and the clouds of misfortune were fast gathering around him. He lingered about San Domingo, but his spirit having no congenial air to live in, fed upon his body, until death dissolved the mysterious union. This man, who had been the representative of a king, and had strode over hecatombs of dead men, sacrificed to his lust of power and egotistical pride, died so poor that he left not wherewithal to purchase for his corpse a coffin. His last request was perhaps the most humble of all the wishes of his eventful life—he begged to be buried at the portal of the monastery of San Francisco, that every one who entered might trample on his grave, and thus read to poor humanity a lesson on the vanity of pride.

Ojeda possessed all the impetuous impulse—all the pride, daring, and activity of a physical hero; but of all the attributes of a founder of nations he was destitute. Of the lofty courage which sustains the philanthropist in works of moral regeneration, he possessed not a particle; he was upon a par with the lion and tiger, and nothing more. It is wonderful to behold how those physical-force heroes sink in the scale of idealism when they are viewed through the medium of truth. Ojeda, in reality, was nothing more than a successful, and then a broken down, ruffian.

THEMES.

(For the Instructor.)

They've left no theme for me, the tuneful sons of song,
Their searching minds have roved at will creation's charms among;
They've seann'd the wide unmeasured land, the deep unfathom'd sea,
Nor in the spangled firmament have left a star for me!

I would have sung this glowing earth, with all its vales and bowers,
Its mighty seas and murm'ring streams, its tall trees and its flowers,
Its princely halls and happy homes, its hills and woodlands gay,
But prouder lyres than mine, of old, hath thrill'd the joyous lay!

I would have sung the op'ning morn with all its rosy hue,
But earlier eyes than mine have gazed upon its glories too:
They saw its dew-drops dazling lie upon the emerald lea,
And hymn'd them into glitt'ring gems—they left them not for me.

I would have sung the wondrous deeds of souls from earth long past,
Whose proud and unforgotten names, while time doth stand, shall last,
But they have peal'd their victories with many a moving strain,
Till, in the homes and hearts of men, they seem to live again!

I would have sung of hope and love, of joy, and wo, and fear—
Of all the feelings that bless or wring the hearts of mortals here:
The bride's sunny day of bliss, the mourner's night of gloom,
O'er which th' morn must break that lights some lost and loved one's tomb;

But they have sung about them all; nor do I deem them wrong,
For dull the path of life would be without the light of song:
It clothes with brighter verdure earth's fair but fading bowers,
And sheds a perfume sweeter far than the odour of its flowers;

It comes on even's mournful breeze across my bosom's chords,
With deep and thrilling melody, too wild, too warm for words;
And treasured in my throbbing heart each minstrel's lay shall be,
Though, in the present nor the past, they've left no theme for me!

M. T. W.

EVER.

Ever, says an old writer, is a little word, but of immense signification. A child may speak it, but neither man nor angel can fully understand it! It is a spring which fills as fast as it empties; an unfathomable ocean; a sea that never can be sailed over from shore to shore.

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WEEKLY HOGG'S INSTRUCTOR

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A DAY IN FLEETWOOD.

IN January of the past year we had occasion to visit the town of Fleetwood, situated in the north-west corner of Lancashire, at the mouth of a river named the Wyre. Never having been in that locality previously, we wished, before setting out, to know something regarding it. In a comparatively modern and accurate map which we consulted, no trace of such a place could be found, and in that standard book of reference, 'McCulloch's Geographical Dictionary,' edition 1842, the places under the letter F, from Flamborough-Head to Flushing, were examined, but no information presented about Fleetwood. However, firm in the faith that such a place was to be reached by some railway that branched off from the North Union line at the town of Preston, we made our way to 'the station' there, and without any difficulty received, on paying the necessary cash, a passport to Fleetwood. This 'Preston station' is situated on that line of rails that already connects London with Carlisle, and which will soon stretch its iron fibres northward to Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen. While waiting on the platform with scores of other passengers, train after train came rushing in; there was the hurrying to and fro of powerful engines; the stir and bustle of men, women, children, and animals, arriving and departing; and the rushing backward and forward, 'in hot haste,' of porters and guards all in railway livery. The confusion of noises was most complete, and just as one seized a moment of silence to put a question, the shrill whistle of a locomotive would ring in the immense area until the tympanum of the ear felt pain, and the answer to the question was never heard.

'This way for Fleetwood, Blackpool, and Poulten,' shouted the porters, and there was a rush to an empty train now about to start, on whose carriages 'Preston and Wyre' was painted. Doors were banged, carpet-bags flung in, the passengers hurried into their seats, the late passengers (there is always somebody late!) thrust into the carriages anyhow, and the locomotive, after panting a little, set off at full speed, followed by five or six carriages full of people. Let no man in search of the picturesque expect to find it on the Preston and Wyre railroad. The country is dull and flat in the extreme; few villages, few country-houses, long tracts of apparently poor soil, and a few sheets of water make up the landscape. Onwards went the train with a smooth and easy motion that disposed the mind to a reverie, from which it was soon roused by the sight of water on each side of the railway. On looking out, we saw that the train was in reality driving on the top of an artificial ridge of stone, right through an arm of the sea. The engineer, it appears, had found it

easier and less expensive to carry the railroad in a straight line than to take it round the shore. On this ridge the train went for about a mile, the sea rippling gently at each side. Presently a few small vessels were seen riding at anchor, and soon we shot into the railway station, past a number of wooden logs rolling in the sea, and we found, in spite of the silence of maps and dictionaries, that the existence of Fleetwood was no fable.

The line of rails was carried past the station down to a substantial stone pier, so that passengers and goods were at once conveyed to the side of steamers bound for Ardrossan, Belfast, the Isle of Man, and other places. Six of these vessels were then lying there, some of a very large size, being five hundred tons burthen, and of two hundred and fifty horse-power. Here also was a large vessel, one of twenty-three that had discharged timber cargoes in the Wyre during 1846. Near the pier, saw-mills were at work, and considerable business was being transacted. Cattle, brought across Morecambe Bay, from Cumberland, were arriving in a small steamer; large quantities of merchandise were standing on the pier, ready for dispatch, in waggons bearing the initials of various railway companies.

The sea-shore was low and sandy, and stretched for some miles in an unbroken line to a headland, on which a wooden structure had been lately erected by the Lancaster merchants, as a guide to vessels bound to that port. At this point the shore trends for miles directly south; and in a clear day there can be seen from it the hills of Wales, the shores of the Isle of Man, as well as the hills that overhang the romantic Cumberland lakes. The sea-beach, near the town, has been adorned with a strong, circular stone wall, on which are mounted twelve formidable-looking pieces of cannon, of which, however, ten are make-believes, and the remaining two are occasionally used for signals and on joyful celebrations. One might suppose that a town built, as Fleetwood has been, within the last ten years, could dispense with such a formidable array of cannons, even for merely ornamental purposes. Two handsome stone light-houses are also built near this wall, which, communicating with another far out at sea, form a safe and accurate guide for vessels entering the port. Close to the sea-beach, and almost wetted by the salt spray, has been erected a hotel that in point of size is equalled by few in England. It is called the 'North Euston,' a name evidently derived from the well-known railway terminus in London, and a name indicating the youth of the building and the influence which has created it. It strikingly illustrates the peaceful changes that can be brought about in England in ten years, to find such a hotel on this sandy sea-shore, which in 1836 was inhabited only by aboriginal rabbits.

Not far from the hotel, and also near the sea-beach, is a

small circular structure called the Mount, from which a good view of the town and of its plan is obtained. From this mount, as from a centre, streets radiate directly to the pier and the river-side; others cross these like concentric segments of circles, so that their arrangement somewhat resembles a spider's web. Though the town only contains from three to four thousand inhabitants, yet as it is greatly scattered, and as few of the streets are completely filled up, it occupies a large space. Several streets have received names, though scarcely containing a single house, and their direction, or the situation in which they *are to be*, is indicated by straight plough-marks in the soil. A handsome Episcopal church has been erected, and there are, besides, four chapels of various denominations in the town. The principal street is well built, and contains handsome and flourishing shops. A terrace, composed of elegant houses, is built near the sea; but this terrace, as well as all the hotels, seemed almost deserted during our visit, though in summer they have no lack of inmates. The denizens of the smoky manufacturing districts of Lancashire do not fail, as opportunity offers, to visit the bathing-places on the shores of their own county, and it will sometimes happen that special trains and pleasure steam-trips will bring such an influx of people into Fleetwood as nearly to double the population—for one day. These special trains convey from the cotton and woollen factories of the interior, working people, many of whom thus obtain a sight of the sea for the first time in their lives, and whose wonder is often expressed in the most curious and extraordinary manner. Tasting the water, to satisfy themselves that it is salt, is regularly done, and they indulge in quaint reflections on the vast number of mills which such an amount of water-power would drive.

Any new town in the present age would be incomplete without its newspaper and Mechanics' Institution. Fleetwood has both. The former is a small sheet, published weekly at threepence, and the latter contains nearly one hundred and eighty members, has a small but good library, a reading-room, and one or two evening classes, besides which, lectures are given weekly. These latter present a feature unknown in any other town, inasmuch as not one of the lecturers and not one of the audience have been born in the place.

The town derives its name, and almost its very existence, from Sir Hesketh Fleetwood, a large landed proprietor in the county, whose energies and means have been devoted to creating the town and making it prosperous. The population are for the most part engaged on the railway, employed in connection with the shipping of the port, or occupied in supplying each other's wants, through their shops. The town possesses many advantages, both natural and artificial, that will not fail, in course of time, to render it important and prosperous. The port is easy of access, more so, it is said, than that of Liverpool; the railroad connects it with every town of importance in England, and it seems well adapted to be the great outlet for all North Lancashire. In course of time it may become another Liverpool—another great tie to bind us in peaceful commercial relations with the nations of the earth.

Ten years ago the peninsula on which Fleetwood stands was a rabbit-warren. The rabbits sported merrily among the sand-hills, disturbed only by the keeper, who resided in a white house, still to be seen standing in a solitary place by the sea-side. The old 'overture to civilisation'

was played: the animals were driven out and man came in. By planning, and digging, and building, he has, in ten years, converted the rabbit-warren into a neat and handsome town. Lancashire has done the work. Her 'red rose' is too well known in English history; but its thorn seems to have gone; the flower remains to bud and blossom in such desert places as was once the peninsula of Fleetwood.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

REV. ROBERT HALL.

THE illustrious subject of the following sketch was the son of a highly respectable English clergyman connected with the society of Baptists; and was born at Arncliffe, a village near Leicester, on the 2d of May, 1764. Possessing ultimately a bodily frame bordering on the athletic, he was, however, during infancy, exceedingly delicate and feeble. He had reached his second year before he could walk. An affectionate nurse carried the delicate child about in her arms; and, as if aware of the preciousness of her charge, treated him with the most tender respect and endearing kindness.

There was a small churchyard, with its aged yew-trees and old monumental piles, in the immediate vicinity of his father's residence. Nothing so much gratified the child as to be carried by his nurse into the field of graves. It was here his infant tongue was first unloosed. His looks and motions testifying to his attendant the intense interest with which he regarded the inscriptions and carvings on the monuments and gravestones, she took advantage of this to essay teaching him to speak, by joining the various letters together, and giving forth their appropriate sound. Though it almost surpasses belief, yet nothing can be more certain than that the experiment was completely successful. Robert Hall is perhaps the only human being of whom it can be said that he learned at one and the same time to read and to speak.

After his powers of articulation rendered no longer necessary the services of his affectionate attendant, Robert was sent, for the purpose of commencing his educational career, to the school of one Dame Scotton, and in about a year after, as an additional step in advance, he was translated to another in the same village, taught by a Mrs Lyley—names which oblivion now can never engulf, though, but for mere accidental associations, they had certainly never been heard of 'more than half a mile from home.' Though only in his fourth year, he already evinced an almost incredible thirst for knowledge, and his desire for collecting books was quite wonderful. From early association he still loved, as a place of retirement, his own village churchyard. With a few volumes wrapped up in his pinafore (among which, to aid him in acquiring the meaning of the difficult words, was an English dictionary), he would, after school-hours, steal out, in the months of summer, to the solemn and secluded retreat, and, reclining on the long grass, spread out his favourite volumes around him, and continue at his studies till the day departed, and the curfew sounded its knell.

Most wonderful anecdotes are narrated of exhibitions given by Hall of genius and talent, while yet merely an infant. Among other precocious displays, that of frequently, in a field of haymakers, exciting at once admiration and merriment, by sportive sallies of humour, and observations on books and men, equally sensible and acute, was perhaps the most surprising. Indeed, if the accounts given of young Hall's early intellectual exhibitions were not rendered indubitable by the concurrent testimony of witnesses whose veracity it is impossible to question, we would be disposed, if not to set them aside as entirely fabulous, at least to receive them with the caution necessary to be exercised when the testimony of enthusiastic admirers or partial friends is all upon which we can place our reliance. Can anything more incredible be conjectured than that, while only in his eighth year,

he had so completely mastered the profound reasoning of Butler in his 'Analogy,' or of Edwards on the 'Freedom of the Will,' as to carry these works about with him, for purposes of merely mental recreation in his leisure hours! One of his principal biographers, however, before communicating to his readers a piece of intelligence so astonishing, begs to assure them that he gives it advisedly—that it is positively an ascertained fact.

To the intercourse he held with an humble tailor in Arnsby, a member of his father's congregation, and an acute metaphysician, Hall was accustomed to ascribe his early predilection for these kind of studies. 'From our knowledge of him in after life,' says a writer in the North British Review, 'we should rather be inclined to say that the dialectical skill and tendencies were in the child, for whom it was sufficient to find a willing listener in the tailor; for it is often characteristic of great and generous minds to attribute to others, as native excellence, what, in fact, is only seen as reflections of their own.'

By this time Hall had left Mrs Lyle's seminary, and, in a village called Wigston, about four miles from Arnsby, he was placed, as a day-scholar, under the care of a Mr Simmons. A boy who, at the age of ten years, could write English essays possessed of no little elegance, and, mounted on a parlour-chair, preach with eloquence, solemnity, and pathos, before brothers and sisters, appears to have been regarded by the worthy pedagogue as rather an alarming acquisition. At least, when Hall had reached his eleventh year, we find this instructor of village youth confessing, with an ingenuous honesty which has few precedents, that he could not 'keep pace with his talented pupil,' and that he had been often obliged to sit up all night to prepare the lessons for the morning, and therefore entreating it as a favour that he should be removed from his school.

But it was not for the precocity of his intellectual talent alone that young Hall had already become conspicuous; he had given decided evidence that he possessed strong devotional feeling, and a piety equally ardent and sincere. His excellent parents, overjoyed at what they saw, were exceedingly anxious that Robert should receive an education calculated to prepare him for the sacred office of the Gospel ministry. Two obstacles, however, seemed to threaten opposition to their wishes: the first was the limited nature of their own pecuniary resources, and the second the uncertain and fluctuating health of their favourite son. Before he left school, 'the severe pain in his back, from which he suffered so much through life, had even then begun to distress him, so that he was often obliged to lie down upon the road, and sometimes his brother John and his other schoolfellows carried him in turn, he repaying them during their labour by relating some amusing story, or detailing some of the interesting results of his reading.'

Somewhat perplexed what path, in the circumstances, to pursue, the elder Hall, taking Robert along with him, paid Kettering a visit, that he might consult with Mr Wallis, a valued friend resident in that town, how he should act. The consequence was, that Robert, by the advice of Mr Wallis, was placed under the care of the Rev. Mr Ryland of Northampton, both as a boarder and pupil. During the year and a half that he enjoyed the benefit of Mr Ryland's excellent instructions and example, he is said to have made great progress both in Latin and Greek, 'while,' in his own judgment, 'the principle of emulation was called into full activity, the habit of composition was brought into useful exercise, the leading principles of abstract science were collected, and a thirst for knowledge of every kind acquired.'

After quitting Northampton, we find him taking lessons in metaphysics from his old friend the tailor of Arnsby, and, under the superintendence of his gifted and pious father, prosecuting the study of theology. The proofs of piety which he now exhibited were sufficiently decided to procure him, on application, a place in Dr Ward's foundation, Bristol, to which, in his fifteenth year, he accordingly removed, about the middle of the October

of 1778. Nothing could equal the ardour and perseverance with which he here applied himself to his diversified tasks. He became an early riser; and it was remarked in consequence, that he was often ready to attend the tutor for the morning lessons before some of his fellow-students had commenced their preparation.' Before Robert had left the academy at Northampton, a sermon preached in his hearing by Mr Robins of Daventry gave him great delight, and filled his bosom with ambitious stirrings to become an orator himself. A relish for chaste and elegant composition was on that occasion produced, which led subsequently to the most beneficial results. The emotions which he then felt were, during his first session's residence at Bristol, rekindled by a perusal of Gibbon's 'Rhetoric,' a production which he describes himself as having devoured with the utmost avidity. Indeed, though unquestionably at this time possessed of genuine piety, and though his external conduct and moral principles were correct and excellent, he had begun to estimate far too highly the value of attainments merely intellectual. With a bosom therefore heaving and panting for oratorical renown, what, to a mind sensitive as that of Hall, must have been the mortification consequent upon a total failure, when attempting to deliver for the first time a religious address in the chapel of Broadmead? Yet such is the fact. Before he had well begun, poor Robert unfortunately 'stuck.' Covering his face with his hands, the agonised youth screamed aloud, in tones of thrilling anguish, 'Oh! I have lost all my ideas!' and throwing himself into his chair, gave way to a passion of tears. The audience, however, had the penetration to discern in the failure itself a species of triumph. 'If that young man once acquire self-possession,' they went away saying, 'he will be the most eminent speaker of his day.' This was some consolation to the mortified youth, who, rallying in a day or two, consented to give a second address in precisely the same place. Again he ascended the desk, and, after praise and prayer, opened the bible and announced his text. Alas! the intense interest in his success which the keen looks of his auditory as they were fastened upon him evinced, paralysed his energies before he had finished the third sentence. He did not give way as at first to lamentations and tears; he sprang in a kind of rage from the desk, and, with determined strides, made for the vestry. The deacons and other church members strove to calm his excited feelings, but they did not succeed. He hurried with precipitation from the room, and, on entering his own apartment, startled two of his companions who were waiting his arrival, by exclaiming, as he stalked up to the table and struck it with his clenched hand, 'Well, if this does not humble me, the devil *must* have me!' 'Such,' says Dr Gregory, 'were the early efforts of him whose humility afterwards became as conspicuous as his talents, and who, for nearly half a century, excited universal attention and admiration by the splendour of his pulpit eloquence.'

The self-esteem of Hall had received a terrible wound, but it was destined to be healed in, possibly, too short a time. The summer following the Broadmead failure, he resided with his father at Arnsby. The latter individual, along with the celebrated Mr Beddome of Bourton, had, in the month of July, been appointed to conduct, at Clipstone, in Northamptonshire, some religious services of a public kind. Beddome, who had never before seen Robert, was, at tea, so struck with his face and figure, and a number of brilliant and profound remarks, elicited from him almost involuntarily during conversation, that, declaring his resolution to surrender his own appointment to preach in the evening, he requested as a special favour that young Hall should take his place. The youth, when the proposal was first made, shook like an aspen leaf from head to foot. Anxious to embrace an opportunity of regaining his oratorical character, he was tempted to comply, but fear for a time withheld him, for a goodly array of eminent ministers, many of whom he had looked up to from his cradle with reverential awe, were to compose the auditory he had been solicited to address. Beddome,

however, was importunate, and, yielding at length, young Hall entered the pulpit with a palpitating heart. He was eminently successful, handling the text, 'God is light,' in a manner equally metaphysical and masterly, and drawing from it such an impressive application as excited the deepest interest. All these circumstances taken into account, it is not greatly surprising to find the Baptist church at Arnsby setting Robert, at the earnest request of his own father, who had now become fully persuaded that his son's piety was genuine, 'apart to public duty.'

After studying for three years, and with no ordinary success, in the Academy at Bristol, Mr Hall received an appointment on Dr Ward's foundation to King's College, Aberdeen, in November, 1781; and here he continued till the middle of 1785. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that that intimacy of Hall's with Sir James Macintosh commenced at Aberdeen, which is destined in all succeeding ages to form one of the most brilliant pages in the records of earthly friendship.

Though we have said that Hall remained at Aberdeen College till 1785, our readers are not to understand that he continued all that time out of England. He returned regularly at the close of every session to his father's at Arnsby, and often preached with great acceptability in the pulpits of ministers in the neighbourhood. On his return to Aberdeen, in the November of 1783, he received a letter from the church at Broadmead, Bristol, over which at the time Dr Evans presided, to become the associate and assistant pastor of that respected individual. After considerable hesitation, Mr Hall saw it his duty to comply with the request: and accordingly, after finishing his third session in Aberdeen, he went to reside at Bristol, between the college sessions of 1784 and 1785. He returned once more to Aberdeen at the beginning of winter, and after devoting himself most sedulously to his studies, he finally quitted that northern seat of learning in the month of May, 1785.

Mr Newton, the classical tutor of Bristol Academy, having resigned his office about three months after the arrival of Mr Hall, the latter individual, though then scarcely twenty-one, was unanimously appointed his successor. He was thus at the very outset elevated, both as an orator and a scholar, to the highest position which a clergyman of the denomination to which he belonged could ever hope to reach. His fame as an eloquent speaker spread over Bristol, the place of worship was crowded to excess, and many of the most eminent men in the city, including several clergymen, were among his occasional auditors. The zeal, activity, and learning with which his academical functions were discharged, gained him, at the same time, a large share of that approbation which is seldom realised by one who strives after merely oratorical renown; while, in private life, so fascinating were his manners, so instructive and brilliant his conversational powers, so overwhelming his raillery, and so dreadfully effective his sarcastic strokes, that the admiration he excited was equal to that which his more public exhibitions were every day eliciting.

Shortly after his settlement in Broadmead, however, a circumstance occurred, which not only disturbed Hall's own mental peace, but threatened damage to the interests of the church itself. This was nothing else than a misunderstanding which, from some trivial cause, arose between the young divine and his reverend colleague, Dr Evans. A dispute was the consequence, which lasted two years, and split the congregation into parties. The unhappy collision was terminated, however, by Mr Hall's removal in 1790 to the Baptist church at Cambridge, which had recently become vacant by the demise of Mr Robinson.

In this new sphere of labour, Hall became, if possible, more extensively popular than ever. Members of the university frequently, and in considerable numbers, attended on his preaching in the afternoons; and several senators, as well as clergymen of the Established church, received their first lessons in eloquence from his lips. The congregation gradually increased, till, in a few years, the enlargement of the place of worship became necessary.

The progress of the French Revolution had already, all over Britain, been productive of the most ominous excitement. Cambridge especially was in a state of violent agitation. Fierce controversial pamphlets, and still fiercer private disputations, by men of opposite political views, kept the city in a state of continued unrest. Hall, who had hitherto felt a strong repugnance to authorship, was himself, at last, engulfed by the whirlpool. An apology for the freedom of the press was presented to the public, in the form of a pamphlet of considerable size—a work for which, it is said, the world is indebted *solely* to the solicitation of the author's private friends, who, after repeated importunities, succeeded ultimately in drawing from him a promise to write. Still it must be kept in mind, that though such entreaties may have aided in hastening his decision to enter the arena of political strife, the primary cause of his taking up the pen originated in the strength and intensity of his own emotions. 'The impression made throughout Europe by the French Revolution of 1789 was such that not merely here and there an individual indulged in political speculation, but almost every man threw himself into the vortex of controversy. At such a season, Mr Hall, then under thirty years of age, was not likely to maintain an entire silence. When a man's quiescence was sufficient to render his principles equivocal, he was certainly not one who would make a secret of his opinions. He hesitated not to avow that the grand object of all good government must be to promote the happiness of the governed, to assist every individual in its attainment and security.'

Though the estimate which this great man formed of this his own first production was singularly low, the public were of a very different opinion. Six months had not elapsed before three editions were requisite to satisfy the popular demand. It had a most extensive circulation in America. Its most brilliant and effective passages were quoted in all the periodicals of the day; and even by the party whose political views it so decidedly opposed, no attempt was made to deny the superiority of its literary and philosophic merits. The publication was, however, productive of personal consequences which, fortunately for the public, Mr Hall did not foresee, as, had such been the case, the masterly and magnificent essay had never issued from the press. Men of literature and science, perfectly incapable of appreciating or sympathising with the deep religious emotions of the author, courted his society. It retarded, by turning his reflections and thoughts into a different channel, the progress he was still continuing daily to make in theological studies; and he confessed that, by entering on the stormy element of political debate, the energy and sanctity necessary for a right discharge of clerical duty may to a considerable extent be lost sight of. Though nothing, too, could be more decided than the bold advocacy of evangelical truth by which his discourses were at this time characterised, the flattering notice of the learning, politics, and philosophy of the famous Priestley, which is to be found in his pamphlet, threw considerable suspicion, even among some of his own hearers, over the purity of his religious creed. All this, to a being like Hall, equally sensitive, holy, and noble, was productive of mental pain amounting to agony. 'Ah! sir,' said one of Priestley's hearers addressing him, when, about this time, they met by accident on the street, 'we shall have you among us soon, I see.' '*Me amongst you, sir!—me amongst you!*' exclaimed the startled Hall, his nostrils distended, while a sneer of the proudest disdain curled sublimely on his under lip; 'why, if that were ever the case, I should deserve to be tied to the tail of the great red dragon, and whipped round the nethermost regions to all eternity.' The consequence of all this was a decided refusal on the part of Hall to sanction the republication of his essay, after the third edition had been disposed of. A vast number of surreptitious editions, however, were printed and circulated.

Though the literary merits of the 'Apology' are unquestionably considerable, it must, without all controversy, yield the palm to Hall's second and greatest pro-

duction—the sublime discourse which has for its title 'Modern Infidelity Considered.' An attempt had been made some years before, in France, to introduce atheism on a kind of national system. The consequences had been most terrific: the breaking up of social order—the perpetration, on a gigantic scale, of the most frantic and fiendish crimes—and the enacting of a drama which surpasses in horrid sounds, and spectral and hideous sights, all that can be imagined. Infidelity in Britain, it was imagined, had been principally confined to the learned and titled; it was not believed that the humbler classes generally participated to any extent in the spirit of scepticism so prevalent in France. But the great popularity attained by Paine's 'Age of Reason' immediately on its publication, indicated that a wide-spread though latent infidelity had pervaded all classes. Societies were organised in London and the various large cities of Britain, for the avowed purpose of adopting schemes to overturn the Christian faith. The religious world took the alarm: tracts, pamphlets, and even volumes, issued from the press in defence of the religion of Christ. Hall, in particular, discovering in the minds of several young persons connected with his own congregation a decidedly sceptical tendency, felt his mighty and pious soul stirred within him. In the strength and majesty of his sacred office, with furnished weapons, and fully harnessed for the battle, this gigantic champion of Christianity came forward, and, dealing out blows that resounded through the universe, laid low in the dust the pride and glory of the boastful foe, and earned for himself, by the eloquence of a single hour, a name which shall last throughout all generations. Of all the oratorical efforts, whether in the days that are gone or in times more modern in their date, this was the most magnificent—this the most decidedly successful. Hall's discourse on Modern Infidelity as much excels, as a mere oration, the speeches of Demosthenes or Tully as the 'Iliad' of Homer or the 'Æneid' of Virgil are excelled by the 'Paradise Lost.' Displaying in brilliant combination the genius of the two first-mentioned orators, it, however, exhibits itself connected with a subject as much superior in interest and value to those which called out their mental powers, as the concerns of the imperishable soul in the world that is to come transcend those of the perishable body in that which now is. The fame of Hall immediately attained its zenith. He attracted universal notice. The celebrated Dr Parr bestowed upon his sermon, in one of his own ablest public discourses, no mean amount of laudation. Sir James Macintosh, who had waited with impatience for the time when the lofty-souled companion whose fame he was wont at Aberdeen to predict, should, in the face of society, verify his prognostications, rejoiced when he read the discourse with a joy that was unspeakable and full of exultation. Statesmen, senators, intellectual men of every profession and of the highest eminence, did obeisance to the genius of Robert Hall. This was triumph enough; but as if to increase the celebrity of his discourse, attacks remarkable for their virulence and venom appeared, about a week after its publication, from the pens of several individuals, which afforded only a more convincing display of Hall's giant powers, by exhibiting the ludicrous impotency of his infuriated assailers. His church was now literally crowded. Under-graduates of the Cambridge University, equally with tutors and fellows, to the amount frequently of fifty or sixty, attended constantly on his afternoon services. 'The attendance,' says Dr Gregory, 'of so many university students upon the services of a dissenting minister, at length began to excite alarm among the 'heads of houses,' of whom a meeting was summoned, to consider the expediency of interposing some authoritative measure to prevent this irregularity. But Dr Mansel, then master of the largest college (Trinity), and afterwards bishop of Bristol, declared 'that he could not be a party in such a measure; he admired and revered Mr Hall, both for his talents and for his genuine liberality; he had ascertained that his preaching was not that of a partisan, but of an enlightened minister of Christ, and that therefore, if he

were not the master of Trinity, he should certainly often attend himself; and that even now he had experienced a severe struggle before he could make up his mind to relinquish so great a benefit.' Shortly after this he personally thanked Mr Hall, not only for his sermon, but for his general efforts in the Christian cause; and, through the medium of a common friend, endeavoured to induce him to enter the Established Church. This, I believe, was the only *direct* attempt to persuade Mr Hall to conform.'

The thanksgiving consequent upon the peace of Amiens, which was celebrated on the 1st of June, 1802, gave Hall a second noble opportunity of displaying publicly the splendour of his matchless eloquence. We refer to the admirable discourse which he delivered on the occasion specified, and which has for its title, 'Reflections on War.' Nor when, in about nine months thereafter, Britain became anew involved in all the horrors accompanying a quarrel with France, did his fame suffer any abatement from the publication of, if possible, a still higher effort, familiar to all under the name of 'Sentiments Proper to the Present Crisis.'

About this time Hall was more than ordinarily afflicted with that painful malady which was his attendant through life. He was, for months at a time, in a condition of bodily pain amounting to torture. This brought on at last a depression of mind so visible and so marked that his friends took the alarm. He was advised to remove out of Cambridge, and never, except when called thither by official duty, to visit that town. This attempt was not successful in dispelling the clouds now brooding over his soul. Reason lost her balance, and this great man had for a season to be placed under the care of Dr Arnold of Leicester. This was in the November of 1804; and his recovery had, in the spring of the subsequent year, been so far effected as to render it possible for him to resume his ministerial duties. Still he was, perhaps injudiciously, advised to take a country residence, and as little as possible to mingle with general society. His seclusion is thought by many to have, at this period, been too entire; and to that circumstance has been partly attributed that second mental eclipse which, about twelve months thereafter, rendered confinement more urgently necessary than before, and placed him under the medical superintendence of a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Bristol. It was now thought proper that he should resign his pastoral charge in Cambridge. 'These severe visitations,' says one of his friends, 'were instrumental in perfecting his religious sentiments and his religious character. His own impression was, that he had not undergone a thorough renewal of heart till the first of these seizures. We should hope it was otherwise; and are disposed to believe that his habitual low estimation of himself deceived him on this subject.' In about a year, Mr Hall, having a second time gained full possession of his mental powers, removed from Dr Cox's (the medical adviser under whose care he had been placed), and spent some months among his relatives and friends in Leicestershire.

We have already narrated his infantine and childish liking to the Arnsby churchyard. Most children have a similar liking, but Hall's, from its intensity, amounted to a passion. Now he visited the same spot, rendered still more sacred by the recent interment of his venerated father. This great man was more than once, about this very time, seen kneeling in prayer at that father's grave. 'He afterwards,' we are told, 'resided for a time at Enderby, a pleasant and sequestered village five miles from Leicester, where, by the united influence of calm retirement and gentle spontaneous occupation, he gradually regained his bodily health, with great mental tranquillity, and a renewed capacity for usefulness in the church.'

Dr Marshman, then a missionary in the East Indies, had about this time consulted the profound and ingenious Andrew Fuller concerning the critical peculiarities of some texts in the New Testament. Simply upon this, Fuller, with his characteristic amiability, implored Hall to solve his friend's doubts. The *ruse* did its work. Hall, before

being aware, was plunged head and ears into some of his old and favourite inquiries. 'From this,' says his biographer, 'he passed to other literary occupations, thence to closer biblical study, and in due time, when his strength and self-possession were adequately restored to permit the exertion without injury, he returned to the delightful work of proclaiming the good tidings of peace.'

Hall, after preaching for some time in a variety of localities, received an invitation to superintend the spiritual interest of a congregation in Leicester. The celebrated Carey of Serampore had formerly ministered to the handful of Christians who assembled within the walls of the small chapel in which Robert Hall was now humbly requested to officiate. He accepted the offer; and never fancied himself happier than now. 'The people,' said he, in a letter to Dr Ryland, 'are a simple-hearted, affectionate, praying people, to whom I preach with more pleasure than to the more refined audience at Cambridge. We have had, through mercy, some small addition, and hope for more. And,' he adds, with beautiful simplicity in one so gifted, 'our meetings in general, our prayer meetings in particular, are well attended.'

Mr Hall remained in Leicester for nearly twenty years. About 1808 he got married; an event which, we are told, to his old and intimate friends, gave especial joy. 'The history of his marriage,' says one who has lately published recollections of him, 'was a singular one. It has been related in a dozen different ways, but I believe the following account of it to be correct:—One day, whilst alighting at a friend's door for the purpose of dining with him, he was joked on his bachelorhood. He said nothing, but, whilst at table, was observed to take particular notice of the servant girl, who came in to replenish the fire. After dinner, as he was sitting alone in the study, the young woman again entered it with the coal-scuttle, when Mr Hall, whom she had supposed scarcely less than a king, said to her, 'Betty, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?' 'The girl replied that she hoped she did, taking the question merely as an accustomed one from a minister. To her utter surprise and consternation, Mr Hall immediately followed it up by falling on his knees, and exclaiming, 'Then, Betty, you must love me,' and asked her to marry him. In her astonishment she ran away, and said she believed Mr Hall had gone mad again. Her master, like herself, was surprised, and on his speaking with Mr Hall on the subject, the latter declared his intention of marrying the girl, who, he said, had taken his fancy by the manner in which she put the coals on. They were married, and lived happily together. His widow survives him.'

Hall became so comparatively happy and comfortable after he got thoroughly domesticated, that he began to display an interest greater than he had ever yet evinced in the public affairs of the church. The bible and missionary societies of Leicester, as well as those of other places, asked and received his aid. His influence, at the same time, upon society was augmented by his writings, though these, it is to be regretted, were few and far between. They were, however, hailed like angelic visitants. Witness his 'Zeal without Innovation,' originally published in the *Eclectic Review*; his 'Advantages of Knowledge to the Lower Classes;' the 'Ordination Address to the Rev. James Robertson, of Shelton, Warwickshire;' that to the Rev. Eustace Carey, on his being set apart as one of our East India missionaries; and last, though not least, but rather decidedly greatest of all, and only second to the immortal oration on modern infidelity, that which he delivered on occasion of the sudden and untimely death of the Princess Charlotte. Much, of course, was at the time preached and penned on the same subject; but if we except possibly the powerful stanzas of Byron, produced under the exciting influence of the same melancholy occurrence, nothing equal to Hall's sermon appeared. When, either in poetry or prose, was anything comparable to what follows produced or delivered? 'The Deity himself adorned the victim with his own hands, accumulating upon her all the decorations and ornaments best

adapted to render her the object of universal admiration. He permitted her to touch whatever this sublimity scene presents that is most attractive and alluring, but to grasp nothing; and after conducting her to an eminence whence she could survey all the glories of empire as her destined possession, closed her eyes in death.'

About the same time, with his accustomed frankness and decision, Hall laid before the public his thoughts on 'Terms of Communion;' and considerably later, that is to say, in 1823, he accepted the challenge of the minister of a Unitarian congregation, and preached twelve lectures on the points at issue, which served the purpose, it is said, of checking the spread of the opinions propagated by his opponent.

Hall, as a minister, officiated in Leicester for the period of twenty years. The death of Dr Ryland, however, produced a vacancy in Bristol, the scene of his first continuous labours, which he was immediately invited to supply. After a severe mental struggle, which lasted for about four months, he consented to 'go up,' and his long and happy connexion with the church at Leicester had, of course, to be dissolved. 'The day of separation,' says Dr Gregory, 'the last Sacrament-sabbath, March 26, 1826, was a day of anguish to him and them, of which I shall not attempt the description. Suffice it to say, that he went through the ordinary public duties of the day with tolerable composure; but at the sacramental service he strove in vain to conceal his emotion. In one of his addresses to the members of the church, on adverting to the pain of separation, he was so much affected that he sat down, covered his face with his hands, and wept; they, sharing in his distress, gave unequivocal signs of the deepest feeling. Mr Eustace Carey, who was present, continued the devotional part of the service until Mr Hall was sufficiently recovered to proceed. At the close of the solemnity the weeping became universal, and they parted, 'sorrowing most of all that they should see his face no more.'

Before his removal to Bristol, Hall had completed his sixty-first year. But for the remarkably infirm state of his health, all things appeared favourable for the promotion of his happiness. Some of his old friends who, in the days of his youth, had invited him, when a student at Aberdeen, to assist Dr Evans, still survived. The course of his life at home, when not interrupted by sickness, was, we are told, now very uniform. 'He generally rose and took his breakfast about nine o'clock. Breakfast was immediately succeeded by family worship. At this exercise he went regularly through the Scriptures, reading a portion of the Old Testament in the morning, and of the New Testament in the evening. In the prayer that succeeded he was not in the habit of forming his petitions on the passages of Scripture just read, though the prayer was usually of considerable length, and very minute in its appropriation. He adverted specifically to all the persons belonging to his family, present and absent; never forgot the people of his care; and dwelt on the distinct cases of members of the church that were under any kind of trial or affliction.' He still, we are informed by another friend, gladdened society by his amity, and pursued his own pleasure and improvement by reading. But his change was about to come. Indications of plethoric habit now became distinctly visible. He grew gradually worse and weaker; and though every effort was used to retard the progress of his malady, death, the universal conqueror, proved ultimately triumphant. He died on the 21st of February, 1831, at the age of sixty-six.

Our sketch of the life of this wonderful man has already extended to such a length that we shall not even attempt the shortest delineation of his character. This has, however, been so frequently and so well done already by the many eminent biographers who have narrated his history that any additional attempt on our part, even though it should be partially successful, could add little to what the majority of our readers already know. We shall conclude therefore by inserting an anecdote or two which appear to us exceedingly characteristic of the man, and

which, not having, we believe, enjoyed the publicity of the many others which have so long circulated, may, if not of equal merit with such, be allowed at least to possess more freshness. We are not aware that Hall was as remarkable as Johnson for frequent vituperation of our beloved Scotland. On one occasion, however, he did speak out very decidedly on the subject. Ebenezer Brown, one of the best men, and possibly the most eloquent pulpit orator of his day, had once, when in England, the happiness of being introduced to Hall. He found him reclining on a sofa, obviously in considerable pain, and his reception of the venerable man, though courteous, was not quite such as had been anticipated. After the customary greetings, and motioning his visitor to a chair, Hall maintained a dead silence. Ebenezer at last broke the ice by inquiring whether Mr Hall had any intention of paying Scotland a visit in these times of missionary effort. 'Scotland a visit! No, my dear sir,' replied Hall, half raising himself from his recumbency, 'I would far sooner visit Sierra Leone, and preach to the savages. Scotland! no!' This reply not only surprised but somewhat stunned the amiable Brown, but he had sufficient fortitude to persevere, and he accordingly reminded Hall of the good consequences which had resulted from a recent missionary tour through his native country performed by Andrew Fuller. 'Fuller!' exclaimed Hall, starting upright, and pacing the room with rapid strides, 'Fuller has nerves of iron! Ay, ay sir,—Fuller, indeed!'—A female who had great pretensions to piety, but who was understood to be considerably shrewish, made frequent calls on Hall while at Leicester, complaining of the indolence and afflictive apathy of her unhappy husband. Hall heard her on repeated occasions, and always staved her off with as much politeness as he could muster. At length, after listening to her for about the twentieth time, and being at the moment in great bodily torture, he arose majestically from the three chairs on which he had been previously reclining, and, with the utmost solemnity of voice, gesture, and manner, spoke as follows, the Rev. Mr Chapman of Greenwich being present at the interview—'Woman, woman! your husband's case is at once deplorable and hopeless. Nothing now remains but that, by the most extreme remedy, you do justice alike to yourself and him. Return, then, to your home—advance to the arm-chair, on which you will find your wretched husband asleep—seize him at once by his long grey hairs—drag him across the threshold—haul him behind you till you reach the extreme limits of creation—throw him over the wall of the universe, and let him plunge into the immensity of space!'—A young preacher, on a visit at Hall's, spent a whole day in frequent sighing, and ever and anon begged pardon, excusing himself at the same time by asserting that these apparently unpolite suspirations were all occasioned by grief that he had so very hard a heart. Hall bore with him all the first day, but when the same lamentation was expressed next morning at breakfast, the great man lost patience. 'Why, sir,' said he, 'don't be cast down; remember the compensating principle, and be thankful and still.' 'Compensating principle!' exclaimed the young man; 'what can compensate for a hard heart?' 'Why, a soft head to be sure,' answered Hall; and so the matter closed.—He had one day (says a writer who knew him) attended a church where a young minister preached on some public occasion. It happened that the preacher met Mr Hall afterwards at dinner, at the house of a mutual friend. The young man was very anxious to hear Mr Hall's opinion of his discourse, and very pertinaciously plied the great man with questions respecting it. Hall endured the annoyance some time with great patience. He did not wish to hurt the young man's feelings, but he could not conscientiously laud his sermon. At length, worried beyond endurance, he said, 'Well, sir, there was one fine passage, and I liked it much, sir—much.' The young divine rubbed his hands in high glee, and pressed Mr Hall to name it. 'Why, sir,' replied Hall, 'the passage I allude to, was your passage from the pulpit to the vestry.'—The same author

from whom we recently quoted, gives the following affecting anecdote: 'During a portion of his life, Mr Hall was deranged—excessive study having induced disease of the brain. To the disgrace of the times be it said, that he was subjected, in the asylum where he was placed, to coercion. This he well remembered, and would often allude to it. He once, in a large party, expatiated eloquently on the necessity of the amelioration of the condition of those who were bereft of reason; 'for,' said he, touchingly, whilst he exhibited some scars on his head, the result of a blow from a keeper, 'these are the wounds which I received in the house of my friends.' Happily he recovered, but his friends were ever afterwards apprehensive of a recurrence of the malady.

We conclude with another extract from the writer last quoted: 'Before his mortal remains were committed to the dust, an opportunity was afforded to the many friends of the great man of 'looking their last' upon his remains. I availed myself of the permission, and on arriving at his house was shown into the darkened room in which the dead preacher was lying. Never was I so impressed with the grandeur of Hall's head as when I saw it in the coffin; the very majesty of death was exhibited on that ample forehead. On raising my eyes from the face of the dead, they encountered the engraved semblance of the living and almost inspired orator; for Branwhite's portrait of him, in his accustomed attitude, hung on the wall, just over the senseless body, furnishing, as well as a startling contrast, a striking commentary on the text—he 'being dead, yet speaketh.' There was the pictured preacher, and beneath it the clay, untenanted tabernacle of him of whom has been repeated what was originally said of another great man, that he had the eloquence of a Cicero, the learning of a Parr, and the piety of a Whitfield.'

ADVENTURE AT THE DEER RIVER FALLS.

DEER RIVER, situated in the northern part of the state of New York, is thus described by Mr W. O. Bourne, an American writer, to whom we are indebted for the following thrilling adventure. The river flows over a rocky bed of denuded strata, and pitches in one unbroken leap over a lofty precipice about two hundred feet in height. As the beholder stands on the overhanging verge, and looks into the water at his feet, a sense of the lofty and the grand inevitably holds him motionless till he has fully realised the view before him. It is not to be compared with Niagara, for it is only about fifty feet wide; and we know of nothing so much like it as are the Falls of Montmorenci, opposite Quebec, of which it is nearly a counterpart. We have seen the Montmorenci in both summer and winter—we have crept under its trickling threads, by the slippery crags, and have mounted the lofty hill at its side to get a better view of its imposing front. In winter we have climbed its icy cone, and sported on the icy floor almost at its feet. Deer River Falls are something like the Montmorenci, except that they pitch into a deep gorge, having a lofty mural precipice on either side which is inaccessible, and obliges the visitor to go some distance before he can descend into the rocky ravine.

The 4th of July, 18—, opened with as bright a morning, and broke out with as glorious a sun, as ever shone upon this round world since it was swung forward in its aerial path, when it commenced turning its large green eyes up to its golden censer to catch the ray and welcome it, with its piercing effulgence, to its breast, that it might quicken its pulses and send the vivifying element into every artery and vein to make it luxuriant and fruitful. The peal of the sonorous bell kept up its merry tone in harmony with the vocal outpourings of patriotic gratitude, while the blooming flowers and the melodious symphonies of the grove served to unite in forming a scene of which a nation might well be proud. It was the birthday of a nation's freedom—the anniversary of a splendid era in the history of the world. The sun might well shine and the earth be glad on such a day.

Among the inhabitants of our town of Copenhagen was a light-hearted and genuine son of the Emerald Isle, as true a sprig of shamrock as ever was 'out of it.' This hero entered fully into the joyousness of the occasion, and having heard that an Indian had once scaled the precipice, determined not to be outdone by any of the copper-coloured tribe, and resolved to signalise himself as well as the day by a like adventure. With a sufficient inspiriting from a doubtful aid, he felt at last prepared to commence his undertaking. But it is easier to resolve than to accomplish the scaling of a cliff two hundred feet in height. Had our hero been blessed with such pedal virtues as are the flies, which have no difficulty of walking and 'tirling on the window-pane,' he would have had no difficulty in his task. In the absence of such adhesive powers, however, he knew he must be more dependent on the prehension of his digits and the phalanges of his toes.

After scrutinising the bold front of the mural precipice before him, he at last selected what appeared to be a favourable spot for the ascent. Carefully examining the steps he would be obliged to take, he grasped a projecting angle, and raising first one foot and then the other to their resting-places, he had fairly commenced this enterprise. He is not alone in such feats as this; thousands are always undertaking and failing in experiments which achieve no more at best, when accomplished, than this promised in the outset.

For a time the ascent was performed with some ease, and his progress was marked with much interest by a few who watched the whole effort, as well as the stragglers above, who occasionally stopped to look at the toiling aspirant after fame. Gradually the moving object receded from view, until to those beneath him he looked like some tiny insect idly basking in the sunlight, or slowly crawling the dizzy height. Perseverance will accomplish much, but the hope of fame will dare more; and thus with our adventurer; he persevered while his pride and hope held over the verge above him a gilded bauble, for which he determined to risk his life.

Slowly on his upward track kept our climber, until at last the muscles began to get overtried with their labour. Fifty feet—sixty feet—at last one hundred feet had been travelled over, when the now excited spectators began to doubt the performance of the task if they had not before, and to tremble for the result. Escape was impossible—or seemed so—and to attempt descent was as far beyond the thought of the hero as hazardous in the attempt. Still more slowly toiled he until he had reached the height of one hundred and twenty feet, a little more than half way, when he stopped, and raised a cry that made the ravine reverberate with its dull echoes, until every one was drawn to the spot. His cries for help became piteous with intensity; and while some were transfixed to the spot, others shouted, 'Ropes! ropes!' and ran off on their own commission to make an effort to save the hapless adventurer.

The excitement had increased until a breathless anxiety had stilled every spectator into a speechless statue. There hung, on two or three projecting angles of a perpendicular precipice, a fellow-being for whom there seemed to be no chance of rescue. Every moment appeared to be his last—his cries became more painful, the echoes seemed to be the hollow replies of the dull waves of the shoreless sea, while the inevitable result of relaxing his hold an instant would be to dash him an undefined mass on the rocks below. No wonder, then, that all the sympathies of the crowd of spectators were concentrated upon that one object, and were raised to an intensity of interest.

The only article of the kind to be had was the common line used for domestic purposes, but a number of them were procured and spliced together. A slip-knot was tied on one end, and, after several trials, was let down to the trembling suppliant. But here a new difficulty arose—he had reached a spot in the cliff where the brink overhung the base about twenty feet! After repeated effort, however, the rope was thrown within his reach, when he put it over him, and letting go his hold, swung out to the

middle of the yawning void. It had nearly caused the feeble thread to part, but it was true to its trust and kept its burden safe. Owing to its length and the sudden addition of a stone of flesh, it commenced unravelling, and here, oscillating and circumgyrating in this abyss, swung a human being, whose life depended on the little cord by which he was suspended.

Conscious of the uncertain and now less reliable nature of their cord from its unravelling, the company overhead commenced drawing up their burden with cautious and slow but certain action. The difficulty was greatly increased by the separation of the strands, for, being now loosened, the sharp cutting edge of the rock threatened every moment to perform its fatal office, and dash all hope, along with the victim, in the tide below. The crowd had now begun to breathe, and when they saw their townsman so far safe, their pent-up feelings burst out in one loud peal of exulting cheers, which rang from cliff to cliff until it died away far down the ravine. Slowly and tediously ascended the hapless climber until within a few feet of the topmost crag, and a few moments more would save him. A shudder seemed to pass over several of the anxious spectators as they watched the yielding cord. One of the strands had parted! With caution more vigilant and watchful than before, the trustees of that human life laboured for its preservation. Two strong men stretched themselves on the brink, and leaning over, waited for the moment when they could grasp and save their fellow-being. When the last strand had almost given way, they seized him and raised his lifeless body to the green and merry summit of the beetling precipice. The birds were singing as sweetly as before—the sun shone as brightly as at morn—and the breeze played with the locks around his pale forehead, as though it were tossing the corols of some beauteous flower. He was soon restored to animation, and, for the rest of the day, the adventure and rescue of the living became a more absorbing topic than the heroic achievements of the illustrious dead.

THE VACANT SEAT.

Ye gather round the dear old hearth, this pleasant Christmas eve,
 Awhile, as e'er in times gone by, earth's worldliness to leave,
 That once again in love and truth united ye might stand,
 A group of kindred spirits and a happy household band.

Ye enter one by one and take each old accustom'd place,
 And now once more I look upon each loved, familiar face—
 But why thus downcast is each eye, and measured to each tread,
 And sad and faltering your tones? Meet ye in grief or dread?

Mother, kind mother, you are here; I welcome that fond gaze;
 Father and brothers, side by side, as in the olden days;
 Sisters, sweet sisters, gladly now your graceful steps I greet—
 But stay—ah! can it be? *It is—there is a vacant seat!*

A vacant seat! I miss a voice—an eye so blue and meek—
 I miss a youthful, fairy form—I miss a glowing cheek;
 And *she*—the gayest of you all—ye surely must be lone!
 Sweet sisters speak, and tell me whither hath that bright one gone?

'Her place is vacant,' sad and low now came that answering strain;
 'Her place is vacant, list we e'er for those sweet tones in vain,
 And vainly watch we for the sound of those light tripping feet,
 And for the glance of that soft eye our own was wont to meet.

'Death has been here—his summons came to *her*, the dearest, best,
 That she should flee far, far away, and be for aye at rest:
 We saw her blooming cheek grow pale, and paler day by day,
 Till, in her early loveliness, from earth she pass'd away.

'We deck'd her for the grave, and then, for her, the loved of years,
 We softly sang a requiem and wept a mourner's tears,
 Then gently laid her deep within a quiet moss-grown bed,
 Where she calmly, sweetly slumbers with the still, the silent dead.

'So gather we, a mournful group, around the hearth to-night,
 Sadness in hearts that e'er upon this eve thrill'd with delight;
 Yet, though a star has fallen new from out our heaven of love,
 An angel bright awaits us in the glorious land above.'

THE FAMILY SECRET.

'Some secret venom preys upon his heart;
A stubborn and unconquerable flame
Creeps in his veins, and drinks the stream of life.'—*Rouce.*

In the spring of 1816 a lady of the name of Rambert established herself in St Pierre, one of the most beautiful settlements of Martinico—a bustling, busy place, rising gradually and smoothly in a green cane upland, studded throughout with the white houses of the merchants. She was supposed to be a widow, and seemed to have no other claim upon her affection than an interesting little boy about ten years of age. A woman of colour, belonging to the island, was the only domestic taken into her service, and upon her was laid one simple but important condition of servitude—entire silence as to the affairs of her mistress. The slightest information, in reply to any question regarding the habits of the family, was, on discovery, to be followed by immediate dismissal. The boy himself was obliged to submit to these stringent regulations. He had never known his father, and all information as to his origin was denied him. Madame Rambert held no intercourse with any of her neighbours; no one knew anything regarding her; and as she spoke both the French and English languages with equal fluency, it was difficult to determine to which of these nations she belonged. Her style of living, although betokening the possession of considerable wealth, was exceedingly simple. To appearance she might be about thirty years of age, small, and of great beauty, although of a pale complexion, the melancholy expression of her fine and regular features being extremely pleasing. This much became known from an occasional glance obtained of her as she took her evening walk on the seashore; but even this was seldom, for in general she went deeply veiled. These facts, and her mysterious self-seclusion, joined to the report that she was in possession of a considerable income, excited to a very lively degree the gossiping propensities of the curious inhabitants of the pretty island of St Pierre, so that it soon became a question in their coteries, how one so young, pretty, and apparently wealthy, should confine herself and her only son to such retirement.

Time passed on, and, their queries remaining unanswered, the interest of the subject began gradually to decay. George had now grown tall; and as it became necessary that his education, which as yet had been entirely superintended by his mother, should receive a more extensive development, he was sent to college. Neddi, the black servant, was charged with the task of accompanying him every morning and bringing him back in the evening. To both, the strictest commands were given to avoid all curious inquiries. George, on his part, was to refrain from forming any intimate friendship; and he kept his word well. His character had been moulded from earliest infancy in habits of the most extreme reserve, and he seemed to agree marvellously well with that strange discipline. By the time he had reached his fifteenth year he had been surnamed by his companions 'the Taciturn,' and each succeeding day only rendered its justice more apparent. He spoke but rarely, avoided all amusements common to his age, and above all things appeared to desire solitude. However, by this means his faculties were evidently sharpened, for in all his varied studies he obtained the reputation of an enthusiastic and erudite scholar. This was not accomplished, however, without other hazards. Gradually slight symptoms of failing health were shown, and sundry strange occasional inconsistencies of thought and action gave rise to the suspicion that even his reason was affected. These fears did not escape the keen and vigilant glance of Madame Rambert. One day George was called into his mother's room; she was paler than usual, and evidently strove to conceal an emotion which the presence of her son only augmented. A letter edged with black was in her hand, and to the right, on a little table, stood an open casket containing a few papers. After signing to George to sit down, she stopped for a

moment, vainly striving to confirm herself in some resolution. She burst into a torrent of tears, called forth apparently by her anxious recollections. 'My mother!' cried George, touched and astounded by her mute sorrow. She rose quickly. That name recalled to Madame Rambert all her firmness, and with a mixture of command and entreaty she requested her son's attention. 'George,' said she, in a voice broken by emotion, 'the time has now come to prevent a misfortune which will inevitably happen if I should delay enlightening you as to your true position. Till now I have devotedly fulfilled to you my sacred duty. I have given you the best education that this island can afford, and I have striven, both by precept and example, to the best of my ability to educate you religiously, to know your Bible and your God, and to appreciate his goodness. But there is still another duty as onerous and as difficult to accomplish. The world has for long believed me a widow and free—even you, George—but I am only so to-day; and again Madame Rambert was overcome by her emotion.

'Oh, my father!' murmured George.

'It may be, too, that one day, when all shall be known, that my whole life, although entirely consecrated to your happiness, will not appear to be a sufficient expiation. You may blame the memory of her who has perhaps merited your esteem and tenderness.' Saying this, she appeared torn by conflicting emotions, and gazed earnestly on the youth, who had fallen on his knees, declaring, by that love which he owed her, that her memory would ever be dear to him. 'Stop, George—that vow is rash and impious. I have told you less than I ought; there are many faults which God alone may pardon. But at present I cannot endure farther interrogation. You shall know all when the mission on earth which I have undertaken is finished. To-day it is your part to prove generous and devoted. Although released from other ties, still my hopes are bound up in you, and I conjure you not to destroy the fruit of twenty years' care and vigilance.'

'What do you require of me?'

'To swear that you will never marry.'

George regarded this injunction with an astonished and stupefied air. 'Dear mother, I see that your recent griefs have rendered your care for me superstitious.'

'Poor boy, I entreat you will believe my reason has a more enlightened source.'

'Well, mother, it costs me little to obey you now; and, as my love for you has always been stronger than any other earthly affection, I swear it.'

'I will treasure up that vow, George; and now we may never meet again on earth. I have noticed well the declining state of your health from over-application to study. Air and exercise will do you good; you must set out immediately. I have made every arrangement for this—your passage is taken in a ship now fitting out here for a scientific expedition; that expedition is expected to remain away for three or four years. Your health will, I am told, be re-established by the change. As for me, it will be a long, long period of mourning; but my fears at least will be diminished, for you will have fewer opportunities of breaking your word.'

Thus closed this singular and abrupt interview, which George was not allowed long time to ruminate on. Active preparations were set on foot for his departure, and a few more days saw him sail for the waters of the South in the English ship *Britannia*, with a heavy heart and purse.

We must now glance rapidly over a long period of time. The expedition lasted six years. It was not long ere George recovered his health, although he retained the same strange, gloomy, erratic character. The navigators, in their voyage of discovery, touched at many shores, explored many countries, and saw much of what is wonderful in this fair earth's beauty. Much was done in the way of collecting specimens, and not a few perished in their enthusiasm for the advancement of science. George had as yet remained faithful to his promise; his fidelity was soon to stand a severe test.

The person who was intrusted with the command of the expedition was Mr S—, a man who had rendered himself famous by his learning and research. His character, although somewhat morose, was in the main kind and affectionate. Madame Rambert had revealed to him all her fears, and elicited a promise that he would keep a watchful eye upon her son. The reserved character and habitual thoughtfulness of George were much in accordance with his own disposition, and he felt for the youth a strong sympathy. On the termination of the voyage, he pressed George strongly to accompany him to London, and there introduced him to his family. Anne S—, the eldest daughter, had received, under her father's own eye, an education fitting her to mingle with the most brilliant society. She was tall, graceful, and of a most amiable character—a little romantic, perhaps, like all young persons who unite a delicate organisation with a warm and glowing imagination. She was indeed a meet companion for one of George's temperament—pretty, even among the prettiest, and possessing all that ingenuousness so peculiar to the well-bred Englishwoman. To see and to admire her were one and the same thing to George. He blindly flattered himself that his mother, when she learned how well worthy Anne was of the ardent love he bore to her, would cancel that vow which was now so fatal to his happiness. He had frequently received letters from Martinico during the voyage, but although from time to time they called up the remembrance of his vow, still no reference was made to their history prior to their settlement in St Pierre. George concealed none of these facts—neither the mystery which reigned over his whole life, nor the solemn vow imposed upon him by his mother. Anne had conceived too high an estimate of his character, both morally and intellectually, to feel much scruple; and she thought, like him, that the pressure of domestic griefs had exercised a morbid influence over his mother's mind, and caused her to have recourse to the singular means of placing her son's happiness under the safeguard of celibacy. So strong grew this conviction, that in George's first letter regarding his arrival in London, he launched out into a long and fervent description of the bright hopes he had before him—of the one object so dear to his heart, and on which he implored his mother's approbation.

While waiting with feverish anxiety the important answer, Mr S—, along with George and his daughter, went down to a country-house which he possessed at a little distance from London. Mr S—, although a grave devotee of science, was not indifferent to the pleasures of the chase, which he hoped might tend to remove the morbid and uneasy feelings ever and anon preying upon the mind of his favourite pupil. This measure succeeded admirably for a few days; but to the chagrin of the good man, the remedy soon lost its efficacy. George became sadder and gloomier than ever, and even Anne failed to restore him to hope and confidence.

One day, on the conclusion of a hunt, to which several of the neighbouring proprietors had been invited, George, in an abstracted mood, was wending his way to the house, when he was hastily met by Anne, who had perceived him at a short distance, and bore in her hand a letter and a little casket. The letter bore the Martinico post-mark. George could not wait longer to know his fate. Seating himself, with Anne, at the foot of a tree, with a trembling hand he broke the seal of the long-looked-for missive. To the surprise of both, it was a note from the chief municipal authority at Martinico, containing the brief intimation that Madame Rambert had perished by the yellow fever, which then ravaged that quarter with a ruthless hand. Among her papers had been found the little casket now sent, containing several papers and a letter, with this superscription—'This to be sent, without loss of time, to George Rambert, in whatever quarter of the world he may be.'

On reading this sad intelligence, George hid his head in his hands, and Anne wept. But, alas! the human heart is a strange thing. Under the tears of Anne and the silent grief of the son, was concealed an involuntary joy. Death

had broken the only obstacle to their union. No more delay; no more incertitude: they were happy, in short; and Anne threw herself into the arms of George, who pressed her to his heart. Then he requested her to open the casket and read the papers it contained. Anne obeyed, and, taking up the first and largest manuscript, read the following singular history:

'I was born at N—, in Brittany, where my father, who exercised the profession of a physician, left me an orphan at eighteen, with a fortune amounting to about £18,000. Although so young and inexperienced, my guardian married me almost immediately to Ferdinand Rambert, a relation of his own, a young physician of about twenty-eight years of age, who had also succeeded to my father's practice. He was a fine, handsome-looking man, with a good address, and possessed of many rare and varied attainments as a scholar. I loved him passionately, and he exercised over me, at all times, an irresistible influence. Naturally ambitious, he soon conceived the desire of establishing himself in Paris, to which I agreed the more readily as our fortune was ample. Scarcely were we installed in that great, brilliant, wicked city, ere Ferdinand presented to me several old friends, with whom he kept continual company. For the most part, they were young men evidently of talent and respectable origin, but bearing every mark of extreme dissipation. Although but a tyro in the world's ways, this did not escape me. I took occasion frequently to let my husband know the uneasiness and fear I felt from such associates. He tried to re-assure me; spoke of his love and the happiness which he enjoyed. By degrees, however, his absence became more frequent. No longer did the same calm quietness reign, which pervaded our happy home at N—. His profession, and the necessity of attention to new patients, furnished him with continual pretexts. I pled hard with him, and represented my unhappiness; he accused me of foolishness, and commented on the interests of his reputation. I wept; and he left me alone. Then came the soul-thrilling pang that my husband's affection had decayed—nay, the agonising question, 'Had he ever loved me?'

'Among his most intimate friends, I remarked the Count Charles de Ravenay. This man held, to all appearance, a strong sway over my husband's movements. They were seldom separate; and this friendship, in particular, awakened my worst fears. The count, in my eyes, was detestable. He had been married to a fair young girl of a good family, whom he had ruined, and then, by aid of the laxity of French law, had divorced. I hazarded some remonstrances to Ferdinand, who treated me with the utmost coolness, commanded me to show respect to his friends, and leave him free in his conduct and affections, of which he was the best judge. In secret I wept out my tears and despair; but neither my husband's taunts nor coldness could diminish my love for him. However, for some time I continued to watch him narrowly, and became convinced that, while he pretended to be absorbed by the duties of his profession, his time was in reality spent in gambling with the dissipated characters I have alluded to. Although at this period I was receiving visits from many acquaintances, still I had neither friend nor relation—no person to counsel or sustain me in my emergency. My husband continued to treat me as a child, and let me know nothing more regarding his circumstances than he absolutely could not help. A considerable part of my fortune was locked up, but the remainder was squandered, and even part of our household goods and plate were sold to defray engagements about which I knew nothing. All would undoubtedly have gone in the same manner, and with the same rapidity, had not Providence interfered in my behalf.

'I had in the country an old and distant relative, who had always shown the utmost affection towards me. We corresponded frequently, and latterly I had begun to reveal to her some of my secrets, which had as yet been confined to my own bosom. The desire of seeing me, and of being of some service, brought her to Paris. I did not

conceal my position, and she saw at a glance all the danger to which I was exposed. Under the pretext of re-establishing my health, which was indeed sorely altered, but in reality to save me the pain of being a witness to my husband's evil doings, she easily obtained permission to take me home with her for a time. After a fuller explanation on my part, an able advocate was consulted, and by his advice it was decided that a separation and division of goods should take place between me and my husband. The demand was too well founded to be refused, and accordingly the court granted the request. Now when my object was gained, I was equally miserable. I loved my husband dearly, and, if left to myself, would probably never have yielded to the step. As it was, I hastened to protest against it in secret. I wrote Ferdinand that I was again ready to sacrifice to him all my interests. It may have been indifference or resentment, or perhaps both, but he gave me no encouragement to come, and ceased even to answer my letters. Under these circumstances, I never saw him after the separation. The child who some time after dwelt with me and bore my name is neither his son nor mine.*

At these words George and Anne regarded each other with astonishment. George passed his hand over his brow, as if to collect himself and comprehend fully the strange history passing through his mind, while Anne, greatly agitated, continued to read.

'This declaration which I now make is not all. Oh, George! you whom I have so long called my child, to whom I have given my name, and upon whom I have lavished all that my heart still contains of tenderness and devotion, pardon me for having so long concealed the secret of your birth. It was to me a sacred duty and a just reparation. All that follows I have learned indirectly, and will narrate it in a few words: Count de Ravenay had an old and very wealthy uncle, who had disinherited him for his dissipation and misconduct, but, after a lapse of time, was induced to make a new testament in his favour. My husband was the family physician. The old man fell suddenly ill and died in a very short time. A rumour spread, which appearances only too truly verified. M. de Ravenay and my husband were arrested on the suspicion of having poisoned him. On receipt of this intelligence, I set off without a moment's delay to the capital, accompanied by my old friend, and the advocate who had obtained my separation. The case was proceeding rapidly. The poisoning had been proved. Various witnesses had been examined, and all testified to the guilt of the accused—the one as the instigator, the other as the instrument of the crime. The apothecary who had sold the poison, however, was the person who held in his hands the life of the two criminals. I went to him and offered half of my fortune if he would save my husband. I triumphed. Thanks to his declaration, my husband was acquitted. The honour (falsely so called) of my own family and that of my husband's was purchased at the price of a false witness! Ferdinand departed immediately for England, where for some time he continued in the exercise of his profession, but in five years he died, and his death was in a great measure attributed to remorse. As for poor Madame de Ravenay, though long deserted by her husband, she felt keenly his degrading sentence, and soon death kindly put an end to her many sorrows. She died, leaving an only son totally unprovided for. I snatched him from the public charity; I exiled myself with him. Now, George, you have the key to your history, and may understand how good reason I had to exact your vow.'

'Do not finish it!' cried George, furiously, snatching the manuscript from the hands of Anne, and tearing it in pieces. Then, crossing his arms over his breast, and, with a strange unmeaning smile, he said, 'Well, do you understand now who I am? Oh, me, how long I prophesied it! I knew well that I had been condemned from my birth to be miserable. These thoughts never left me—never!'

'George, recollect yourself,' said Anne, pale and trembling with affright; 'whoever you may be you are always worthy of esteem.'

'Do you love me?' demanded he, abruptly.

Anne answered by putting her hand in his. George covered it with tears. Then, roused by a sudden emotion, he picked up the casket, and, despite the cries and entreaties of the young girl, who at length fainted in his grasp, he drew her towards a clump of trees growing in the centre of the park. The maniac, for such in truth George now was, tranquilly loaded the double-barrelled gun which he had in his possession on arriving from the chase, and taking out the two papers which still remained in the bottom of the casket, made with them a wadding for each barrel. Two successive shots resounded in the thicket, when a party of the hunters were just entering the house. They turned hastily round, and on reaching the spot whence the report and the smoke proceeded, they found George and Anne stretched on the green turf, surrounded by pools of blood, and apparently lifeless. They were carried to the house and the balls extracted. In doing this, the two papers which formed the wadding were found, almost entire. The one proved to be an excerpt from Madame Rambert's will, making over all her fortune in favour of George. The other was a mortuary deed, which ran thus: 'Extract from the civil register of the town of N—. On the . . . George Ferdinand, Count of Ravenay, died at noon.*'

Long and doubtfully did the balance waver. Anne was the first to recover and make known the dismal tale. With George it fared worse. Fever of the brain ensued; and although he did retain life, reason never resumed her throne. He rose, as he lay down, an incurable, dangerous maniac. His mother's property was realised and placed in the hands of Mr S—, who put his ward under the care of one of our most distinguished physicians, a man who has done much to ameliorate the condition of the insane. Time passed on, and the furiousness which he at first manifested gradually passed away, and was succeeded by a gentleness almost childish. He still lives; and the curious visitor who has passed through the celebrated asylum at P— may have remarked a middle-aged man with clear pale features, in which the blue veins stand prominently forth from a capacious, well-formed forehead, carrying constantly in his left hand a volume of Joanna Baillie's works, kept open by his forefinger at this passage:—

'I can bear scorpions' stings, tread fields of fire;
In frozen gulfs of cold eternal lie;
Be tossed aloft through tracts of endless void—
But cannot live in shame.'

That mumbling idiot, going about continually muttering these lines, is George Rambert or Ravenay, the miserable victim of gambling and dissipation, although not perpetrated by himself.

Anne has never married: she declares that her heart's strongest affection is bound up in her warm-hearted but unfortunate and misguided lover. She has been twice introduced to him, but the meetings produced a very unfavourable reaction, so that the experiment will not be repeated. It was anticipated that it would have produced a different effect. Poor George! he is indeed to be pitied. What a sad commentary is his history on the poet's lines!—

'Some play for gain; to pass time, others play
For nothing; both do play the fool I say:—
Nor time or coin I'll lose, or idly spend—
Who gets by play proves loser in the end.'

What a mournful history would be revealed were the gambler's brought to light! What a world of misery does the word suggest! How many a fair and promising career has it darkened and cut short! how it has scared to the heart's core the bright hopes of many a glad creature! and how it has not only destroyed present comfort, but made shipwreck of the soul's future happiness! Like the pebble which so rudely distracts the tranquillity of the lake sleep—

* A common expression made use of in the compilation of registers to designate individuals who have been executed in accordance with a judicial sentence.

ing in its calm mirrored beauty, it rests not until it has roused a thousand swells, each sharper and circling wider than its own. To this truth the preceding incidents bear a melancholy confirmation.

HERALDIC MOTTOES.

SOME of the old family mottoes yet retained by the members of our national aristocracy, have a degree of historical significance rendering them interesting even at the present day. For example, observe the motto of the great Irish house of Gerald, or Geraldines, or Fitzgeralds, now represented by the Dukes of Leinster. It is '*Crom aboo*,'—'I will burn.' Could any given number of words express and perpetuate more completely the Irish spirit of nocturnal incendiarism and mischief, which has unhappily been evidenced but too strongly up to our own times? No doubt, the Fitzgeralds deem this ancient motto most honourable; but it is hard to see from what honourable motive it could possibly have been at first adopted. 'I will burn!' The expression is most *luciferous*; and speaks both of a will and a mode to work havoc of a fearful kind. In fact its use had to be forbidden by the English parliament. Scarcely better in any sense, we must admit, is the motto of the Scottish Tullibardine family, namely, 'Furth fortune, and fill the fetters.' The Murrays of Tullibardine, now represented by the Dukes of Athol, would appear to have adopted this motto as an open avowal of their desire to bring their foes, and chiefly the northern Highlanders, under subjection. It is a motto reeking of hangman and headsman, the gallows and the axe. Various others belonging to our very oldest families have a similar character of pride, fierceness, and daring, marking the habits of the times of their adoption. The motto of the Hampdens suited admirably the unbending disposition of the great patriot who made the house for ever memorable in the national history. '*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*,'—'Not a step backwards'—is the device in question. Then again look at the motto of the Byrons. '*Crude Byron*,'—'Trust Byron,' is the simple, but most emphatic sentence. It strikes us that this motto, rendered so interesting and illustrious by the late wearer of the title, must have been bestowed at a comparatively late period on the Byrons, probably at the time when not less than eight valiant brothers of the name fought for the royal cause in the civil wars. On one of these brothers was the baronial title conferred, and the motto, too, may have been suggested by regal gratitude. One of the old houses of England has a still more remarkable motto, and one for which it is difficult to account in any way. 'Let Curzon hold what Curzon held,' is the motto of the Lords Curzon. Now, pray who was or is meddling with these worthy folks, to justify this perking of their claims into the faces of the public at large? Was the first eminent Curzon a place-holder, or did he merely hold the candle? And are they, in these days of reform, to hold place for ever? or never, quitting the candle-holding, to take a turn in the dance? Perhaps Curzon the first was but a bottle-holder, and adopted the motto after liberally using its contents. Be this as it may, he is welcome to 'hold all he held' as far as we are concerned. Nearly as pert a motto is that of the Temple family—'*Templa quam dilecta*,'—'How beloved the Temples!' For all that possession of love, it seems that the head of the Temples, his Grace the Duke of Buckingham, deems it right at present to go abroad, being quite ashamed to live upon an income of forty or fifty thousand pounds a-year, in place of an hundred thousand, among his own loving and beloved countrymen. The grand *battue*-match with Prince Albert at Stowe seems to have been a stroke above his grace's means. 'So much for Buckingham!'

Another very assuming motto is that of the Bellasyse family—that was, we mean—for the Earls and Viscounts of Fauconberg, which was their chosen title, are now extinct. Once they stood high in Britain, the head of the house having wedded the daughter of the great man of his time, Oliver Cromwell. But they became scanty during the past generation, and finally have disappeared from the

ranks of nobility. Their motto was a play on their patronymic. '*Bonne et belle assez*,' that is, 'Good and beautiful sufficiently.' Of similar punning or *canting* mottoes as they are called, we may have something yet to say, but, in the mean time, let us attend more particularly to such ones as smack strongly of family characteristics in old days. The proper and older Douglasses have a singularly apt motto—'Forward!' What could more strikingly body forth the indomitable valour and ardent military tendencies of this great house, which, through generation after generation, gave to Scotland not only its best leaders but also its bravest and stoutest men-at-arms? Who can forget that when the good Sir James Douglas was on his way to the Holy Land with the heart of the Bruce, being led aside by the tidings of conflicts betwixt the Moors and Christians in Spain, he there, in a fierce battle, used the very motto of his family in rushing to his death-scene? 'Forward!' he exclaimed, casting the silver-casket with the relic of royalty into the thickest of the fight, 'forward, thou noble heart, as thou wert wont to do, and I will follow thee or die!' The *forwardness*, indeed, of the Douglasses on all military occasions was most marked, and well the motto distinguished them. 'Forward,' too, went another great Douglas against the mailed breast of Harry Hotspur, and bore the 'never-daunted Percy' to the earth, as Shakspeare hath the phrase. The motto of a subsidiary but still direct branch of the Douglasses is not less in consonance with the dispositions of some of its early members. What could better delineate the wily, able, daring, and grasping spirit of that Earl of Morton who patronised and introduced the *maiden*, of neck-chopping notoriety, than the verbal device, 'Lock sicker'—that is, 'Lock up securely;' or, 'Look well to your locks?' Equally demonstrative of a similar and indeed thoroughly kindred spirit is the motto of the Leslie of Rothes, one of the oldest houses of Scotland, 'Grip fast,'—that is, 'Grasp firmly.' Still another of a not dissimilar class occurs in the case of the Cranstones. It is, 'Thou shalt want ere I want.' How eloquent, how redolent of feudal tyranny, or at least of haughty selfishness, are such mottoes as these? And yet, as indubitable badges of antique family greatness, they are of the very sort now most prized. They speak of inventors too high-placed and too powerful to have known either fear or shame. Besides those mentioned, another most impressive though not so ambiguous a motto comes to our mind, namely, that of the Ruthvens, 'Let deeds shew.' When we recollect the Raid of Ruthven, the story of Darnley and Mary, and the Gowrie conspiracy, we must allow that these men acted well up to their family device. Some of them were parties also in the ruthless deed done in the case of Rizzio. Theirs is a forcible motto, truly, and the Ruthvens were not a feeble family. That the Earl of Gowrie at the age of twenty-two, with his brother Alexander aged nineteen, should have planned the overturn of a throne, would alone prove the temper and bent of the house towards decisive action. And that there was a real conspiracy, the lately found 'Logan Letters' place beyond all doubt. The motive, in our opinion, is the sole thing to be supplied, and that, we also believe, will be found in the probable fact of Gowrie's relationship to the throne. He was in all likelihood either the grandson or the great-grandson of Margaret Tudor of England, widow of James IV., by Henry Stewart, Lord Methven; and so stood in the same degree of relationship to the English throne as James VI. If not sprung from the English princess, then his great-grand-dame was a royal Stewart of the Athol branch. In either way the young Earl of Gowrie was of princely blood, and Queen Elizabeth paid the highest attention to him when in England. Could the politic old she-fox not have instilled into him the hopes which led to his ruin? It is no new fancy to suppose that she did, for rumour has spoken of such a circumstance long ago. She might well desire James VI. to be kept in due awe by the fear of a rival candidate for his actual or prospective throne. However this may be, the 'Logan Letters' establish the fact of a Gowrie conspiracy, and thus prove the Ruthvens of that day, mere boys in age, to have

well borne out the family device, 'Let deeds shew.' By the way, with regard to the descent of Gowrie from Margaret Tudor, Bishop Burnet seems to have been convinced on the point, since he says, 'The Earl might be glad to put the king out of the way, that he (the Earl) might stand next in succession to the crown of England.'

There is one old Scottish peerage which has its motto most curiously falsified in our own days. The Earls of Buchan take for their device, 'Judge nought;' and we know Thomas, Lord Erskine, High Chancellor of England, to have *judged* a good deal in his day and generation. By the by, what a motto this would have been for the man whom he succeeded and preceded in office, the temporising John Scott, Earl of Eldon. 'Judge nought' would have expressed admirably the practice of him whose business it was to judge hourly. But his lordship, on mounting the woolstack, found it better to choose '*Sed sine labe decus*,'—'Honour without a stain.'

When Lord Brougham attained the same high position of Lord Chancellor, on which occasion a choice of a motto is customary, he took an old one, but certainly one of the best going—'*Pro rege, lege, grege*,' or, 'For king, law, and people.' A noble motto this is, indubitably, for a high official personage in a constitutional monarchy, though many who hold the Benthamite principle that the 'happiness of the greatest number' is the true end of society, would be inclined exactly to reverse the order of the terms. Lord Brougham had been too radical in his early notions to escape a smart rap on the fingers on his adopting this motto. It chances that *lege* means both 'law' and 'read;' and a wag proposed to interpret the motto thus—'For king, read people.' It might have been more appropriate had this *reading* been earlier adopted, since the popular leanings of this eminent and learned personage are by no means so marked now as they have been. By the way, Lord Erskine took a new motto on becoming Lord Chancellor, the Buchan one of 'Judge nought' being, in his case, most infelicitous. 'Trial by jury' was the device selected by him, in allusion to the great public trials (of Horne Tooke and others) in which he shone so conspicuously, and where he had so strikingly developed the advantages of that part of our constitution which leaves the fate of an accused party to be determined by twelve of his equals. Some of the naval lords, like the law peers, have adopted new and apt mottoes. The Hoods, for example, a family which produced many excellent sea-captains, took the happy motto of '*Ventis secundis*,'—'With favouring gales.' Admiral Lord Gardner, another sailor of high note, chose the half-punning motto of '*Valeat anchora virtus*,'—'Virtue is the true sheet-anchor.' The distinguished seaman, Lord Hawke, adopted the motto of 'Strike;' a bold one in its simplest sense, and intended in this case, perhaps, to have the double meaning of a command to enemies to strike colours. Another noted admiral took for his device 'Lead on,'—to wit, Lord Hotham. The famous Earl St Vincent, as well known as Admiral Jervis, chose the simple motto 'Thus,' allusive to the commemoration of his deeds in the family coat-of-arms. Nelson selected the prouder device of '*Palmarum qui meruit ferat*,'—'Let him have the palm who has deserved it.'

There are a number of family mottoes in which not much meaning, or at least no very pointed meaning, can be discerned. These are chiefly old ones, for the moderns are fond of moral axioms, or rather truisms, marked, usually, by great tameness and sameness. Of the class of old mottoes mentioned, that of the great house of Russell forms an example—'*Che sara sara*,' or, 'That which shall be shall be.' This is a comfortable bit of fatalism, having no very great appropriateness, one would say, as a family motto. The motto of the house of Wellesley is '*Porro unum est necessarium*,'—'Moreover one thing is needful.' What may be the one thing needful here? One would say 'cash,' remembering the common use of the saying. But, in reality, it is more likely that virtue, or industry, is the thing thus declared indispensable. The matter, however, must rest in doubt. The Pagets, Marquises of Anglesey,

have also a very ambiguous sort of motto, namely, '*Per il suo contrario*,' or 'By the reverse of it.' This we own to be to us a perfect riddle.

Enough, at least at present, on 'Heraldic Mottoes.'

ADVENTURE OF AN AMERICAN EDITOR.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago, when a certain western state (which we shall not name) was a territory, and with a few inhabitants, a young lawyer from one of the old states emigrated thither and settled in the town of K—. He succeeded admirably in his profession, and rose rapidly in popular favour. He had been there nearly two years, when he induced a printer to come and print a weekly paper, of which he was editor and proprietor. Squire S. was much pleased for a while with editing a paper. He was a man of very low stature, but he used the editorial 'we' as frequently as if there were a dozen of him, and each as big as Daniel Lambert, or the Kentucky giant. Strange to say, there were at that time men in office who were not a particle more honest than they should be—a thing which probably never happened before, and never will again. Squire S. felt all the patriotism of a son of '76, and poured out grape and canister against the public abuses. This soon stirred a hornet's nest about his ears; but as there was no other paper in the territory there was no reply, and he enjoyed his warlike propensities in security. At length he published an article more severe and cutting, against malfeasance in office, than any that had preceded it. In fact, though pointed at no one individual in particular, it was a 'scorcher.' Some three or four days afterwards he was sitting alone in his editorial office, which was about a quarter of a mile from the printing establishment, his pen was busy with a paragraph, when the door was opened without much ceremony, and in stalked a man about six feet in his stockings. He asked, 'Are you S., the proprietor of this paper?' Thinking he had found a new patron, the little man, with one of his blindest smiles, answered in the affirmative. The stranger deliberately drew the last number of the paper from his pocket, and, pointing to the article against rogues in office, told the affrighted editor that it was intended for 'him.' It was in vain that S. protested he had never heard of him before. The wrath of the visitor rose to fever heat, and, from being so long restrained, boiled over with double fury. He gave the editor the choice, either to publish a *very* humble recantation, or *take a flogging on the spot*. Either alternative was wormwood, but what could he do? The enraged office-holder was twice his size, and at one blow would qualify him for an obituary notice. He agreed to retract; and as the visitor insisted upon writing it himself, he sat down to his task. Squire S. made an excuse to walk to the printing-office, with a promise that he would be back in season to sign it as soon as it was finished. S. had hardly gone fifty rods when he encountered a man who inquired where Squire S.'s office was, and if he was at home. Suspecting that he too was on the same errand as the other suitor, he pointed to the office, and told him that he would find the editor within, writing a most abusive article against office-holders. This was enough. The eyes of the new comer flashing fire, he rushed into the office and assailed the stranger with the epithets 'liar,' 'scoundrel,' 'coward,' and told him he would teach him how to write. The gentleman, supposing it was some bully sent there by the editor, sprang to his feet, and a fight ensued. The table was upset and smashed into kindling wood—the contents of a large jug of ink stood in puddles on the floor—the chairs had their legs and backs broken beyond the skill of surgery to cure them. This seemed only to inspire the combatants with still greater fury. Blow followed blow with the rapidity of lightning. First one was kicking on the floor, then the other—each taking it in turn pretty equally. The ink on the floor found its way to their faces, till both of them cut the most ludicrous figure imaginable. The noise and uproar was tremendous. The neighbours ran to the door

and exclaimed that two negroes were fighting in Squire S.'s office. None dared separate them. At length, completely exhausted, they ceased fighting. The circumstances of the case became known; and the next day, hardly able to sit on horseback, their heads bound up, they started homewards, convinced that they had obtained very little satisfaction from their attempt.—*Louisville Advertiser.*

NOTES ON CHINA.

THE great populousness of China strikes every observer. This is particularly the case in the maritime cities visited by foreigners. These literally swarm with human beings. When you see one town you see the whole; that is, a mass of gingerbread-looking tenements huddled together, with narrow lanes and streets running along with no great regularity, all extremely dirty, and without any great show of public buildings. The Chinese pack up into amazingly little room. An Edinburgh *land* or tenement will sometimes contain a hundred human beings from top to bottom of its six or eight storeys. The Chinese houses are divided into apartments even smaller than those of Edinburgh, and fully more crowded. In general the country districts are also well peopled; but yet, even near the coasts, there are many bare and rugged mountain spots, where few or no inhabitants are to be seen. Such is the immense territorial extent of the Chinese empire, however, that, even supposing the population to be of the same density as that of France or England, the aggregate would not fall short of what is stated in their national almanacs, that is, considerably upwards of 300,000,000. Meadows states it at 360,000,000.

The Chinese are of the same Mongolian race throughout the whole empire. They are of a purer and less mixed breed than perhaps any other nation or race in the world. This has arisen from their excessively exclusive habits for thousands of years. The conquests and irruptions which in that time have taken place have always been on the side of the Tartar hordes, who, though in different and dissimilar states of civilisation, are all originally of the same race. The northern Chinese, however, and especially the Manchoo race, are a stronger and more active people than the southern. The apparently oblique position of the eyes, so characteristic of the Chinese, arises from their high and protuberant cheek-bones and bulging-out temples, which, thus projecting, draw up the skin at the outer angles of the eyelids; so that in reality it is the eyelid that is oblique and not the eyeball itself, as is generally but erroneously supposed.

The Chinese are not a pugnacious people by any means. As compared to Europeans and most other nations, they may be said to have almost no idea of regular warfare. They are not devoid of a certain degree of personal courage, when they find that an encounter is inevitable. They make up their minds to meet death, and rush blindly forward to their fate; but the glow, and ardour, and excitement of a regular tough battle, or the dogged perseverance of bravery so congenial to a European soldier when hotly engaged, is to them totally unknown. Whether this arises from the original constitution of this nation, or from peaceful training for many generations, obliterating all pugnacious propensities, is a curious question for the moralist. From whatever cause, they appear to be devoid of that physical courage necessary for successful resistance, and present at this moment the spectacle of the most numerous national population of the world at the entire mercy of a handful of warriors from a remote kingdom.

The Chinese language is radically the same throughout the whole kingdom, yet there are numerous dialects differing widely; so much so, that an interpreter brought from Amoy to Fou-choo, not two hundred miles separated, could not understand the dialect of the latter city. In the same way there is one written language but several styles. Thus there is the ancient or classic style, so concise and sententious as to be vague and unintelligible without explanations; the literary style, more diffuse and intelligible, yet

of an abstract character; the business style, still more diffuse and plain; and the familiar or colloquial style, used in their novels and lighter literature. There is something so peculiar and idiomatic in their language that it is extremely difficult to translate a European one into it. Thus Morrison's translation of the Scriptures is reckoned very literal, but has little of the Chinese idiom, and consequently makes sad havoc of the sense of many passages. Medhurst's is more readable to a Chinese, but is more a paraphrase than a literal translation. The various missionaries are now endeavouring to make out a third version from these two, so as to render the Scriptures as intelligible to the Chinese as possible.

Literature is highly prized in China. Indeed, the literature form the highest class, whence all government officials are chosen. All ranks and degrees may aspire to this class; and students are adopted into it after strict and successive examinations before local boards appointed for the purpose. Yet the boasted acquirements of these literati are of an extremely humble description—nothing more, in fact, than the ordinary acquirements of reading and writing in this country. They, of course, despise all foreign languages and literature, so that their examinations consist of themes or commentaries on some of the aphorisms of Confucius, or of poems on the most trite and prosaic of subjects. The test of superiority consists in the style and sentiment according with that of the ancient authors and sages—all originality or deviation from the old beaten track being decried and avoided.

The Chinese have long been acquainted with many of the domestic arts, and practise them dexterously and not inelegantly. Many of their best watchmakers may be intrusted with the cleaning of a first-rate watch, but they allow that they could not make anything like it, nor can they produce cutlery or jewellery of any kind to be compared with British manufacture. They excel in nic-nacks, in gilded boxes, gilt-paper work, the manufacture known as China ware, and varnished wooden articles, but rarely produce anything solid or substantially elegant. Of physical science, strictly speaking, they know little or nothing. They are even entirely ignorant of common geography and general history. They seem also singularly deficient in taste and imagination; hence their poetry, music, and painting are tame and commonplace.

The Chinese are badly governed, just because the system is bad, and there is a want of faith between the governors and the governed. Universal speculation, bribery, and evasion prevail. The sacred stream of equal justice to all never runs pure and even. For such a vast empire the government is too concentrated, and the people have no voice. The officials are all underpaid by the state, and hence have to make up their deficiency by bribes and corruptions of all sorts. Another grievous error in the government is making the mandarins responsible for accidents and occurrences, over which they cannot possibly have any control, and in making them liable to be degraded in rank, or altogether cashiered, whenever such casualties happen. Thus, if property be stolen and they fail to detect the thieves, if base money be coined and they do not discover and put a stop to the forgeries, or even if an enemy invade and they fail to repulse them—these are all omissions for which the mandarins are responsible. The consequence of this state of things is, that the most complete system of deceit is practised on the government, and often the greatest and most glaring perversions made in the administration of justice. When the true criminal cannot be found out, it is quite a common thing for the judge, in order that he may not be cashiered, to have some one to personate and suffer for the real criminal. On the other hand, criminals themselves, when on the point of conviction, not unfrequently procure others by bribes to suffer for them. A substitute of this kind may be procured for about 50 taels of silver, or £17 sterling. On the streets of Shang-hai, a criminal was observed with a large wooden collar about his neck, which he was condemned to wear for four months. On further inquiry, it was found that this person was not in reality a criminal, but the substitute of a richer man,

who for theft should have been sentenced to this punishment, but who had succeeded in buying the services of a poor man, while the real culprit was pursuing his business in a different place.

The maritime coasts of China are exceedingly rugged and bare, but when you run up the rivers the scenery improves in beauty. The country, in consequence of the long and complete cultivation of its surface, is singularly devoid of all wild animals; hence the English sportsman is greatly disappointed in the scarcity of game. A small deer shot by one of these sportsmen excited the general curiosity of the numerous villagers. The climate in the north is mild, bracing, and salubrious; the heat in the south is frequently excessive. Chusan island is a little paradise, and greatly superior in all respects to the rocky and isolated Hong-kong.

The Chinese opium-traffic is now openly carried on, though not legalised. The foreign vessels, with their cargoes of opium, anchor outside the boundaries of the ports. They are all well armed and prepared for resistance in the event of the Chinese authorities attempting to capture them. The wholesale dealers, in boats also well armed, sail out to these vessels and openly make purchases of the drug: they may be seen returning with chests of opium, with some European flag flying aloft, passing swiftly through the harbour with sails set and all the crew plying their oars. They form too strong a force to encourage the hope of successful pursuit, either by pirates who infest the seas, or by the mandarins, whose duty it is to prevent smuggling. These wholesale native smugglers then sell the opium-balls separately to the retail dealers and proprietors of the opium-shops. No secrecy is observed respecting this article of universal traffic, which is in request by persons of all ranks and various ages, from the poorest mechanic to the highest mandarin. It is probable that the wholesale dealers pay some bribe to the mandarins, according to the general system of extortion in the country, but, after the drug is once landed, it is openly vended in the shops without any restriction; and many persons gain a livelihood by selling the bowls of opium-pipes through the streets of the cities. Opium-shops swarm particularly in the southern cities; and it is a common thing to see written notices on the corners of streets, inviting the attention of passers-by to 'opium three winters old,' sold in the opposite house. To the better class of these shops the servants of the higher classes may be seen resorting in order to purchase the prepared drug, which they carry in little boxes, or, if the quantity be moderate, on little bamboo leaves, to their masters, who smoke it in their own houses. The common opium-dens are frequented by groups of the lower classes, who smoke in the place. The rooms are furnished with a rude kind of couch, with a pillow for the head, and lamps, pipes, and other apparatus for smoking opium. In a part of the principal room is to be seen the proprietor of the place, with small delicate steelyards, busily occupied in weighing out the dark, thick, semi-fluid drug to the infatuated victims stretched out on the surrounding couches. All ages, from the youth just emerging from boyhood to the middle-aged and old man, are to be found as victims to this degrading and infatuating vice. On being questioned on the subject, Mr Smith says: 'They all assented to the evils and sufferings of their course, and professed a desire to be freed from its power. They all complained of loss of appetite, of the agonising cravings of the early morning, of prostration of strength, and of increasing feebleness, but said that they could not gain firmness of resolution to overcome the habit. They all stated its intoxicating effects to be worse than those of drunkenness, and described the extreme dizziness and vomiting which ensued so as to incapacitate them for exertion. The oldest man among their number, with a strange inconsistency and candour, expatiated on the misery of his course. For three years he said he had abandoned the indulgence, at the period of Commissioner Lin's menacing edicts and compulsory prohibitions of opium. At the conclusion of the British war, when the opium-ships came unmolested to Amoy, he had opened an opium-shop for gain, and soon he himself fell a victim. He enlarged on the evils

of opium-smoking; which he asserted to be six—loss of appetite, loss of strength, loss of money, loss of time, loss of longevity, loss of virtue, leading to profligacy and gambling. He then spoke of the insidious approaches of temptation, similar to those of the drunkard's career: a man was sick or had a cold, a friend recommended opium, and he fell into the snare; or, again, some acquaintance would meet him, and press him by urgent solicitation to accompany him to an opium-house. At first he would refuse to join in smoking; by degrees, however, his friends became cheerful—their society was pleasant—his scruples were derided—his objections speedily vanished—he partook of the luxury—it soon became essential to his daily life, and he found himself at length unable to overcome its allurements.' The daily quantity which a confirmed opium-smoker consumes is never less than a *masse*, which is equal to our dram of sixty grains, and will cost in China about eightpence of our money. The daily wages of a mechanic in China is rarely more than a shilling; so that more than two-thirds of his whole earnings are thus spent by the infatuated victim in his degrading vice. It will give some idea of the general prevalence of opium-smoking to state, that in the city of Amoy there is calculated to be not less than a thousand opium-shops.

Tea, as a matter of course, is a universal favourite in China. An infusion of tea, generally cold and without any adjunct, forms the common drink, and is presented in little cups, on all occasions, and throughout all ranks of society. In general the common black tea is used, and not always of the best kind; but among the rich a more rare and recherche article is sometimes used, which, even in China, bears a very high price and is very scarce. A pound of this will cost one pound sterling and even more.

The horrible and unnatural practice of infanticide is, it is to be feared, common throughout all China, but is more openly and more extensively practised in some of the southern provinces than in other parts. In Fokeen it is calculated that among the poorer classes not less than one half of the female infants are deliberately murdered! They make no secret of the thing, nor do they seem to look on it as a moral crime. Poverty and an excessive and growing population are the pleas of excuse. Sons in a poor family are reckoned a blessing, an excess of daughters a misfortune. When sons grow up, they form the support and comfort of their parents in old age, for filial piety is reckoned one of the highest virtues amongst them. A Chinese, after he has attained the age of fifty, generally retires from labour, if his sons are in prosperous enough circumstances to support him. Daughters, on the contrary, if unmarried, are an encumbrance; and when married they leave the family, and contribute nothing to the support of their parents, except that on marriage a small sum, by way of purchase-money, is given to the parents by the husbands. The fated infants are cut off soon after birth, and the death is accomplished in various ways, as by drowning in a vessel of water, by suffocation with a wet cloth, by pinching the throat, or by filling the mouth with rice or grass. 'An old man,' says Mr Smith, 'whom we questioned, confessed publicly before the crowd, that out of six daughters he had murdered three. At first he said that he did not remember whether he had murdered two or three. He said that he smothered them by putting grass into their mouths, and that he felt more peaceful and quiet in his mind under the disgrace which he suffered when he had thus put his female offspring out of the way. Both he and his wife wept very much, but felt no compunctions of conscience at the deed.' On remonstrating with them, however, and explaining the import of the crime, they seemed to become sensible that the deed was wrong; and the old man gave his promise that he would admonish all his daughters-in-law in future to preserve their female children.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

'GIVE me,' said Herder to his son, as he lay in the parched weariness of his last illness, 'give me a great thought,

that I may quicken myself with it.' It marks a strange perversity in human nature, that we are wont to offer nothing but images of terror, no stars of cheering light, to those who lie imprisoned in the darkness of a sick-bed, when the glitter of the dew of life is waxing grey and dim before them. It is indeed hard that lamentations and emotions are frequently vented upon the dying, which would be withheld from the living in all their vigour, as if the sick patient was to console those in health. There stands no spirit in the closeness of a sick chamber to awaken a cheering smile on that nerveless, cheerless countenance; but only confessors, lawyers, and doctors, who order everything, and relatives who lament at everything. There stands no lofty spirit, elevated above the circumstances of sorrow, to conduct the prostrate soul of the sufferer, thirsting for the refreshment of joy, back to the old springtide waters of pious recollection, and so to mingle these with the last ecstasies of life as to give the dying man a foreboding of his transition to another state. On the contrary, the death-bed is narrowed into a coffin without a lid. The value of life is enhanced to the departing one by lies which promise cure, or words which proffer consolation; the bier is represented as a scaffold, the harsh discord of life is trumpeted into the ears which survive long after the eyes are dead, instead of letting life ebb away like an echo in sounds ever deeper though fainter. Nevertheless, man has this of good in him, that he recalls the slightest joy which he has shared with a dying person, far rather than a thousand greater pleasures given to a person in health; perhaps because in the latter case we hope to repeat and redouble our attentions—so little do mortals reflect that every pleasure they give or they receive may be the last. Our exit from life would therefore be greatly more painful than our entrance into it, were it not that our good mother Nature had previously mitigated its sufferings, by gently bearing her children from one world into another when they are already heavy with sleep. For in the hour before the last, she allows a breastplate of indifference toward the survivors to freeze about the heart of the lamented one; and in the hour immediately preceding dissolution (as we learn from those who have recovered from apparent death, and from the demeanour of many dying persons), the brain is, as it were, inundated and watered by faint eddies of bliss, comparable to nothing upon earth better than the ineffable sensations felt by a patient under magnetic treatment. We can by no means know how high these sensations of dying may reach, as we have accounts of them from none but those in whom the process has been interrupted; nor can we ascertain whether it is not these ecstasical transports which exhaust life more than the convulsions of pain, and which loosen the tie of this terrestrial state in some unknown heaven. The history of the dying is a serious and prodigious history, but on earth its leaves will never be unrolled.—*Jean Paul.*

HOW LONG CAN LIFE BE SUSTAINED WITHOUT INSPIRATION.

There is no doubt that habit has considerable influence over the organs of respiration as well as on other functions. A person has been known to take large doses of opium with impunity, from having, for a long period, habituated the system to the gradual influence of poisonous agents. In like manner a pearl-diver, by long practice, may be able, under water, to sustain life for a time without breathing. In diving animals there is a natural provision to enable them to live for some time without air. The chief venous trunks are very tortuous, and admit of dilatation, so that the venous blood can accumulate in them, instead of distending the right cavities of the heart. It has been surmised that an analogous change may be produced in divers, by the often-repeated practice of holding their breath. Professor Faraday has pointed out a method by which a person may hold his breath for a minute and a half, which is double the time usually practicable. To effect this object the person must make in succession five or six full and forcible inspirations. By this means the

air-cells are so well filled with air that a fresh inspiration is not required for some time. A knowledge of this fact may be useful whenever a person should want to hold his breath for a time in going into the suffocating atmosphere of a sewer, a mine, house on fire, or in diving. Dr Paris, on this subject, cites the case of Mr Kite, who, after making a deep inspiration of 300 cubic inches of air, was able to retain this quantity for 72 seconds without a fresh inspiration.—*F. Winslow.*

THE LAST WILD FLOWER.

(For the Instructor.)

Fair thing, I've often seen,
Among thy green leaves lie,
Thy countless thousand starry flowers
Gaze upward to the sky,
And mark'd thee not.
Amid the gayer children of the mead,
By all thou wert forgot.
But when I see thee now
Left blooming all alone,
The last, yet not least fair of those
The fair ones that are gone,
Oh! then I feel
In sympathy thy loneliness, and down
My cheek a tear will steal.
There's not a radiant gem
In fashion's galaxy,
Gleaming on high-born beauty's brow,
So fair, so bright as thee.
And, floweret, thou,
Wreathed in the cottage maiden's hair, may deck
Full many as bright a brow.
The garden's gaudy flowers
May sweetly bloom awhile
In beauty's hand, and shed perfume,
Nor languish 'neath her smile;
But thou, sweet flower,
Were I to pluck thee from thy native stem,
Wouldst wither e'er an hour.
Bloom 'mong the wither'd leaves
So soon to be thy grave,
That mournfully fall in rustling showers
From the trees that o'er thee wave!
Yet, lovely thing,
Thou'lt come again, and deck that lowly spot,
At the first voice of spring. I. CRAIG.

BODILY INFIRMITIES.

Bodily infirmities, like breaks in a wall, have often become avenues through which the light of heaven has entered to the soul, and made the imprisoned inmate long for release.—*Dr Watts.*

CATARACT OF NIAGARA.

An anecdote will serve to give an idea of the resistless force of the cataract: After the last American war, three of our ships stationed on Lake Erie were declared unfit for service, and condemned. Some of their officers obtained permission to send them over Niagara Falls. The first was torn to shivers by the rapids, and went over in fragments; the second filled with water before she reached the fall; but the third, which was in better condition, took the leap gallantly, and retained her form till it was lost in the cloud of mist below. A reward of ten dollars was offered for the largest fragment of wood that could be found from either wreck, five for the second, and so on. One morsel alone was ever seen, and that about a foot in length; it was marked as if by a vice, and its edges notched like a saw. What had become of the immense quantity of wood that had been precipitated? What unknown whirlpool had engulfed it, so that, contrary to the very laws of nature, no vestige of the floating material could find its way to the surface?

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THE NECESSITY FOR A WIDER CIRCULATION OF MORAL AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.*

WHEN the Divine Architect had created the heavens and the earth, hung over them the garniture of his riches, wound up the fold of their every mystery, and given to all their proportionate design, the final display of his wisdom and power was the creation of man, and the last natural institution which he established was the social economy;

* We have much pleasure in directing attention to the views advocated in the present paper, the writer of which, from his position in society, has had opportunities, falling to the lot of few, of tracing the demoralising influence produced on the minds of both old and young by much of the cheap literature now issuing from the press. The sentiments are in entire accordance with the principles on which the *INSTRUCTOR* was started, and on which it has all along been conducted. It is a startling fact, that, among the host of cheap weekly sheets now issued, so far as we are aware, there should be only one based on the principle of a frank recognition of the Christian faith. When we state, however, from experience, the supineness which exists on the part of the great majority of those whom we should suppose to be more particularly interested in such a matter, the wonder is, that there should be even a solitary exception. Until an amendment takes place in this respect, the proprietors of cheap periodicals, if they desire to fill their pockets, must avoid all allusions of a religious tendency. We could give many illustrations of this, as indicative of the drift of the public mind. One will suffice. A friend lately took occasion to descant on what he conceived to be the distinguishing characteristics of the *INSTRUCTOR*, when he received for answer, 'that it was at least equal in ability to any of its cotemporaries, but if the publisher studied his own interests, and wished to double his circulation, he should at once eschew Christianity, as it was a phantom for which the majority of readers cared nothing, and about which they did not wish to be troubled.' This sentiment is unfortunately too expressive of the opinions of the present day; but it has not deterred us, and never will, from following the course we have all along done, and which each day's experience warrants us in believing to be now more than ever necessary. From such parties we know well that we have nothing to expect; and if ever our circulation is doubled, experience has taught us, that it must in the first instance be through the medium of very differently constituted minds. We regret that there should be a superabundance of mental fare adapted to such perverted intellects. Poison may for a time be taken with impunity in infinitesimal doses, but if persevered in, the time assuredly comes when the victim either sinks, or an alternative is required. If we mistake not, such a crisis has arrived. We have been holding out the antidote for nearly three years back, and shall be happy to place our remedy in the hands of all, with the hope that it will be found efficacious when others fail. It is highly gratifying to us to receive the countenance and advocacy of the writer whose paper has called forth our present remarks. Would that all who are impressed with his views would take an interest in the matter; then might we hope to see the time when, instead of having the field to ourselves, it will be as much for the interest of the proprietors of cheap publications to recognise the divine system of truth, as it is now *fashionable* and *profitable* to follow a precisely opposite course; and we earnestly request the co-operation of all into whose hands this may fall, to aid us in bringing about so desirable a state of things.—E.D.

and though this institution had no other peculiarity to distinguish it, this, apart from every other consideration, is sufficient to invest it with a peculiar excellency. Man has justly been regarded as the 'lord of creation,' not merely as being the finishing act of the six days' work, but because he is possessed with an intelligent principle—an immortal soul; for if the creation of an intelligent being be a greater act of omnipotence than the creation of a world, then the creation of man, endowed with mind, must with respect to this earth be the chief of the Creator's works; and that which gives to the social economy all its pre-eminence is the dominion of his mind over the inferior attributes of his nature. He may frequently act from the impulse of passion, but this is only when his mind is excited and disturbed; for in her ordinary operations she sits enshrined in her own sanctuary, restraining the outbursts of passion, calmly regulating the operations of the conduct, maintaining concord among her different powers, adapting means to ends, searching after truth in the various departments of knowledge, and restlessly soaring after higher attainments. It is upon mind that the foundations of society are laid; its superstructure is erected not upon matter, nor of matter, but upon mind and of mind; and, at any given period, the minds, especially of the rising generation, constitute the *locus in quo* where the foundations of society are to be laid, and the broader, and deeper, and sounder that the foundation is laid there, the more beautiful and durable will the edifice be; a superficial, narrow, unsound foundation will endanger and may effectually damage the whole. It is to the exercise of mind that society owes its strength, and by which it has been perpetuated amidst the varied revolutions that have swept over it, and withstood the infuriated and wrong directed zeal which has frequently attempted to sap its foundations and rend asunder its framework.

If we take a survey of the many millions of the human family, and mark their diversified external conditions, we will have a pretty accurate index of their internal state; it is the latter state that gives the colour and complexion to the former; if the mind be dark and uncultivated, the physical condition will be debased and uncivilised; but cultivate the mind and the man is raised in the scale of society, his judgment is enlightened, conscience is aroused to the due exercise of its faculties, better principles attain the ascendancy, and the lawless passions are subdued. What is it that gives to the European a superiority over the native of the wilds of Africa or America? What is it that invests a son of Britain with a dignity and an authority in whatever country almost he takes up his abode? Several circumstances may contribute to this, but doubtless the principal reason is his superior degree of civilisation. And what is

civilisation but the cultivation and development of the powers of the mind? 'All the means that contribute to advance the welfare and happiness of man do so by their effect upon his mind.' His physical circumstances may be improved in a variety of ways; but no complete and permanent improvement will be effected, except his nobler part be enlightened; his prison doors must be opened, his fetters must be broken, he must be led forth to some commanding eminence and there taught the proper end of his existence; he must be educated—instructed how to live and how to die; then, and not till then, will the moral aspect of society be changed; and much in the same ratio as he rises in the scale of intellectual culture, will be his improvement in physical comfort. Hence, apart from the means of grace, they are the true philanthropists, the true friends of social order and rational freedom, who labour to improve the mental and moral condition of man by efficient systems of education, or by the diffusion of useful knowledge in the form of cheap literature moulded by a high regard for religion, and breathing the spirit of genuine Christianity.

If mind then be the governor of the mighty machinery of society, and have such potency over mind, it is evident that it will affect its movements for good or for evil according as its power is directed. If it is engaged in investigating the laws of nature, or exploring the regions of science, it often opens up new fields of enterprise and commerce which give employment to thousands of our race, thereby lessening the misery of many and enhancing largely the comforts of others; if it directs its pursuits in the paths of history, or poetry, or literature, the researches of the philosopher, the records of the historian, the imaginations of the poet, and the effusions of the novelist, act their respective parts in giving a type to the character and changing the phases of society, and, as has been rightly said, 'of all exhibitions of mind, none operates so deeply, thoroughly, and universally, as literature.' It has made a greater and more durable impression upon society than any other form that intellect has ever taken.' After that long dark interval known by the name of the Middle Ages had passed away, and printing had been invented, nothing contributed so much to the improvement of society as the revival of letters. The dark veil of ignorance was lifted up and a new light began to dawn. 'The general improvement,' says Mr Fox, referring to a period of almost uninterrupted peace between the years 1588 and 1640, 'in all arts of civil life, and, above all, the astonishing progress of literature, are the most striking among the general features of that period.' It is surely then a matter of the highest importance to the well-being of society, that this powerful agent be so directed as may lead to the happiest results—that its gigantic force should not be brought into action to gratify the lower propensities of our nature, nor to sow broadcast those principles that demoralise and debase humanity and pander to the worst prejudices and passions, nor purposely to avoid every reference to the high-toned morality of the New Testament. Such, we regret to say, is the character of a vast amount of the popular literature of the day, which, by its sly sneers and witticisms at the expense of religion, barely enough conceals its semi-infidel and debasing tendency, notwithstanding that it piques itself upon its philanthropy.

It has often surprised us that many of those who are zealous and sincere in their efforts to evangelise society never seem to bestow a passing thought on this growing and fatal evil, an evil which may not improperly be called the 'root of a thousand of others.' It is nothing uncommon to hear those whose high office it is to watch over the morals and religion of society; whose duty it is to exemplify in their lives and conversations the principles of Christianity, say, when this subject is talked of, 'Oh! we have our religious magazines; we are aware of the moral pestilence, but what can we do? If people choose they have plenty of good reading in these. We have provided this remedy for the evil, and we can do no more.' This is partly true. Religious magazines are excellent in their own way and in their own place. But, pray, who are the parties who read them? Do they consist of that class of

society who repair weekly to the periodical shops to procure their hebdomadal supply of mental provision? In many instances this may be the case, but there is less to fear from those who are thus to a certain extent fortified by a religious panoply, and their minds somewhat imbued with the Christian principles which these magazines contain, than from that class who never see a religious periodical, and who, until brought under the influence of Christianity by other means, will never take such a publication in their hands, or, if they do, will go no farther than the title-page, and throw it aside. Unfortunately, too, all denominational magazines, from their very nature, must partake more or less of a party character, frequently enter into keen controversy, and give vent to a sectarian spirit. Many of those at present in circulation are excellent in their own sphere; perhaps the public were never at any previous time better supplied with reading of the kind which they contain, but they are rarely read beyond the circle for which they are especially written. Though many of their articles may be catholic in their nature, yet the magazine as a whole is not, and is in consequence necessarily circumscribed in its circulation. What is wanted at the present time is the encouragement of a *cheap literature* which will provide information on secular subjects, of a popular, useful, entertaining, and, it may be, of an amusing character, but which will not shrink from an avowal of the broad principles of Christianity on all proper occasions, and which, while it contains nothing sectarian or which would offend the most fastidious party-man, will be of such a nature as will render it welcome and useful to all. It may be said that literature of an amusing and entertaining kind is sufficiently abundant already; this is no doubt true, but the great evil is, that, along with that which amuses and entertains, there is an appalling amount of what is decidedly worthless, irreligious, and vicious, and nothing of a solid and beneficial kind, such as will comfort the soul amidst the throes of dissolving nature and direct its flight to a better land.

We remember of a clergyman giving a philosophical lecture in a parish church on behalf of the funds of a female benevolent institution, in the course of which the lecturer frequently alluded to the wisdom and goodness of God as displayed in some of those subjects on which he was lecturing. One of his auditory was a professor, now deceased, but who at that time filled a chair in the University of Edinburgh. Being asked afterwards by a friend what he thought of the lecture, he replied, 'It was a capital lecture, but he *spoiled it with religion*.' The sentiments contained in this reply seem to be those actuating nine-tenths of the publishers of cheap literature of the present day. They are afraid lest they injure the circulation of their periodicals by religion, and therefore avoid almost any reference to it. There has been no want for years past of a worldly-wise weekly literature—a cold, cautious, improve-your-circumstances, and take-care-of-your-health knowledge; do-this, and you-have-nothing-to-fear advice—and much of that we would not depreciate, on the contrary we believe that a considerable amount of good may have been effected by it amongst that class of people who are not limited by such reading, who do not pin their faith to such vestiges, and who are capable of knowing the evil from the good; but the bee and the wasp extract very different matter from the same flower; at least the effects are different. Whilst the one extracts honey the other produces poison from what it extracts. So, like this latter insect, are the thousands of those who, either from necessity or choice, are regularly dozed with this cheerless mental fare; they may have learned how to improve their circumstances in life, and be taught many things absolutely necessary for their temporal comfort, but do they ever hear the most distant allusion made to that other world that runs parallel with this one, and on which they are soon to enter; that whilst they are diligent in business, they should be fervent in spirit; that whilst they labour to promote their own and their neighbours' physical welfare and improvement, they ought still more so to seek after the one thing needful? This is what we desiderate, and to check which at the present

moment is the paramount duty of every lover of his species, and which, if not speedily counteracted, will render all the educational schemes now in agitation, as to sound moral effect, perfectly powerless. We would yield to no one in our views of the great need of more efficient and extended means being put in operation for the education of the community; but what though every individual be taught to read, if after he has been so taught and leaves school just at an age when the character is beginning to be formed, he shall have his mind biassed by the low and vicious literature that is so unsparingly spread around him, and offered in its most alluring form? Verily, 'there is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the ends thereof are the ways of death.' But apart from this, what is in the meantime to be done for those who have already outgrown the school-room? Are our youths and heads of families to be quietly left to riot amongst the garbage of French and the utilitarianism of English literature, without an effort being made to direct the mind to a future existence, and prepare it for entering on that state with happiness and hope? Be it remembered that we are not complaining of the want of strictly religious magazines. We rejoice that we have such an extensive circulation of these. We bid them God-speed; to them we say, 'Go forward on your present useful course;' but, along with such, it is of the highest importance that advantage be taken of the present thirst for cheap reading, which education, meagre as it yet is, has created, to support and extend the circulation of such a publication as is not ashamed to avow the duty of man as a religious being. On the same principle that the secret assassin or the forger is more to be dreaded than the open highwayman, so are those cheap periodicals which observe a sneering neutrality on the principles of religion, more to be dreaded than openly blasphemous publications. It is not till a man has reached far on in the downward path to infidelity that he will read or give countenance to the latter; but the former, by containing nothing immoral, he supposes may be read with impunity, until he finds that, by slow but sure degrees, his mind has been drawn off from the standards of Christianity. Our pulpits may resound Sabbath after Sabbath with the evils and dangers of sin, and man may be warned and directed to prepare for another and better state, but, strange to say, amidst the various cautions are given to him from the altar against the blandishments of sin, and the snares besetting his path, seldom do we hear a warning word against that class of publications which are perused during the week, and which in many cases do more than counteract all the benefits of Sabbath instruction; and if such be the effect upon church-going people, we tremble to think of the consequences to those who never enter a church, but who spend the Sabbath in perusing those insidious sheets which they have procured on the Saturday. Are such not worth caring for? Is there no hope of ever reaching them, and saving them from that tide of immorality which threatens their destruction, and the destruction of all morals? There is indeed but little chance of emancipating them from their pitiable condition without the vigorous aid of those who are sensible of the sad state of matters here; and, unfortunately, we fear the great mass of the religious public are not yet aware of the extent of this rapidly increasing and giant evil. It is melancholy to think that authors may write and publishers run the risk of issuing literature of a kind fitted to man as a responsible and religious being, and yet that they can rarely calculate upon being successful in their efforts. Indeed, with the masses, the moment that religion is spoken of in periodicals, the door is shut against them, for to meet the views of such, there are always parties who are willing to float with the stream in any direction, and trim their sails to every wind that blows, provided their pockets are filled, and of course not one word is uttered to offend the ears of those to whom they pander. Much as we admire the liberty of the press, and rejoice in the mighty achievements it has already accomplished, yet present symptoms almost make us fear that one of our greatest blessings may become our greatest curse, and instead of being the bulwark become the destruction of a nation. 'It

is religion that exalteth a nation, but sin will ruin any people.' 'Excavate the heathen,' was the cry of a good and great man, now no more; Purify and elevate the cheap literature of the day, must become the watchword of the present times.

In proof of our statements, the following statistics are sufficient to make every Christian's heart quail. The author of a tract just published, entitled 'The Power of the Press,' says, referring to the amount of pernicious literature published in London, 'that the weekly papers which have the largest circulation are obnoxiously irreligious and demoralising;' and from that same tract we learn, 'that one Sabbath-breaking, irreligious paper consumed nearly one million more stamps than thirteen religious papers in the same period; that three of the same class have a much greater circulation than thirty-six religious and scientific papers added together, and more than seventy-seven papers in Scotland and Wales; that twenty-seven papers, with a circulation of about five and a half millions, are mostly published on the Sabbath, and minister more or less to the sceptical or the degraded tastes of their readers.' The total amount of stamped papers of this pernicious character is about twelve millions annually, which, supposing the average price to be fourpence each, is £200,000. The total amount of unstamped and miscellaneous literature of a vicious tendency is about eighteen millions, which, supposing the average price one penny each, is £75,000—making a sum total of £275,000 expenditure in this sphere alone, in demoralising society, and furnishing man with his greatest curse—food for an impure imagination.

Now, if we compare this expenditure with the efforts made by Christians, of a directly opposite character—the prevention of vice and the improvement of virtue at home, and the extension of Christianity abroad—the contrast is such as might make the church sit in sackcloth and ashes at her supineness.

For the last year, the expenditure for the British and Foreign Bible Society was.....	£128,525
The London Missionary Society.....	75,724
The Baptist Missionary Society.....	26,399
Other Institutions connected with the Baptist Denomination, Irish Society, Home Mission Relief Fund, General Baptist Mission, and Bible Translation Society.....	16,042
Total.....	£246,690

Hence there is about £28,000 more expended on pernicious literature than by these societies in the cause of Christianity, and nearly the double of the amount of the British and Foreign Bible Society in circulating the Scriptures.

If we make the contrast with efforts of a religious kind in Scotland, the statement will be something like the following:

For the cause of missions during the last year, the Free Church collected, in round numbers,.....	£68,357
The Established Church.....	19,552
The United Presbyterian Church (Secession and Relief).....	20,000
Independents, Baptists, &c., say about.....	15,000
Total.....	£122,909

so that there is expended on irreligious publications published in London alone considerably more than twice as much as is done for missions at home and abroad by the different sections of the church in Scotland; and when we reflect how much more easily the human mind is wrought upon by purposes of evil than good, it is impossible to calculate the injurious effect which such an extensive dissemination of moral virus must produce, if vigorous efforts be not made to prevent society from being inoculated with its poison.

Whilst we rejoice at the large amount contributed for home and foreign missions, and are delighted at its yearly increase—the London Missionary Society alone having contributed as much, if not more, during the course of last year, than it did for the first twenty years of its existence—yet, is it not a melancholy state of things that a far greater amount is expended at our very doors in a way

certain to neutralise all these efforts—that, whilst we are careful, and justly so, in extending the dominions of the Messiah, and supporting the outposts, we should suffer the enemy to succeed so well in the very centre of the empire, sapping the foundations of our citadel, and taking possession of our strongest fortifications? Now, were a heavy tax to be put upon us to remedy this evil, we might begin to grumble; but this is not necessary. No private subscriptions are required. All that is necessary is for every benefactor of his kind to support those periodicals which circulate among the masses, and percolate through the various channels of society, and which, whilst providing articles of an instructive and popular character, are at the same time neither ashamed nor afraid to own their belief in Christianity, and the paramount claims which it has upon man to prepare for

‘Life’s dark shore,
Where vanities are vain no more.’

Let every minister of the gospel, and every head of a family—let every one who has any regard to the well-being of his fellows not only patronise such a periodical, but use all the influence he possesses, in bringing it under the notice of his neighbours. We recommend this, upon the understanding that, in the expenditure of the trifle required for the purchase of a cheap weekly sheet, they will be supplied with a literature equal to any published, in other respects, and vastly superior in one important point—the inculcation of sound religious principles.

We know the difficulty of awakening the multitude to a sense of duty; and, in the present case, the responsibility and the power rests with those who are convinced of the evils of that moral nuisance now spreading abroad its deadly poison. If we have need of an extensive sanitary reform, and the filth and rubbish of our closes and alleys cleared away, most assuredly we require—we would almost say still more so—that the moral filth and rubbish, the lurking-places of the vermin of the press, be scoured out and fumigated, that a higher standard be given to our moral health. Let ministers of the gospel use the influence which they legitimately possess, and each subscriber to our missionary funds procure two or three friends or neighbours who will support such a periodical as can be safely placed in the hands of an immortal being, and the machinery is in operation for working the mightiest *introductory* engine for the regeneration of society ever set on foot in this country. Neglect it, and we allow a moral pestilence to overspread the land, which will, at no distant day, subvert all the schemes now in existence to secure the best interests of man. This is a labour which will cost us little. This is no sectarian work. Here is a broad platform upon which all sects and parties may stand; here is a banner under which all may fight; here is public ground, common to all: few want the means—all have them in some form or another; let them be brought into action, and let prayer to God accompany these means, and the result, we doubt not, will be glorious. To use the language of an American writer on this subject, it is through religious literature that truth may be diffused and brought to bear upon the character and condition of men. It presents a medium through which vice may be exposed and virtue honoured—through which minds may be illuminated and hearts impressed. Imagination may here aid the truth by clothing it with all proper beauty and interest; fiction, so far as it can be lawfully employed, may throw its powerful charms around it; poetry, an art above all others belonging to religion, may embody its revelations, and thus be restored to its ancient alliance with virtue and wisdom. The time was when such publications as we have been denouncing would have rested for support alone on the libertine and infidel; but they are now endorsed practically with the signature of those who occupy the ranks of virtue and religion. In many instances they are allowed to be the guardian angels in the chambers of the young, long after the evening orisons of the family have gone up to Heaven. Christian parent! as you watch with a parent’s pride the development of some fair flower in the cherished garden of the domestic circle, take care that there is not a worm at the root—an insidious stealthy foe to the peace and purity,

the beauty and glory, of that flower—which will check its healthful growth, consume its vitality, blast its loveliness, and prostrate its fair form in the dust, leaving you to count your days of grief and nights of anguish, by the pulsations of a broken heart, or the wrecks of innocence polluted and virtue destroyed.

ROUGH NOTES OF RAMBLES IN ELBE-LAND.

LOT I.

ABOUT two years ago, on a Tuesday evening, a few minutes after the clocks of Hull had chimed out the fifth hour, we descended the ‘companion,’ and began to exercise our sagacity in the choice of a berth on board the steam-ship Leeds, which was advertised to start, when the tide turned, for Hamburg.

Half an hour afterwards down went the hatches, jingle-tingle, tingle-jingle, went the bell, to warn the shore-going folk on board to make themselves scarce; a few minutes more and the plank was cast off; the steam began to growl and gurgle up through the funnel, and, after some slight difficulty in clearing the docks, we were soon in the Humber. Here, contrary to our expectation, we had to ride abreast of the town for nearly two hours waiting for the mails. Fortunately for the good-temper of the captain (whose annoyance at the loss of the tide began to ooze out and find utterance in certain characteristic phrases which we must not repeat) at length the mail-boat came alongside; the bags were flung on board, the anchor was hoisted, and two hours after, despite of a head wind which began to blow rather freshly, we bade farewell to the daylight and the land at the same time.

Owing, we suppose, to the then exorbitant charges, there were very few passengers on board. When the light ship was cleared the captain came into the cabin, and as he seemed to be acquainted with nearly all its occupants, we learned that our fellow-voyagers were chiefly wool-merchants from Leeds and Huddersfield on their way to the fairs of Leipsic and of other places in the interior. One of those persons was a young man, whose berth was opposite to ours. We soon made his acquaintance. He had been educated in Germany, and had travelled through the greater part of it for the house with which he was connected. He turned out to be no vulgar bagman. His reading had not been confined to subjects commercial, but had been extended to the realms of poetry and philosophy. Before we left the vessel, we were satisfied that the courteous gentleman, the skilful merchant, and the accomplished scholar, might blend harmoniously in one. With him, except when prevented by sheer exhaustion, or interrupted by certain indescribably disagreeable hints from the region of digestion that we had left terra firma, we chatted away upon all the ‘ologies,’ until, on Friday morning, about eight A.M., the affable and exceedingly obliging captain came to coax us out of our cribs with the welcome news that we were in the Elbe. It was some time before we could get our ‘sea-legs,’ *i. e.* walk steadily; so by the time we staggered up the cabin stairs and got upon deck, Heligoland was a long way behind, and we were, under the guidance of a Cuxhaven pilot, cautiously threading our way through the numerous shoals which nearly choke up the mouth of the river.

When off Cuxhaven, a signal was hoisted on shore and a boat put off towards us. The steam was shut off, and the boat came alongside with a family for Hamburg. A rope-ladder was thrown over the side, and up came, first, a cheerful happy-faced old man; then followed his wife, a portly pleasing-looking dame, with whom time seemed to have dealt kindly; after her, three very pretty girls, their daughters, came bouncing over the bulwarks; and then a tall, lanky, overgrown boy, ‘a head and shoulders’ taller than his father, and without the slightest physiognomical indication that he was the son of his mother. He was about the strangest specimen of the genus homo we ever remember to have seen. True, the old man said he was his son; but of his happy expression of countenance he

had nothing. The aged lady gazed after him with silent satisfaction as he strode along the deck, and called him her 'dear boy,' but on his leaden vacant face there was no mark of her still pleasing beauty. The girls called him 'bruder,' but between their petite and graceful forms, and arch yet *quiet* prettiness, and his uncouth look and ungainly corpus, there was no affinity. There he stands, with his long shambling legs encased in a pair of short trousers, the defective length being compensated by a pair of long straps. He has a long body, a long head, a long nose, a wide mouth, a short chin, small twinkling ferret-like eyes, and a complexion approaching the mouldy cheese colour. Reader, just imagine such a person wearing a little low-crowned cap with a very broad leaf, with the down of manhood upon his lip, and yet only a *boy*! six feet three inches of a *boy*! and you have him at once.

The sail up the Elbe was delightful beyond expression; not that there is much scenic beauty to strike the eye; on the contrary, until nearly opposite Hamburg, there is little to be seen on the Hanoverian side but black and barren tracks of land, and on the Danish side nought but the sandhills of Holstein. But the morning was fine. Above our heads the sun was shining from an unclouded sky. The broad Elbe was rolling its majestic tide against us, as if it would resist our further progress; and its sparkling waters looked like broken diamonds, as they flowed away from the paddle-wheels of the steamer, and danced about the bows, and fell in spray from the dripping oars of the numerous small craft that passed by us.

Among the sand-hills that line the *left* bank of the river—as you ascend from the sea—many of the merchants and gentry of Hamburg have their summer residences. Some of these are the drollest specimens of architectural skill one can possibly imagine. They are like nothing under the sun, except the queer, little, and fantastically-strange pagodas which everybody remembers having seen upon old-fashioned, blue china plates. Here and there, to be sure, the eye rests upon more substantial-looking dwellings, such as we meet with every day and every where in England, but the pagodas certainly predominate.

As we swept along, an incident occurred which we thought worth noting, inasmuch as it indicated the social condition of a class of persons, who, with us at home, are by no means remarkable for the neatness of their dwellings, or the refinement of their tastes, however they may be justly distinguished for their blunt demeanour, their manly daring, and their uncouth simplicity. A friend was pointing out some objects on the Hanoverian side, when our attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of music. The instruments were brass, and the performers were skilful, for the harmony was perfect. The piece played was one which required considerable scientific tact and delicate treatment. Its execution manifested that the performers were alive to its beauties, and had entered into the *spirit* of its composer. 'Where are the musicians?' we inquired. They were on the Holstein side. A range of pretty cottages, with trellised fronts, nearly covered over with roses and jasmines, having neatly-trimmed gardens extending down to the water's edge, met our view. A number of boats were made fast to an embankment in front, which prevented the tide from flooding the gardens. On the crown of this embankment there were several nets drying. Between the gardens and the houses a long 'allee' of linden-trees formed a promenade; and underneath the green roof, which the branching arms of the lindens formed above their heads, several FISHERMEN were grouped together enjoying the cool, delicious shade, and making the air 'vocal with sweet sounds.' Every house had, as is common in Germany, its little rustic arbour at the door, and there were seated females (evidently the wives and daughters of the performers), who seemed to enjoy the music as much as we did ourselves, while they knitted and chatted one to another. It was one of the sweetest pictures of real life we ever gazed upon; and as we lost sight of that isolated little colony, shut in between the barren sand-hills, possessing, as it manifestly did, so much exquisite taste, and artistic excellence, and social happiness, we could not help sighing

as we thought of the rudeness and the *wretchedness* of the fishing villages of Britain.

About half-past one in the afternoon, the spires and wooden warehouses of the Danish town Altona, and, high above them all, the gilded vane and spiral staircase of St Michael's kirche of Hamburg, came in sight. In a few moments all was bustle upon deck. The most lethargic suddenly became most animated in search of hat-boxes and carpet-bags, and irritable people grew more irritable, because they had forgotten the place where they had crammed this or that portion of their luggage. What remarkable phenomena present themselves to the student of the 'human face divine' at the terminus of a railway, or on the deck of a packet which is about to land its passengers! How often have we seen a countenance which would have served as a study of angelic beauty, lose all its softness, and loveliness, and grace, and, flushed with rage, express nought but a tigress-like ferocity, because an awkward fellow-passenger happened to tread upon a bandbox! We shall be ashore in a few minutes! But here comes the steward with his bill. When we had counted out our thalers for the passage, accompanied by the usual douceur for himself, and were quietly consigning our purse to the safe-keeping of our pocket, to our surprise the man stared at the money in his hand, and then stared at us and said, 'There are thirteen shillings more to pay.' 'Thirteen shillings more! for what, pray?' 'For dinners, sir, and breakfasts.' Now, reader, during the passage we had been as abstemious as a fakir on his way to Mecca! A few biscuits and a cup or two of tea were the sum of the 'sea-stores' we had consumed, and for these we had paid 'on delivery.' The mere *name*, much less the reality of breakfast or dinner, was sufficient to create the most obstreperous commotion, and to give birth to the most disagreeable sensations in our internal economy; and therefore, when the steward demanded 'thirteen shillings more for dinners and breakfasts,' we could not help smiling at the man; and at the same time, almost envying the individual, whoever he was, who, during the pitching, and straining, and tumbling, and tossing of the vessel, had nevertheless been able to 'stow away' 'dinners and breakfasts.'

'We might smile as we pleased, we had to pay for so many dinners and so many breakfasts! There was no use in talking about the matter, for there they were down in the bill.' 'Yes,' we replied, 'there they may be; but we never had them.' 'Oh, it did not follow that because we had not had them that we were not to pay for them!' No; they had no such custom on board that packet. We ought to be able to eat—we ought *not* to be sea-sick; so, for being sea-sick and not able to eat, we had to pay for all the dinners and breakfasts which we might or *could* have eaten between the ports of Hull and Hamburg! This logic was so irresistibly droll, that, for the nonce, we overlooked the gross imposition. We satisfied the demands of the steward, and, as we were now alongside the Fahren Haus, we stepped ashore, and in a few minutes were trundling over the ill-paved streets of Hamburg, in the drosky of a friend who had been waiting our arrival.

In these 'rough notes' we do not intend to afford the slightest assistance to the 'sight-seers,' or curiosity-hunters, who, with more money than sense, crowd every schnellpost, and steam-boat, and hotel, from this to Lake Lemán. We commend the whole tribe to John Murray's 'Hand-book.' We do not intend to say a single word upon the subjects which they will there find so elaborately treated; but we do propose giving utterance, now and then, to a few thoughts upon persons and topics which are not likely to be noticed in any of those very circumstantial productions which travellers feel bound to favour the public with on their return from the continent.

On the morning of the Sabbath after our arrival, we were astonished to hear the grating noise of a saw, and still more so when, on going to the window, we perceived the men at work in a joiner's shop nearly opposite. At breakfast we mentioned the occurrence to our friend, who appalled us by the description which he gave of the man-

ner in which the Sabbath is desecrated in the land of Luther! Our own experience afterwards corroborated his statements. Nothing, for example, is more common than for the merchants to go to their counting-houses, and to transact business on the Sabbath! A young friend of our own, who was desirous to obtain a mercantile situation, found it extremely difficult to do so, because he would not consent to do business on the Lord's day. On that day, the shops are open—the water-carts and waggons rumble along the streets—the organs grind—the street-musicians play—trade, in all its departments, is plied with the same earnestness that characterises the engagements of the rest of the week—and, to crown the whole, the theatres and exhibitions, of every kind and degree, are all open, and, as a stroke of managerial policy we suppose, the choicest and most attractive performances are almost invariably reserved for the Sabbath-day! And this, bear in mind, not in semi-infidel France, or Roman Catholic Italy—where one naturally looks for such things—but in the most Protestant part of Protestant Germany, the free city of Hamburg!

Some of our readers may ask, 'Do not the people attend different places of worship on the Sabbath? and, if so, are they not taught that such a course of life is ruinous, because wicked?' To these questions we reply, after the most cautious and mature consideration of the subject, *that the wretched moral condition of Hamburg is the legitimate result of the doctrines taught by the clergy*, who, almost without an exception, have departed from the faith of the Gospel. That gospel which, proclaimed three centuries ago by Luther, shook Rome to its very centre, and crumbled its power in Germany—that gospel has been exchanged for a subtle pantheism. The Divinity has left the temple; 'Ichabod' may justly be inscribed above the porch of every Lutheran church; Christ and Paul have been abandoned for Hegel and Strauss; the Scriptures have been thrust aside to make room for the wretched criticisms, and absurdities, and blasphemies of an infidel philosophy. 'The Mosaic narratives,' say these teachers of the people, 'are fictions, unworthy of the notice and beneath the contempt of an enlightened age like the present. God! nature is God, and God is nature. Miracles there never were any; they never had existence, except in the heated brains of enthusiasts, or in the day-dreams of ignorant men; and as for 'Jesus and the resurrection' they are Jewish myths!' Hence they teach that there is no judgment—no retribution to come; that Satan is the creation of designing priests; and that hell is nothing more than the care and disquiet which we experience here! What the *heaven* of the Hegelian is we could never make out. The consequence of this truly awful state of things in the pulpit is, that the churches are without congregations, the Sabbath without sanctity, and the people without God.

THE SLAVE-SHIPS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

'That fatal, that perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark.'—*Millon's Lycidas*.

'The French ship Le Rodeur, with a crew of twenty-two men, and with one hundred and sixty negro slaves, sailed from Bonny in Africa, April, 1819. On approaching the line, a terrible malady broke out—an obstinate disease of the eyes—contagious, and altogether beyond the resources of medicine. It was aggravated by the scarcity of water among the slaves (only half a wine glass per day being allowed to an individual), and by the extreme impurity of the air in which they breathed. By the advice of the physician, they were brought upon deck occasionally; but some of the poor wretches, locking themselves in each other's arms, leaped overboard, in the hope, which so universally prevails among them, of being swiftly transported to their own homes in Africa. To check this, the captain ordered several, who were stopped in the attempt, to be shot, or hanged, before their companions. The disease extended to the crew; and one after another was smitten with it, until only one remained unaffected. Yet even this dreadful condition did not preclude calculation: to save the expense of supporting slaves rendered unsalable, and to obtain grounds

for a claim against the underwriters, thirty-six of the negroes, having become blind, were thrown into the sea and drowned!

In the midst of their dreadful fears lest the solitary individual whose sight remained unaffected should also be seized with the malady, a sail was discovered. It was the Spanish slaver, Leon. The same disease had been there, and, horrible to tell, all the crew had become blind! Unable to assist each other, the vessels parted. The Spanish ship has never since been heard of. The Rodeur reached Guadaloupe on the 21st of June. The only man who had escaped the disease, and had thus been enabled to steer the slaver into port, caught it in three days after its arrival.'—*Speech of M. Benjamin Constant, in the French Chamber of Deputies, June 17, 1820.*

'All ready?' cried the captain.
'Ay, ay!' the seamen said;
'Heave up the worthless lubbers—
The dying and the dead.'

Up from the slave-ship's prison,
Fierce, bearded heads were thrust;
'Now let the sharks look to it—
Toss up the dead ones first!'

Corpse after corpse came up—
Death had been busy there;
Where every blow is mercy,
Why should the spoiler spare?
Corpse after corpse they cast
Sullenly from the ship,
Yet bloody with the traces
Of fetter-link and whip.

Gloomily stood the captain,
With his arms upon his breast,
With his cold brow sternly knotted,
And his iron lip compressed.
'Are all the dead dogs over?'
Growl'd through that matted lip;
'The blind ones are no better,
Let's lighten the good ship.'

Hark! from the ship's dark bosom,
The very sounds of hell—
The ringing clank of iron;
The maniac's short, sharp yell;
The hoarse, low curse, throat-stifed;
The starving infant's moan;
The horror of a breaking heart,
Pour'd through a mother's groan!

Up from that loathsome prison
The stricken blind ones came:
Below, had all been darkness—
Above, was still the same.
Yet the holy breath of heaven
Was sweetly breathing there,
And the heated brow of fever
Cool'd in the soft sea air.

'Overboard with them, shipmates!'
Cutlass and dirk were plied;
Fetter'd and blind, one after one,
Plunged down the vessel's side.
The sabre smote above—
Beneath, the lean shark lay,
Waiting with wide and bloody jaw
His quick and human prey.

God of the earth! what cries
Rang upward to thee—
Voices of agony and blood,
From shipwreck and from sea!
The last dull plunge was heard—
The last wave caught its stain—
And the unsated sharks look'd up
For human hearts in vain.

... ..
Red glow'd the western waters—
The setting sun was there,
Scattering alike on wave and cloud
His fiery mesh of hair.
Amidst a group in blindness,
A solitary eye
Gazed, from the burden'd slaver's
Into that burning sky. [deck,

'A storm,' spoke out the gazer,
'Is gathering and at hand;
Curse on 't—I'd give my other eye
For one firm rood of land.'
And then he laughed, but only
His echo'd laugh replied;
For the blinded and the suffering
Alone were at his side.

Night settled on the waters,
And on a stormy heaven, [track
While fiercely on that lone ship's
The thunder-gust was driven.
'A sail—thank God, a sail!'
And, as the helmsman spoke,
Up through the stormy murmur,
A shout of gladness broke.

Down came the stranger vessel
Unheeding on her way,
So near, that on the slaver's deck
Fell off her driven spray.
'Ho! for the love of mercy—
We're perishing and blind!'
A wail of utter agony
Came back upon the wind

'Help us! for we are stricken
With blindness every one;
Ten days we've floated fearfully,
Unnoting star or sun.
Our ship's the slaver Leon—
We've but a score on board—
Our slaves are all gone over—
Help—for the love of God!'

On livid brows of agony
The broad red lightning shone,
But the roar of wind and thunder
Stifed the answering groan.
Wall'd from the broken waters
A last despairing cry,
As, kindling in the stormy light,
The stranger ship went by.

... ..
In the sunny Guadaloupe,
A dark hull'd vessel lay,
With a crew who noted never
The nightfall or the day.
The blossom of the orange
Was white by every stream,
And tropic leaf, and flower, and bird
Were in the warm sunbeam.

And the sky was bright as ever
And the moonlight slept as well
On the palm-trees by the hillside,
And the streamlet of the dell;
And the glances of the Creole
Were still as archly deep,
And her smiles are full as ever
Of passion and of sleep.

But vain were bird and blossom,
The green earth and the sky,
And the smile of human faces
To the ever darkened eye;
For, amidst a world of beauty,
The slaver went abroad,
With his ghastly visage written
By the awful curse of God!

THE MAN THAT KILLED HIS NEIGHBOURS.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY MRS CHILD.

It is curious to observe how a man's spiritual state reflects itself in the people and animals around him; nay, in the very garments, trees, and stones.

Reuben Black was an infestation in the neighbourhood where he resided. The very sight of him produced effects similar to the Hindoo magical tune called Raug, which is said to bring on clouds, storms, and earthquakes. His wife seemed lean, sharp, and uncomfortable. The heads

of his boys had a bristling aspect, as if each individual hair stood on end with perpetual fear. The cows poked out their horns horizontally as soon as he opened the barnyard gate. The dog dropped his tail between his legs, and cyed him askance, to see what humour he was in. The cat looked wild and scraggy, and had been known to rush straight up the chimney when he moved toward her. Fanny Kemble's expressive description of the Pennsylvanian stage-horses was exactly suited to Reuben's poor old nag. 'His hide resembled an old hair-trunk.' Continual whipping and kicking had made him such a stoic, that no amount of blows could quicken his pace, and no churring could change the dejected drooping of his head. All his natural language said, as plain as a horse *could* say it, that he was a most unhappy beast. Even the trees on Reuben's premises had a gnarled and knotted appearance. The bark wept little sickly tears of gum, and the branches grew awry, as if they felt the continual discord, and made sorry faces at each other behind their owner's back. His fields were red with sorrel, or run over with mullein. Everything seemed as hard and arid as his own visage. Every day, he cursed the town, and the neighbourhood, because they poisoned his dogs, and stoned his hens, and shot his cats. Continual lawsuits involved him in so much expense that he had neither time nor money to spend on the improvement of his farm.

Against Joe Smith, a poor labourer in the neighbourhood, he had brought three suits in succession. Joe said he had returned a spade he borrowed, and Reuben swore he had not. He sued Joe, and recovered damages, for which he ordered the sheriff to seize his pig. Joe, in his wrath, called him an old swindler, and a curse to the neighbourhood. These remarks were soon repeated to Reuben. He brought an action for libel, and recovered twenty-five cents. Provoked at the laugh this occasioned, he watched for Joe to pass by, and set his big dog upon him, screaming furiously, 'Call me an old swindler again, will you?' An evil spirit is more contagious than the plague. Joe went home and scolded his wife, and boxed little Joe's ears, and kicked the cat; and not one of them knew what it was all for. A fortnight after, Reuben's big dog was found dead by poison. Whereupon he brought another action against Joe Smith, and not being able to prove him guilty of the charge of dog-murder, he took his revenge by poisoning a pet lamb belonging to Mrs Smith. Thus the bad game went on, with mutual worriment and loss. Joe's temper grew more and more vindictive, and the love of talking over his troubles at the grog-shop increased upon him. Poor Mrs Smith cried and said it was all owing to Reuben Black; for a better hearted man never lived than her Joe when she first married him.

Such was the state of things when Simeon Green purchased the farm adjoining Reuben's. The estate had been much neglected, and had caught thistles and mullein from the neighbouring fields. But Simeon was a diligent man, blessed by nature with a healthy organisation and a genial temperament; and a wise and kind education had aided nature in the perfection of her goodly work. His provident industry soon changed the aspect of things on the farm. River mud, autumn leaves, old shoes, and old bones, were all put in requisition to assist in the production of use and beauty. The trees, with branches pruned, and bark scraped free from moss and insects, soon looked clean and vigorous. Fields of grain waved where weeds had rioted. Persian lilacs bowed gracefully over the simple gateway. Michigan roses covered half the house with their abundant clusters. Even the rough rock, which formed the doorstep, was edged with golden moss. The sleek horse, feeding in clover, tossed his mane and neighed when his master came near; as much as to say, 'The world is all the pleasanter for having you in it, Simeon Green!' The old cow, fondling her calf under the great walnut tree, walked up to him with serious friendly face, asking for the slice of sugar-beet he was wont to give her. Chanticleer, strutting about, with his troop of plump hens and downy little chickens, took no trouble to keep out of his way, but flapped his glossy wings, and crowed a welcome

in his very face. When Simeon turned his steps homeward, the boys threw up their caps and ran out shouting, 'Father's coming!' and little Mary went toddling up to him, with a dandelion blossom to place in his button-hole. His wife was a woman of few words, but she sometimes said to her neighbours, with a quiet kind of satisfaction, 'Everybody loves my husband that knows him. They can't help it.'

Simeon Green's acquaintance knew that he was never engaged in a lawsuit in his life; but they predicted that he would find it impossible to avoid it now. They told him his next neighbour was determined to quarrel with people whether they would or not; that he was like John Lilburne, of whom Judge Jenkins said, 'If the world was emptied of every person but himself, Lilburne would still quarrel with John, and John with Lilburne.'

'Is that his character?' said Simeon. 'If he exercises it upon me, I will soon kill him.'

In every neighbourhood there are individuals who like to foment disputes, not from any definite intention of malice or mischief, but merely because it makes a little ripple of excitement in the dull stream of life, like a contest between dogs or game-cocks. Such people were not slow in repeating Simeon Green's remark about his wrangling neighbour. 'Kill me! will he?' exclaimed Reuben. He said no more; but his tightly compressed mouth had such a significant expression that his dog dodged him as he would the track of a tiger. That very night Reuben turned his horse into the highway, in hopes he would commit some depredations on neighbour Green's premises. But Joe Smith, seeing the animal at large, let down the bars of Reuben's own corn-field, and the poor beast walked in and feasted as he had not done for many a year. It would have been a great satisfaction to Reuben if he could have brought a lawsuit against his horse; but as it was, he was obliged to content himself with beating him. His next exploit was to shoot Mary Green's handsome chanticleer, because he stood on the stone-wall and crowed, in the ignorant joy of his heart, two inches beyond the frontier line that bounded the contiguous farms. Simeon said he was sorry for the poor bird, and sorry because his wife and children liked the pretty creature; but otherwise it was no great matter. He had been intending to build a poultry-yard, with a good high fence, that his hens might not annoy his neighbours; and now he was admonished to make haste and do it. He would build them a snug warm house to roost in; they should have plenty of gravel and oats, and room to promenade back and forth, and crow and cackle to their hearts' content; there they could enjoy themselves, and be out of harm's way.

But Reuben Black had a degree of ingenuity and perseverance which might have produced great results for mankind, had those qualities been devoted to some more noble purpose than provoking quarrels. A pear tree in his garden very improperly stretched over a friendly arm into Simeon Green's premises. Whether the sunny state of things there had a cheering effect on the tree I know not; but it happened that this overhanging bough bore more abundant fruit, and glowed with a richer hue, than the other boughs. One day, little George Green, as he went whistling along, picked up a pear that had fallen into his father's garden. The instant he touched it he felt something on the back of his neck, like the sting of a wasp. It was Reuben Black's whip, followed by such a storm of angry words that the poor child rushed into the house in an agony of terror. But this experiment failed also. The boy was soothed by his mother, and told not to go near the pear-tree again; and there the matter ended.

This imperturbable good nature vexed Reuben more than all the tricks and taunts he met from others. Evil efforts he could understand, and repay with compound interest; but he did not know what to make of this perpetual forbearance. It seemed to him there must be something contemptuous in it. He disliked Simeon Green more than all the rest of the town put together, because he made him feel so uncomfortably in the wrong, and did not afford him the slight pretext for complaint. It was annoying to

see everything in his neighbour's domains looking so happy, and presenting such a bright contrast to the forlornness of his own. When their waggons passed each other on the road, it seemed as if Simeon's horse tossed his head higher, and flung out his mane, as if he knew he was going by Reuben Black's old nag. He often said he supposed Green covered his house with roses and honeysuckles on purpose to shame his bare walls. But he didn't care—not he! He wasn't going to be fool enough to rot his boards with such stuff. But no one resented his disparaging remarks, or sought to provoke him in any way. The roses smiled, the horses neighed, and the calf capered; but none of them had the least idea that they were insulting Reuben Black. Even the dog had no malice in his heart, though he did one night chase home his geese, and bark at them through the bars. Reuben told his master the next day; he swore he would bring an action against him if he didn't keep that dog at home; and Simeon answered very quietly that he would try to take better care of him. For several days a strict watch was kept, in hopes Towzer would worry the geese again; but they paced home undisturbed, and not a solitary bow-wow furnished excuse for a lawsuit.

The new neighbours not only declined quarrelling, but they occasionally made positive advances toward a friendly relation. Simeon's wife sent Mrs Black a large basketful of very fine cherries. Pleased with the unexpected attention, she cordially replied, 'Tell your mother it was *very* kind of her, and I am very much obliged to her.' Reuben, who sat smoking in the chimney-corner, listened to this message once without any manifestation of impatience, except whiffing the smoke through his pipe a little faster and fiercer than usual. But when the boy was going out of the door, and the friendly words were again repeated, he exclaimed, 'Don't make a fool of yourself, Peg. They want to give us a hint to send a basket of our pears; that's the upshot of the business. You may send 'em a basket, when they are ripe; for I scorn to be under obligation, especially to your smooth-tongued folks.' Poor Peggy, whose arid life had been for the moment refreshed with a little dew of kindness, admitted distrust into her bosom, and the halo that radiated round the ripe glowing cherries departed.

Not long after this advance toward good neighbourhood, some labourers employed by Simeon Green passing over a bit of marshy ground with a heavy team stuck fast in a bog occasioned by the long-continued rain. The poor oxen were entirely unable to extricate themselves, and Simeon ventured to ask assistance from his waspish neighbour, who was working at a short distance. Reuben replied gruffly, 'I've got enough to do to attend to my own business.' The civil request that he might be allowed to use his oxen and chains for a few moments being answered in the same surly tone, Simeon walked off, in search of a more obliging neighbour.

The men, who were left waiting with the patient, suffering oxen, scolded about Reuben's ill-nature, and said they hoped he would get stuck in the same bog himself. Their employer rejoined, 'If he does, we will do our duty and help him out.' 'There is such a thing as being *too* good-natured,' said they; 'if Reuben Black takes the notion that people are afraid of him, it makes him trample on them worse than ever.'

'Oh, wait a while,' replied Mr Green, smiling, 'I will kill him before long. Wait and see if I don't kill him.'

It chanced, soon after, that Reuben's team did stick fast in the same bog, as the workmen had wished. Simeon observed it from a neighbouring field, and gave directions that the oxen and chains should be immediately conveyed to his assistance. The men laughed, shook their heads, and said it was good enough for the old hornet. They, however, cheerfully proceeded to do as their employer had requested. 'You are in a bad situation, neighbour,' said Simeon, as he came alongside of the foundered team. 'But my men are coming with two yoke of oxen, and I think we shall soon manage to help you out.' 'You may take your oxen back again,' replied Reuben; 'I don't want

any of your help.' In a very friendly tone Simeon answered, 'I cannot consent to do that; for evening is coming on, and you have very little time to lose. It is a bad job any time, but it will be still worse in the dark.' 'Light or dark, I don't ask *your* help,' replied Reuben, emphatically; 'I wouldn't help you out of the bog, the other day, when you asked me.' 'The trouble I had in relieving my poor oxen teaches me to sympathise with others in the same situation,' answered Simeon; 'don't let us waste words about it, neighbour. It is impossible for me to go home and leave you here in the bog, and night coming on.'

The team was soon drawn out, and Simeon and his men went away, without waiting for thanks. When Reuben went home that night, he was unusually silent and thoughtful. After smoking a while, in deep contemplation, he gently knocked the ashes from his pipe, and said, with a sigh, 'Peg, Simeon Green has killed me!' 'What do you mean?' said his wife, dropping her knitting, with a look of surprise. 'You know when he first came into this neighbourhood, he said he'd kill me,' replied Reuben; 'and he has done it. The other day he asked me to help to draw his team out of the bog, and I told him I had enough to do to attend to my own business. To-day my team stuck fast in the same bog, and he came with two yoke of oxen to draw it out. I felt sort of ashamed to have him lend me a hand, so I told him I didn't want any of his help; but he answered, just as pleasant as if nothing contrary had ever happened, that night was coming on, and he was not willing to leave me there in the mud.' 'It was very good of him,' replied Peggy; 'he is a pleasant-spoken man, and always has a pretty word to say to the boys. His wife seems to be a nice, neighbourly body, too.' Reuben made no answer; but after meditating a while, he remarked, 'Peg, you know that big ripe melon down at the bottom of the garden? you may as well carry it over there, in the morning.' His wife said she would, without asking him to explain where 'over there' was.

But when the morning came Reuben walked back and forth, and round and round, with that sort of aimless activity, often manifested by hens, and by fashionable idlers, who feel restless, and don't know what to run after. At length, the cause of his uncertain movements was explained, by his saying, in the form of a question, 'I guess I may as well carry the melon myself, and thank him for his oxen? In my flurry down there in the marsh, I didn't think to say I was obliged to him.'

He marched off toward the garden, and his wife stood at the door, with one hand on her side, and the other shading the sun from her eyes, to see if he really would carry the melon into Simeon Green's house. It was the most remarkable incident that had happened since her marriage. She could hardly believe her own eyes. He walked quick, as if afraid he should not be able to carry the unusual impulse into action if he stopped to re-consider the question. When he found himself in Mr Green's house, he felt extremely awkward, and hastened to say, 'Mrs Green, here is a melon my wife sent you, and we reckon it's a ripe one.' Without manifesting any surprise at such unexpected courtesy, the friendly matron thanked him, and invited him to sit down. But he stood playing with the latch of the door, and, without raising his eyes, said—'Maybe Mr Green ain't in, this morning?'

'He is at the pump, and will be in directly,' she replied; and, before her words were spoken, the honest man walked in, with a face as fresh and bright as a June morning. He stepped right up to Reuben, shook his hand cordially, and said, 'I am glad to see you, neighbour. Take a chair—take a chair.'

'Thank you, I can't stop,' replied Reuben. He pushed his hat on one side, rubbed his head, looked out of the window, and then said suddenly, as if by a desperate effort, 'The fact is, Mr Green, I didn't behave right about the oxen.'

'Never mind, never mind,' said Mr Green; 'perhaps I shall get into the bog again some of these rainy days. If I do, I shall know whom to call upon.'

'Why, you see,' said Reuben, still very much confused,

and avoiding Simeon's mild, clear eye, 'you see the neighbours about here are very ugly. If I had always lived by such neighbours as you are, I shouldn't be just as I am.'

'Ah, well, we must try to be to others what we want them to be to us,' rejoined Simeon. 'You know the good book says so. I have learned by experience that if we speak kind words, we hear kind echoes; if we try to make others happy, it fills them with a wish to make us happy. Perhaps you and I can bring the neighbourhood round in time—who knows? Let us try, Mr Black—let us try. But come and look at my orchard. I want to show you a tree which I have grafted with very choice apples. If you like, I will procure you some scions from the same stock.'

They went into the orchard together, and friendly chat soon put Reuben at his ease. When he returned home, he made no remarks about his visit; for he could not, as yet, summon sufficient greatness of soul to tell his wife that he had confessed himself in the wrong. A gun stood behind the kitchen-door, in readiness to shoot Mr Green's dog for having barked at his horse. He now fired the contents into the air, and put the gun away in the barn. From that day henceforth he never sought for any pretext to quarrel with either the dog or his master. A short time after, Joe Smith, to his utter astonishment, saw him pat Towzer on his head, and heard him say, 'Good fellow.'

Simeon Green was far too magnanimous to repeat to any one that his quarrelsome neighbour had confessed himself to blame. He merely smiled as he said to his wife, 'I thought we should kill him, after a while.'

Joe Smith did not believe in such doctrines. When he heard of the adventures in the marsh, he said, 'Sim Green's a fool. When he first came here he talked very big about killing folks, if they didn't mind their Ps and Qs. But he don't appear to have as much spirit as a worm; for a worm will turn when it's trod upon.'

Poor Joe had grown more intemperate and more quarrelsome, till at last nobody would employ him. About a year after the memorable incident of the water melon, some one stole several valuable hides from Mr Green. He did not mention the circumstance to any one but his wife; and they both had reasons for suspecting that Joe was the thief. The next week the following anonymous advertisement appeared in the newspaper of the county:—'Whoever stole a lot of hides on Friday night, the 5th of the present month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction a secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind.' This singular advertisement of course excited a good deal of remark. There was much debate whether or not the thief would avail himself of the friendly offer. Some said he would be a greenhorn if he did; for it was manifestly a trap to catch him. But he who had committed the dishonest deed alone knew whence the benevolent offer came; and he knew that Simon Green was not a man to set traps for his fellow-creatures.

A few nights afterward a timid knock was heard at Simeon's door, just as the family were retiring to rest. When the door was opened Joe Smith was seen on the steps, with a load of hides on his shoulder. Without raising his eyes, he said, in a low humble tone, 'I have brought these back, Mr Green. Where shall I put them?'

'Wait a moment, till I can light a lantern, and I will go to the barn with you,' he replied. 'Then you will come in, and tell me how it happened. We will see what can be done for you.'

Mrs Green knew that Joe often went hungry and had become accustomed to the stimulus of rum. She therefore hastened to make hot coffee, and brought from the closet some cold meat and a pie. When they returned from the barn she said, 'I thought you might feel the better for a little warm supper, neighbour Smith.' Joe turned his back toward her, and did not speak. He leaned his head against the chimney, and after a moment's silence, he said in a choked voice, 'It was the first time I ever stole

anything; and I have felt very bad about it. I don't know how it is. I didn't think once I should ever come to be what I am. But I took to quarrelling, and then to drinking. Since I began to go down-hill, everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man that has offered me a helping hand. My wife is feeble, and my children starving. You have sent them many a meal, God bless you! and yet I stole the hides from you, meaning to sell them the first chance I could get. But I tell you the truth, Mr Green, it is the first time I ever deserved the name of thief.'

'Let it be the last, my friend,' said Simeon, pressing his hand kindly. 'The secret shall remain between ourselves. You are young, and can make up for lost time. Come, now, give me a promise that you will not drink one drop of intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ you to-morrow, at good wages. Mary will go to see your family early in the morning, and perhaps we may find some employment for them also. The little boy can at least pick up stones. But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee. It will keep you from wanting to drink anything stronger to-night. You will find it hard to abstain, at first, Joseph; but keep up a brave heart, for the sake of your wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When you feel the need of coffee, tell my Mary, and she will always give it to you.'

Joe tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. He was nervous and excited. After an ineffectual effort to compose himself, he laid his head on the table and wept like a child.

After a while, Simeon persuaded him to bathe his head in cold water, and he ate and drank with a good appetite. When he went away, the kind-hearted host said to him—'Try to do well, Joseph, and you shall always find a friend in me.'

The poor fellow pressed his hand, and replied, 'I understand now how it is you kill bad neighbours.'

He entered in Mr Green's service the next day, and remained in it many years, an honest and faithful man.

THE FISHERMAN'S BOY.

On the south bank of the river Esk, at its confluence with the German Ocean, and immediately opposite to the picturesque and thriving town of Montrose, stands the fishing village of Ferryden. Some seventy years ago, there dwelt in one of its little huts a young fisherman and his wife, remarkable alike for their sober and industrious habits and indomitable spirit of perseverance. They began the world with no capital, and roughed its thorny path with few friends; but, as their cares multiplied, new fields were opened up for the employment of their industrial skill, and new sources were successfully cultivated, under circumstances of the most remarkable and encouraging kind.

In those days, few of the fishermen on the east coast of Scotland would venture beyond what was technically called 'the rock fit,'—in other words, the seashore,—for fishing; but our hero of the oar, in the present case, was ill at ease under such limitation. He had frequently met with a number of Dutch fishermen, who used to take shelter with their 'busses,' or fishing craft, in the harbour of Stonehaven, and from these he learned that, about ten or fifteen miles off, lay the 'Dutch' as well as the 'Dogger Bank,'—a mountain in the deep, stretching from the Orkney Islands to the harbour, where there was an abundant supply of all kinds of fish, from the tiny sprat to the bottle-nosed whale. Animated by a strong desire to explore this mine, and having now saved a few pounds, the reward of industry and economy, a half-decked boat was purchased, rigged out after the smack fashion, and fitted with all the appointments of the deep-sea fishery. In this enterprise he was joined by a few more daring spirits, and, taking with him one of his boys, set out on the evening of a fine summer day to try the adventure. The effort succeeded. Fish of a larger size, of greater variety, and finer quality, were thenceforth landed in

Ferryden, and the market returns in money and provisions (fish being then sold by barter) were of the most profitable character. But he was not satisfied with the results of this experiment. The risks were great, and the returns, though good, not equivalent to the tear and wear of the service. By accident, the attention of the young fisherman was called to the cod and ling fisheries on the banks of Newfoundland, and he felt a strong desire to draw something from the treasures of that wintry deep. This project necessarily involved considerable additional expense. But 'where there's a will there's a way,' and so it was in the present case, for, in a few months, a fine sloop was got ready, an experienced crew of fishers engaged, and, in less than six months from the time the project was formed, the most sanguine expectations of its promoters were realised. By and by, our fisherman became a sailor, and the sailor became an owner, until he both owned and commanded, in the coasting trade, one of the smartest and tidiest little craft that sailed from the port of Montrose.

In all these adventures, the boy Joseph was engaged. He toiled with his father at the oar of the fishing-boat and the helm of his sailing vessel. He was a willing boy, and inherited all the spirit and perseverance of his parents. But it was not the wish of his parents that Joseph should continue at the sea, and, having now removed from Ferryden to Montrose, he was sent to school, to learn at least the elements of a common education. While at school, Joseph discovered a remarkable genius for the mathematics, an aptitude for languages, and was always characterised by an indomitable spirit of perseverance and self-will. Near to the residence of his parents, who lived in a plain but substantial and comfortably furnished old-fashioned house in Murray Street, a worthy burgess carried on business under the sign of the 'pestle and mortar,' to whom Joseph was apprenticed as a druggist, somewhat, we understand, against his will. While engaged in the faithful discharge of the duties and the drudgery of this apprenticeship, he conceived the idea of becoming some day or other a great man; and then it was that he gave himself up to study, choosing for his *sanctum* the attic room of his father's house, and for his motto 'perseverance.' Early and late he toiled at his books, and, in a few years, was one of the best informed and most devoted disciples of Esculapius of which the north of Scotland could boast.

Availing himself of the advantages which the medical school of Edinburgh afforded, he spent some time in that city qualifying for the degree of 'surgeon,' and having at length obtained his diploma, the patronage of a gentleman in the country, of great influence in high quarters, was promised in his behalf. Time passed on, and Joseph had to realise the truth that 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick;' but, at last, throwing himself entirely on his own resources, he pushed his way forward, and got an appointment, or rather a footing, in the medical staff of the East India Company. When in India, Joseph's talents as a linguist soon attracted observation, and, in the course of a few years, he found the office of 'interpreter' far more lucrative, and much more safe and comfortable, than that of administering medicine or splicing broken bones. From one thing to another, in his intercourse with the merchant-princes of the East, he plodded upwards and onwards, now making a trading visit to England and anon returning to Bombay, until he gained a handsome competency, on which, at the close of the war, he retired from the active commerce of desultory life.

But Joseph could not live in the quiet seclusion of his family. His temperament would not let him rest, and, having an earnest desire to benefit society, he sought a field wherein he could bring his talents and experience to bear in furtherance of the common good. Sincerely deploring the corruption which he saw prevalent in the administration of public affairs, he seized a favourable opportunity of presenting himself to a Scotch constituency, and was returned as their representative in Parliament. For twenty-nine years has the fisherman's boy

enjoyed this honourable position, and he now sits in St Stephen's, as he did at first and for many years, the representative of Montrose, his native town.

Such is a brief outline of the rise, progress, and present position of JOSEPH HUME.

'THE TRUE LAW OF POPULATION.'

Or all questions in the social economy of the people of this country, there is none more interesting or more important than the law of population. Many theorists have exercised their ingenuity to discover by what natural laws population is regulated, to what causes its increase is owing, and by what means a tendency to overpopulation may be checked. Of all writers on this branch of political economy, no one has been more famous, certainly no one has exercised a wider influence, than Mr Malthus. His theory, which was first given to the world in 1798, may be stated in a few words. The *procreative* power in man is always in excess; there is a natural tendency in the human species to increase faster than the means of subsistence; and this increase was said to be in a *geometric* ratio, that is, as 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, &c., while the means of subsistence increased only in an *arithmetical* ratio, that is, as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, &c.; and that thus it was to be apprehended that population would out-grow its food unless the constant tendency to increase were repressed by checks, either natural or artificial, the natural checks being poverty, and vice, and crime; and the artificial checks arising from the moral restraints which a prudent man should impose upon his passions, his natural impulses to perpetuate his name and lineage. In countries where the means of subsistence are abundant, as in America, population makes rapid advances; in countries where those means are not so plentiful, but yet sufficient, population advances at a more moderate pace; and where those means are stationary, and incommensurate with the wants of the people, population makes little perceptible progress, and sometimes has diminished. This theory was readily adopted by most of the philosophers and statesmen of the day. It has, however, never been popular, inasmuch as it was conceived Mr Malthus's doctrines did not harmonise with men's conceptions of a wise and beneficent Creator, nor with those deeply seated instincts (implanted in the human breast to subserve a wise end) which impel men to increase and multiply. It was felt, moreover, that this theory involved principles not only antagonistic to our views of the divine government, but which, pushed to their legitimate consequences, led to results to which humanity could not assent. Poverty and distress it viewed with a frowning unsympathising glance. Did a man marry when there was a redundancy of population, 'all parish assistance,' Mr Malthus said, 'must be most rigidly denied; and if the hand of private charity be stretched forth in his relief, the interests of humanity imperiously require that it should be administered very sparingly.' It was further asserted, that as the poverty of the poorer classes increased, so did the marriages among them multiply; but this assertion has been completely disproved by the statistics furnished by the Registrar-General and others, which demonstrate that marriages among the class referred to are most frequent in prosperous years, and least frequent in adverse ones, and this even in Ireland.

A powerful antagonist to the views propounded by Mr Malthus has appeared in the person of Mr Thomas Doubleday, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, whose treatise on the 'True Law of Population' first appeared in 1841, followed by a second edition in 1846. To an exposition of Mr Doubleday's theory, as unfolded in the treatise we have referred to, we devote the remainder of this paper. The enormous increase of our population which is daily taking place, is a subject of grave moment to reflecting minds; and it is, therefore, a matter of importance that we correctly understand the causes which accelerate or retard its progress.

Mr Doubleday's theory, which has the merit of origi-

nality, is the very reverse of that of Mr Malthus. He contends that abundance produces sterility, and scarcity begets fecundity; or, in other words, the plethoric state is unfavourable, and the deplethoric state favourable to increase. The effect of this great general law (which pervades alike the animal and the vegetable kingdom), as applied to mankind, is stated to be—that among the poorest classes of society there is a rapid increase; among those at the other end of the social scale, the affluent, there is a constant decrease; and that among those who are tolerably well supplied with good food, and are neither overworked nor idle, population remains stationary. In proof of this theory, the author has brought together and ably digested a large collection of facts from the vegetable creation, the animal kingdom, and the human world. Turning our attention to the vegetable world, we find the theory and practice of persons engaged in raising trees, shrubs, and other vegetables, to be in exact coincidence with this general principle. It is a fact admitted by all, that if a plant, tree, or flower be placed in a soil too rich, plethora is the consequence, and fruitfulness ceases; trees run to superfluous wood, blossom irregularly, and at the ends of the branches, and these blossoms yield no fruit; and flowering shrubs and flowers bear double flowers, and these yield no seed. If the soil be still further stimulated, the plants become diseased and die. To prevent these effects, gardeners and florists are accustomed to give the plant ‘a check,’ that is, by severe pruning, exposure to cold, or other means, they put the plant in danger, and then nature puts forth a determined effort, and the plant is saved. The fig in our climate is very liable to drop its fruit when half matured. To obviate this, gardeners prune it severely, or cut off a few inches from its roots, and the fruit is retained and matured. Thus, also, in order to make fruit-trees bear plentifully, gardeners strip them of considerable portions of their bark, a state of depletion is produced, and the following year a luxuriant crop is the result. It is also well known that vines bear most luxuriantly after being tried by frost; and that after severe and prolonged winters the growth of grass is rapid in the extreme. Among the lower animals we have evidence equally conclusive. This general law, as applied to them, is well known to and acted upon by the farmer, the grazier, and the breeder of animals. Leanness in the animal is indispensable to fertility, and that in the ratio of its leanness. In the animal and vegetable kingdom we see this law in constant operation; and we cannot fail to admire the divine wisdom and goodness displayed therein. Fruitfulness is increased when a species is threatened with extinction, and decreased when the peril springs from a surplusage of food; and the transmission of disease, usually the consequence of luxury, is checked and remedied. ‘Thus carefully is the species guarded from extinction by want on the one hand, and by implanted disease and vitiated and irregular action on the other. A two-fold distribution of extremes, with a medium of average and moderate fruitfulness between them; that happy mean being disturbed only for a time to ensure as far as possible a return for it.’

Passing to the human world, the operation of this law is illustrated by reference to limited bodies of men, and to nations at large. There is a remarkable tendency in the wealthy and ennobled classes to decrease. Aristocratic bodies, the rich merchants of the Italian republics, the magnates of Geneva, and the fat freemen of Newcastle, are all unable even to maintain their number; the orders of nobility and privileged classes of wealthy citizens, all ‘faring sumptuously every day,’ would speedily become extinct, but for the constant infusion of new blood into the body. Of this tendency in aristocratic families to decrease, numerous illustrations will be found in the papers under the title of ‘Luck in Families,’ which recently appeared in the *INSTRUCTOR*; and it will only be necessary here simply to quote what Mr Doubleday says of the English aristocracy in reference to this subject. ‘The peerage of England, instead of being old, is recent, and the baronetage, though comparatively of modern origin,

equally so. In short, few if any of the Norman nobility, and almost as few of the original baronets’ families of King James I. [the order was instituted by that king in 1611] exist at this moment; and but for perpetual creations, both orders must have been all but extinct. The following table shows that the great majority of the House of Peers has been created since the year 1760, that is to say, within eighty years of the present time:—

The number of Peers in 1837.		Number created since 1760.	
Dukes.....	21	Dukes.....	5
Marquises.....	19	Marquises.....	18
Earls.....	108	Earls.....	58
Viscounts.....	17	Viscounts.....	13
Barons.....	185	Barons.....	153
Scottish Peers.....	16	Scottish and Irish	
Irish Peers.....	28	Peers.....	25
Total.....	394	Total since 1760.....	272

Since the creation of the order of baronets in 1611, 753 baronetcies have become extinct. Of James I.’s creation, in 1611, only *thirteen* families now remain. Of all he created up to 1625, the year of his death, *thirty-nine* only remain; a decay certainly extraordinary, and not to be accounted for upon the ordinary ideas of mortality and power of increase amongst mankind. This is not owing to late marriages among the nobility, since the age at which they marry on an average is 28. The Roman patricians, the Venetian nobility, the French noblesse, have all exhibited the same marked and extraordinary decrease.

If an absolute command over the necessities and luxuries of life, combined with an immunity from the toils and ‘carking cares’ which form the lot of so large a portion of our fellow-men, be favourable to the increase of the species, surely we might look for such a result in the classes which have passed under our review; instead of which we see that these privileged orders, enjoying ease and plenty, manifest an invariable tendency to decrease, and that their numbers are only kept up by constant accessions from less wealthy sources.

The Society of Friends affords an example of the non-progressive principle. In this sect, the most opulent of the dissenting bodies, maintaining their own poor with no niggard hand, the members generally marry, and marry early; and yet an opinion prevails among them that for many years past their numbers have been stationary, much less progressive.

Having thus seen the effect which affluence and comfort have in thinning the numbers of limited bodies of men, we now turn our attention to a very striking illustration of the stimulative effect of poverty of living, in the history of the mutiny of the *Bounty*, a sloop sent out by government to bring home the bread-fruit tree. The mutineers, accompanied by a few natives of Otaheite, in all 26 persons, landed upon Pitcairn’s Island about the year 1790; the colony was soon afterwards reduced to 15. They had brought with them the bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees, which they cultivated with great success; previously, the island was destitute of trees bearing edible fruit and succulent vegetables. They were destitute of grain. They had some poultry, and a few goats and pigs were running wild in the woods. The coasts abounded with fish. Their food would therefore be for some years fish, yams, and the eggs of their poultry and of wild birds. The colony was visited by Lieutenant Shillibeer in 1814, at which time their numbers had increased to 48, having in the short space of 24 years *tripled* their population. They still kept on multiplying; and in 1830 they had increased to 180—having in about 40 years *decupled* their population. In these well-authenticated facts we have strong proof of the correctness of the theory which says that a meagre diet urges forward population with amazing strides.

Does the analogy continue when we apply this law to nations at large? When we have taken a survey of this part of our subject, we shall find that in pastoral districts, where the wealth of the people consists of herds and flocks, as in Southern Russia, and where, consequently, animal food and milk in abundance are the prin-

cipal articles of diet, population is at its minimum; in the sunny lands where the vine and the olive abound, and where the juice of the grape and the oil of the olive form a part of the daily food of the people, more numerous but still moderate; while in exclusively agricultural countries, and where the people's food is meagre and comparatively innutritious, as rice and fish in Japan, China, and Hindostan, or the potato in Ireland, we meet with a dense population. A great portion of Russia consists of immense level plains called steppes, for the most part of great natural fertility, over which the eye may range for hundreds of miles without meeting a hill. On these vast plains large herds of cattle are fattened. 'The wealth of the people is cattle. Their exports are the tallow, hides, and horns. Their food is the flesh. Vegetable aliment is a mere fraction in the food of the population, and, what bread is in countries less pastoral, beef is to the Russian boor and his scarcely more cultivated master.' In Southern Russia, Kasan, and Astrakhan, the finest pastoral provinces of the empire, population is at its lowest point.

Southern Russia.....	265 to a square Russian mile.*
Kasan.....	498 " "
Astrakhan.....	118 " "

The kingdom of Poland, and the adjoining Russian provinces, Courland and Western Russia, are corn-growing countries; and, although producing the finest wheat, rye is the ordinary food of the people. In this agricultural district we have population four or five fold that of the pastoral provinces just named.

Kingdom of Poland.....	1,544 to a square mile.
Courland.....	1,142 " "
Western Russia.....	1,125 " "

The population of China being estimated at 250 or 280 millions, and taking the area at 145,000 square leagues, this would give 1724 persons in the first case and 1931 in the second case to each league. The population of Japan is set down at 45 millions, which gives in round numbers 1500 persons to the square league. In India the population is denser still: in the old and completely cultivated territory of Bengal, where rice and fish are the food of the natives (superstition forbidding the slaughtering of animals), the population has reached the enormous amount of 2166 persons to each British square league. Now, when we remember that the food of the natives of these densely peopled countries consists chiefly of rice and fish, may we not reasonably conclude that there spare diet has stimulated population to an excessive extent?

Passing to Ireland, we meet with a teeming population, only exceeded by that of the countries last noticed. In that fertile land, where nature assumes her sweetest ivory, the native population have for many long years been in a state of abject and helpless poverty—their clothing rags—their dwellings miserable mud cabins—their food the potato. In that beautiful island, more fertile, acre for acre, than any portion of the United Kingdom, large quantities of grain are grown, and herds of cattle cover her green pastures; but in these her wretched sons do not share. The value of Irish cattle and provisions of all sorts *imported into Liverpool alone*, in 1831, was £4,497,708; and in 1832, £4,441,500; into all England, in each year, probably about ten millions. But who has not read and wept over the page which records Ireland's oppressions, griefs, and wretchedness? At the end of Elizabeth's reign, the population of Ireland was estimated (probably erroneously) at not more than 700,000. In

1702.....	1,320,008	1792.....	4,008,226
1718.....	2,167,048	1805.....	5,395,456
1725.....	2,317,374	1821.....	6,801,827
1754.....	2,372,634	1831.....	7,734,365
1767.....	2,544,276	1841.....	8,205,000
1785.....	2,845,932		

At this moment it is probably eight millions and a half. This gives us 2391 persons to the square British league—a population rivalling that of India.

In the countries of the European Continent, the same

* The Russian square mile is equal to 20 English square miles.

law is apparent: thus, in the north of Germany, where the food of the people is for the most part poor, the population is great; in the more fertile provinces near the Rhine, more moderate; and in those districts eminently rich and fertile, and where the olive and the vine flourish, lowest of all. Of the latter position, we have proofs in the southern provinces of France, and in Italy, Spain, and Portugal. Taking France, and contrasting its richest with its poorest province, we are furnished with results abundantly confirmatory of the 'True Law of Population.' 'In the poorer departments,' says Mr Doubleday, 'the population is considerable. In the rich departments it is low. The poorest of the French provinces is unquestionably Bretagne or Brittany. It is described by some travellers as reminding them of Ireland. It accordingly presents all the indications of poor living, squalor, rags, miserable habitations, multitudes of half-naked children, and numerous mendicants.' The population is 1414 persons to the square league. The richest province of France is Languedoc. The air of its coasts is considered the most salubrious in Europe. The soil displays a luxuriant fertility, and here the vine, the olive, and the silk worm flourish. And yet the population is far below that of poor Brittany—reaching only to 988 persons to the square league.

We are obliged to dispense with a more particular reference to the other continental kingdoms, in order that we may come to a consideration of some points of interest in connection with our own land, which this question has brought before our notice. 'Manifesting as England does,' says Mr Doubleday, 'all the signs of external wealth and power, these manifestations are yet accompanied by symptoms indicating a situation the reverse of prosperity; an alarming poor's rate, a growth of crime, and a too rapidly augmenting population. The condition of the majority of the English people has, for a series of years, been deteriorating, and still continues to deteriorate.'

The poor rate in 1673 was.....	£840,000
" 1700.....	1,000,000
" 1801.....	probably 4,800,000
" 1831.....	8,279,217

Of commitments for crime the increase has been appalling. We quote the table given by Mr Wade, in his Appendix to the 'History of the Working Classes,' in preference to that given by Mr Doubleday.

Year.	Committals.	Population.	One to
1805	4,605	9,422,763	2,046
1810	5,146	9,944,851	1,942
1815	7,818	10,974,437	1,412
1817	13,932	11,349,750	815
1820	13,710	11,893,155	875
1825	14,437	12,881,006	892
1830	18,107	13,811,467	762
1835	20,731	14,752,430	712
1840	27,187	15,892,554	584

From this table it appears that crime has nearly *quadrupled* in proportion to the population in the short space of 35 years.

In addition to these facts, we insert an extract from Hickson's Report on the Hand-loom Weavers, as quoted by Mr Wade: 'In the Annals of Agriculture, vol. xxxvii. p. 265, Arthur Young says, 'There is now living (1801) in the vicinity of Bury, a person who, when he laboured for 5s., could purchase with that 5s. a bushel of wheat, a bushel of malt, 1 lb. of butter, 1 lb. of cheese, and a pennyworth of tobacco.' To enable the same man to purchase the same articles at the present moment, his wages ought to have risen from 5s. to 22s. The present prices (Feb. 29 1839) are for

A bushel of wheat.....	£0 11 0
A bushel of malt.....	0 9 0
1 lb. of butter.....	0 1 4
1 lb. of cheese.....	0 0 9
1 pennyworth of tobacco.....	0 0 1
	£1 2 2

The present average wages of an agricultural labourer may perhaps be assumed at 10 shillings.'

Here, then, is a collection of facts conclusively establishing the proposition that the condition of the people of England generally has deteriorated. But contempo-

reaneously with that deterioration the population progressively increases.

1750.....	6,073,700	1821.....	11,261,439
1801.....	8,331,434	1831.....	13,086,675
1811.....	9,551,528	1841.....	14,995,138

That this increase took place chiefly among the poor is deducible from the state of the revenue, for if the productiveness of the revenue is at a stand still, whilst the numbers of the people are increased, it seems inevitably to follow, as a conclusion, that the increase must be altogether among the poor; for had it been equally diffused, the power of consuming taxed articles must in some degree, whether more or less, have been increased, at all events for a time. The reader need hardly be told that this sort of proof, as how and whence population grows and increases, cannot be very visible save and except in countries very highly taxed, because it is the extremity of poverty only that can debar any portion of a people from using some of the comforts and luxuries of life. The state of the revenue of Great Britain, where almost all ordinary articles of consumption are taxed, furnishes this description of proof. The great increase of poor-rates, to which we have before referred, is also corroborative of the same truth—that increase of population is ever amongst the poor, and that as is the poverty of living so is the tendency to multiply.

The population of England at this moment is 2286 persons to the square league. In Scotland, where the greater part of the surface consists of heath-clad hills, the population is as high as 700 persons to the square league—nearly equalling the population of Languedoc, the garden of France.

We now turn our attention to a period in our history extending from about 1488 to 1650, during which the condition of the people was highly prosperous, while it was supposed that a decay of population was going on. Of both these facts the evidence is ample. As to the latter, Sir F. Eden, in his 'History of the State of the Poor' (vol. i. p. 73) says, 'From 1488, and for a century and a half after this period, depopulation continued to be the theme of the legislature.' Thus, the stat. 4 Hen. VII. c. 19, asserting and lamenting the 'desolation and pulling down and wilful waste of houses and townes, for where in some towns 200 persons were occupied, now there are two or three herdsmen,' empowers the authorities to repair any ruinous house which shall have twenty or more acres of land attached, out of the rents, without or against the owner's consent, and imposes heavy penalties for neglect of the provisions of such statute. The act of the third year of the next reign (Hen. VIII.) chapter 8, recites that 'MANY and the MOST PART of cities, boroughs, and towns corporate, be fallen to ruin and decay.' An act of the fourth year of Hen. VII. chap. 16, asserts that there is 'a great decay of people in the Isle of Wight.' In the reign of Henry VIII. there were no less than nine acts of Parliament passed (the first in the third year and the last in the thirty-fifth year of the reign) for the express purpose of compelling the restoration of decayed towns, villages, boroughs, hamlets, &c.

Of the exuberant plenty amongst all classes there is copious proof in the testimony of writers of the period, and in acts of Parliament. Of the writers who touch upon this subject, the first place belongs to Sir John Fortescue, Chief Justice of the King's Bench under Henry VI. In his celebrated treatise on the laws of England, he thus describes the wealth and easy circumstances of the people of England:—'Hereby it cometh to pass that the men of this land are rich, having abundance of gold and silver and all other things for the maintenance of man's life. They drink no water unless it be so that some for devotion and upon a zeal of penance do abstain from other drink. They eat plentifully of all kinds of fish and flesh. They wear fine woollen cloth in their apparel. They have also abundance of bed coverings in their houses and of all other woollen stuff; they have great store of all hustlements and implements of household. They are plentifully furnished with all instruments

of husbandry, and with all other things that are requisite to the quiet accomplishment of a quiet and wealthy life according to their estates and degrees.'—*Fortescue de Laudibus Legum*, p. 85, chap. 36. This famous book was written about the year 1460; and from that time till the battle of Bosworth Field, which seated Henry VII. on the throne, England enjoyed an undisturbed peace. The tables of wages and prices of food, given by Bishop Fleetwood in his 'Chronicon Preciosum,' fully bear out this unmatched description of national wealth. From them it appears that an artisan could earn in three or four days sufficient to buy a sheep, a calf, or a quarter of barley or malt. The statutes of the period are no less decisive. Thus, the statute 25 Hen. VIII. chap. 13, complains that such has been the rise in the prices of 'corn, cattell, wool, pigs, geese, hens, chickens, and egges,' the ordinary articles 'in use by all subjects,' that many have not been able to buy them. In like manner, an act in the 21 Hen. VIII. declares 'beef, mutton, pork, and veal,' to be the ordinary food 'of the poorer sorte.' Thus, then, it is clear that while population was decreasing animal food was the common fare of the people: and that their apparel was of a comfortable and luxurious kind, the various sumptuary laws of the time inform us.

Here we may be permitted to quote the authority of Mr Wade, who has thoroughly investigated the condition of the people of England during the period under review. 'In concluding our retrospect of the Tudor dynasty one cannot help being impressed with the conviction that it was a rough and joyous age. Feasting, and a mirth hearty and boisterous, but not always harmless, were the peculiar characteristics of Elizabeth's reign. The taste for good cheer was especially rife, and was no doubt in part stimulated by the novelty and variety of the viands which commerce and freer intercourse among nations revealed. Thirty-two different kinds of foreign wines were imported in copious abundance, the strongest being in most request; and the lusciousness of the draught was often heightened by sugar, lemon, eggs, or spices. Besides these, there were various kinds of home-made wine. Of ale and beer the varieties were hardly fewer than of wine. Double and double-double beer, dagger-ale, bracket, huff-cap, mad-dog, angel's food, and dragon's milk are a few of the sorts mentioned.'

During the period in question, it is apparent 'that ease, comfort, and plenty were predominant in England; that the food of the people was chiefly animal food;' that their ordinary beverage was wine or beer; 'that fine woollen stuffs, as well as gold and silver lace, and embroidery, were not uncommonly worn; in short, that the statutes against luxury went hand in hand with those complaining of the decay of towns and decrease of the people.'

In the 'True Law of Population' we thus have the key to the solution of facts connected with the history of this country, with which our readers will have been long familiar and long puzzled. It also solves other historical problems of a similar character. The final subversion of the Roman empire is only to be explained upon this principle. For many centuries, vast hordes of barbarians from the north-east were precipitated upon the empire. Whence did they come? They bore various names and brought with them vague accounts of their original country. The Cimbri, Teutones, and Ambrones were considered to belong to Germany. After them came the Goths, Visigoths, Ostrogoths, Vandals, Huns, and the more familiar name of Persians, Ottomans, Moors, and Saracens, wave succeeding wave, till at last the empire of the Cæsars was overthrown. The course of this barbaric torrent was from the north-east passing south-westward. The first great movement was made by the Goths, who, there is reason to think, came from the densely-peopled parts of Asia, and the eastern parts of Europe. To them succeeded the Huns, whose Calmuck features proclaim them orientals. The cause of this great movement, continued through so many centuries, is probably to be found in the condition of the rice-fed races in China, Chinese Tartary, Cochinchina, Hindostan, and the countries west of the Indus.

Statistical accounts supply us with two important facts: the first, to which we have before adverted, that marriages are much less numerous in years of scarcity and consequent high prices than in seasons of plenty; and the second, that although in years of scarcity there are fewer marriages than in years of plenty, yet the births are greater in the year of scarcity than in the year of plenty. Thus in

1799 (a year of plenty) with 77,557 marriages we have 254,570 births.			
1801 (a year of dearth) ..	67,228	273,837 ..
1815 (a year of plenty) ..	99,944	330,199 ..
1817 (a year of scarcity) ..	88,234	331,384 ..
1839 all years of ..	123,166	492,574 ..
1840 growing ..	122,665	502,303 ..
1841 distress ..	122,496	512,158 ..
1842 ..	118,835	517,739 ..

Our readers will be interested by the following extract from Mr Doubleday's work:—"It has generally and very plausibly been set down as an obvious truth, that late marriages are a 'check to population;' and if carried far enough, with regard to the important point of delay, there can be no doubt that this is not only a truth but a truism. Provident nature has, however, done all she could to secure the continuation of the species against this danger; and singular to relate, but most indubitably true it is, that when marriage is delayed, fertility is increased in the ratio of delay, until the point is passed after which the bearing of children becomes impossible. In order to prove this extraordinary and very instructive fact, the following table is adduced. It was constructed by Dr Granville and Mr Finlayson, the well known accountant, and is based upon the particulars of 876 cases, which that eminent medical practitioner attended as physician to the Benevolent Lying-in Institution and Westminster Dispensary. It will be observed that the cases were, in all human probability, those of females in the same station of life; all probably suckling their own children, and exposed to none of the causes of partial sterility on the one hand or stimulated fertility on the other, to which females in the more artificial stations of life are subjected.

Age when married.	Average of births to the year.
13 to 16 ..	456,706
16 .. 20 ..	503,610
21 .. 24 ..	520,227
25 .. 28 ..	545,163
29 .. 32 ..	589,811
33 .. 36 ..	776,866
37 .. 39 ..	1,125,000

'The general results of the above table may be given as follows:—When females marry at or before 20 years of age, their average offspring is not quite a child in two years. From 20 to 32, females marrying produce on an average somewhat faster than a child in two years. If married from 33 to 36, females will average more than two births in three years; and from 37 to 39, about a birth in each 11 months, being rather more than one each year.'—*True Law of Population*, p. 140.

Putting together all these facts drawn from various sources, the mind is irresistibly led to the conclusion that Mr Malthus's theory is a grand assumption. Population does not, as he says, increase most rapidly, either among nations or particular classes, where the means of subsistence are unlimited; nor, where those means are unequal to the necessities of a people or a class, does it remain stationary or diminish. The rapid increase in the population of Ireland contradicts both these positions; in that unhappy land, poverty and destitution have not acted as a check on the increase of population, they have been accompanied by and been auxiliary to an increase rapid and redundant beyond example. It brings to mind the growth of the Jewish people in the land of the Pharaohs, who, as we are informed by the sacred historian, 'the more they were oppressed, the more they multiplied.' Nor is the Malthusian theory countenanced by any of the large class of facts to which we have adverted, and which lead to conclusions obviously the reverse. The assertion too that in America the expansion of population is owing to the exuberant supply of food will not bear examination. Undoubtedly the population has advanced at a rapid rate, but this is attributable to the constant tide of emigration which has flowed into the United States from nearly the

whole of the countries of Europe. The increase is not wonderful, when we remember that sixty thousand emigrants have entered one port (New York) alone in a year; and that these emigrants were persons in the prime of life, of robust health, and in such circumstances as would induce them to enter into matrimonial connections, and who would thus begin at once to add to the population.

In this theory, there is nothing to impeach the wisdom and benevolence of the Creator as displayed in the moral government of the world; nothing to shock the feelings of humanity. It looks with a kindly eye on the unfortunate, the 'orphans of society,' as they have been aptly termed; and with generous impatience implores the opulent and powerful to commiserate and relieve their misfortunes. Its language to 'men of high degree' is to diffuse far and wide the blessings of knowledge, and to promote, to the utmost of their power, the social and political amelioration of their fellow-men. It is by our artisans and labourers being well educated, well housed, well clad, and well fed, that the most effective checks are placed upon that tendency to over-population which no thoughtful man can contemplate with indifference.

NICE YOUNG LADIES.

THE age we live in betrays many remarkable features peculiar to itself. Its fashions, tastes, and pursuits are not alone different from those of former times, but peculiarly and markedly different. We wish we could add improved. There is a certain class of writers who rejoice in a mystifying cant about progress, that do attempt to bewilder the inexperienced into such a belief; but viewing matters through an unimpassioned medium, we beg to dissent from the generality of their conclusions. Some time since we supported our notions of the matter by anatomising one part of the rising generation, known as 'nice young men;' we propose now to balance that sketch by doing the same for a numerous class of the other sex. We are quite aware of the resentment to which the act may expose us, but with unlimited confidence in the editor's secrecy, we shall entrench ourself in a comfortable incognito.

In our ancestral time, it was a cherished delusion that there was some distinctive epoch betwixt childhood and womanhood, entitled girlhood; and though the shadow of our twentieth summer has vanished, we entertain some dreamy reminiscences of enjoying holiday sport, blind-man's-buff and hide-and-seek, in company with certain lath-like girls just emerged from pinafores, whose tuckers were always being too spare, and whose chief delights were embodied in eating bread and butter and romping. But what of them now? In vain we look around the circle of the daughters of our city friends for anything similar. The race is in fact extinct—soon to be classed, we suppose, with the mammoth and megatherium and other relics of mildewed antiquity. And if a rare specimen can at all be obtained, to instruct the eyes of the present age, it can only be found in remote rural districts, where the milliner is not abroad. It may be almost set down as a fact, that there is now no such thing as a girl—a real, ingenuous, helter-skelter, loving, unsentimental piece of nature. After pinafores comes a make-up of long hair, crinoline, bustle, and boots, into incipient womanhood, and this is the nice young lady in the primary phase of existence as such. The making up of course becomes 'small by degrees, and beautifully less,' as nature expands and develops, but the *tout ensemble* is always the same from the age of fourteen to thirty. No, we beg pardon, not thirty; the nice young lady, although addicted to addition below twenty, is strong at subtraction after it.

An old divine observes, that 'no one entereth this world without a certain calling.' We should much like to know what is the nice young ladies' particular calling, for beyond presumptive glimpses obtained furtively, and what may be guessed at by visiting bachelors, the literature of China is not a greater mystery. Our friend Bob Styles, to whom we quoted the above remark recently, observed

that it was chatter and dress; but then Bob is a bachelor, past forty, and considered a cynic by the sex. If we cannot decide the matter, we can at least consider their pursuits and occupations, and perhaps this will answer the purpose equally well. As these vary slightly in different nice young ladies, suppose we take a run through a few of your acquaintance for specimens.

There's Julia Wyndham, who lives across the row. You see her at the window, with long oily Macassarian ringlets, bending her head over some knitting. She's always there, always save when at the Diggesses, with whom she is very intimate. They have a brother at sea, who brought her home a pair of tortoise-shell combs, who talks sea slang, despises land-lubbers, and is the object of Julia's solicitude. He wrote a love-letter to her, beginning 'dear Juyla.' But what becomes of all her knitting? One might as well ask what becomes of all the pins. Our great-grandmothers wrought bad figures and worse perspective into tapestry, and our grandmothers manufactured sheets and hose and carded wool. The one was seen, and, for lack of better knowledge of high art, supposed good; the other was felt to be a positive benefit. But Julia's labour? Once we perceived in the washing-green a dozen little patches of dingy little squares, which no amount of chloride of lime could whiten. Could these be it all? Julia bears the reputation among her female acquaintances of being such a nice thrifty girl—quite a treasure to any man, she would be so economical.

Emily Digges, on the other hand—a laughing, joyous, lively little blonde—a teasing, perplexing little creature—loving her own way too well, and her own will too much, to be subject to any constraint—is considered a very nice young lady. And what can Emily do? Oh, anything funny! She does so like a bit of amusement, and hates all serious nonsense. Quite the life and soul of any party is Emily. You may remember her coming into the room one night, dressed in her brother's jacket and hat and a cigar in her cherry lips, throwing the gents into a cataleptic condition of delighted astonishment. You must have seen her scaring children on the stair-landing with a hideous mask; and cannot forget how she turned off the gas at a party, leaving the ladies fainting or seeming so, and the gentlemen shouting. It was such fun you never knew. How smartly, too, she goes through the Polka, and how well she plays those Nubian melodies on the piano, hating, with a true English hatred, 'all that antiquated rubbish of national music.' And what a knowledge she has of her own position, too, and great idea of her own superior attainments. That bald-headed, quiet-looking old gentleman sitting often near her is her grand-papa. What a horrid old bore he is! Poor old gentleman, he exists under the impression that he has by some accident outlived his time; and so he has, for his antiquated ideas of feminine propriety are all scattered and set at defiance by Emily. At first he annoyed her terribly about pattern young maidens of the last century's rearing, always setting up his musty nonsense in opposition to what she knew much better about of course, and so she was obliged to keep him under. Now he seems like a man walking in the darkness of perpetual error, and in a dejected helplessness of escape. How suddenly he relapsed from his talkativeness into a shrinking uneasy silence, when, the other night, as he ventured an observation on Emily's mode of playing chess with Frank Muff, she cleverly told him to 'get along for an old fool, how should he know about chess! Oh, indeed!' Oh, brother Bob, Ned, or Dick, beware of any thought of matrimony in connection with Emily! Polkas, Ethiopian minstrelsy, and fun, and all that sort of thing, wont go far to pay tradesmen's accounts or train a family.

Somehow our thoughts naturally revert from Emily's portrait to that of the young Lady Melvilles. There are three of them—all nice girls. They dress in Polka mantellets, and wear plain hair under little impudent bonnets. You meet them often on the street. There is a certain circle of shops—Puff, the pastry-cook's; Miss Blonde, the milliner's; and Type, the circulating library man's—they visit daily, and may be seen lounging over the counters, staring

at the customers as they enter, and making criticisms on them after departure. They often change their frocks, but seldom their rounds. So constant are they on the same beat, that invidious minds have suggested something about walking man-traps and husband-hunting in connection with them. Amelia, the eldest, often carries a book in her hand. She pretends to literature. Once meeting her, we snatched a look at it, and found Byron's 'Lara' on the title, and a particular page marked off as the one she was reading at. Six months later, we got her with the same volume marked at the same page. She keeps an album, and rather delights in making known the fact to the young gentlemen, with incipient beards, who visit the house to draw and gape. They sometimes venture to sully its pages with rhyme, and sometimes she does so herself. In confidence, one evening, she simpered an assent to our inquiry about the authorship of certain lines in her handwriting. They ran thus,

'ON SEEING A BOY CATCH A BUTTERFLY.

O set the pretty insect free!
See how it quivers with alarm!
Ah, cruel boy! I'm sure, to thee
Its life and beauty wrought no harm.'

We did not read further. Were all the albums of this kingdom collected together, we are sure the amount of harmless nonsense they contain would be quite incredible. Can you form any idea of it? Perhaps, however, rightly viewed, they are rather excellent inventions than otherwise, in affording poetic youths a safety-valve for those effusions which the public were otherwise certain to be saddled with, and much paper, printing, and capital irretrievably lost. Amelia's sister, Augusta, told us all about the poetry. 'Amelia,' she said, 'has written such a lot of pieces you couldn't think, besides that beautiful tale in the *Ladies' Magazine*, 'The Hidden One,' which everybody so much admired.' The same Augusta has an open, confiding, winning manner with her; she hates secrets, and wouldn't have any—no, not for the world. She is very strong in Berlin wool and painting fire-screens, and informs strangers how much her articles, all her own manufacture too, were admired at the Young Ladies' Charity Fancy Fair. In these benevolent institutions she takes great interest—is quite a devoted philanthropist in their cause. Has it not struck you often, reader, how nearly charity is akin to vanity? You remember how you gave a sixpence to the beggar in the steamboat because a certain friend was with you, and how you scowled away the ragged imploring urchin on the street when alone? You know how much you can afford to societies who print the donors' names, and how little of your capital finds its way secretly into the lanes and hedges. Had the beggar of old sat in the temple instead of at its gate, how much better would he have fared! We do not assign motives to Augusta though, further than that charity-balls and fancy fairs are the fashionable mode of remembering the poor, and any other would be *outré*. Then the youngest, Miss Fanny, has her own tastes too; but what these are beyond Bulwer's novels, declarations that the last number of 'Dombey' is always falling off, and a habit of sighing, like one in a perpetual love fit, we really do not know. Her conversation is composed of the veriest platitudes, garnished with French phrases, which she picks up in the 'Metropolitan Magazine' and 'Morning Post.' She has studied hard to acquire a captivating glance, accomplished by raising the eye-lash, taking a short quick stare, and allowing it to droop slowly and sweetly again. It tells on raw soft youths very well for a little time at first. Young Raggles, of the Blues, thinks her 'a jeuced nice girl, so clinging and tender upon a fellow's art.' Had he seen her the other night, when in a passion of rage at the milliner's little girl, for delaying on the road so long with a new bonnet, and caring no more for the poor child's sobbing entreaties not to be informed on to her mistress, than the veriest tyrant, he might have wondered a little and questioned his conclusion.

There is a standing joke against the young damsels of a particular locality in the west of Scotland. A gentleman

wanted a housekeeper, and had several applications for the office. He began with the first thus: 'Can you wash?'—'No, sir.' 'Can you bake?'—'No, sir.' 'Can you cook?'—'No, sir.' 'And, pray, what can you do?'—'I can sew shawls, sir,' was the reply. Under a slightly modified aspect, the same queries might be put to the most of our nice young ladies. 'What really useful accomplishments have you?'—'I can dance, I can sing, play the piano, scribble rhyme, talk bad French, flirt a little, and work Berlin wool.' Positively, there is little more. And pray what did you learn all these accomplishments for, and why practise them? we might ask. 'To catch a husband, sir,' should be the candid reply. Will they keep him after caught? Will he be delighted at breakfast-time to hear the piano jingling, in ecstasies with *la langue Française* at dinner, and ravished with bits of Berlin wool or knitting all night afterwards? You surely think, and perhaps with reason sometimes, that man is a very foolish, docile, tractable creature, easily tamed, led like a lapdog with a riband, and scolded and petted at will. We hope you may find him so, but are almost sure you will not. Senseless puppyism may follow any glittering toy a little, but easily as it flies to you as easily will it fly away. Perhaps you may have watched a bee hovering on the wing in a flower-garden. Attracted by a gaily plant, it buzzed a little round it, alighted, looked inquiringly into the unfruitful chalice, and flew off again elsewhere. It found no honey, and beauty would not satisfy it. The light of love must be fed from the treasures of the mind, else will it soon wane and cease to attract or cheer.

What, after all, is the summary of the existence of the nice young lady? To be forced prematurely into womanhood—to look up to dress and amusement as chief aims of existence—to deify fashion and be its slave—to assume a character that does not belong to her—to know nothing of the realities of life and much of its fictions—to perplex herself about killing time while time is destroying her—to gain, at great expense, a few paltry pitiful accomplishments, and little practical wisdom, neither improving the heart nor head—to know nothing of the moral and social position and responsibilities of her sex, unless these be to stew in heated ball-rooms and smile and gossip at parties—to dance as if dancing were an earnest work, and talk as if talking were only the utterance of sound—to court, and perhaps win, the adulation of weak-minded and weaker hearted youths—to be envied by her sisterhood, and receive the hollow homage of such of the other sex as she sees—to plot at catching some one for a husband, or get an intriguing mamma to do it for her—to marry, and cease to be a NICE YOUNG LADY.

THE LAST REQUEST.

A pious father had his dying moments embittered by the thought of leaving behind him a thoughtless, and even profligate son. While the prodigal stood by the death-bed, softened into something like contrition by the prospect of losing a tender-hearted parent, the dying man asked his son whether he would grant him a last request. The weeping youth promised that he would not refuse whatever a dying parent might ask. The father, summoning his remaining energies, said, 'Will you promise to spend a quarter of an hour every day in solitary reflection?' His departing spirit waited to hear the ready answer, 'I will,' and then took its flight to a better world. For the first day or two after the decease of his father, the son occupied the quarter of an hour in wondering why his father should have made so strange a request, and why he should have laid so much stress on a thing so extremely simple. By and by, however, he began to feel that it was not so very easy as he had anticipated, to spend even a quarter of an hour every day in *solitary* meditation—away from the society both of men and of books. He began to see himself as he had never before seen himself: he saw that he had been guilty of the vilest ingratitude towards a Parent infinitely more kind than his deceased father: he wondered that he had been so long in making

this discovery; and wondered, still more anxiously, whether he might yet be reconciled to this, the best of fathers and of friends. These thoughts led him to peruse his long-neglected Bible with an interest which he had never before felt in reading it. The Bible directed him to the mercy-seat of God, there to implore and to expect, through Christ, pardon, and acceptance, and renovation; and only a few weeks had elapsed when this once dissolute youth became—what his fond father wished him to be.

FAINT NOT.

(For the Instructor.)

Brother fragile, poor, and lowly,
Dost thou weep thy life away?
Art thou crush'd and melancholy,
'Neath misfortune's iron sway?
Is thy bosom brimming o'er
With the fullness of its woe—
Wo that none on earth may share—
Grief that none but God can know?
Faint not, fear not—bear thou up
While there's life within thy cup!

Are thy limbs, that wont to bear thee
Bounding o'er the sunny lea,
Trembling now, and weak, and weary,
As they never used to be?
Can'st thou see no more the sunbeams
Dancing o'er the dewy flowers,
Thou that wont to dance so lightly
In the sighing forest bowers?
Brother, faint not—don't give up,
While there's life within thy cup!

Is thy heart in silence pleading
Gainst the doom that man has spoken—
Is it slowly pining—bleeding
With a sense of wrong—and broken
By the calous tongue of scorn?
Scorn that does not care how deep
Thy poor spirit, all forlorn,
Shrinks within itself to weep?
Still, my brother, don't give up;
Still there's hope within thy cup!

There's a home where never sorrow
Comes to blight the blooming cheek;
There's a land where every morrow
Brighter than the last will break!
Tear, nor grief, nor pain, nor scorn,
Spirits in that Celum know;
There no lonely heart forlorn
Silent drinks the draught of wo:
Then, my brother, don't give up—
Heaven's draughts may brim thy cup.

J. B. S.

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

(For the Instructor.)

Young spring, with her buds and her blossoms, has fled,
And summer's gay garlands of roses are dead,
Even autumn's warm sunshine is sick'ning away,
And nature seems mourning her children's decay.

Hear yon rivulet mournfully murmur'ing by;
See the forest-trees wave to the autumn wind's sigh;
And the wither'd leaves fall where the branches still meet,
As if weeping the flow'rets that bloom'd at their feet.

No longer fair blossoms the gardens adorn;
No longer the daisy springs up 'neath the thorn;
Soon, soon must cold winter resume his pale sway,
And drive the few flowers still remaining away.

But winter has beauty, and winter has joy,—
The sweetness of summer unending would cloy;
There's a sunshine of smiles circling round the bright hearth,
There's warmth in affection, and music in mirth.

The fruits of the summer have gladden'd our board,
The bounties of autumn the garner have stored;
Hail! hearty old winter, we welcome thee here,
'Mid plenty, the heart of the poor man to cheer.

I. CRAIG.

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ROUGH NOTES OF RAMBLES IN ELBE-LAND.

LOT. II.

‘Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice.’—SHAKESPEARE.

As far as the Continent is considered, the English residents in Hamburg are altogether *sui generis*. They number about eighteen hundred persons. A protracted stay in the city enabled us to visit the places where they ‘most do congregate,’ and our engagements were such as also to afford every facility for becoming thoroughly acquainted with their private character and their general reputation. They are an entirely different class to that which one meets with in other parts of Germany, and especially in the Rhine towns. We found among them none of the moustached chevaliers d’industrie, who, in those towns, strut, and swagger, and *swindle*, as they were wont to do at home. We met with no ‘*Levanters*,’ gentlemen (?) who having made their ‘little books’ wrong side up, have gained a reputation at Tattersall’s for being oblivious of ‘settling day!’ Neither did we perceive, among our countrymen in Hamburg, any of that tribe of ‘stuck-up’ people, that infest the Continent and disgrace Britain by their thorough vulgarity and disgusting ignorance. Go almost where you may, and *there* they are, before and behind, on the right hand and on the left. In every steam-boat, every diligence, every *schnell-post*—in every hotel, table d’hôte, pump-room, saloon—in town, city, and village—in highway and byway—poking among the rubbish of ruins and gaping in cathedrals, *there* they are, displaying their depth of *purse* and their Brummagem connoisseurism. Reader, there are none of them in Hamburg. The reason is, the Elbe is not so *fashionable* as the Rhine. If it were *fashionable* to do so, those excellent persons would spend the summer in Timbuctoo; for they *travel* for exactly the same reason that induces them to live in the west end and to have a first-tier box at the opera.

The English in Hamburg are chiefly engaged in trade as general merchants. To the enterprise of our countrymen, the city is indebted for most of its recent improvements. During our stay, the streets were, for the first time, lighted with gas; and this was done by a resident English company. The national reputation has been well sustained, for the Germans regard the British merchants as men of indomitable perseverance and of unblemished integrity.

There are in the city only two English places of worship—one an Episcopalian church, the other an Independent chapel. The clergyman of the first mentioned place, the Rev. Mr Dewar, is a member of the Oxford school of

divines. Some time ago he published a volume in which he attempted to trace the infidel philosophy of Germany to the ‘right of private judgment.’ The conclusion which he sought to establish was ‘the danger of permitting the laity to read the Scriptures!’ This production created a considerable sensation in the reading circles of Hamburg and in many of the university towns. But its success was very short-lived. A friend in Berlin having mentioned it to Dr Neander, he read it, and in little while after replied to Mr Dewar in an article, in which that gentleman’s sophistry was completely exposed and his jesuitism unmasked. Mr Dewar’s congregation, considering that the majority of the residents profess to be members of the Church of England, is very small. The church, which is a handsome edifice, stands in an open space on the right hand side as you enter the city by the *Altona* gate. It will accommodate about two hundred and fifty persons. There is only one service held on the Sabbath, and that in the morning. The average attendance, we were informed, did not exceed fifty.

The Independent chapel is the first public building that arrests the attention of the stranger on landing from the steamer. It stands in a prominent position on the quay side, immediately within the fortification. It is a remarkably neat structure, with a pure Doric portico, to which you ascend by an easy flight of steps. It contains ‘sittings’ for, we understood, five hundred persons. The pulpit is opposite the entrance, and facing the pulpit is a gallery which is reserved for the exclusive use of the British seamen in the port. When we visited it, there being no stated minister, the pulpit was ‘supplied’ by students from the Rotherham Independent College. During our stay, the chapel was extremely well attended; and since our return we have heard that the congregation has increased under the able ministry of the Rev. J. Smith, A.M., of Glasgow University, who has become the resident pastor.

It is not generally known, and we think it worthy of record, that to Edinburgh belongs the honour of introducing an evangelical ministry into Hamburg. After the plunder and evacuation of the city by Vandamme and Davoust, in 1814, the most heart-rending misery prevailed; and not the least striking mark of the wide-spread calamity was the cessation, for a considerable period, of the public worship of God. There was no English clergyman of any denomination in the city. Some of the residents having mentioned this to their friends in Scotland, about the close of 1815, a few liberal and pious individuals met together in Edinburgh, and agreed to send out, at their own expense, a clergyman named Dick, who soon gathered a congregation, in a private house, and preached with marked

success for nearly two years. He was succeeded by the Rev. J. D. Mudie of London, during whose stay the congregation was by a deed of 'concession' (a sort of toleration act), recognised by the senate, under the title of the *English Reformed Church*. This occurred in 1818, and as the number of British residents increased, there being no other place of English worship, the usual place of assemblage became too small, in consequence of which application was made to the authorities for permission to erect a chapel. To the astonishment of the applicants, their request was opposed by a Mr Mellish, the English consul, who, with more zeal than wisdom, denounced them as fanatical methodists. The senate, influenced by this gentleman, refused the application. Annoyed and grieved, the members of the congregation, many of whom were eminent merchants, transmitted an account of the whole business to the English secretary for foreign affairs, Lord Castlereagh. His lordship replied most promptly and courteously to their communication, and 'snubbed' Mr Mellish for his impertinent meddling with a matter which ought to have commanded his help rather than called forth his opposition. When the senate saw how the wind blew in our foreign office, it at once granted a site, on condition that a building should be erected which would be an ornament to the city. On inquiring why the church was Independent rather than Presbyterian, seeing that the Scottish friends who originated the place were of that 'persuasion,' we were told that the majority of the members were attached to the independent form of church government. This, however, seems in no wise to hinder the harmonious action of the body. Though their views of church order differ, they all hold the doctrines of the Westminster Confession; and really we never beheld a more perfect exhibition of Christian union than that which presented itself at the celebration of the Lord's Supper, when persons from England, Ireland, Scotland, and America—Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Independents—sat down together to eat of the same bread and to drink of the same cup. We can aver, from observation, that, no matter to what denomination he belongs, every servant of Christ is always certain to receive a cordial welcome from that interesting people. It was to them that the late John Murray McCheyne preached his last sermon on the Continent. The visit of the members of the 'mission to the Jews' was often mentioned as having afforded them extreme satisfaction.

Talking of the Jews recalls a scene that we witnessed, the memory of which will not be easily blotted from our mind. One day, about the close of October, when returning to our lodgings in the Eimstütteler Strasse, to reach that delightful suburb we had to pass through the Jewish quarter of the city, when, to our surprise, instead of pressing invitations to buy 'old cloath betterish than new,' not a Jew was to be seen. The shops were all closed, and the street seemed to have been utterly abandoned by the unfortunate people by which it was thronged on the previous day. 'What's up?' we asked ourselves; but as we could not answer the inquiry, we put the question to a friend who accompanied us. 'Don't you know?' said he; 'why, this is the month Tisrri, and this day is the *day of atonement*.' 'Where is the synagogue?' 'Within a few hundred yards hence.' 'Can we get in?' we asked. 'I think so,' he replied; 'at all events, we can try.'

In a few minutes we were carefully 'picking our steps' down an exceedingly filthy street, at the end of which stands the old synagogue. The building does not face the street. At the approach, which is an arched gateway and passage, in perfect keeping with the dirty district around, a number of young Israelites were playing. Meeting with no obstruction, we asked no questions, but passed up the passage until we came to a pair of folding doors which opened into the body of the synagogue. As we approached these doors we heard a confused noise—now the stamping and clattering of feet upon the floor, and anon a wailing murmur as if a large assembly was afflicting its soul, and at once lifting up its voice to weep. The sounds became louder and louder. We were now close to the entrance. Should we go in? Was it right, for the mere gratification

of curiosity, to intrude upon the people? Would they not regard it as an insult or an unkindness, to come to look upon them in the day of their sorrow? These and similar questions arose in our mind, and caused us to hesitate about entering. In a few moments, however, a Jew came out, and seeing that we were not of his people, he courteously motioned to us to go in. We pushed open the doors and went in, and we shall never forget the scene which we then witnessed. The place in which we found ourselves was a large square apartment, capable of containing about two hundred persons, and seated after the manner of most modern places of worship. A number of candles and two dirty windows afforded sufficient light to enable us to get a good view of the assembly. Above was a gallery for females. The aspect of the whole was filthy and miserable looking. The seats were literally crammed with Jews, each of whom wore a white cotton robe and a cap of the same material—his *grave-clothes*! In the centre of the synagogue was a raised platform. On this stood the *ark*, around which were ranged five or six venerable-looking men—the 'elders' of Israel—who chanted in Hebrew and in a dirge-like tone, from large volumes of the 'Book of the Law of the Lord,' which were spread out before them. The congregation united in the recitation, and accompanied the sorrowful cadence with that rocking to and fro of the body, which, among Celtic and Oriental nations, is the expression of grief. Here and there we observed persons who took part in the service evidently more as a matter of course, but the main feature of that singular and touching scene was the genuine earnestness of the worshippers. In obedience to the command of Moses, they had not tasted food since the evening of the previous day, neither, we believe, had they slept during the past night; and abstinence from food and the want of rest contributed not a little to give a degree of haggard wildness to their faces which harmonised with the plaintive chantings which they uttered.

Oh, it was a piteous sight!—a sight which no student of history—no Christian could gaze upon unmoved. Before us stood erect one of the most venerable monuments of antiquity, and one of the most irrefragable proofs of the Divine origin of our faith. Here was a people without a country, and this was their 'day of atonement;' but they had neither temple, nor altar, nor priest, nor sacrifice! Here they were, a fragment from the wreck of a nation, compared with which the oldest of existing peoples is but of yesterday—a nation that saw the birth and the decrepitude, the rise and the fall of empires—a nation against which the anger of the world was kindled, although the world scarcely knew why it was so! For the destruction of the Jews pagans resorted to banishment and massacre, and Christians piled the auto-da-fe and prepared the scaffold. They have been hunted throughout the earth as men hunt beasts of prey. All lands have been wetted with their blood; and their slaughter—their savage, cruel, brutal slaughter—often furnished a holiday spectacle to the dames of Rome, and Spain, and Britain! The arts of the rhetorician and the resources of the poet have been exhausted in keeping alive the hatred of the nations against this persecuted race. To this end the epigrammatic wit of Martial and the keen and bitter satire of Juvenal flowed forth freely. Even our own Shakespeare cannot be held guiltless. Shylock, with all his inexorable, fiendish malice against the Christian merchant, and his greedy love for gain, which extinguished natural affection in his bosom, is but an embodiment of the fatal opinions of the Jewish character which pervaded society in Shakespeare's time. But did that embodiment tend to weaken or obliterate those opinions? We trow not. Did it not rather help to *burn* them into the public mind?—to give them a more dreadful intensity and a wider diffusion? Who can doubt it? Has it had no hand in preventing Britain from recognising her obligations to the Jews? We say her *obligations*, for to none are we more deeply indebted.

Take away the influence of *their* literature, and where, we ask, would be the civilisation of Europe? The names of their sages, and princes, and poets, are our household

words. To their eloquent teachings we listened in our childhood, and we have repeated them to our children. The words and examples of *their* 'holy men of old' have often nerved us in adversity and consoled us in sorrow. The world *can* afford to lose Socrates and Plato, Demosthenes and Cicero, Homer and Virgil; but what could possibly repay it for the loss of Moses and the Prophets?

As we sat, thoughts such as these rushed through our mind; and recollections of the ancient glory of the remarkable people around us, tended only to deepen our impression of their present wretchedness. We looked upon them, nevertheless, as then being as much a marvel and a miracle as when led by the pillar of fire in the wilderness, or when they were partakers of the gorgeous splendours of the reign of Solomon. There was the same individuality, the same national distinctness. Driven through the nations, they have not mingled with them. Surely, as Schlegel profoundly remarks, 'they are a people formed for futurity.' Their destiny is the unsolved problem of the world's history.

'For yet the tenfold film shall fall,
O, Judah! from thy sight,
And every eye be purged to read
Thy testimonies right,
When thou, with all Messiah's signs
In Christ distinctly seen,
Shalt, by Jehovah's nameless name,
Invoke the Nazarene!'

The heat becoming oppressive, we rose, and glided out as quietly as we had entered. We were soon beyond the sound of the mournful chant which still continued. But now, after the lapse of years, we hear its wailing cadence; and sure are we that memory must perish ere we can lose the impressions which were made upon us by our visit to the old synagogue on the DAY OF ATONEMENT.

THE COUNCIL OF FOUR.

OUR young friends must not be startled by the above title. We do not intend to tell them a story about dark mysterious personages like those which composed the celebrated Venetian 'council of three;' nor do we intend to say anything about those underground, *injuriously* consulted, the secret vhemique, who burrowed in Germany and other chivalrous countries during the chivalric ages, trying people darkly and most assumptively, and murdering them with great coolness and temerity. The 'Council of Four' is neither composed of fat, well-living London 'livery men,' nor aldermen, nor members of her majesty's cabinet, nor officers of the star chamber, nor of sage northern deacons, nor bailies, nor any of those wise and portly people, who are no doubt born to be councillors of the order *a la fourchette*. It is simply, our dear young friends, a game. We shall let this little book say its own say, however, and then we shall let our much-respected juvenile readers, ay, and our adult ones too, know some of the sage enunciations of this 'Council of Four.' 'It happened some short since, that, being one of a small party assembled at the house of a friend, we agreed to play at *bouts rimés*. But the due number of syllables would not come pleasantly—the poems, when complete, were uninteresting—and, altogether, our game at *bouts rimés* did not turn out well. Upon this, I proposed that we should try a new exercise for our wits. This was to consist of various *definitions* of some word fixed upon by general consent. Each of the company was to be provided with a slip of paper and a pencil. Three words for definition being chosen, they were to be written down by every person on his or her slip of paper, and—the definition of each word having afterwards been written under it—all the papers were to be handed to some one gentleman, who was to act as reader. This gentleman was then to read aloud the contents of the papers, giving all the definitions of one word before he proceeded to the next. As the *anonymous* was to be strictly preserved, here was a capital opportunity for the expression of opinion, for jokes, or for anything, indeed, which the temptation of being able to write, without chance of being convicted as the author of the matter written, could inspire. The first round of

definitions went off so satisfactorily, that we took three more rounds to define—then three more—then three more. In short, our new game of 'definitions,' on this, and on following occasions, was declared to be no bad method of passing the time. We had made away with many slips of paper, when it occurred to us that other people might like to play as well as ourselves. To instigate them to do so, and to offer, at the same time, a prospectus and a specimen, three friends and myself engaged to meet on successive evenings, and to define one hundred words. We now present the result of our meetings. One of the party nicknamed us 'the Council of Four.' We have accepted the designation, and made it the title of our little volume.*

Bouts rimés is decidedly neither so pleasant nor profitable a game as this. In *bouts rimés* you take a number of terminating words (commonly four, as *look, took, eye, sigh*), and you supply the other words necessary to make a complete and understandable verse. There is a difficulty in following this rhythmical formula, and, even if you succeed, you are apt to have more laughing at the incongruous associations of nonsensical words than profit from poetical ingenuity. The 'Council of Four' is decidedly a pleasant game; for the wit and powers of definition and explication are not in the least shackled, but are allowed all the scope of language and of prose.

In some of the definitions the 'council' are extremely happy, in others they are rather vague and outlandish; in all, however, there is evidence of firm compact thought and concentrateness of language. The definitions of the words are often *double-entendres*, that are, of course, pointed according to the opinions of the explicist—they are not necessarily true definitions, being opinionative. To the word AMERICA we have first the oracular response—'Youth affecting manhood.' Now, we do not think this a happy answer, for we esteem it a great assumption in senility to deny manhood among the nations to the second commercial country in the world. If it is youth affecting manhood, why, what will the youth be when he really becomes a man? Another answer to the same word is 'John Bull working with his coat off.' This, though a little obscure, may be construed into something more complimentary to 'Young Columbia.' He who works with his coat off works with a will, and generally works at something productive, and of advantage to the community. John Bull working with his coat on may be seen any day on 'Change, or ringing the office-bell of a stockbroker.—HOME is finely answered by every member of the 'council.' 'The superstructure of happiness or misery which man rears upon his own nature. The magnet of positive or negative happiness. Something which reminds a rich man of his wealth and a poor man of his poverty. A place where the world seeks your character.' This last is hardly a fact, although it should be one. How many 'causey saunts' would be found to be 'hame tyrants,' if the world would only lift the roofs from thousands of tenements, and glance its eye upon their inmates at home!—What beauty and truth are contained in the following definitions of the word 'SCHOLAR: A worker for the noblest wealth, whose banker is his brain. A teeming pitcher from the well of knowledge. A diver for pearls, who often loses his breath before he gathers a fortune. One who goes to market with more learning than he can find a market for.—CHILD: God's problem waiting man's solution.—TAXES: Periodical bleeding as prescribed by government. Feathers plucked from all birds to line the nests of a few.—WAR: Congregational worship of the devil. Evidence for man's origin from beasts. Death doing a roaring trade. Murder to music.—TYRANNY: The frost which congeals the stream of social progress. Power pampered to disease.—DUEL: Folly playing at murder. A game of chance for two persons, in which it is possible for both to be losers.—PRISON: An oven where society puts newly-made crime to harden.—PLOUGH: Man's title-deed to the earth. One of the keys of nature's workshop. Earth's preparatory schoolmaster. An 'intruder' on the earth, who ven-

tures to solicit a repetition of past favours.—**BALL-ROOM**: A hothouse for growing artificial manners. A confined place, in which people are committed by fashion to hard labour.—**POLICEMAN**: A person hired by careless gardeners to collect the weeds. One of the helpers employed in the Augean stable.—**SOLDIER**: A man who is an idler when he is not a murderer. A live target, set up by one nation for another to shoot at. A human enamel, who is the more prized the more colours he has taken, and the greater the number of offices through which he has passed.

—**POVERTY**: An exhausted receiver, in which men are placed to see how long they can exist. Hard sugar for sweetening wealth.—**BEE**: A labourer, partner, and out-door collector in an extensive sugar-factory. A self-taught botanist, whose works command a ready sale. A travelling bagman in the sweetmeat line.—**MENAGERIE**: A condensed natural history, presenting live specimens on every page. A place in which wild animals are confined for the edification of tame ones. An epitome of the world—restraint and coercion required by food and shelter.—**MEMORY**: The past's visit to the present. The hoarded slides of the mind's magic lantern.—**COAT**: The scabbard that offers no guarantee for the blade it sheathes. The mask of men. The honest distinction of brutes.—**NAPOLEON**: A naughty boy, who was put in a corner because he wanted the world to play with.

We could easily multiply examples of the same clear patness of thought and expression, to prove that such amusements as the 'Council of Four' are calculated to highly improve the mind, and to lighten thought, and enlighten the understanding. We trust that all our young friends will try this exercise. It will pleasantly and profitably beguile the long winter and spring evenings. We tender our acknowledgments to its contrivers, and congratulate them upon adding an important addition to our innocent amusements.

THE BLACKSMITH OF ANTWERP.

LONG ago—before the folks in the Netherlands had learned to smoke tobacco, and even before those enterprising and mighty-minded men, who so gloriously figure in the annals of the sage and world-famed 'Knickerbocker,' had bidden a magnanimous adieu to the land of their nativity—there lived in Antwerp a blacksmith. It must not be supposed that this particular blacksmith was the only blacksmith in Antwerp; for such a supposition, although it might be very agreeable to the imagination, and serve to conjure up sundry ideas touching the independent genius of the person in question, would give but a sorry idea of the state of the iron trade in that city, and might serve to exaggerate peoples' notions regarding Flemish honesty. One blacksmith would have had his own trade of it, if one might be allowed to indulge in such a preposterous hallucination; for at the time to which we refer, Antwerp could boast of two-and-twenty goodly squares, more than two hundred streets, and upwards of two hundred thousand inhabitants; a lordly, majestic burgo-master, fat and portly burgesses, craftsmen of all sorts and sizes, sailors perambulating its streets from all parts of Europe, and pickpockets following the sailors; there were cheese-sellers and milk-venders, with vehicles, from the dairies which lay nearer to this great trading emporium than to Brussels or Bergen-op-Zoom, and there were rich merchants, who had ships, and great stores, and fine houses, and great, strong money-boxes—in short, there were such a multiplicity of things suggestive of ring-bolts, anchors, chains, iron wheels, horses' shoes, locks, and keys, that to suppose there was only one blacksmith in Antwerp would be to suppose Antwerp a very wooden city indeed, and its people less careful of fastening their doors than commercial people are in general. The iron age had splashed up the waters of the Scheldt, as well as down the Tiber, and it had tramped through the flats and fens of the Netherlands, as well as over the champagna of Rome. The proud hidalgos of Spain, with their iron caps, which protected leaden heads, and iron coats, which covered stony hearts, had ridden

their stout steeds across the landscapes which the Cuypys, Van Goyens, and Vanderveldes loved to paint, as well as those which Murillo and Velasquez delighted to portray; and so there were numerous workers in iron and steel in Antwerp, as well as in Milan and Damascus. It is with one particular blacksmith only, however, that this veracious narrative proposes to deal, and it may be supposed that he was both an uncommon blacksmith and uncommon youth, or his history would scarcely be worthy of narration.

We have said that he was an uncommon youth, which phrase, without the qualification, may be considered as an intimation that he had passed his boyhood; and as that boyhood had been like the most of workpeoples', it is unnecessary to say a great deal concerning it. Quintin Matsys was the son of a poor man, which was no disgrace to him, however criminal some men may suppose poverty to be to an individual; and he was the son of an honest man, which was some honour to his father, and is a prouder hereditary title than many a rich man's son can write on his patrimonial tree. Little Quintin was not one of those boys that people think of making blacksmiths of now-a-days, for he was small, and not at all robust-looking; but then he had such a curious notion of running to the Schmidt's Wynd, and blowing the huge bellows, whose handles he could hardly reach on tiptoe, and of trying his hand at forging little pieces of iron, which the smiths allowed him to do as an indulgence, after he had tried the impossibility of swinging the great hammer, which is usually called Monday, and of filing, chopping, and burnishing, that his father thought he had a genius for working in iron, and in spite of the remonstrances of his mother, who declared that he was not robust, and that she would rather he was sent as an apprentice to the good peruke-maker, Jan Puffendorf, Quintin was duly bound apprentice to the right hard and fiery craft of blacksmith. Neither the father nor mother of Quintin Matsys had been wrong concerning the lad; for albeit that his body was not like Peter Vost's, the anchor-maker, nor even so goodly as that of father Valambrosa, the fat Spanish priest, yet it would have taken Peter Vost to have had a finer taste, and more malleable iron than the head of the padrone, ere he could have beat out so fine and beautiful chains, and ornamental rails, and balustrades, as could this weakly but ingenious apprentice.

We do not know whether Cupid has a greater love for prentices than for more mature people, or whether it is that prentices are all modifications of Cupid in disguise, but certain it is that prentices are the most passionately-loving portion of the community, no matter whether that love is directed towards young ladies, with rosy cheeks, mincing little airs, and tiny little feet—is expended upon tobacco, and hog's grease disguised as pomatum—or is directed towards themselves. Love, in all or either of these forms, has been a ruling attribute of the important individuals referred to, from the earliest recorded times of Jin Vin and Frank Tunstal of deathless memory, Sim Tappertit, who was married at least to fame, and numerous promising young men of to-day; so that it is not likely that Quinty, as his companions familiarly styled him, could be an apprentice and not in love. If he had prided himself in his hair he might have been excused, for its beautiful brown curls hung down his pale cheeks like clustered vines, and kissed them, as if they loved them for being so often bathed in the dew of toil; it was glossy, wavy hair, which harmonised with his dark blue eyes as finely as does the warm brown clouds of sunset harmonise with a mellow autumn sky. Jan Puffendorf envied that hair; indeed, if he could have possessed himself without crime of Quintin's head, in a petrified state, with the entire peruke in good condition upon it, he would have exhibited it in his window as a dummy, and would have esteemed it as one of the greatest treasures in Antwerp, notwithstanding there was a cathedral in that city five hundred feet long, two hundred and thirty feet broad, and four hundred and fifty feet high, and at the same time rich in golden crosses, candlesticks, and censers, and other valuable relics. If Quintin

had loved himself he would not have been singular in this either; for though the young dames, generally, considered his features too sharp and marked for the most approved character of vulgar Flemish beauty, still his mother and sundry mature ladies blessed his fine face, and agreed that it was bewitching; his companions admired his temper and talents, and did not envy him of the latter, for the former's sake; and Lizbet Van Helmont loved his hair, eyes, voice, looks, and handsome, active form, and sighed, as she thought of them altogether, oftener than was good for her peace of heart. It was not his hair, however, that Quintin cared for, nor his person either. Other people might love Quintin Matsys, and he was very thankful that good people did; but he did not himself, and he could not help that he did not, for his heart was wholly in possession of Lizbet Van Helmont, and he thought of few young persons save her.

No wonder than the handsome young blacksmith loved Lizbet; it would have been a greater wonder if he had not. Even the rude seamen used to stand and gaze at her, as she tripped along the streets, as modest as the moss-roses in her father's little conservatory, and they would generally agree that she was a fine little frigate; the dairymen used to open their eyes wide, and their mouths a great deal wider, when she would look over the balustrade of her father's quaint, picturesque-looking house, and they would agree that there was not a cowslip, daisy, or rose in all the meadows so lovely as she; and the apprentices, who used to assemble to their games without the city walls, on the summer nights, would simultaneously suspend their play, as she and her stately, pompous father passed them in their accustomed walk, and they would refrain from joking about the father for the daughter's sake, so highly did these boisterous, opinionated youths esteem the modesty and beauty which were resident in Lizbet Van Helmont. Her fine, fair ringlets fell round her white, transparent neck, like golden filaments around a silver vase; her eyes—so soft, and yet so full of love—were like blue openings in the summer heaven, fringed with dark vapoury streaks of shifting cloud. The silver circlet that bound her flowing locks, and from which hung pendants of gold and silver, gave to her head a richer, but not a more beautiful character; the pearly brow—the dimpled, carmine cheeks—the red, ripe lips, with an ivory streak half hidden half seen between them when she smiled, were dearer far in Quintin Matsys's eyes than all the gold in the treasury of Wouter Van Donner, the money-changer. Lizbet was not like the generality of those dames that could walk for miles with stilts through the fens, and carry eggs to market, or who came skating down the Scheldt, in winter, with cheeses on their heads. Hers was a light and airy form, as handsome as that of the Greek and Italian models, which her painter father worshipped, perhaps more devoutly, at least more devotedly, than many who had bent in ignorant adoration to them, and it was as flexible and graceful as full and free development could render it. Ryn Van Helmont had a knowledge of female grace and loveliness, and he was assured that God had made the human form too perfectly for impious corset-makers to attempt to mend it; so that the green velvet bodice of Lizbet fitted a natural and beautifully-rounded form and bust, and her little foot and small tapering ankle peeped modestly yet gracefully from under her red and massive silken kirtle. How could Quintin Matsys do otherwise than love her? he that was so generous, so full of warm sentiment and fervid imagination; and he, too, that had the privilege of a godson to call at her father's house, and assist her to weed and cull the flowers of her father's garden when he pleased? It was impossible that a youth of his disposition should not be captivated and enthralled by a maiden like Lizbet; but persons who pretended to be deep read in the mysteries of female sentiment, were astonished that she would sometimes be seen on the streets of Antwerp with the young blacksmith at her side, and he dressed in his common garments, while Josh Kromm, who ground her father's colours, and was two hours each day arrayed in velvet doublet and green hose, studying painting in the academy,

which had been established in A. D. 1454—how could she walk with Quintin, while she constrained him, much to his chagrin, to walk behind, when he accompanied her, as protector, if she happened to be out alone visiting.

Josh, like a great many embryo artists of modern times, was a very great man in a single person's estimation, and that person's opinion Josh esteemed more highly than any other body's, as is generally the case with artists who never leave the chrysalis—that person being none other than Josh himself. He carried his head with the air of an Apollo Belvidere, five feet four inches high, and corpulent in Dutch proportion; and his black, lanky hair hung over his neck, as if it had been the tail of a Shetland bucephalus. His face was shaped after the fashion of an entire Gouda cheese, with two small round holes, as if they had been taken out by a spile, for eyes, with a pretty considerable gash for a mouth, and a parsnip stuck at equidistance between them for a nose—and this was Josh Kromm, who professed to love Lizbet Van Helmont next to himself, and who was more than indignant that she would be seen with that common forger and burnisher of steel, rather than with him, the envy of even the mercers' young men, who could not get out to show their holiday finery every day as he did. It is strange how people, usually coincident and lovingly agreed upon all the great topics which occupy their thoughts, will disagree upon some minor, trivial matter of opinion, which will be sufficient to intronit all upon which they are agreed, and divide them in heart and feeling. If people would only try to discover in how far they do agree and are at variance in principles and opinions, they would perceive that those banes of thought, which arm bosom against bosom, are less numerous than the sympathies which link them together, and that if love and forbearance were acknowledged as more potent and universal governors than pride, there would be more harmony than there is in this jarring world. Ryn Van Helmont and his daughter had different ideas regarding the hopeful Josh Kromm, and as both considered that opinion to be of some importance—the former in reference to his pride, and the latter to her love—neither seemed willing to concede his or her peculiar views concerning the youth to the other; and so this galliard became a person of some importance in the thoughts of both.

'Josh Kromm is a youth of spirit and of talent, and he is of the right profession!' exclaimed Ryn, with some dignity; 'and he shall have my daughter when he can paint an original picture equal to that;' and the old enthusiastic painter snapped his fingers and pointed to a *chef-d'œuvre* of his own, which hung upon his wall.

'Will he?' cried Minchen, Lizbet's nurse, and Van Helmont's privileged housekeeper. 'We shall see! He, the puppy! wed our Lizbet—well, what shall we hear next?'

'Why, that Lizbet is lady to Josh Kromm, a great Flemish master.'

'Master of a donkey and two milk-pails,' cried Minchen, with a toss of the head, which nearly flung the white triangular cap from its place, and which certainly discomposed her large, well-starched frill; 'he a Flemish master!' and the good dame assumed a look of the most sovereign contempt.

Ryn Van Helmont was a stout portly old fellow, with the best-natured expression of face in the world, and a heart that could not be said to belie that expression; but he, like a great many good-natured men, sometimes took peculiar notions into his head, and when these notions became firmly fixed there, all the waters in the rivers of the seventeen provinces would not have uprooted them. 'You shall see, then, Minchen,' he replied, quietly but firmly, as he turned his chair towards the open window, and looked into his little garden.

'I shall see Lizbet the wife of a clever man, and of a good man, and a handsome man to boot,' said the old nurse, with peculiar emphasis, and a cast of the chin, which only those who are acquainted with a secret can assume; 'but she shall neither be the wife of Josh Kromm nor another painter in Antwerp.'

'Then she shall die unmarried,' said Ryn, stubbornly;

'for a painter she shall have, and never another, though he were Archduke of Austria, and lord over Brabant.'

'Now, Ryn Van Helmont,' said Minchen, modulating her voice, and looking with a smile at her master, and in the most coaxing, wheedling way imaginable, 'would you really have our Lizbet marry that conceited, lard-bladder—that empty-pated fellow—who would make a very good instrument for Henric Hashon, who beats the bass drum in your own corps of Antwerp fire-eaters?'

'Ah, Minchen, you don't love the boy, and you can't have a greater flaw in his character,' said the old man, in his own cool way; 'but as sure as this is summer, and you tulips, roses, and ranunculuses are in bloom, he shall have Lizbet when he can paint a mate to that picture on the wall.'

Minchen said not a word, but she thrust her head through the foliage of the green jessamine that clustered around the lintels of the window, and she hummed as she looked into the garden; her tones were not the confident, free ones of a person who had gained a victory, but they were tinged with the sadness of a defeat. She knew Ryn, and she sighed for poor Lizbet.

It was a beautiful little garden this of Van Helmont's, for he, being a man of some substance, great taste, and a lover of flowers, spared no pains, nor reasonable expense, to render his plot a little paradise; and as Lizbet was passionately fond of floriculture, and Quintin Matsys was even more enthusiastic in his attachment to this pursuit than she, it was to this little garden that the lovers resorted, and it was here that they learned to love each other as well as the bright, glowing, dewy, heaven-dyed flowers. Antwerp is formed somewhat in the shape of a crescent, and is surrounded by a strong, embattled wall, upon either side of which grow tall shady trees. Between the wall and houses of the city there used to be a goodly space of ground, which allowed of the dwellers in the suburban streets taking in little plots, in order to gratify their tastes for gardening; and as Ryn Van Helmont loved quiet, and retirement, and horticulture, he had located in an old Flemish house, with numerous galleries, and oriel, and balustrades, and numberless gables, and abrupt roofs, like cocked hats, with weathercocks on each of them, which weathercocks did all they possibly could to impugn each other's veracity, for each would have the wind to be always blowing its own way—so that if you had believed these pretended indices of how the wind blew, you would have taken it that the four brothers, Boreas, Auster, Eurus, and Zephyrus, had a perpetual meeting and consultation on the roofs of Ryn Van Helmont's house. His garden was a beautiful one, however, for the sun, and the showers, and the wild bees, and butterflies, and the little linnets and finches could not find a sweeter place on which to shine or scatter dew-drops, or in which to gather honey, sport, or sing, in all the Low Countries.

Everything natural was beautiful in this bright spot as Minchen looked forth, and hummed a sweet little air, that had been a favourite in her maiden days; but, ah! beneath the window stood Lizbet Van Helmont and Quintin Matsys, and, as they had inadvertently heard the conversation of the painter and his housekeeper, they stood looking at each other the pictures of grief and despair. Lizbet gazed in the working face of her lover with an expression of blended admiration, and pity, and grief, that would have maddened any man if he had supposed that he was about to bid farewell to that lovely countenance for ever; and Quintin held her hand so convulsively, and looked so imploringly up at Minchen, who turned away to hide her tears, and then so beseechingly at Lizbet, that she could not bear it, but rushing into a little arbour, sat down, and sobbed as if her little heart would burst. Silent grief, like a confined volcano, shakes the frame of man with an agony which no tongue can paint; but when it receives a tongue, like the belching eruption, it gradually expends its force, and leaves its victim at last in calmness and in rest.

'Josh Kromm!' exclaimed Quintin, indignantly, when he could find words—for the blacksmith despised the pupil of Lizbet's father, and justly felt hurt that such a coxcomb

should be preferred to himself—'and he would give thee to Josh Kromm, would he?' Lizbet said not a word, but, drying her tears, looked at her lover's flashing eyes and proud look with wonder. 'Ah! I know what Mynheer Van Helmont thinks,' he continued, his proud heart swelling under a keen sense of the injustice done him by even comparing him to the silly-minded Josh; 'I am poor, and this neatherd has the prospect of being rich. Lizbet Van Helmont is too good for a blacksmith!'

'Lizbet Van Helmont never said so, Quintin,' exclaimed the maiden, gently, as she gazed fondly in the blacksmith's face. 'If Quintin Matsys were even the neatherd he scorns, his own Lizbet would love him before all the world.'

'Then she should not have him for all the world,' exclaimed her father, as he stepped into the arbour, and gazed first at the one and then at the other of the astonished lovers with a hard, severe look. 'Lizbet,' said he to his daughter, 'go thou into the house, and tell Minchen to repeat to thee the lessons regarding children's duties.' The confounded maiden rose slowly, looked fondly at the stupefied Quintin, and then hurried away. 'And as for thee, boy,' said Ryn, coldly, 'take my advice—attend more closely to thy trade, and look for a wife among the daughters of thy craftsmen; mine shall have a painter, and none other.'

'And dost thou consider thy Lizbet's affections as nothing in an arrangement of this kind?' exclaimed the youth, boldly rousing himself and looking firmly on his godfather.

'Filial duty is superior to girlish likings,' said the painter, stubbornly, 'and Lizbet owes duties to me which no selfish feelings of her own should cause her to forget. I'll have her marry a painter, and as she is my daughter she shall wed no other.'

'Marriage is a covenant between two, and two only,' said the blacksmith, stoutly; 'it is a union of hearts, lives, duties, likings, sufferings, joys, and sorrows; and he that would dare to adjudicate for those who are alone to enter into this solemn compact, is something more than a bold man.'

'And thou art something more than a bold boy,' exclaimed Ryn, who felt that Quintin was more than his match at argument, and therefore was constrained to assume the position often claimed by baffled age, that of a mentor. 'Go thee home, Quintin, boy,' said the old man, in a voice of pompous admonition; 'thou art young, and dost not know much of marriage I wot; but this chance I give thee, for thou art my godson, and I love thee—I will let thee have my Lizbet when thou canst place a picture in the Antwerp academy exhibition equal to that of Josh Kromm.'

Quintin looked in the settled face of Ryn for a few moments, steadily, and then he clenched his hands, and mentally wished that it had been the countenance of Josh. 'This was torture; it was too cruel, and, unable to bear it, he turned, and hurrying out at the wicket which led into the fields, he bounded along the banks of the Scheldt until he sunk exhausted with fatigue.

The hammer of Quintin Matsys, from this day forth, ceased to emit its wonted merry ringing sounds. His arm seemed palsied, his anvil cracked, or his iron as obdurate as old Ryn. Ah! you would have thought that it was his own heart that he was beating on when he wrought, so careworn and weary-looking did his face become with every blow.

'Ah! I told you what it would do,' cried his mother sadly, as she would turn from the silent and abstracted young man, to his father, with a look of reproach; 'I knew what forging bars and swinging hammers would bring upon my poor weakly boy—and now you see it.'

'Look at the railing over the well at the great church,' cried his father, proudly, 'who executed that?—was it not our Quintin? Who is making the balustrade for the College of Louvain?—is it not young Quintin Matsys?' and, with such arguments as these, the husband strove to silence his wife. But Quintin was dearer to his mother than honour, wealth, and fame; and as he sat listlessly at

the fireside of nights, and looked thin and weary, and seldom spoke, she mourned the day that he had gone to be a blacksmith.

'Mother,' said the young man one day, after having been at home for some time, without being able to follow his usual employment, 'I shall leave Antwerp. I do not think its air agrees with me.'

'And whither wouldst thou go, my son?' inquired his mother, as she laid her hand upon his curly head, and looked into his blue eyes.

'Oh! only to Turnhout, or some other little rural town, where the atmosphere is not poisoned by the fens,' said the youth, trying to speak cheerfully; 'I shall soon be back again better, dear mother,' and he kissed her cheek so affectionately, and looked so piteously in her face, that she forthwith packed up some necessaries for his use, and gave him a token to a relative of her own in Turnhout, with whom Quintin was to remain until he gathered strength; and in a short time the blacksmith of Antwerp was on his way, leaving behind him the fair city of his birth, his dear old home and parents, and, dearer than all, the fair and now sad Lizbet Van Helmont.

Poor Quintin, he was despondent and hopeless; and all the air of Belgium, although it had been as pure as the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle, would not have availed to dispel the gloom and torture of his mind. He merely called on his mother's relative in Turnhout to inform him that he intended to travel on a little farther, and to ask him to let his folks at home know so; and on he walked, until he found himself in the great city of Bruxelles, weary, dispirited and ill. He sat him down upon a door-step to gather strength, and to collect his thoughts concerning what was necessary for him to do, ere he entered into the heart of the city; but racking pains shot through his brow and confused his vision, and, as he laid his head upon his hand, his senses reeled, his little bundle rolled upon the ground, and he sunk in a swoon to the earth.

Quintin Matsys lay for many a long dreary night in the great hospital of Brussels, alike unconscious of where he lay or what afflicted him. Grave spectacled men might flit about him, and hold potions to his lips, and cover his pale but fevered brow with leeches, and feel his wild, throbbing pulse, and shake their heads, and whisper, but Quintin neither saw them nor heard them. In his distempered fancy, gardens would arise, with tall, leafless trees, and flowers of sickly, faded colours, which grew up and shrivelled away in a moment of time; and then these trees and plants would change into black and hideous snakes which crawled over the coverlet of his bed, and twined around his neck and brow. At one moment he would be floating gently down the broad and placid Scheldt, and in the next he was whirling and gasping in the black, awful abyss of the Maelstrom. He could get no rest, and he felt no peace; there was an agony that sat enthroned upon his brow, which no change of thought or position could dispel; he was sad and weary, even in his unconsciousness. At last he awoke to feel his weakness, and to compute the weight of his attenuated arms; and then he began to sit up, and to receive strong aliment, and the doctors would cheer him with kind words and congratulations on his recovery, until he felt his heart revive under the influence of their gay greetings. Still Quintin Matsys felt time hang heavy on his hands.

To those who have been bred to labour, there can be no greater punishment than idleness. The active mind or body that has been schooled to exercise can know no agony like unto that of constant quiescence. There is a craving, a powerful indefiniteness of desire, which bursts, like invisible perspiration, through all our aspirations, when, chained by circumstances to a species of bodily death and mental inertia, we are held back from all employment. Quintin was not only a man of thought, but he was also a man of action. He had the head to conceive, and he had also the hands to execute. The only two intrinsically great attributes of humanity—thought and labour—were finely blended in him; for what rose in the brightness and fullness of his ideal, he was capable of rendering real. Em-

ployment was all that Quintin required to render him speedily convalescent, and this the Italian physician, Bachelor Carlo Pindata, supplied him with, in the form of sketching materials. It might have been expected that he who had conceived and wrought in iron some most complicated and beautiful designs of railings and balustrades would have fine notions of form; and the blacksmith had not drawn many sketches before Carlo Pindata was enraptured with him. 'By my word, lad,' he would say, 'but there is a boldness and freedom of touch in these designs which I never expected to see out of my own dear Italy. Persevere—persevere!' Quintin almost screamed with delight when the words of the physician fell upon his ear. Persevere! ay, that he would until death. Little did Carlo Pindata know what motive the sickly blacksmith had to do so.

What he had engaged in as an amusement now became a passion. Hope rose like a huge giant before him, and smilingly waved him onward; and as he threw off rescript after rescript of the human form, and as he saw there was progress in every fresh attempt, confidence grew in his bosom and urged him boldly forward. And there was another inspiration in all he did; for, if he drew a line or portrayed a face, the palpable image of surpassing beauty which had been daguerretyped upon his heart and memory by every glance he had taken of Lizbet, ruled all his senses and guided his hand.

Quintin Matsys left the hospital a strong and hopeful man. His excellence as a blacksmith readily obtained him employment, upon his own conditions with regard to time; and, working so as to maintain himself in colours and a livelihood, he pursued his artistic vocation with a devoted enthusiasm that grew with his success. He was cheered by Carlo Pindata, and the friends that the kind and warm-hearted Italian physician would bring to look upon the wonderful labours of the obscure mechanic; and as they sometimes brought him models, and pointed out what they esteemed his excellencies and resemblances to the great masters, they assisted in educating his taste and expanding his capacities of design.

Josh Kromm had gone on cultivating the art, and cultivating his moustache and love for Schiedam at the same time; and as divisibility of energies is not very favourable to their vigour, and a variety of pursuits seldom conduces to excellence in any one, Ryn Van Helmont was not likely to have a son-in-law for a long time, nor the disconsolate Lizbet a husband. Ah! she was a demure and sad-looking girl now, who loved to talk with Sisters of Charity, and visit poor peoples' houses on errands of love and mercy. By a strange and fortuitous series of accidents, she was week after week in the same quarter of Antwerp where Quintin's parents lived; and then she so sympathised with the good wvow's griefs concerning her son that the aged dame would ask her to call again and again, and condole with her; and how could Lizbet refuse—kind and gentle Lizbet!

'And so your picture is admitted, Josh,' cried old Ryn, with great glee, as he slapped his smirking pupil on the back, and congratulated him upon the success of his artistic labours; 'Lizbet, and you, and I, shall go and see it to-morrow; and she shall behold what it is to have a lover whose works can gain admission to the gallery where hang the labours of Netherland genius.'

'Oh! you may see as fine works by walking through the streets of Antwerp and gazing at the vintners' signboards,' said Minchen, tossing her head; 'set him to copy a donkey, and he would be in well doing.'

Ryn looked at his housekeeper with a leer of peculiar pride and triumph; the smile that overspread his face was not the least tinged with ill-nature, for he imagined that his hopes had now been consummated in Josh, and that his daughter's union with a rising artist would soon be noised through Antwerp; so that he took Minchen's antipathy to his future son-in-law as a good joke, at which he could afford to laugh heartily.

On the morrow, Ryn and Josh followed Minchen and Lizbet to the exhibition of pictures; for the young damsel

had so besought her dear nurse to accompany her, in order to separate her from the presumptuous, pompous artist, that Minchen had consented; and, much to the surprise of Mynheers Van Helmont and Kromm, took Lizbet under her own especial protection, and led her to the great gallery. Young men were grouped round the door of the exhibition-room; and, as they supposed that every body was talking of them, and all the young ladies were gazing at them, they gave themselves fine airs, we tell you, and talked Flemish in such high sonorous tones that you would have supposed they were professors of universities declaiming in Greek. These brave gallants stared at Lizbet and Minchen as only brave young men, who suppose that they are privileged to do so, can stare at ladies, and then they saluted Josh with sundry mysterious forms of recognition known only to young men of spirited genius, who develop their spirits during the uproarious hours of midnight, through the sympathy of other spirits, of a very exhilarating kind, and who generally allow their genius to take care of itself. The party passed into the room, however, amidst a crowd of the beauty and elite of Antwerp; and there upon the walls hung the hundred ideas of a hundred workers with paint and pencil. All forms of beauty and tones of colour were there, from the mediocre to the excellent. Historical paintings, embodying the wars of the Lansknachts, stood side by side with sweet landscapes, where cattle lowed, and fat, chubby little children lay and sported. Indeed it was a pleasant sight to look upon all those beautiful paintings, and even Minchen's heart warmed to them, while Ryn Van Helmont was in ecstasies.

'But where is thy picture, Josh?' cried the old man, with pleasure beaming in his eyes; 'lead us to thine, boy;' and the tones of the jolly old painter's voice rung through the vaulted hall.

With much apparent modesty, and sundry ineffectual attempts to look sheepish, Josh led his future father-in-law towards a part of the gallery where a considerable crowd of people were gathered to gaze and admire.

'Hillo! Minchen, Lizbet, look at this! look at this!' cried the delighted Ryn, as he drove the astonished people aside, and dragged his housekeeper and daughter towards a beautiful painting representing the interior of a Flemish sitting-room; but who can paint the rapture and astonishment of Ryn, when he recognised his own little parlour, himself, seated in his armchair, his daughter in all her rosy beauty, his housekeeper in all her native bloom and neatness, and—could he believe his eyes?—Quintin Matsys leaning over a chair, and looking fondly at Lizbet. 'What a genius!' cried Ryn, 'and how generous and noble!' and he hugged Josh Kromm round the neck, and kissed him in the fullness of his joy. Josh bore his praises coldly, however, and even repulsively, for his eyes had opened with as much astonishment as Ryn's when he had beheld this splendid picture. 'The painter that executed that shall have my Lizbet, and no other,' cried the delighted father; 'I congratulate you again, Josh,' and again the old man hugged and kissed his pupil.

'I take thy father at his word,' whispered the delighted Quintin Matsys in the ear of the lovely blushing Lizbet, as he drew her arm and that of Minchen within his own, and, allowing them no time for an exhibition of feeling, hurried them from the gallery.

Fluttered, astonished, and wondering, they walked rapidly along the streets of Antwerp; and, whether it was that fond hopes and happy thoughts coursed through the mind of Lizbet and sealed her tongue, or whether it was that, like Minchen, she could not muster sufficient breath to speak, not a word was uttered by either of the ladies or Quintin, until they were all in that very parlour which the blacksmith had so faithfully depicted.

'And art thou back again, our own Quintin?' cried Minchen, as she kissed the cheek of her young friend, while Lizbet sat and sobbed upon her father's chair; 'and was it thee that painted all our family so faithfully, and not that Schiedam-drinking creature Josh? Oh! how delighted I am!' and the good dame fell back upon a seat

in a fit of loud laughter, and then she burst into a flood of joyous tears.

'Yes; I painted that picture, dear mother Minchen! My own Lizbet, it was I!' exclaimed the delighted Quintin, as he turned his tearful eyes first upon his old friend and then upon his lover.

'Hillo there! where is he? where is he?' cried Ryn, as he rushed into the parlour and clasped the highbacked chair upon which Quintin sat to his bosom. 'My own godson! my own Quintin!' cried the excited Van Helmont, 'I saw thy name upon the picture, and what a beauty it is! What power has enabled thee to do this? who has transformed thee from a Vulcan to an Apelles?'

'Love, my good father,' said Quintin, gently; at the same time extricating himself from his awkward position; 'that picture is for thee, and its price is this little hand.' As the blacksmith spoke he lifted the passive hand of Lizbet, and held it gently in his own.

'It's a bargain,' cried Ryn, ecstatically, as he kissed Minchen, Lizbet, and Quintin all round, and then, sitting down, laughed most energetically for several minutes.

Quintin Matsys and Lizbet Van Helmont became husband and wife;—the husband famed through Europe as an artificer in iron and a painter, the wife a happy and loving mother.

Josh Kromm sought to console himself for the loss of Lizbet by vigorously paying his *devoirs* to his well-beloved Schiedam; and, as he was often prostrated and tremulous under the influence of this pale spirit, he descended first from painting pictures to grinding paint for Quintin Matsys, and then to driving an ass with skimmed milk and whey through the streets of Antwerp.

The spirits of Quintin's mother revived wonderfully after the return of her son; and she took good care to sound her note of triumph in his father's ears every morning, noon, and night. 'I knew that our Quintin did not agree with the blacksmith business; and I was right,' she would exclaim.

'And I knew that he would make a better blacksmith than peruke-maker,' the husband would gravely answer.

'I was mistaken in Josh Kromm,' Ryn would say to Minchen as he would chuck Lizbet's little son under the chin.

'And I was right in my thoughts of Quintin,' the garrulous old dame would reply, as she would hobble the sprightly infant and chant her favourite little tune.

CHLOROFORM.

THE substance entitled *chloroform* has recently attracted so much of the public attention, as an agent in the hands of medical practitioners, that an account of it will be generally acceptable, we doubt not, to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR. The name is certainly not a very happy one; or at least not perfectly expressive and appropriate as respects the intrinsic constitution of the body; but it has the merit of being comparatively easy of pronunciation. *Perchloride of formyle* is the proper chemical term indicative of its composition, in as far as that has been definitively settled. The term *chloride* is applied to those compound substances of which chlorine gas forms an essential ingredient; and the prefix of *per* denotes the proportions in which it is present. The base, or second body, with which chlorine forms here a chemical union, is formyle, a name derived from its being the supposed radical constituent in formic acid—an acid originally detected in one of the *Formica* or ant tribe. We say *supposed*, because it is but what is called a hypothetical base. Its properties, however, are sufficiently determinate—at all events when it is in a state of union, as in the present instance.

Chloroform, or perchloride of formyle, was first discovered and described by Soubeiran in 1831; and, very nearly about the same time, Leibig also pointed out the peculiarities of the body. The eminent French *savant* Dumas investigated its chemical constitution still more fully in 1835, and declared it to consist of two atoms of carbon, one of hydrogen, and three of chlorine—thus giv-

ing another proof of the wonderful variety of forms and properties which may pertain to a few simple elementary bodies, their mode of combination and proportions being alone changed. Chloroform is a dense, but clear and colourless liquid; very volatile, or readily convertible to vapour; not inflammable; and possessing a fragrant fruit-like odour, and a pleasant sugary taste. It had been used as a stimulant, and antidote to spasms, by some physicians of France after its first discovery. But it was left for Professor Simpson of Edinburgh to turn its virtues to account by the process of inhalation. As he himself informs us, in the essays on the subject published by him, and from which we chiefly derive our present information, he had for a length of time directed his attention to the finding of a substitute for sulphuric ether, which substance he had used most freely in his obstetric practice, and which he had found no objections to, indeed, saving such as arose from its disagreeable and enduring odour, and its tendency at times to irritate the air-tubes of the lungs. These inconveniences, however, he had deemed of consequence enough to set him on the search for a new medicinal agent, which, with the same qualities, might display fewer defects. After numerous trials of different substances, the attention of Dr Simpson had at last been directed to chloroform by Mr Waldie, as a body worthy of being experimented upon, and in it was found at length the *anæsthetic* (or sensation-diminishing) substance which the professor required. For the advantage of professional parties at a distance, who may not fall in with Dr Simpson's published observations, the formula for the preparation of chloroform may be given here, as it was laid down by Dumas, and adopted by the Edinburgh professor:

Take of Chloride of Lime in powder.....	lb. iv.
.. Water.....	lb. xii.
.. Rectified Spirit.....	f. oz. xii.

These are mixed in a capacious retort or still, and distilled as long as a dense liquid, which sinks in the water with which it comes over, is produced. To ensure purity, the distillation should be repeated twice if not three times; and purity is most essential in the case. Dr Simpson ascribes nearly all failures to want of nice attention in the preparation of the chloroform. It may also be added, that the chance of impurity constitutes almost the only risk in its use. If the chlorine gas be not thoroughly neutralised, or, in other words, if it be left free to any considerable extent, the consequences of inhalation may then be injurious. Painful irritation of the lungs would at all events supervene, though the practised medical man might timorously detect the cause, and obviate more serious mischief.

Our readers will now have a clear idea, we trust, of the composition of chloroform, and the mode of its preparation. As already observed, the discovery of its virtues on inhalation was the work of Dr Simpson, who has thereby added fresh laurels to the old medical crown of the Edinburgh University—the institution which is able to boast of the Cullens, the Duncans, the Gregories, and the Monroes. Dr Simpson had previously practised the ether-inhalation largely. From the first discovery of that anæsthetic remedy, indeed, he had employed it, he says, 'with few and rare exceptions, in every case of child-birth attended by him, and with the most delightful results.' From his vast obstetric practice, we may form an idea of the multitude of cases which he had thus successfully treated, and we cannot but join in his expression of astonishment at the fact, lately communicated to him, that the London accoucheurs, with only two or three exceptions, have not yet used this wonderful means of alleviating pain, while the Dublin medical men have never tried it at all in labour-cases. If the ether-inhalation is spoken of thus warmly by Dr Simpson, still more enthusiastic is his commendation of the chloroform-inhalation—still more satisfactory the grounds on which he founds his praise. Its superior properties are succinctly described by him in the following terms:—'In producing insensibility to pain in surgical and obstetric practice, chloroform possesses various important advantages over sulphuric ether. 1. A greatly less quantity of chloroform is required; 2. Its

action is much more rapid, more perfect, and generally more persistent; 3. Its exciting or exhilarating stage is far shorter, insensibility commonly supervening in a minute or two, or less; hence, 4. The time of the surgeon is saved; 5. The inhalation and influence of it are more agreeable and pleasant; 6. Its odour is evanescent; 7. No special instrument is required for its employment.'

In a recent article in the present periodical on sulphuric ether, the mode of inhaling and using that body was fully explained, as well as the cause of its rapid action on the system, when compared with the results of opium and spirituous liquors. The same explanations apply in all respects to chloroform. By being inhaled into the lungs, it at once enters the blood, and is circulated through the entire frame with a rapidity and certainty which cannot possibly attend the reception of bodies of any kind into the stomach. Dr Simpson has never used any inhaling apparatus, as in the case of ether. He employs it very simply. A fluid drachm or two of the liquid, diffused upon the interior of a pocket-handkerchief, arranged in a concave or cuplike form in the hand of the exhibitor, and applied over the nose and mouth of the patient, generally suffices to produce rapid and complete anæsthesia (nervous insensibility). A few patients may require more, others less. The *edges* of the cup or cone are not to be wetted, or the patient's face will be irritated. To keep up its action, when that is necessary, the handkerchief must be again besprinkled with the fluid when the first quantity is evaporated. The moistened handkerchief should be at first held at the distance of about half an inch from the face, and gradually approached nearer. The patient should, if possible, be placed easily and upon his back, and advised previously to take full inspirations. All noise and excitement around the patient should be strictly and peremptorily forbidden.

After the first two or three full inspirations, there is a feeling of warmth and excitation, radiating from the chest to the extremities, followed by whirring noises in the ears; a sensation of vibratory thrilling and benumbing throughout the body; with, betimes, rapid loss of sensation and of motion, and at last of consciousness. During the full anæsthetic sleep produced by chloroform, sometimes no mental action goes on, or at least is remembered; in many others, the mind is active as in dreams. The respiration is commonly at first heavy or soporose; the pulse is usually quickened also, but afterwards falls to its normal rate, and, if the vapour is exhibited very long in very powerful doses, it comes down more and more below the natural standard; and the muscles of voluntary motion in general are relaxed.

In small doses, given slowly, its effects are exhilarating; and exactly like those generally following the inhalation of nitrous oxide gas. Of course, when exhibited in this way, the patient is in a state of excitement quite unfit for a surgical operation. When given for surgical operations, it should be exhibited rapidly in large doses, and the patient sent over into a deep soporose or stertorous sleep *before* the incisions are begun. On the necessity of using large doses Professor Simpson insists strongly, ascribing many ostensible failures to insufficient inhalations.

The uses of chloroform are pointedly described by the professor as threefold, when it is employed in surgical practice. Firstly, and principally, it annuls the pain of operations, whether performed by the knife, by caustic, and by ligatures (*ties* for removing tumours and the like). Secondly, it averts the pain attendant on deep probedings, and other such operations as the surgeon resorts to in judging of diseases. And, thirdly, it so relaxes the muscles as to render it highly serviceable in the reduction of dislocations and in other such-like cases. In obstetric or labour cases, again, the medical man finds it to diminish, if not completely to annul, the physical pains that accompany parturition.

Among the surgical cases occurring in Edinburgh, of which accounts have been published, that of a soldier may be noticed, as subjecting the chloroform to a severe trial. The man had an opening in the cheek, the result of exfo-

liation of the jaw, or the *scaling off* of parts of the bone from disease. He had undergone two minor operations before, and had been unsteady and fretful to a high degree. After inhaling the chloroform, he fell fast asleep, and the surgeon made a free incision, dissected the parts carefully, and finally bound the wound by stitches. The patient never once winced, and, on awaking, said that he had felt nothing. Two similarly severe cases were attended with precisely the same results. The one was a case of amputation of a diseased toe, and the other one of excision of a tumour from the neck of a lady. In the first instance, the patient lay perfectly still, while the diseased mass was removed by amputation, and, on awaking, he looked around him, and 'gratefully declared his entire and perfect freedom from all pain and uneasiness during the operation.' The young lady stated her sensations throughout to have been of the most pleasing kind; and she seemed during the time to be as manageable as a wax doll or lay figure.

We must give Dr Simpson's reports of other cases in his own words. '1. A child of ten weeks old had a very large naevus behind the ear. Dr Duncan destroyed its internal organisation by passing large red-hot needles in different directions through it. While the tumour was hissing and decomposing under their action, the infant lay quietly and placidly asleep on my knee, under the influence of chloroform. This is the youngest subject to whom I have given it.—2. A boy, of four or five, had one of the forearm bones cut down upon, and partly removed by Mr Miller. He slept soundly during the operation; and, without moving, he was carried out of the operation theatre of the hospital still fast asleep. When visited some time afterwards, he was found awake in bed, with a bright merry eye, as if just out of a refreshing sleep. No pain even then.—3. A nervous woman, a patient of Mr Miller's, was to undergo partial amputation of the foot in the hospital—afraid both of the operation and of being carried in before a crowd of medical men for the purpose. I apathised her with chloroform in the consulting-room of the hospital, had her carried into the operation-room in that state, and did not allow her to awake till the amputation was performed and she was removed back again to bed. She was thus entirely spared both the moral shock and physical pain which she dreaded.—4. A boy had his elbow-joint excised by Mr Syme. The operation, which is always a very painful one, was prolonged in consequence of the very diseased state of the parts operated on. He slept soundly, and remained perfectly and passively still during the whole operation.'

We cannot speak so plainly regarding the professor's obstetrical cases in a publication of this nature; and yet the matter is far too important to the well-being, health, and comfort of the community to be wholly passed over from over-nice feelings of delicacy. We give some of the cases mentioned by Dr Simpson, therefore, in a brief, though, we hope, distinct enough shape.—1. The lady to whom it was first exhibited had been previously very ill at the period of confinement. When her second took place, chloroform was begun to be inhaled, and in twenty-five minutes the child was born. The mother was perfectly unaware that her child was born and alive. She stated her sensations to be those of awaking from 'a very comfortable sleep.'—2. I exhibited it, with Mr Carmichael, to a patient who had, at her preceding confinement, been in severe labour for twenty hours. The child was born in fifty minutes after inhalation was begun. On awaking, she declared she had been sleeping refreshingly; and was quite unconscious that the child was born. An hour afterwards, she declared she felt perfectly unfatigued.—3. Twins. During all the time, after full inhalation, the patient slept on soundly, and for a full hour afterwards; the chloroform acting in this, as in other cases of its prolonged employment, as a soporific. The patient recollected nothing from the time of the first inhalations, and was greatly distressed when, not one, but two living children were brought by the nurse to her.

Were the powers of this singular medicinal agent bounded by the lines of practice here referred to, its utility would

still be vast and unquestionable. In reality, however, it would be rash to say where its value is to cease. In cases of spasms of all kinds, in the convulsions of whooping-cough, and in the paroxysms of asthma, it has been tried already, and found singularly effective and beneficial. In most dangerous cases of *delirium tremens*, moreover, where laudanum by half-ounces has failed to procure the sleep on which the cure of the disease hangs, the chloroform has been used with the most satisfactory issue. In almost all cases of high excitement, indeed, combined with the obstinate wakefulness which renders the condition so dangerous, it is likely to prove a most important ally to the physician. It may even be used, Dr Simpson suggests, as a stimulant where others are inadmissible, small doses being employed. In fact, we cannot yet see the end of its applicabilities. The ether had the same powers, certainly, but experience ultimately proved it to be accompanied by several objectionable qualities of which chloroform seems wholly devoid. In particular, the parties inhaling it largely, as it appears, are less liable to uncomfortable sensations afterwards.

Dr Simpson, with great propriety, points out several circumstances to be attended to in using chloroform. The necessity of procuring it in a pure shape is held by him to be the first desideratum; and he decidedly recommends, that none but qualified medical men should be trusted with its employment. He himself has given it to above a hundred persons, without the slightest bad result of any kind whatever, on any one occasion. Still, we agree with him in the impression that parties should not hastily imagine that they can personally compound and employ it with safety and certainty of success. The composition of the article, above all, we repeat, must be carefully looked to; and practitioners of medicine and surgery may then justly expect to find the same extraordinary results as have occurred with it in the hands of Dr Simpson and his friends.

On the whole, the discovery of chloroform appears to be a grand step onwards in the path which leads to human comfort and happiness on earth. Who would have believed, but a few years ago, that by any mortal means the pains of the most severe surgical operations, to which our frames are rendered liable by disease or accident, could be thus completely and safely obviated and annulled? The propounder of such an idea would have been laughed at for his folly. True it is, that magnetism was said, and that a good while ago, to be competent to the production of such results; but experience has now taught its most sanguine supporters that magnetism requires peculiar constitutions to act upon, and these not constitutions assuredly of the common kind. Ether and chloroform, as has been proved, require no such peculiarities of temperament to give them efficiency. They will prostrate the most powerful man as well as the most debilitated invalid, and throw him into the state of nervous insensibility which is desired. Truly, these late discoveries are great matters—promising as they do, when more fully understood, to take away half the miseries of disease, half the sufferings from accidents, to which man is exposed. They prove also more fully than ever, that, if the Creator has permitted evil to exist in the world in the shape of physical pains and afflictions, he has also scattered far and wide the means of remedying these ills. The earth and its products are laid before us; and all that we have to do is to inquire into and develop the capabilities of the objects that surround us. How much is yet to be so inquired into, and so developed? Every day we are detecting new powers, available for human purposes, in substances before deemed inert, and almost useless. Look, for example, at the basal essence of *Atropa belladonna*, or nightshade. It has been called Atropia or Atropine, and possesses the singular property of dilating the pupil of the eye, when applied to the eyelids even to the amount of an hundredth part of a grain—indeed much less. This curious property has its uses, and these important ones. For example, it permits the pupil to be so expanded in cases of cataract that operations can be performed which would otherwise have been almost impracticable. How singular that such a quality should

have been lodged in this vegetable—this mere *weed*, as it may be called! We have yet to make many similar discoveries. In truth, we have still to learn the full force of the saying, that 'Nothing was made in vain.' What has not human inquiry done in other departments than that of medicine, too, within the last half century, to call forth powers in nature, slumbering before unheeded, yet existent, and ready to appear at the summons? Gas—the steam-engine, with all its applications to machinery, shipping, and railways—in short, discoveries that our immediate grandsires would have denounced as chimeras or impossibilities—these, and multitudinous other inventions, have been the product of the last fifty years. Our preceding observations in this article relate to a subject scarcely less, if not indeed still more momentous than these last inventions. It is one, besides, which may be developed much more fully within a briefer space of time. Dr Simpson has already applied the principle of medical inhalation to the use of other remedial agents besides chloroform. In place of employing diuretics to act on the kidneys through the medium of the digestive organs, he has tried the action of the volatile oil of juniper by inhalation, and with the most striking effects. A few inspirations were found to move the urinary organs! Sweating and purgative medicines, it is but reasonable to think, may be used similarly. In fact, there is no end to the prospects of utility from this great principle of medicinal inhalation.

We live, verily, in an age of wonders; and yet there is nothing precisely new under the sun, as the wise man of Israel long ago declared. Dr Simpson points out, that, in an old surgical treatise, of date 1293, the inhalation of the vapours of narcotic or stupefying medicines had actually been recommended and practised in surgery. The following is the singular receipt for accomplishing this object:—'The preparation of a scent for performing surgical operations, according to Master Hugo; it is made thus:—Take of opium and of the juice of the unripe mulberry, of hyoscyamus, of the juice of the hemlock, of the juice of the leaves of mandragora, of the juice of the woody ivy, of the juice of the forest mulberry, of the seeds of lettuce, of the seed of the burdock which has large and round apples, and of the water hemlock, each one scruple; mix the whole of these together in a brazen vessel, and then in it place a new sponge, and let the whole boil; and as long as the sun on the dog-days, till it (the sponge) consumes it all, and let it be boiled away in it [or, in other words, let a watery extract be so formed]. As often as there is need of it, place this same sponge into warm water for one hour, and let it be applied to the nostrils till he who is to be operated on has fallen asleep, and in this state let the operation be performed. When this is finished, in order to rouse him, place another sponge dipped in vinegar frequently to his nose; or let the juice of the roots of fenugreek be squirted into his nostrils. Presently he awakens.' This is a very extraordinary recipe, most unlike the simple one, certainly, which modern science has discovered, and perhaps of doubtful or precarious operation. But the principle is undeniably the same in both cases.

Chloroform, then, it may be observed in conclusion, being devoid apparently of the inconveniences of the ether, promises to be a most valuable auxiliary in the hands of the medical man, and a vast boon to the human race generally. As to the extension of its use, Dr Simpson has no fears on that score. It is his impression that ere long patients will demand its exhibition universally, in place of viewing it with fear, or raising idle objections to the practitioner's desire that they should avail themselves of its marvellous powers.

Dr Simpson has published a third paper on chloroform since the above was written. He chiefly gives in it new facts and cases, confirmative of his previous experience.

SCOTTISH LITERATURE.

WILLIAM TENNANT, author of 'Anster Fair' and other poems, and now Professor of Oriental Languages in St Mary's College, St Andrews, is one of the finest living

examples of genius triumphing over untoward circumstances, and of poetry forming a kingdom for the obscure and lowly, and crowning them with rays of joy and glory that the world wots not of. Tennant was born in Anstruther or Anster, Fife, in a very humble worldly condition, and with a dark and gloomy future, so far as physical appearances were concerned, for his limbs were so weak and palsied that he never acquired the power of locomotion, but was confined to his stool or chair from his infancy. He was gifted, however, with an active motive mind, which would not be confined to the isolated, apathetic condition of his body; and if the latter was incapable of roaming over the green fields of his native land, and listening to the waterfalls, the former felt that there was companionship for it, independent of body's vigour, and it panted to get out to the world of knowledge. Tennant soon excelled in the acquirement of those symbols of sense which constitute the way to all written science, called letters; and as romping and dancing were denied to his mortal limbs, his fancy delighted to dance amongst the creations of poetry. It was his delight to be placed in some quiet rural spot where he might see nature and observe her appearances; and nothing delighted him more than to sit and study the different characters passing by his dwelling to swell the motley and confused crowd which constituted Anster summer fair. The infirmities of Tennant can hardly be viewed in the light of misfortunes, for, in all human probability, he would have passed his life as a labourer with the hands had his physical energies been perfect. He would have only added an atom to the great whole which constitutes the labour power of Britain; whereas, by the application of his talents to study, by the development of his poetic genius under the most crushing circumstances, and by his example, he not only has added to the intellectual strength of his country, but he has given to the fainting, weary, obscure, and crushed portion of his countrymen an anodyne of hope which is sufficient to inspire the most fragile of them with courage. When sufficiently old, Mr Tennant was received as a clerk by a merchant in one of the little towns in his native shire; and while in this situation he studied the classics, taught himself Hebrew, and made himself intimately acquainted with modern literature, as well as extensively familiar with modern languages. We are apt to imagine that the muse of one in Mr Tennant's circumstances would have been a sad and pensive dame, mourning over her son's deprivation of those wanderings in shady groves which are so peculiarly the delight of sentimental bards; but, on the contrary, the spirit of his song is as light, airy, and joyous as if it had been heralded over the world by dancing, smiling sunbeams, and companioned by glad nymphs from the vocal, laughing forests. In 1812, this poor youth, who was deemed an object of pity by some, but a prodigy by a discriminating few, published his 'Anster Fair,' a poem in six cantos. The subject is taken from some ancient floating tradition that lives in the memory of the old garrulous dames of Anster, to whose stories the infirm youth delighted to listen. It concerns the marriage of a fair lady long celebrated in Scottish song, namely Maggie Lauder, whose choice of a husband was to be decided by a competition of ass-racing, sack-racing, story-telling, and bag-piping, with the other games which constitute the regular business of a Scottish gathering. Our bard so skilfully and adroitly interwove and embellished this homely subject with fine, chaste, fanciful, witty, and gay verse, and also with threads of beautiful and glowing poetry, that the poem was pronounced by Lord Jeffrey, in a generous criticism in the 'Edinburgh Review' of 1814, to be eminently original, and of the class of 'that gay or fantastic poetry which plays through the works of Pulci and Ariosto, and animates the compositions of the inferior writers of Spain and Italy—which is equally removed from the vulgarity of mere burlesque or mock-heroic, and from the sarcasm, and point, and finesse of satirical pleasantry—which is extravagant rather than ridiculous, and displays only the vague and unbounded license of a sportive and raised imagination, without the cold pungency of wit, or

the practised sagacity of derision.' In addition to this, his first and best poem, Mr Tennant has written a tragedy on the story of Cardinal Beaton, two poems, called the 'Dinging Down o' the Cathedral,' and the 'Thane of Fife,' with many minor pieces, including translations from the Persian and other languages. The poem of 'Anster Fair' is a thoroughly Scotch subject, dressed up in the light fantastic imagery and brilliant redundancy of diction which is considered peculiar to the sun and love inspired serenaders of the south. It presents to us one of those heterogeneous assemblages which struck the fancy of poetic James, the royal bard of 'Chryst's Kirke on ye Greene,' and which still keep their ground in Scotland, when many more refining and elevated amusements are allowed to languish and wither. The poem is a succession of sparkling, fanciful groups, boldly and finely outlined with a clear and minute pencil. All the characters, save the supernatural ones, may be called eminently Scottish. The following is Mr Tennant's beautiful description of the opening morn of 'Anster Fair':—

'Up from their nests and fields of tender corn,
Full merrily the little skylarks spring,
And, on their dew-bedabbled pinions borne,
Mount to the heaven's blue key-stone flickering;
They turn their plume-soft bosoms to the morn,
And hail the genial light and cheerly sing;
Echo the gladsome hills and valleys round,
As half the bells of Fife ring loud and swell the sound.
For when the first upspring ray was flung
On Anster steeple's swallow-haunting top,
Its bell and all the bells around were rung,
Sonorous jingling loud without a stop;
For toilingly each bitter beadle swung,
Even till he smoked with sweat, his greasy rope,
And almost broke his bell-wheel ushering in
The morn of Anster fair with tinkle-tauking din.'

This is the only poem of Mr Tennant's which has spread his name beyond his native country; the others are so local that they can scarcely have been said to have left their own Transforthian birthplace.

In 1813, Mr Tennant's talents and genius had so far recommended him to the world that he received the appointment of parish schoolmaster at Lasswade, near Edinburgh, with a salary of £40 per annum. From this situation, which he filled with credit to himself and advantage to the parish, and the duties of which he cheerfully discharged, dull, plodding, and real though they were, he was transferred to be teacher of classical and oriental languages in the Dollar Institution. At a subsequent period he was elected to his present professorial dignity, the duties of which he still continues partially to fulfil. The name of Tennant stands high amongst the minor poets of Scotland, and his compositions and his industry are alike honourable to his fancy and his perseverance. We doubt if out of Scotland one could be found who has, under such circumstances, raised himself to an equal elevation in condition, and who has so distinguished himself in literature. In his poems he has dealt with the humble, vulgar, homely folks of home, and has sung of very commonplace occurrences; but he has illustrated most vividly some phases in Scottish character, which could not have been more easily recognisable, even though he had clad them in Doric rhyme.

Perhaps a less scholarly and a less extensively known Scottish poet than even William Tennant, but a no less genuine and originally humble one, was John Donald Carrick, who obtained a high reputation in his native city as a man of great literary ability. Carrick was born in Glasgow in April, 1787, of humble parents, and consequently in not very favourable circumstances for acquiring education. He was acute and anxious to gain knowledge, however, and where there is an absence of mental apathy there is always sure to be an advancement in acquirement. When very young he was sent to run messages for an architect, and in his master's office imbibed a taste for drawing; but this taste was not sufficient to withdraw his mind from conjuring up fanciful states for himself, until these dreams drew him clandestinely from home, and sent him away to London in 1807. He possessed through life a firmness of character which often amounted to obstinacy, and in this, his youthful flight, the perseverance of a bold and independent mind were strongly

evidenced. In London he obtained a situation as shopman from a countryman to whom he applied, after having been buffeted about from door to door. The heart of the Caledonian warmed to the sound of his own native tongue, and Carrick obtained a friend and a home. The young man remained in London about four years, where he was careful and studious, preserving the recollections of his country by the cultivation of his native muse. In 1811 he commenced business in his native city as a China-merchant, opening a large establishment, which promised at first to be highly successful, but, on account of some transactions with a foreign house which became insolvent, Carrick was involved in bankruptcy. The leisure which it was his privilege to enjoy while in business he had sedulously employed in cultivating his mind, in order to compensate for the neglect of his education in youth. His inclination led him to search out and pore over the older treasures of Scottish literature; and the first fruits of his studies appeared in a life of Sir William Wallace, which was published in 1825, in the series of 'Constable's Miscellany.' He also threw off, during this time, many of his songs and fugitive pieces, chiefly humorous, and written in the Scottish dialect. Some of them are those ludicrous combinations of expressions which the use of Highland intonations, pronunciation, and the Gaelic idiom, combine to render inexpressibly burlesque and laughter-producing.

In 1825, he found employment as a travelling agent; and while on his journeys in this vocation, he studied the living manners as they rose, and combined what pleased his fancy with sweet or humorous verse. This situation of traveller was not so remunerative as he expected, however, and he abandoned it for that man-beloved but oft deceiving thing, literature. His first employment in his new path was that of sub-editor of the 'Scots Times,' a journal which was of pretty high standing in Glasgow at that period. In 1832 he contributed largely to a spirited journal called 'The Day,' upon which his accomplished, warm-hearted, and gifted poetical friend, William Motherwell, was also engaged. In 1832, Carrick edited the first series of a work called 'Whistle-Binkie,' one of our richest repositories of Scottish modern song, to which we have again to refer; and early in the same year he became editor of the 'Perth Advertiser,' a paper of liberal political principles. In his situation of editor he was subjected to the supervision of a committee of proprietors, whose minds he felt to be vastly inferior to his own, and he, in consequence, threw up his situation, and revenged himself upon the Perth committee with sundry witty and humorous fulminations in the 'Laird of Logan.' In February, 1834, Carrick left Perth for Kilmarnock, in order to take charge of a newspaper; but this situation seems to have proved even more uncongenial than the one he had left in Perth. Carrick had contracted a disease in Perth, however, which, by a slow and gradual growth of paralytic weakness, cut him off on the 17th of August, 1835.

Carrick's genius lay in his delineation of those peculiarities of character which exhibit themselves in unregulated passionate declamation and ludicrous action. In broad humour and biting sarcastic satire, he was very effective; while the fire of his kindly spirit often glows in some of his sweet and even beautiful idealisations of Scottish life. His descriptive powers are excellent; and the full, free flow of his farcical vein seems well fitted to waken the echoes of the temple of mirth. We, however, prefer to extract the following little rhythmical tale as an example of Carrick's powers, and as more consonant than his other pieces with the spirit of the INSTRUCTOR:—

'THE MUIRLAN' COTTARS.

'The snaw flees thicker o'er the muir, and heavier grows the lift;
The shepherd closer wraps his plaid to screen him frae the drift;
I fear this night will tell a tale amang our fauldless sheep,
That will mak' mony a farmer sigh—God grant nae widows weep.
I'm blithe, guidman, to see you there, wi' elshin an' wi' lingle,
Sae eydent at your cobbling wrack beside the cosie ingle;
It brings to mind that fearfu' nicht, i' the spring that's noo awa,
When you was carried thowless hame frae 'neath a wreath o' snaw.
That time I often think upon, an' mak' it aye my care,
On nights like this, to snud up a' the beds we hae to spare;

In case some drift-driven strangers come forfoughten to our bield,
An' welcome, welcome they shall be to what the house can yield.

'Twas God that saved you on that night, when a' was black despair,
An' gratitude is due to him for makin' you his care;
Then let us show our grateful sense of the kindness he bestow'd,
An' cheer the poor wayfaring man that wanders frae his road.

There's cauld and drift without, guidman, might drive a body blin';
But, Praise be bless'd for a' that's gude, there's meat an' drink within;
An' be he beggar, be he prince, that Heaven directs this way,
His bed it shall be warm and clean, his fare the best we hae.'

The guidman heard her silently, an' threw his elshin by,
For his kindly heart began to swell, and the tear was in his eye;
He rose and press'd his faithfu' wife, sae loving to his breast,
While on her neck a holy kiss his feelings deep express'd.

'Yes, Mirran, yes, 'twas God himself that help'd us in our strait,
An' gratitude is due to him—his kindness it was great;
An' much I thank thee thus to mak' the stranger's state thy care,
An' bless thy tender heart, for sure the grace of God is there.'

Nor prince nor beggar was decreed their kindness to partake;
The hours sped on their stealthy pace as silent as the flake;
Till on the startled ear there came a feeble cry of wo,
As if of some benighted one fast sinking in the snow.

But help was near—and soon a youth, in hoddin grey attire,
Benumb'd with cold, extended lay before the cottar's fire;
Kind Mirran thow'd his frozen hands, the guidman rubb'd his breast,
An' soon the stranger's glowin' cheeks returnin' life confess'd.

How aft it comes the gracious deeds which we to others show
Return again to our own hearts wi' joyous overflow!
So fared it with our simple ones, who found the youth to be
Their only son, whom they were told had perish'd far at sea.

The couch they had with pious care for some lone stranger spread,
Heaven gave it as a resting-place for their loved wanderer's head:
Thus aft it comes the gracious deeds which we to others show,
Return again to our own hearts with joyous overflow.'

This simple picture of Scottish humble life is not given as an example of Carrick's best productions, for in his humorous compositions he exhibits far more energetic and graphic powers. It shows, however, in what light he loved to view even the simplest characteristics of his countrymen.

In our next paper we shall give a sketch of his friends, Alexander Rodger and William Motherwell, both more gifted though not more enthusiastic poets than poor Carrick.

GREGORY'S GONG.

TOLL THE EIGHTH.

NOTHING can be imagined more drear and desolate than the voyage of a solitary Briton, in former days, in his outlandish boat, for three or four months, up the Ganges. After leaving Calcutta and the other European settlements in its neighbourhood, Gregory found himself alone, with two native servants and a crew of twelve naked, savage-looking boatmen. One of these acted as helmsman; another stood at the prow, with a long bamboo in his hand, to ascertain the soundings, and to keep the boat from running against the bank; the rest were on shore, and with a long rope dragged, from 'morn till dewy eve,' the budge-row at a snail's gallop along the sluggish, muddy stream, and under crumbling banks crowned with gigantic reeds. Our native poet, Leyden, has graphically, in a few words, described such a scene under similar circumstances, in his admired 'Ode to an Indian Gold Coin'—

'By Cheral's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Teviot loved while yet a child.'

None but breasts ardently beating with the love of home, and all its social endearments and exhilarating scenery, can conceive the wretchedness of a North Briton in such a situation. If the infernal river of Styx has an earthly type, surely it is one of the slowly-flowing muddy streams of India, inclosed within interminable high sand-banks, crowned with unvaried, rank spear-grass. No white face was now seen to cheer the exiled Caledonian; with his native servants and boatmen he had little in common. When at evening hour the boat for the night was made fast to the bank, and the crew kindled their fires, to prepare their daily and only meal, Gregory landed to vary the day's long confinement by a walk on shore, the sudden appearance of a white man issuing from below, and through the screening reeds, upon the upper scene, where the na-

tives were busy with their agricultural operations, like a fearful apparition, put to flight the whole scattered groups of peasantry in the vicinity. The women were the first to take the alarm, less perhaps from the sight of a young blooming European than the dread of their jealous lords, had they been seen to favour him with one glance; off they flew across the champaign, with their white mantles fluttering like wings, towards the distant inland village embosomed in palm and plantain trees. The men, half-ashamed to run, stalked off at a more leisurely pace, and from a different motive—the yet unconquered fear of their conquerors, though only exhibited in the singular number. One evening, in particular, the scene was truly ridiculous. Gregory, on reaching the summit of the high bank, found himself close to a native ploughman, with his simple implement and team of half-starved oxen; the cattle had just taken the turn inland from the verge of the cover, and the driver was in the act to follow them with his plough, when Gregory started up before him; down went the reins, and off the ryot [cultivator] flew, leaving his team to take care of themselves; the bullocks, looking over their shoulders to see what was the matter, no sooner beheld Gregory than, being as little accustomed to, and consequently as much alarmed at, a European as their master, set off at full speed, dragging the light plough, like a child's toy, at their tails: sometimes it was hurled along on its beam-ends, sometimes it stood for a moment on its point, transfixing the ground, then performed a somerset, and so on. This was the signal for a general route: the drivers deserted their ploughs, the cattle caught the contagion, and all were seen in full and confused retreat towards the hamlet, the white-winged women as usual in the van.

Gregory would have been truly vexed at the uproar and dismay he had thus innocently caused had the effect not been so overpoweringly ridiculous; even his crew, albeit unused to the laughing mood, stood grinning at the fugitive crowd and caper-cutting ploughs. There was, however, something very depressing and humiliating to Gregory to find himself not only exiled from all intercourse with his fellow-countrymen, but a cause of alarm and avoidance to the race among whom he had come to seek a home. Had there been any one standing beside him at the moment who understood the beautiful Doric strains of Caledonia, they might have heard him altering the lines of his country's immortal bard to the scene before him—

'Oh, what a panic's in ilk breastie!
Ye needna start awa' sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' ehase ye
Wi' murdering pattle!
I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes ye stattle
At me, your poor earth-born companion
An' fellow-mortal.'

Gregory felt desirous, if possible, to repair the mischief he had caused, so, taking two of his crew along with him as a guarantee of his friendly intentions, he proceeded slowly towards the village, which he was told was Dreadpore; but, though his embassy of peace was authenticated by his carrying his white pocket-handkerchief tied to the point of his cane as a flag of truce, it was altogether unavailing; the inhabitants, totally unacquainted with telegraphic signals, concluded that nothing could be bringing him there save to lay the village under contribution, or fearing what was worse—violation of their dwellings by a European's unhallowed feet; and when he arrived he found that men, women, and children had retreated to, and secreted themselves in their innermost lairs, where the men (like other naturally peaceful animals when pent in and driven to despair and desperation by the foe) lurked, ready to resist to the death any intrusion on the sanctity of their homes and harems, so that when Gregory entered the hamlet it was as silent and deserted as the City of the Plague. Seeing, therefore, no hope of repairing the mischief he had caused, he returned more than usually pensive to his boat and 'solitary tea.' 'This,' sighed Gregory,

'is playing the hermit with a vengeance. What a strange and undelighting position we Britons hold as respects these dear black subjects of ours! So I am come to reside among a race to whom my very complexion is a terror!'

'And then, it may be, of his wish to roam
Repeated he, but in his bosom slept
The silent thought.'

And no wonder, for he had no one to tell it to.

The branch of the Ganges up which Gregory for a week had been daily pursuing his slow and saddened way grew more and more narrow, till its course became a mere shallow rivulet, as if threatening to bar all farther progress to even his flat-bottomed conveyance. At last, one forenoon, amidst the tropic's awful silence, an exulting shout arose from the boatmen on shore of '*Gunga-jee-salam!*' ('Hail to our sovereign lady Ganges!') startling the mid-day profound. Gregory stepped on deck, when he found the reed-crowned banks of the narrow stream opening into the horizon-bounded vale of the mighty Ganges, at this season of the year one boundless expanse of dreary sand, with here and there a vein of glittering water winding through it. The first view of the ocean to an inland inhabitant is always an impressive sight of wonder, but perhaps there is something still more impressive in the first view of a tropic desert. Of a great mass of water we have always formed a somewhat correct idea; but all the visible part of the creation suddenly spread before the sight in one unvaried expanse of desolate and dazzling sand, is an object that, even after the most animated description, the mind is scarcely able fully to realise. Gregory felt it in all its overwhelming power, and drew his breath deeply for relief. Nothing seemed now wanting to complete the feeling of utter expatriation; but at the same time there was something not uncongenial to his mind, that had little or no fellowship with mankind, in finding a world of which man and his works formed no part; there was an indescribable and strange exultation on finding himself alone amid this dreary and illimitable solitude. Sometimes the stream, dividing, left a low and flat sandy island in the midst; and it was a new and fearful sight to see (where all other animals of the upper world were wanting) these islets peopled with crocodiles and alligators, in motionless and terrific repose, their wide-expanded, dagger-planted jaws turned upward to the sky in huge horrid grin, as if with satanic rage they were telling the tropic sun how they hated his beams. But, shuddering as it is to see the upper world thus tenanted, it is nothing to the sensations of horror and astonishment excited when the voyager for the first time, amid the dread silence and intolerable sunshine of a tropic noon, sees, from the oozy deep of the sleeping stream, first one and then another of these magnificent monsters emerging from the mysterious and unexplored watery world below into the light of day. Milton's lion 'pawing to get free' from the solid earth, is neither half so appalling, picturesque, nor poetical. First comes the dragon-looking head, the organ of insatiable destructiveness; then the enormous fin-like arms; then the long-arched back, crested with its defying *cheveux-de-Frise*; then the second pair of shapeless limbs, and, lastly, the vast length of cuirass-tail, which, in the slow and struggling progress made by legs less suited for the field than the flood, seems to have no end—at length the amphibious monarch lies revealed in his leviathan longitude, his invulnerable scaly armour reflecting from its dewy surface the beams of a vertical sun. What would that dear gentle angler, honest Isaac Walton, have said in his poetic prose, if, while fishing on the banks of his favourite Dove, such a fish had issued from the pool below to claim his acquaintance? 'Tis all very fearfully fine to sit by the fireside, and, through the wild imaginings of Coleridge, listen to the ancient mysterious mariner 'calling spirits from the vasty deep,' and telling of

'Slimy things that crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea;'

but it is a very different thing to gaze in reality on these aquatic monsters emerging from the gloomy waters of the Ganges. To the Hindoos of Gregory's river-retinue the sight of the main stream of their deified, purifying flood

was of course one of the most joyous occasions of their most joyless existence.

For some days Gregory pursued his way up one or other of the streams that winded through the world of arid desolation. A range of hills at length began to loom on the far western horizon, and on the third day afterwards, the southern extremity approached the river. On the tableland at their base, overhanging the Ganges, stand the magnificent ruins of Rajmal, once the residence of the royal prince Sultan Souja, unfortunate brother of the infamous Aurunzebe. Its palaces and towers are now silent, deserted, and weed-grown; and the humble, thatched cottages of the natives interspersed among the dilapidated remnants are the only occupied habitations of the place. To the traveller coming from such a lengthened tract of wilderness, Rajmal must ever be regarded with intense interest, both on account of itself and the most welcome variety it affords. It is a Tadmor of the desert. But its chief charm to the British wanderer is that one of these Palmyra cottages is occupied by a Hindoo official of government, who has charge of the post-office, and this is the first point of communication with the European world since entering the Ganges—the connecting link between exile and all that is dear on earth; and oh, what throbbings and thrillings in thousands of British bosoms has that place known! No sooner does the boat touch the ruin-clustered bank than the eager voyager springs on shore, and, guided by a boatman, hurries unheeding through echoing archways and deserted palace-halls till he reaches the humble hut containing more to him than all 'the gems of Ind.' The sable official knows the call, and out he comes with an armful of letters, which he throws on the ground for the stranger's inspection. Fancy to yourself, gentle reader, under such circumstances and in such a place, the feelings when the inscription of some well-known hand of parent, sister, friend, or lover meets the view! The misery of exile has fled—the wanderer is again in his native land, at his father's fireside—he hears the fond familiar declarations of undiminished affection and love, the description of home-scenes, friends, and occurrences! Surely if India has a green spot it is here. But, alas! who can fancy that sickness of heart, after hope long deferred, when the solitary traveller finds here no tidings from a far country, or finds, more dreadful still, the announcement of the death of a far distant lover or friend.

It was the hour of tropic gloaming when the exile reached this most interesting landing-place, after a long sail through unvaried wastes, and his boat came to anchor under the bank, crowned with venerable trees embosoming the magnificent ruins. Gregory, having little interest in the post-office department, had never inquired, before leaving Calcutta, where the provincial posts were stationed, but concluded they would only be found at European settlements; and accordingly stepped on shore without any of these emotions that were ever wont to glow in the breasts of his more happily circumstanced countrymen. He wandered, pensively pleased, amongst the relics of departed grandeur; from the elevated site he looked over the vast extent of plain to the north, with the ruins in the foreground. At such an hour of silence, cloudless skies, and farewell tints of day, the scene will best be described in the Claude Lorraine painting of Crabbe:—

'Upon that boundless plain below,
The setting sun's last rays were shed,
And gave a mild and sober glow,
Where all were still, asleep, or dead;
Vast ruins in the midst were spread,
Pillars and pediments sublime,
Where the grey moss had form'd a bed,
And clothed the crumbling spoils of time.'

What Crabbe's genius enabled him to fancy and describe, Gregory's wandering enabled him to realise and his mind to appreciate.

The exile's steps had brought him by chance to the hut that was occupied as post-office. The native in charge was sitting under its humble bamboo-constructed verandah smoking his pipe, and enjoying the coolness of the evening-hour, but the moment he beheld the European, he hastily arose, and

rushed into the cottage. Gregory, thinking this was only another instance of his terror-causing appearance, was just turning to go away, when the black official again rushed from his hiding-place, and, not a little to his surprise, threw a bundle of English letters at his feet. The exile, however, conceiving that there was little likelihood of any of these memorials being intended for him, turned them carelessly over with the point of his cane, and great was his surprise, when, amid the crowd of elegant epistles and armorial bearings, one on coarse paper and humbly wafered presented its vulgar face amidst its betters, addressed in uncouth writing to 'Maister George Gregory, Cady, Bengal.' Robinson Crusoe was not more surprised when he saw the print of a man's foot on the sand than Gregory was on seeing his own name in large characters amid the ruins of Rajmal. He knew that there was but one person who could have penned such a superscription. Like one who has found an unexpected treasure, he seized on dear Tibby's document, and walked off to a seat under an ancient portico, to devour the avowal of unaltered attachment. The letter ran as follows:—'Ma bonie burd—Be the time this reeches you, if it ever cumes to han amang the puir egrenot blackemor Edoliters, ye'll hae seen unco sights; O, if I cud but ken ye war weel, ma dear bonie bairn, and that ye hav'na to fecht with the savages ye're amang. I'm leuken every day for the leter ye promest to send me; I gang every day to the post-ofish with hope, but ey cum back greetin'. The picktur ye geed me o' yur bonie face is a grate komford to me; ye ey leuk sae weel plessed; but then I think it may be very difrint with you now, but I hop for the best. Yur unkil is gan to be merred to a grate ledy with walth of munny. I sumtims gie him a ca', to ax if he has had ony wurd frae you, but he dusna seem to care onything about you, hertles man that he is. Div ye mind the bonie lasie frae the heilans that ye likit sae weel but never daur speek to? I met hir ae day, and was tellin' her hoo muckle ye thocht o' her, deer me, hoo she blust, and sed sae modistly, 'it was a grate pety Maister Gregory was sae bashfu', for she ey thocht a dale of you, and ey wusht to heer ye say sumthing to hir.' 'Weel, quo I, 'wha kens but when he cums back he may mak' up inden you?' 'Na, Tibby,' said she, 'he'll mery sum gran' liden ledy; he'll hae forgotin' me be this time.' 'Na,' quo I, 'ma bairn is no ane to chenge.' 'Weel,' said she, 'time trys a'; and shure enough sae it dus; but I have only ae thing to sey, and that is, gif it chenges you sae, that ye tak a blak wife, ye'll brak the hert o' yur puir Tibby.'

In addition to, or rather surpassing the delight Gregory felt in the perusal of this humble but affectionate effusion of Tibby's, was the new and thrilling ecstacy he experienced on finding that he had the esteem of the person whose esteem above all others he could have desired to possess—a lovely and modest fair one in his own grade of life. In a moment life to Gregory assumed a new and rapturous creation, and the material world seemed lighted up with new-born and excessive beauty; a high and holy exultation glowed in his soul, bright as the scene before him; and this hour among the ruins of Rajmal was the happiest in his existence.

MODERN CRITICISM ON SHAKSPEARE.

[From the American Bibliotheca Sacra.]

WE have of late years had a vast mass of very cheap criticism. It consists of rapturous admiration of what has often been admired before. It looks up to the sun and says, not merely that it is bright, but that there are no spots on it. It places its discernment in having no discrimination. Shakspeare himself, if consciousness ever reaches the tomb or the world beyond it, must blush at the wholesale praises heaped upon him, which certainly he never attempted to deserve.

A remarkable change has taken place, within forty years, in the criticism on this author. The critics of the old school—Milton, Dryden, Pope, Johnson, Hume—allow that he is a great genius, and has boundless inven-

tion; but they contend that his works are very imperfect; he mixes beauties and absurdities together; he is a wonder, considering his age; but it would be very strange if he were an overmatch for the general improvement of the whole mass of society. He had divine impulses, but they sometimes led him wrong.

But a new school has since arisen. It was imported from Germany, and began in England with Coleridge. The critics of this school may be called *perfectionists*; they can see no fault in Shakspeare. His perversions of language, his hard metaphors, his incredible plots, his tumid speeches, his mixture of buffoonery in his most solemn scenes, his want of decorum, his indelicacies, his puns and clinches, are all right—so many mysterious proofs of his profound knowledge of human nature. That mighty salvo of *imitating nature* (which, by the way, in most of these things he does not imitate), is a mantle which covers all the multitude of his literary sins—just as if there were not deformities in nature which ought not to be imitated; just as if there were no such thing as *selection*. Surely it is the duty of a poet, when he imitates nature, to choose its most instructive side. He must not turn a promiscuous mirror to a deformed landscape: he must not take the likeness of a man having a cancer on his face with the exactness of the daguerreotype; he must make his roses conceal his thorns, and his verdant herbs and waving grass close over the worms and reptiles which crawl beneath them. His business is to give us pleasing not promiscuous imitation; to move our passions without debasing our hearts.

When so much has been said of his matchless beauties, it cannot be unprofitable to turn our eyes to his forgotten faults. Promiscuous praise is seldom just or enduring. It is corrupting too. It not only gives mortal frailty a dangerous influence over us; but it produces a kind of literary despair. No mortal will be likely to surpass, either in virtue or wisdom, the idol he has been instructed to adore. There may be such a thing as having the imagination shrivelled even by the magnificence of Shakspeare.

His first fault—a very material one in a poet—is, he has no sympathy with moral sublimity, no pictures of sublime, self-sacrificing goodness. He sees the beautiful in persons and objects, but he never contemplates 'the great sea of beauty,' of which Plato speaks. He has no confidence in human improvement and progression; he never pants after a better state; he never kindles with liberty, nor rises with religion. His poetry is epicurean throughout, and he loves to sleep on rosy pillows in a sensual elysium. In his Julius Cæsar, he introduces the rabble merely to show that they were well worthy of the chains that Antony was about to impose upon them. In Coriolanus he has given us the same lesson. In Jack Cade, Henry VI., he has repeated the picture; and he seems to delight in heaping ridicule on that hope that has united religion and liberty in one great design, and animated patriots and martyrs when suffering unto death. This is more remarkable, as Shakspeare himself lived when all Europe was bursting into enthusiasm. Protestantism was established; the Netherlands were free; Gustavus Adolphus was already in the germ of his strength; yet our divine poet never catches one spark of the general flame. The only millennium he looked for was such as would have gratified his own Falstaff. That Shakspeare sometimes fails in the development of character—his chief excellence—is apparent from the very diverse constructions put by his admirers on the character of Hamlet. One tells us it is a delineation of intense goodness; another, of one's meditation; Goethe thinks it is the exhibition of one whose destiny is too mighty for him; and another regards it as a delineation of revenge, especially as he did not kill his father-in-law at prayers, because he wished to destroy his soul as well as his body. May not the reason of this difference be that the picture is not quite so true to nature as it ought to be?

His skill in the purely pathetic is by no means unrivalled. In that part of tragedy which consists in a mind torn by ambition, darkened by misanthropy, rush-

ing to murder, or sinking in remorse, he does indeed leave almost every other poet out of sight and remembrance. When he opens the superstitious world on us, when he dives into the tomb and recalls the dead, we shudder at his mystic power. But for simple pity he is not eminent. He is always counteracting his own purpose, introducing into the most pathetic scenes some contemptible joke, or pun, which loses its power by having wandered from its place. It is as if Harlequin should break into a room where there was a dead body, and attempt to dance, in his motley coat, over the coffin.

Our poet also selects very improper subjects for representation. He wants decorum. His ladies are immensely indelicate, and permit such language before them as marks, and can scarcely be justified even by a semi-civilised age. Nor is he very skillful in making the marvellous probable; but this may possibly have added to his reputation: well-proportioned objects rarely appear gigantic.

To conclude, Shakspeare is undoubtedly a great genius; but his faults and merits are so blended that if we permit his ethereal flights too much to charm our fancies, his sensual tendencies will inevitably taint our hearts.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

The great fallacy of the day is 'the danger of separating religious from secular instruction.' A little reflection ought to have shown that this is one of the most fanciful contingencies that could be imagined. Religious and secular instruction are already separate; they are as separate and distinct as any two parts of the same whole can be, and if they were not so, they would not have different names. The task of separation is done to our hands; it is the task of uniting that remains to be performed, and care should be taken that this combination should not lead to confusion. It requires no small caution, in combining religion with anything secular, to preserve the religious element from desecration, and the secular from perversion. There is a great danger of having the forms of godliness substituted for the power thereof; let us be cautious of leading the young into the dangerous error that all religion is included in its forms.—*Rev. John Dufton.*

GOTHIC AND GREEK STYLES OF ARCHITECTURE.

A pointed church is the masterpiece of masonry. It is essentially a stone building—its pillars, its arches, its vaults, its intricate intersections, its ramified tracery, are all peculiar to stone, and could not be consistently executed in any other material. Moreover the ancient masons obtained great altitude and great extent, with a surprising economy of wall and substance. The wonderful strength and solidity of their buildings are the result, not of the quantity or size of the stones employed, but of the art of their disposition. To exhibit the great excellence of these constructions, it will here be necessary to draw a comparison between them and those of the far-famed classic shores of Greece. Grecian architecture is essentially wooden in its construction. It originated in wooden buildings, and never did its professors possess either sufficient imagination or skill to conceive any departure from the original type. Vitruvius shows that their buildings were formerly composed of trunks of trees, with lintels or breast-summers laid across the top, and rafters again resting on them. This is at once the most ancient and barbarous mode of building that can be imagined. It is heavy, and, as I before said, essentially wooden; but is it not extraordinary that, when the Greeks commenced building in stone, the properties of this material did not suggest to them some different and improved mode of construction? Such, however, was not the case. They set up stone pillars as they had set up trunks of wood; they laid stone lintels, as they had laid wood ones, flat across; they even made the construction appear still more similar to wood, by carving triglyphs, which are merely a representation of the beam-ends. The finest temple of the Greeks is constructed on the same principle as a large wooden cabin. The Greeks erected their columns,

like the uprights of Stonehenge, just so far apart that the blocks they laid on them would not break by their own weight. The Christian architects, on the contrary, during the dark ages, with stones scarcely larger than ordinary bricks, threw their lofty vaults from slender pillars, across a vast intermediate space, and that at an amazing height, where they had every difficulty of lateral pressure to contend with.—*Pugin on Gothic Architecture.*

STANZAS.

The following verses appeared some years since in an English provincial newspaper, but attracted less attention than we think their great beauty merits. The speakers are a dying girl and her lover. The ardent passion manifested by the youth suggests to the girl several images under which she supposes that he will delight to personify her after her death. The stanzas are in the form of a dialogue—the girl suggesting the particular images in succession, and the lover responding.

'Even as a flower?'

'No, fairest; be not to me as a flower.'

The uncertain sun calls forth its odorous breath;
The sweetest perfume gives the speediest death—
The sport and victim of a summer hour.
Fairest, be not a flower!

'Even as a star?'

'No, brightest; be not to me as a star.'

'Tis one of millions, and the hurrying elond
Off wraps the glitt'ring splendour in its shroud;
Morn pales its lustre, and it shines afar.
Brightest, be not a star!

'Even as a dove?'

'No, purest; be not to me as a dove.'

The spoiler off breaks in upon its rest,
Robbing the downy joys of its soft nest,
And plunging silence through its native grove.
Purest, be not a dove!

'Even as a rock?'

'No, my most faithful; be not as a rock.'

It mocks the embracing wave; or stands alone
In loveless gloom, in dreary-wastes unknown,
Senseless alike to fortune's smile or shock.
Changeless, be not a rock!

'Even as—myself?'

'My soul's best idol, be but as thyself:

Brighter than star, fairer than flower,
Purer than dove, and in thy spirit's power
Steadier than rock!

Yes! be thyself, thyself—only thyself!

MODE OF MAKING SHEET LEAD IN CHINA.

The Chinese, in manufacturing the thin sheet lead in which their teas are imported into this country, conduct the operation in an exceedingly simple manner. The laminae are not rolled, as from their extreme thinness might be supposed; nor even hammered, as the appearance of the surface might indicate; but actually cast at once in the state in which we see them. Two men are employed: one is seated on the floor, with a large flat stone before him, and a moveable flat stone stands at his side. His fellow-workman stands beside him with a crucible containing the melted lead; and having poured a sufficient quantity on the slab, the other lifts the moveable stone, and, placing it suddenly on the fluid lead, presses it out into a flat and thin plate, which he instantly removes from the stone. A second quantity of lead is poured on in a similar manner, and a similar plate formed; the process being carried on with singular rapidity. The rough edges of the plates are then cut off, and they are afterwards soldered together for use.

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ROUGH NOTES OF RAMBLES IN ELBE-LAND.

LOT III.

‘And I think’—

Judge. ‘Not what you THINK, witness, but what you’ve *seen*,
Do that unfold unto us.’—*Old Play.*

A ‘TRAVELLED’ man—a very different personage, mark you, from the man who has merely travelled—generally possesses, in no small degree, the power of ‘discerning spirits.’ If you ask him how he has gained it, he cannot tell you. It has come to him as inspiration comes to the poet, or as light comes to the eye—without being *felt*. The surface is to him the same as it is to others, but he learns more from it, because he looks *below* it for that which the *surface* but faintly shadows forth—for the ‘idea,’ as Fichte would say. Put the ‘travelled’ man in a mixed assembly, give him time to observe the ‘*bearing*’ of the individuals who compose it, and our reputation on it (a small stake, you may say), but he will give you as thorough a delineation of each character as if he had read the lines upon each palm, or had taken a map of each face or cranium, according to the most approved rules of Lavatarian or phrenological science.

In Britain he meets with less difficulty in his studies of character than in Germany. Here the colours which distinguish a man’s *caste* are not so confused as they are in Deutschland. This is partly owing to the defective state of our national education, and partly to our national habits. The spirit of feudalism, which has not yet departed from amongst us, still *taboos* certain circles, and renders their boundaries impassable to any but the privileged. On the other hand, the scrambling, and screwing, and drudging, and toiling for money, (as if *money* was the bonum magnum—the great good, the one thing needful, the thing to live for and *die* for), which is the leading trait of social life in Britain, leaves little or no time for the cultivation of the ‘humanities,’ by which term we mean a great deal more than *classical* studies; we mean all that refinement of *manner*, as well as of taste, which lends such grace and amiability to the social intercourse of almost every class in Germany.

This renders it there difficult for even the most practised observer, to say at a glance what a man is; not so here. There the *parvenu* has all the charming attractiveness of *manner* which here is almost the exclusive possession of the patrician. Here, disguise him how you may—let D’Orsay himself choose the ‘quietest’ attire—let his kids and boots fit faultlessly—let him be the embodiment of etiquette itself—let him move in the most brilliant circles

—nevertheless, the ‘travelled’ man will in a moment point him out.

One day, when sauntering quietly along the ramparts of Hamburg, two individuals passed us, and as we looked at them we wished that we possessed the cognitive faculty of the ‘travelled’ man. What they were we could not possibly imagine. As Pat would say, they ‘completely bothered’ us. At first we set them down as being either clergymen, or lawyers, or senators, but when we looked again we were satisfied that we were mistaken. About their gait and garb there was a *clerical* quietude, but then, in their countenance, there was nothing of that ‘pale cast of thought’ which distinguishes the clergy, both orthodox and heterodox, of ‘Faterland.’ On the contrary, there was a rubicund rosiness of cheek, and a subdued drollery about the eye, indicative of habits and predilections rather alien to those of the student of the intricacies and subtleties of law or theology. Might they not be senators? No. Their garb was too *clerical*; moreover, they wanted that rotund dignity, that aldermanic fitness, that corpulent suavity, that stately *bonhomie*, and that lively sense of civic importance, which lend such imposing impressiveness (or what is intended for it) to the bearing of the town councillor, whether you see him at Guildhall in London or in the Rathhaus of Hamburg. What could they be? Do you ask how they were dressed? Well, we’ll tell you. They were in black—in sables from top to toe, saving and excepting a little grey grisly ‘scratch,’ which was perched upon their cranium, and there did duty for a wig; moreover, there was also visible the smallest possible quantity of a white ‘choker,’ as the cravat is classically called at Oxford. The shoes were black, the stockings were black, the breeches were black, the knee-buckles of the breeches were black, the waistcoat was black, the Quaker-cut coat was black; then came the speck of white already mentioned; above that, the comically grave face, with the lips puckered round ‘a pure Havannah;’ just above the cigar the nose, with its tip red with the cold (or *schnapps*); then the eyes with their sly drollery; then the low forehead; and above that, crowning the whole, the grisly wig. Well, now, can you guess what they were? We are sure you cannot. You must not forget that there was a staid respectability about them which could not be mistaken, and which prevented them from being confounded with the vulgar herd. They were evidently members of a peculiar class. This, our opinion, was soon confirmed, for in a few moments they, in the most courtly manner, exchanged salutes with three or four persons, dressed *exactly* in the same style, who crossed our path.

As we never like to make a needless display of our ignorance, we pocketed our curiosity, and instead of in-

quiring from the passers-by who and what those persons were, we waited until we reached home and then the enigma was solved. They were the representatives of a very ancient order; an order of persons whose services are in request both in savage and in civilised countries. In the records of the most remote antiquity, honourable mention is made of them. The duties which they discharge are impressive and solemn; and they, with very few modifications, discharge those duties as their fathers did thousands of years ago. We are not jesting. Our friends in the grisly wigs were the descendants of the 'mourners,' who in ancient days filled the streets with their hireling woe, when spendthrift sons, and faithless wives, and heartless husbands, and greedy expectants, felt that 'appearances' must be kept up, when in reality they rejoiced rather than sorrowed that the living had died. Oh, what a book might be written on 'mutes' and 'mourners'! What humbling thoughts do they suggest on the hollowness of much that passes muster, in this age of conventionalism, for affection and friendship. Of all 'shams' this is the most hateful. If the mimic, the hypocrite, the dissimulator, should be driven with execration from any place, it is from the abode of *death*. All that appears *there* should at least be genuine. There should be no feigned tear, nor sigh, nor expression of regret. The awful sanctity of death ought to be sufficient to save that place from being desecrated by the presence of the hypocrite, who comes to utter with his tongue that to which his heart gives the lie. If this be so, what shall we say of a custom that *pays* men for being hypocrites—for enacting sorrows which they do not feel—for filling the place which affection alone ought to occupy—for performing the last offices, which can be rightly performed only by loving hands and sorrowing hearts? If a man have no friends to weep for him, lay him down quietly in his lone resting-place without parade or pomp. If he has been beloved, let those that loved him follow him to the grave and wet the clay that rattles upon his coffin-lid with their tears; but call not in the hireling to mingle in their ranks or to mock their sorrow with his *business-wo*.

The death of a friend in Hlstein first made us acquainted with the funeral etiquette of Germany, and also with a '*grave*' imposition frequently practised by the grisly-wigged fraternity. On the morning of the funeral, a few of the friends of the deceased assemble at the house where the body lies. The undertaker and the mourners are in attendance. By these coffee and cakes are handed round to the guests. If desired, a clergyman is present, who reads a portion of Scripture, and a hymn is sometimes added. Then the body is placed in the coach, the 'mourners' defile off in pairs before it; the friends return home; the undertaker and his troops, *unaccompanied by friend or relative of the dead*, proceed with the corpse to the burial-ground. There is no service read at the grave; but there the burial takes place much after the same hasty and, to say the least, indecorous fashion that parish paupers are covered with earth nearer home. There are exceptions to this heartless custom of committing the interment to the 'mourners,' but the exceptions are chiefly made by the *poor*, whose affections, in all lands, are stronger than those of their richer brethren; be this as it may, they certainly care more for the offices of friendship than the precepts of a heart-indurating etiquette, and therefore they are often to be found taking a last look down into the 'narrow house' where lie the confined remains of a parent or a child. Other exceptions are created when eminent persons are interred. But the general rule, in what is called 'good society,' is *for the relatives and friends of the departed to studiously avoid attendance at the funeral*.

This proceeding affords opportunity for the commission of a remarkable fraud by the undertaker and his corps. As in this country, certain portions of the burial grounds are set apart for those whose friends can afford to pay handsomely for the right of interment. Some friend, a day or so before the funeral, attends with the undertaker, and a spot of ground is marked out for the grave. The money is paid, and preparations are made to 'open the ground.' The undertaker, however, knowing that the

friends of the deceased will not attend the funeral, strikes a bargain with the sexton for a grave in a *less expensive part of the churchyard*. There the body is deposited, and the proceeds of the nefarious transaction are divided by the worthies. Talk of sharp practice! this throws into the shade the greatest specimen of scoundrelism that ever adorned the pages of a Bow Street report. We have heard of men being cheated out of their property, of being robbed of their 'good name,' but it remained for the genius of a German undertaker to devise a plan by which a man may be swindled out of his *grave*.

On the morning that our friend was buried the knaves were disappointed. The spot chosen for his resting-place was within a few yards of the grave of Klopstock—whose 'portrait' we hope to hang in our 'gallery' some of these days—there we laid him down, far from the heathery hills of his own Scotland, the place of the sepulchres of his kindred, in the hope, the blessed and heart-consoling hope, of the resurrection of the dead.

... ..
A keen north-easter was stripping the trees before our window of their foliage, one morning in September, as we sat, like Alexander Selkirk, 'monarch of all we surveyed,' in the little snugery which we had selected, out of the glazed-all-over house, for our own special use. Here we sat consoling ourselves on having the prospect of an uninterrupted morning. The stove-door was open, that, by the sight of the fire, we might cheat ourselves into the idea that we were some leagues out of Deutschland; the coffee was hissing hot before us, the *zwiebachs* were fresh from the baker's over the way; the children, who had been particularly uproarious all the morning, had ceased to slam the doors and cry in concert; everything was quiet, so quiet that if we had listened no doubt we might have heard the knitting-needles at work in the next apartment. If, reader, you are a bachelor, and know what it is to *enjoy* a morning's hard reading, and have ever experienced the intolerable annoyance of being disturbed when so engaged, you can imagine the feeling of luxurious coziness that possessed us, as we listened to the fierce wind pelting the sleet against the window, and comforted ourselves with the hope that it would confine within doors those pests of society, 'in all places everywhere,' named morning visitors. Go where a man may, and he cannot steer clear of those people. If unluckily he has a reputation for anything, no matter what, he deserves to be pitied; and if he can get a morning to himself he must be cleverer than the rest of his kind. If his time be considered valuable, and, in addition, if he be known to have too sacred a regard for truth to commission his servant with a 'not at home,' then call they will, and that too exactly at the very time when to do so is to rob him of that for which the silly senseless gossip, that forms the staple of the conversation of such persons, is a very sorry equivalent. 'But it is courtesy and kindness that cause them to do so,' some will say. Perhaps it may, Monsieur Apologist, but we think quite the contrary. Is it *kind* to pick a man's pocket? Is it *courteous* to deprive him of his professional reputation? The morning visiter, to a man of studious habits, is a pick-pocket; for to such a man his *time* is money, nay, more than money, and of that he deprives him, and throws at the same time a stumbling-block in the way of his professional success which hard study alone can remove. If you have ever been guilty of this sin, you cannot repent too soon. If you must call, call in the afternoon, in the evening, at midnight, any time in fact but in the *morning*. This by way of parenthesis.

We forget now what we were engaged with at the time, but our meditations were soon disturbed by the servant announcing the Rev. Dr —. The day was clearing up, and he came to ask us to accompany him on a visit to the University of Kiel. We agreed. Our preparations were soon made. The Altona station, being about a quarter of a mile or so from our domicile, was speedily reached. The train was starting. Another moment and we were too late. In we jumped, and the door was scarcely closed behind us when *fiz, fiz, away it went*.

The railway between Altona and Kiel has only been recently constructed. The length is sixty miles. The country through which it passes being remarkably flat, there were no engineering difficulties to contend with, so that the rails were laid and the line opened in about a year and a half. The projectors were not so successful with the branch from the Elmsborn station to the capital of the duchy, Gluckstadt. The distance between the two places is not two miles and a half, but in consequence of the boggy nature of the country, it took a longer time to construct this short branch-line than it did to complete the sixty miles between Altona and Kiel.

When the formation of a railway was proposed, the wisest heads in the duchy of Holstein were gravely shaken, and gloomy predictions were uttered respecting the consequences of following new-fangled notions. If the English people went mad, that was no valid reason that the people of Holstein should imitate them. The idea of placing their precious lives at the mercy of a steam-engine! Preposterous! No, no! Their fathers had done without railways, and they could not see why they could not also do without them. But, in opposition to all this, some urged that railways had enriched England; capital invested in railways returned a greater profit than it possibly could if placed in the bank at Gluckstadt or Hamburg; holders of railway shares in England were making fortunes. 'Oh, indeed! that altogether alters the state of the question, said the Solons who at first objected; 'we think it would be for the interests of the duchy (they meant, all the while, only their own interests) that a railway should be made.' What a talisman money is! 'Knowledge is power,' says Bacon; and 'knowledge is power,' re-echoes all sorts of small people who are anxious to be regarded as profound thinkers. Nonsense! MONEY IS POWER. Is it not? What has it not done? Did it not degrade even Bacon himself? Has it not kindled feuds between nations—broken up families—poured lava upon the hearts of millions? Has it not changed love into hatred, and made friendship a snare? Men used to marry wives, now they marry money. Mothers used to adopt Matthew Henry's principle, and say to their daughters, 'Please God, and please yourselves, and then you will please me;' now, however, the advice too often runs thus—'Whether you please God or yourselves is a matter of very little importance, but unless the object of your choice be a *monied* (not, mark you, a *virtuous*, or an *honourable*, or a *learned*, but a *MONIED*) man, you will not please me.' Daughters acquiesce in this doctrine; and a suitor, accordingly, is eligible if he only has money in his purse! Well, what set the alchymists mad after that dream of their money-loving hearts—the philosopher's stone, caused the Holsteiners to make a railway!

We travelled in the second-class carriage; and we could not help thinking that, if the railway king should ever visit Holstein, his iron majesty might issue an edict throughout his dominions, which would tend to the comfort of all second-class travellers. Certainly directors of railways in England might learn a lesson from those of Holstein, with regard to the accommodation of passengers. The third class on that line is as comfortably fitted up as the second usually is in Britain; of the second class arrangements our readers can judge for themselves, when we say that the interior was upholstered throughout with drab cloth, and the seats were 'spring stuffed,' as easy-chairs usually are; the only difference between the first and second class being solely in the more luxurious upholstery of the former. As a speculation, the line has answered, we believe, admirably. The country which it traverses begins to exhibit marks of decided improvement, especially in the vicinity of Gluckstadt. In the winter the 'passenger traffic' is inconsiderable, but from May until the latter end of September—during the time the Copenhagen boat runs between that city and Kiel harbour—all the carriages are in requisition, and thousands pass along the line almost every day. When the mail-bags are conveyed by the train, the ordinary conductor is superseded by an officer called the *oberschaffer*, or chief superintendent, who takes the direction. In each carriage directions are posted up, in

which the passengers are warned not to open the windows or doors, or, if the window should be open, not to look out until the train stops. At first, the notice did not arrest our attention, and we opened the window for some purpose or other, and were unconsciously guilty of the enormity of looking out, when, in a few moments, up came the *schaffer*, and, as an Irish gentleman who was with us said, 'without saying by your lave, or a haporth,' in he came, shut down the window, and looked up very significantly at the printed notice. Our eye followed his, and in a moment we caught his meaning. We entered into conversation with him; when he found we were from England the authoritative pucker in which his countenance was wrinkled up on his entrance gave place to a bland smile, as he said, 'Oh! I see how it is, you are from the land of railways; you know all about them. You may open or shut the windows just as you like; only, don't jump out when the train is moving.' We assured him that he might have no fears upon that head.

This *schaffer* was a man above his station. He could speak most modern languages with fluency. He had a very fair knowledge of science and art, and a gentlemanly acquaintance with literature. How was this? He was not surely always in the humble position in life which he then occupied? No; he was a Pole—a refugee from his oppressed fatherland, which has been drenched with the blood of its children, and now lies the victim of the tender mercies of the diplomacy and savage ferocity of Russia. He had seen some service, and bore the marks of several sabre wounds, which had been received in some of the struggles which the elite of his countrymen made for national independence. He was a *nobleman*, he said. This explained all. Since his escape from Poland, he had been engaged in teaching music and languages in Altona, which occupation he relinquished on obtaining the appointment of superintendent on the railway. He made a feeling reference to the conduct of England in affording a shelter to his compatriots, and drew a striking contrast between the liberty of our press and people and that of the Continent generally. He was a man of the world—up to a thing or two. His reverses had given him broader views of mankind than he had before he left Poland. Labour was a different thing: not a curse but a blessing—a ministration to virtue, an aid to development. We have little doubt but he agreed most fully with the rabbinical dogma that 'he who does not teach his son a trade prepares him for suffering, or makes him a thief.' There can possibly be no more painful object than a man of a refined mind suddenly flung out of the lap of ease into the depths of poverty, where he finds the brute strength of the hod-man to be of more value than the choicest accomplishments or the most exquisite taste.

The lover of the picturesque will find nothing to delight him in the scenery between Altona and Kiel. The country being flat, and wretchedly drained, was in many places completely under water. As we steamed along, the leading features noted were—bogs; dykes; interminable flats, without a single tree; now and again a few cabins; then a solitary patch of cultivated land, and some miserable-looking cattle. Nevertheless, poor as the country is, at the stations along the line you meet with no beggars, nor indeed do you perceive any approach to pauperism. The people are a hardy, intelligent, independent, *John Bullish* sort of a race, that would rather work, no matter how hard, and fare, no matter how poorly, than beg.

Three hours after our departure from Altona, we found ourselves in Kiel. What we saw there of the people, of the students, of the professors, and of the university, we shall let you hear in our next 'lot.'

LIFE AND CHARACTER ON THE EAST COAST OF SCOTLAND.

THE east coast of Scotland has been described as 'iron-bound.' This characteristic was no doubt suggested by the sterile hardness of its natural features, and the bold unyielding character of its marginal outline. On the west coast, and in most of the islands of the Hebrides, we find

indentations, or arms of the sea, flowing through majestic headlands, and conducting to magnificent lakes in the interior; but, on the east coast, there is not one inlet or bay capable of affording shelter in all weathers. With the exception of a yellow spot of sand here and there, the aspect of the whole is extremely rugged and cheerless; and yet along this bleak shore, now situate in the arms of a 'cove,' and now in the rocky plain of a craggy outlet, little colonies of fishermen's huts may be seen; the cottages looking neat, plain, and substantial, with their tiny boats laying a-beam beside them. Thirty-three of these villages, with a population of twenty thousand souls, are scattered along the coast. Let us enter one of them, and inquire a little into the social condition of these primitive people.

The village selected stands on a rocky platform hewn by the ocean out of a stupendous cliff, which rises in conglomerate blocks of quartz and red sandstone to a height of nearly a thousand feet above the level of the sea. There are about a hundred cottages in this village, each standing end on to the sea, and distant from high-water mark the breadth of a cart-road. From the east end, a winding pathway, cut out of the brow of the cliff, leads to the heights above and thence to the country inland. Four hundred fishermen, with their wives and families, occupy the cottages and are thus employed: At about three o'clock in the morning the men go to sea in their fishing-boats, the lines having been previously baited and coiled into baskets by the women. At daylight the younger women gather shell-fish for bait, wading in the tide for it in all sorts of weather; while the married women generally set out for the country with a burden of fish to supply the families of farmers within a circuit of a dozen of miles. Every fisherman has particular families whom she supplies, and the universal practice is to exchange fish for meal, eggs, butter, milk, and vegetables, at prices scrupulously regulated by the principles of supply and demand. When fish are scarce the price is high, whatever be the price of milk and meal; when corn is dear, however plentiful may be the supply of fish, the creel goes heavily to the country but more lightly home. Such, nevertheless, is the good feeling that animates these dealers in their reciprocal transactions, that nothing ever occurs to shake their confidence in each other's friendship and good-will. On the contrary, so well does the farmer feel disposed towards the fisherman, that, when the weather continues stormy for a length of time, so that he cannot get to sea, he has only to send to the farm and a full supply of provender is cheerfully given. Nor is this confidence misplaced. As soon as the weather moderates, and a take of fish is secured, the first consideration is payment of the debt to the farmer; and so punctually is this done, that nowhere will it be found that the farmers complain.

The boats that were at sea all morning return about noon, and then the women who gathered the bait are ready with their creels to carry the fish to the shed to dress them. In the first instance, the fish must be *parted*. However large or small the take may be, the fish are divided in lots, each man having his lot determined by a sort of ballot. Suppose, for example, that the crew consists of six men, the fish are parted in seven lots, one for each man and one for the boat. Each fisherman chooses a small stone, conceals it from his neighbour, and puts it, along with the others, into the lap of one of the women, who is bound in honour not to look down while this process is in progress. The woman then lays a stone on each lot, and as every fisherman knows his own stone, he is at no loss to decide which is his lot. There is no dispute in this mode of apportionment, and it has this particular advantage, it prevents disappointment when at any time one or two fishes of more than ordinary value are caught. The seventh lot is for the purpose of maintaining a fund out of which the boat may be repaired so long as she is fit for sea, and a new one built when the old one is wrecked or useless. When the fish are carried to the shed, all hands set to work to dress them. They are, however, generally cleaned and salted, or cured, by the women, as many only being preserved in a fresh state as may serve to supply

the neighbouring market or the nearest farmers. In the evening, and for the first half of the night, the men go to rest. The women now bait the lines, or rather the hooks on the lines, all of which had been carefully examined and made secure by the men in the afternoon. In this employment every one has a part to perform. For sixteen at least out of the twenty-four hours of good sea-going weather, the fisherman's family are busied with something or other, and when the prevalence of bad weather interrupts the usual routine, the time is spent in making nets, mending lines, and preparing stock-fish for the south markets. This description applies to what is called home-fishing, which is conducted mostly in winter. In the early part of summer, some five or six boats' crews man their largest boats, and, accompanied by several of their daughters, proceed to the Western Islands to pursue the cod and ling fishery. When at the Lewis, or the Harris, or at the islands of Tiree or Skye, these fishermen pay a small sum of money, or a certain number of fish, for the use of one or more huts, as circumstances may require. The islanders have little or no communication with them, and as their time is fully taken up either in catching or curing the cod, the six weeks occupied in this way are spent in comparative isolation. Having dried the codfish on the rocks, they are carefully packed in the boats about the middle or end of June, and carried to Glasgow, where they are sold. The money thus obtained is chiefly laid out in the purchase of clothing, coal, and fishing-gear, all of which are to be had of better quality, and at lower prices, in Glasgow than nearer home. Passing through the Forth and Clyde canal, the boats return in the beginning of July. This is a merry time for the villagers, when all has gone well during the season. Every preparation is now made for the herring fishery, which is carried on at various points on the east coast. To some one or other of these the fishermen now resort, taking with them, as in the former case, some of the women to cook and wash for them in their lodgings. In prosecuting the herring fishery, the men are at work all night and the women all day. This fishery continues for six or eight weeks, and in fair average seasons yields good returns. The usual stipulation is to fish for two hundred crans or barrels, at a certain fixed sum for each barrel caught. At the rates paid to the fishermen by the curer last year, one boat's crew would receive for a full fishing £230. On the faith of this, the fishermen often contract debts, however, which they can seldom pay when the fishery fails, and hence the practical advantages of the system are in no respect to be compared with those which result from the other modes of fishing either at the islands or at home. In September, the fishermen are in their own cottages again; and, in prospect of winter, a club of six or eight persons is formed, and a sum of money subscribed, in equal proportion, for the purpose of buying what they call a *mart*, that is an ox or fat cow to be killed and salted as winter provisions; the marts are generally purchased at one of the autumn fairs, and in one day they are all slaughtered. A stranger entering the village on this occasion, would almost fancy that he was amongst a set of savage barbarians, every strand being filled with blood, and the women carrying hither and thither creels full of beef and offal. In dividing the marts, the same mode of distribution is practised as in the case of parting the fish on return from sea. During the dark season, the salted meat is used alternately with fish, and as every fisherman calculates on growing a few bolls of potatoes, the ground for which he obtains from the nearest farmer in return for his fish-offal, there is generally no want of good wholesome food all the season through.

In this village there is a parson, a schoolmaster, a few carpenters, tailors, and publicans, and were it not for an occasional carouse, the morals of the people would be of the most faultless kind. The Sabbath is scrupulously observed, the children are regularly sent to school, and crime is scarcely known amongst the villagers. In general, notwithstanding their laborious and dangerous occupations, they enjoy good health and live to a great age.

This village may be taken as an average specimen of all

the others to which we have referred; and when the condition of the people, during the late trying affliction of the loss of the potato crop, is compared with that of the fishermen crofters on the west coast of Scotland, the advantages of resolutely prosecuting one department of labour, in other words, the proper adaptation of the means to the end, becomes apparent. If the fishermen on the west coast would but devote themselves exclusively to the prosecution of the fishery, leaving the land to be farmed, as on the east coast, by small farmers and large farmers on leasehold tenure, the sea would yield even more abundantly to them than to those who fish in the German Ocean.

But it may be asked, are there no special encouragements given to the fishermen on the east coast to induce them thus to prosecute the fishery? We know of none. At one time, bounties were given by government for the catch and cure of certain kinds of fish; but these are now withdrawn, and, since the fishermen were left to themselves, they have prosecuted their calling more vigorously than before. Nor can it be said that the landlords of the soil generally encourage native fishermen. Now and then we hear of prizes being offered by resident proprietors for the best rowing, or sailing, in a well got up boat-match; but with the exception of the Duke of Sutherland, we know of no landholder on the coast who makes it a part of his business to encourage the prosecution of the fisheries on his estates. Conduct of a very opposite character is but too common. For instance, such is the law of tenure in the villages on the east coast, that every fisherman, before he can put a hook in the sea, or build a cottage for himself and family, must give an undertaking in writing that he will pay thirty shillings a-year, and a certain number of fish, as tithes or teinds of locality, to the *laird*; and that while he is only allowed £3 towards building his cottage, however near the sea, he dare not let or sell it, should he be leaving the village, to any other person than a fisherman approved by the proprietor or his factor. If this be not a trespass on the rights of the crown, or the admiralty, who are legal conservators of all land within the flood-mark of the sea, it is a very near approximation to it, and constitutes an unworthy relic of feudal times. By the severe application of this law, the fishermen on the east coast have been kept a distinct and peculiar class from time immemorial, and this cause, we believe, sufficiently accounts for the fact, that has puzzled many a physiologist, that the fishermen are at the present moment distinguishable from all the other inhabitants of the district in which they reside, by the peculiar nature of their dialect, their superstitious notions, and the exclusive economy of their social state. Nothing, evidently, but their native spirit of indomitable perseverance has led to the great improvement that has clearly taken place in their habits during the last half century, and were the charter of their tenure enlarged, they would in all probability become yet more useful members of society. The only proprietor who seems to realise this truth is Lord Aberdeen, on whose estate, near Peterhead, freeholds are now granted to fishermen, and where schools have been erected, harbours built, and mechanics' institutions introduced, under circumstances that give reason to hope that one of the villages at least, which was formerly sunk in practical heathenism, will henceforth become a pattern of all that ennobles and blesses social life.

In the judgment of some speculative theorists of the present day, the industry and perseverance characteristic of the east coast, as compared with the indolence and procrastination that appertain to those who dwell on the west coast of Scotland, are consequent on native distinction of race. The Celt is pronounced to be naturally and necessarily a slothful and uncivilisable animal, and the inhabitants on the east coast are set down as Danes and Saxons, and not Celts. Now, it so happens that the fishermen, whose social economies we have been describing, are the descendants of genuine Celts. A mixture of the Danish and Scandinavian blood has found its way in amongst them, through circumstances which we shall presently describe; but the facial contour of the people generally so clearly

harmonises with that of the West Highlanders, that no physiognomist who looks at the two with an unprejudiced eye, can hesitate to conclude that they are of the same race. As positive evidence, however, on this important subject, we may quote some facts connected with the history of the city of Aberdeen, the metropolis of the east coast, that should settle the question.

'Aberdeen,' says a local historian,* 'was one of the original towns of Caledonia. The locality in which it is situated can be traced in the annals of history to the eighty-fourth year of the Christian era. It was discovered by the Romans in the seventh campaign of Julius Agricola, and is mentioned by Ptolemy as the town of the *Taivali*, who inhabited the sea-coast of the province of CALEDONIA KNOWN BY THE NAME OF VESPASIANA. These *Taivali* were warlike tribes, who, under Galgacus, a CALEDONIAN CHIEFTAIN, opposed the Roman invasion.' The territory of the *Taivali* comprehended the *eastern and northern* parts of Scotland, and there are remnants of antiquity still extant which indubitably prove that they belonged to the same family as the Highland Celt. Writing of a more recent period in the history of Aberdeen, Kennedy, the profound historian and antiquarian, says, 'In ancient times, the town consisted of *rude and mean buildings, erected with wood, or stone and turf, and thatched with straw, without much attention to convenience or regularity.*' In other words, the town exhibited all the characteristics by which most of the Celtic villages on the west coast have ever been distinguished. Farther down in the cycle of time, we find the inhabitants of this Celtic spot successfully engaged in commerce, a variety of circumstances of a local nature having combined to spur them on to trade. In Macpherson's 'Annals of Commerce,' vol. i. p. 332, mention is made of Aberdeen as having been known on the Continent as a trading port during the eleventh century. 'So early as the year 1200, it exported to the Netherlands salmon, wool, hides, and woollen; and in return imported salt, wine, iron, and other commodities adapted to domestic purposes.' The local authorities in those days, it would appear, were less afraid for the competition of foreigners than that of their own countrymen; for, while they imposed severe fines on all who pre-empted to trade without burgh privilege, they encouraged foreign importations by enjoining traders beyond seas to 'bring home with them two tons of goods for each three sacks exported,' the same proportion applying to their exports of fish and hides. Salmon, stock-fish, and red herrings appear to have been the staple articles of export trade on the east coast at the close of the thirteenth century, for we find that a ship was fitted out at Garmouth to convey the infant Queen of Scotland from the court of her father, the King of Norway, and was supplied with a large quantity of various kinds of fish by merchants in Aberdeen. In the course of the next century the foreign trade was more varied and extensive, vessels having arrived from Brabant, Flanders, Holland, and other places on the continent, with cargoes of grain, malt, flax, and fruit, taking back in barter the staples of fish and wool, and large quantities of pickled pork. And then we have the introduction and development of manufactures. 'In process of time,' says Wilson, 'the wool, which at first was exported in the raw state, was manufactured into cloth, and we have intimation, in the accounts presented in 1434 to the great chamberlain for Scotland, of a considerable amount of customs revenues derived from exports of woollens and woollen cloth.' During the next century the exports consisted chiefly of plaiding, gingham stuffs, serges, and stockings, and the imports of wine, brandy, sugar, tobacco, soap, iron, slates, warlike stores, and manufactured goods. In one year 30,000 lambskins were exported to Dantzic, and in the year ending December, 1651, no fewer than 73,358 ells of plaiding were exported to Campvere and Dantzic. This intercourse with the Continent, with Saxony, and with Norway was extensive, and led to the settlement of several Danes and Saxons, and that intermixture of races which

* Wilson's Local Institutions.

to some extent yet prevails. But the native impulse of all this commercial activity and remarkable perseverance was Celtic; and the Celt, who has been proscribed as naturally and necessarily an inert mass of indolence, is thus shown to possess natural qualities of the highest order, and which only require to be placed in circumstances where there is motive to action, and room and verge enough to act, in order to the exhibition of such characteristics as are worthy of the Scottish name.

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

Few men have received such an amount of rapturous commendation, or have been spoken of with such enthusiastic encomiums, as the Admirable Crichton; and there are few men possessed of only even a tithe of the genius attributed to him, but, we believe, could present more substantial reasons for their limited modicum of fame than he could do for his vast amount. His name is a familiar one, and is generally qualified by glowing exuberant superlatives; but his actions and intellectual combats are almost as well authenticated by the *ex parte* statements of the modern idealist as by Crichton's contemporaries. We purpose to let our readers know, however, upon what foundation the glory of this celebrated youth rests.

In the first place, obscurity hangs over the birth and parentage of James Crichton, some biographers asserting that he was born in 1551, while others particularly place the date and place of his birth at Cluny Castle, which is built upon a small island in Lake Cluny, Perthshire, on the 19th of August, 1560. His father was said to be Robert Crichton of Cluny, in the county of Perth, who commanded Queen Mary's forces at the battle of Langside, in the year 1568; but others again declare that his father was Crichton of Ellick, in the same shire, who was lord-advocate from the year 1561 until 1573, during which time his official duties were shared by Spens of Condie. His mother was Elizabeth Stewart, only daughter of Sir James Stewart of Beath, who claimed to have sprung from Robert, duke of Albany, third son of Robert II., the first Stewart who mounted the Scottish throne—a circumstance which was very gratifying to the vanity of Crichton, who boasted, when abroad, that he was sprung from Scotland's royal race.

The elementary portions of his education he received at Perth, and, it is said, entered St Salvator's College, St Andrews, at the age of ten years, his tutor being Mr John Rutherford, who had greatly distinguished himself in science and learning, having written four books upon Aristotle's logic, and a commentary on his poetics. According to his biographer Manutius, who renders him as related to the king in the degree of first cousin, he received instructions from Buchanan, Hepburn, and Robertson also. He is said to have gained his degree of bachelor of arts at the age of thirteen, and to have been made master of arts at fifteen; and it is stated that, before he was twenty, he had gone through a course of all the sciences, had acquired ten languages, and, at the same time, had rendered himself accomplished in all the chivalric and martial exercises of the times. He was one of the first horsemen of his day; a most graceful dancer and sturdy wrestler; an agile runner and leaper; and also, in addition to playing many instruments, he possessed one of the most melodious of voices.

Crichton's father had early embraced the Protestant religion, and became a stout adherent of the Regent Murray, but James, who clung with romantic tenacity to the cause of Queen Mary, professed to believe the Roman Catholic creed. Independence of thought on any point in those days was a thing as intolerable as it was uncommon. Men's opinions on politics and religion must of necessity be supported by a congregational array of physical force, or they dared not to be uttered. The stake, the pond, or the sword, were ever the ready and strongest arguments of the strong against the numerically weak in rude times. The elder Crichton is said to have urged his son to change his profession of faith, which was peremptorily refused; and ex-

postulations and remonstrances on the part of the parent only led to open hostility on that of the son, until the latter deemed it expedient to go abroad.

The Scots and Swiss then possessed privileges in France which no other foreigners were allowed. Their arms were always in request, and the military schools of Paris were open to the young scions of the aristocracy. No Scottish gentleman could be said to have accomplished himself in the polite art of transfixing an opponent with a spear, or stabbing him genteelly with a rapier, unless he had studied so to do *secundum artem* in France, and the likelihood is that Crichton would have gone to Paris to finish his warlike education, independent of his family quarrel. But nature, in addition to lavishing upon this her favoured child all the graces of the mind, had also endowed him with superlative physical advantages. His face was full of intellectual manly beauty, and his form was a model of grace and symmetry; so that, while fencing, riding, or dancing, he had few to rival him in ease and dignity.

The first city which Crichton visited on the Continent was Paris, at that period celebrated for its university. The young Scot, burning with a desire for intellectual distinction, which was then attainable by a species of verbal tourney, posted a placard upon all the gates of the schools, colleges, or halls of the university, inviting all who were famous in science or art to meet him in discussion that day six weeks, in the college of Navarre, and allowing his opponent his choice of the vehicle of disputation from twelve tongues, namely, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Italian, English, Dutch, Flemish, and Slavonian, and either in prose or verse. This challenge gave cause for much wonder and speculation amongst the learned men in the French capital, and it was increased to a species of admiration when the extreme youth and present employment of this prodigy were taken into account. Instead of shutting himself up in his closet to furbish up the rusty portions of his knowledge and learning, he employed himself chiefly in hunting and hawking with the rich and fair; tilting, vaulting, and riding a well-managed horse, with the stout and active; tossing the pike, handling the musket, and such like military feats, with the soldiery; or amusing himself in the more domestic and simple gymnasium with tennis, bowls, dice, or cards.

The projected disputation created quite a ferment, and some of the irritated literati even placarded Paris with the following invidious and unjust intimation in reference to his indifference: 'If you would meet this monster of perfection, to make search for him in the tavern is the readiest way to find him.' Crichton appeared at the appointed time, however, and conducted the disputation with so much ability, ease, courtesy, and dignity, that the president, after warmly applauding his talents and acquirements, in conjunction with four of the most eminent professors, presented him with a ring and a purse of gold, in testimony of their approbation and esteem. The discussion began at nine o'clock of the morning and continued till six of the evening, when it ended amidst rapturous acclamations; and Crichton here obtained the appellation of Admirable. Next day he went to a tilting-match at the Louvre, where he carried off the ring fifteen times from the gay cavaliers of Henry III.'s court, so little had the disputation at Navarre college fatigued him.

It may easily be supposed that a youth so remarkable as Crichton would excite the admiration of the wonder-loving Parisians; and we are told that, in a few days, his fame was circulated so widely that people came from a distance to look upon such a prodigy; the learned courted his society, and the powerful vied for his friendship; while the young and beautiful hung upon his words and smiles. He entered the French army at this time, and practised himself for two years in the art of war, when, feeling an increasing thirst for travel, he bade adieu to pleasant France, and set out for Italy.

When he arrived in Rome, he affixed a challenge in the most conspicuous places of the city, setting forth that he, James Crichton, a Scotchman, was ready to dispute ex-

temporarily on any subject with any of the intellectual chiefs of Rome. This challenge, if it astonished, also amused the vivacious and witty Italians, and set them to whet the darts of their satire for the daring Scot. 'And he that shall see,' wrote some one, 'let him go to the sign of the Falcon, and it shall be shown.' This flash of wit was excessively galling to the pride of young Crichton, for the 'sign of the Falcon' was the resort of mountebanks and buffoons, and the point was therefore, to those who knew this, sufficiently visible and cutting. The meeting which the young logician had provoked took place before the pope and cardinals, and he acquitted himself with so much ability that he became the wonder of these learned fathers.

His residence in Rome is disputed by some of his biographers, but we have better authority for believing that he lived and disputed there than that he did so at Paris. It is true, however, that he remained for but a very short time in the Eternal City, and almost immediately proceeded to Venice, where he contracted a friendship with his biographer Aldus Manutius, and many other learned and celebrated individuals. At length he was publicly introduced to the doge and senate of the proud republic of San Marco, when, by the brilliancy of his oratory, the dignity of his manners, and the captivating powers of his eloquence, he won the praises and thanks of the lordly council, and the rapturous commendations of the whole city, nothing being talked of but this rare and wonderful prodigy of the earth. People came from all quarters to gaze upon him, and to admire the youth whose graceful and modest carriage enhanced the extent and profundity of his learning. Crichton, if born in 1560, could not be much over twenty at this period, as he was in Venice about 1580; and the accounts of the adventures of one so young are so inflated and fabulous that the mind insensibly receives them as a species of romance.

About this time he was afflicted with an indisposition which preyed upon him for four months; according to some it was a mental malady, others affirm it to have been some slow and enervating fever. Before he was recovered, however, he proceeded to Padua, and, on the day succeeding his arrival (the 14th of March, 1581), he was introduced to the house of Jacobus Aloysius Cornelius, when he began what might be termed the business of the assembly by reciting an extemporaneous poem in the praise of Padua, its scholars and people, and also of the individuals there convened; and so skillfully did he blend his oratory, learning, and flattery, that he was much applauded. He subsequently disputed for six hours with the most celebrated professors, upon various subjects of learning, exposing the errors of Aristotle and his commentators so solidly, and with so much acuteness, clearness, and urbanity, that he effectually silenced the whispers of maligners concerning his superficial acquirements, and excited the universal admiration of his auditors. He concluded this day's elocutionary labours by an extemporaneous oration in praise of ignorance, which was characterised by so much wit, ingenuity, and elegant eloquence, that the wonder of his hearers was at the highest when he had finished.

He soon after appointed a day to discuss with the most celebrated professors of Padua; but it is said that although Crichton carefully prepared himself for the coming contest, which was to be upon the philosophy of Aristotle, the meeting did not take place. Others assert that he met, and disputed with one Mercenarius so profoundly and philosophically that he acquired even the praises of his adversary. He next caused placards to be posted on St John and St Paul's churches, wherein he undertook to prove before the university that the errors of Aristotle and of all his followers were almost innumerable, and that the latter had failed in explaining the meaning of their master, and had most egregiously erred in treating of theology. He also undertook to refute certain mathematical theorems, either by the general logical process, or by numbers and mathematical diagrams, or, lastly, by one hundred sorts of verse, at the pleasure of his opponent. It was during the

times in which Crichton lived that Greek literature began to revive from a long period of monastic sleep, and to agitate learned circles with the propositions of Greece's ancient philosophers. He could lay no claim to profundity who was not versed in the philosophy and literature of the mother of polite learning, and he would have been esteemed but half a scholar who was not ready to defend some Aristotelian, Epicurean, or other scholastic proposition. It was to silence a whispered report of his want of solid acquirements, that he undertook this great mental combat, and for three days he conducted the disputation with so much ease and ability, that he neither fatigued himself nor disappointed his expectant admirers. All who came before him were constrained either to yield to the force of his genius or the fascination of his eloquence, and this, his last, was his greatest intellectual triumph.

Heralded by fame, the young adventurer next proceeded to Mantua, where he distinguished himself as much in gladiatorial exercises as he had hitherto done by his more admirable encounters. It was customary in those days for men who were adepts at the use of any weapon to move from city to city, and exhibit their powers with whomsoever would be foolhardy enough to engage with them. One of these peripatetic bravoes had come to Mantua, where, challenging any one to meet him in single combat with the sword, he had successively slain three gentlemen of good repute. The duke, who had invited this gladiator, now felt grieved that his honour prevented him from either punishing him or driving him from Mantua; and so the bully swaggered about the court, insulting the male relatives of those he had slain by his presence, and grieving their widows. Crichton, upon learning the duke's feelings, determined to rid him of this pest in a very summary manner. He accordingly challenged him to fight for fifteen hundred pistoles. The challenge was accepted. The combatants met before a vast concourse of spectators, when Crichton, after allowing him to expend his strength in vain attacks, ran his adversary through the body. The fifteen hundred pistoles he divided amongst the widows of the three gentlemen who had fallen previously by the bravo's hand.

Crichton's address and magnanimity, in conjunction with the fame of his learning, so charmed the duke that he engaged him as the tutor of Vincenzo di Gonzago, his son, one of the most dissolute and mean voluptuaries, whose patronage of and love for literature were counterbalanced by his vices. This youth affected to love Crichton, and seemed pleased and delighted to possess so accomplished a companion; while the tutor, on the other hand, seemed gratified with the honourable situation, in celebration of obtaining which, and to gratify his friends, he is said to have written an Italian comedy, in which he so cleverly sustained fifteen characters, that it was impossible to tell which he had represented. During the period of the carnival the Italians give free scope to all their native vivacity and love of pleasure. Exhibitions of all kinds enliven those bright sunny days; amateurs, mounted on cars, move through delighted crowds, gesticulating and grimacing to the music of merry laughter, while, at evening, serenaders chant their lays beneath the casements of their lady-loves. Crichton was one evening, during the carnival, returning from visiting the lady of his affections, playing gaily on the guitar, and singing to the music of the instrument, when he was set upon by six men, whose faces were concealed by masks. The number of his assailants did not, however, intimidate him. He drew his sword, and defended himself with so much address and courage, that he disarmed and overthrew the leader, and put the others to flight. When in his power, and trembling for his life, Vincenzo took from his face his mask, and disclosed his features to Crichton, who, immediately on recognising him, released the assassin-prince, and asked forgiveness on his knee for having drawn his sword against his pupil, at the same time presenting his weapon by the point. The cowardly, ungrateful Gonzago, taking advantage of Crichton's confidence in his honour, immediately seized the sword, and plunged it into his heart. It is said that the Italian was actuated by jealous motives in the

commission of this murder; others, with more semblance of truth, attribute the untimely death of Crichton to a drunken squabble. He closed his career, according to some computations, at the age of twenty-two; others say that he was over thirty. His age at death is, however, a very immaterial point, as his talents were of a mature growth long before he had reached his majority. All Mantua was thrown into a state of violent grief by his untimely end, and so numerous were the elegies, and laments, and monodies that were hung round his hearse that they could have formed as much collected matter as the works of Homer.

Many of his adventures are, however, given on the authority of only one biographer, who lived sixty or seventy years after Crichton, and who either concocted them, or derived them from a source which no one had previously discovered, and which later compilers have not been able to find. Crichton was undoubtedly a youth of great accomplishments and much ability; but the superlatives which have been lavished upon his name savour too much of bombast to be the opinions of men regarding one whom they had seen and with whom they had conversed. By one biographer, he is said to have 'gained the esteem of kings and princes by his magnanimity and knowledge—of nobles and gentlemen by his courteousness and breeding—of knights by his honourable deportment and pregnancy of wit—of the rich by his affability and good-fellowship—of the poor by his munificence and liberality—of the old by his constancy and wisdom—of the young by his mirth and gallantry—of the learned by his universal knowledge—of the soldiers by his undaunted valour and courage—of the merchants and artificers by his honesty and upright dealing—and of the fair sex by his beauty and handsomeness, in which respect he was a masterpiece of nature.' This is very pretty writing; but we believe that the laudator had more care in turning the corners of his sentences than in attending to the truth of what he said. Johannes Imperialis calls Crichton the wonder of the last age—the prodigious production of nature—the glory and ornament of Parnassus in a stupendous and unusual manner—and that, in the judgment of the learned world, he was the phoenix of literature, and rather a living particle of the divine mind and majesty, than a model of what could be attained by human industry.

Crichton's disputations at Rome, his combat with the gladiator at Mantua, his writing an Italian comedy and sustaining fifteen characters, and the great estimate of the laudatory poems hung round his hearse, are all very doubtful propositions—in truth, the whole life, character, and powers of the Admirable Crichton resolve themselves into a great doubt. He must have certainly been accomplished, and the possessor of a fine voice and style of delivery; but we know that very superficial people, when gifted with voice, can impress their audience with an exaggerated sense of their talents and style. This in a great degree has been the case with Crichton; his exhibitions, when listened to and seen, were electrical, and produced such inflated eoniums as those of Imperialis, while, when reduced to print, his poems—four of which are extant, and which were not at all original in conception, but were built upon classical foundations—will not even stand the test when squared by the rules of quantity. Had Crichton lived, he might have occupied but a very inferior page of the annals of truth; but dying as he did, at an early age, his tablet has been splendidly gilt by fable. His biographers have construed the potential *might have been* into the indicative *was*, and, in their fanciful enthusiasm, have constructed a very beautiful and superlatively famous picture from the comparatively meagre materials of the life and doings of the Admirable Crichton.

TOIL! MILLIONS, TOIL!

(For the Instructor.)

Toil, lowly workmen, toil,
Dig deeper in mind's mine;
Bright ore is plenty in its core,
Work, and it shall be thine.

Cut through the sterile clay
Of stiff sectarian mould,
And at no distant day
Ye shall grasp the burnish'd gold
Blast the rock on which disunion
Has throned himself away;
And let the beams of heart communion
Lead your steps into the day,
Where peace is sweetly smiling
With mercy at her side,
And liberty, with laughing eyes,
Seems like a freeman's bride:
Where, round these virgins, gather
Proud nations clasping hands,
And shouting—Truth hath power at last
To shatter error's bands,
While slave and tyrant forth are cast
From all man-trodden lands.

Up, toiling millions, up!
Seek the path, without delay,
That leads from heavy darkness
To the realms of brightest day,
Aiding, cheering one another,
With a wide, unbroken front—
A love no fears may smother,
And a spirit nought may daunt.
Break the bands of formal fashion,
Heed not the worldling's jeer,
Nor self's cold, cautious lesson,
Nor ignorance's sneer.
Shed knowledge round your pathway,
That weakly ones may see—
Yea, see and feel, and learn to burst
From every fetter free;
And, casting off each trammel,
Spring forward in the race—
The race where freedom leads,
With glory in her face,
And religion, virtue, goodness
To direct her every grace!

Fight! ye millions, fight!
In your might go forth to war
With the vices and the follies
Which 'the march of progress' mar;
Let sage experience head you,
And let your banner be
Inscribed with honest word and truth,
And candour pure and free;
And be your bloodless sword the pen
That heart-warm'd hands may wield;
And be your souls surcharged with truth,
To sweep oppression's field,
Let the troop of perseverance
March unshrinking in the van,
To effect a glorious clearance
For the real 'rights of man.'
Pull the oar and spread the sail,
Speed your navies o'er the sea!
The breeze is freshly blowing
That will bear ye to be free!
Oh! millions, be not backward,
Bear a hand for liberty!

Toil! brother millions, toil!
Till the soil and sow the seed;
Let coming times a harvest have
Untainted by a weed.
Unite for education,
Plant its seed in every mind,
And the grains of growing intellect
Yet ripeness full shall find!
Cast from you all dissension,
That nurse of hell-born war;
Let not effort know declension,
As her ruthless ways ye mar!
Then, come unison—come unison!
And march we hand in hand,
To spread a glorious benison
Of plenty on each land.

Then come, my brothers, come
 Throw the seed upon the soil;
 Then on, my brothers, on!
 Let no power your purpose foil!
 From the highest to the lowest,
 Up! millions, up! and toil!

JOHN HALLIDAY.

TOM BENSON'S NOTES.

THE DUEL.

'Give way my boys—give way!' cried our first lieutenant, as we stretched to the oars, and sent our boat through the waters of New York bay, as if she had been a flying fish.

'Pull with a will! Cogle, you are Nantucket bred—aint you?' said Mr Rhind, the senior reefer, who was at the tiller, and who looked to leeward with eyes that flashed as keenly and anxiously as if he had been in the whale-fishing trade, and had seen the blow of a spermaceti.

'Shall it be said that the Vermonts are no match, at a long and strong pull, for the Potomacs?' cried the second lieutenant, seating himself beside one of the oarsmen, and bending to the work with right good will; 'Yo, ho! here we go!' and he sung out cheerily to the boats' crew, who, excited by the ejaculations of their superiors, seemed to lift the barge right from the bosom of the water, and to send her like a winged harpoon through the air.

'Cheerily, men! Well pulled!' Hurrah!' cried the first lieutenant, clapping his hands and laughing, while his eyes danced in his head with excitement. 'These Potomacs begin to feel our northern frost through their mittens. They should have sunshine and smooth water, if they wish to hold their own with old Saucy Vermont at a long pull.'

'Ay, ay!' chimed in Mr Rhind, whose flushed cheek and keen eye showed that he too was deeply interested in what seemed to be regarded as a trial of boatmanship; 'they feel old Boreas blowing from the caverns of the Catskills, and freezing up their blood. They are too far north to beat the lads who were cradled at Nantucket and Cape Cod.'

'They shall teach you double-shuffle and cut-the-fiddle, at the ball to-night, however, Mr Rhind, I tell you,' said Mr Rydal, the second lieutenant, who still continued to pull and inspirit the men to go ahead.

'Yes, yes, Rydal! they could teach us all sort of foot work, I know,' replied the gay young officer, 'from the famous Mazourka to the last loafer-kick, but we can give them the heel and toe too, when it comes to strong hands and good bottom. Don't you see how the distance between us widens? First for Manhattan! Hurrah!' and on we swept with right good will, under the cheering influence of our officers' enthusiasm.

At this time there lay in the bay of New York the two United States' warships, the Vermont and Potomac. We, Vermonters, had returned from a cruise in the south, the Potomac had been on a northern station, and, by a lucky, or perhaps unlucky coincidence, we both cast anchor off the little island of Hoboken, on the morning preceding Christmas 18—. There is a jealousy between the north and south, which has existed since the birth of the federal compact, and which is growing stronger every day. This jealousy assumes different forms with different men; but it nevertheless manifests itself in all, from the vulgar opposition of loafers to the distant reserve of legislators and well-bred gentlemen. We of the Vermont were northerners, chiefly of the New England States, and the recent loss of a brave lieutenant in New Orleans, together with sundry corporeal recollections borne by several of the crew, did not at all render the proximity of the Potomac and her southerners agreeable. There were few civilities exchanged between the officers of either ship; for old Captain Burr had refused to dine with Captain Ralton of the Potomac, and, as he had merely stated that it would not be convenient for him to do so, the refusal was construed into a slight, as no counter invitation follow-

ed it. The civic authorities of New York, who, like the civic authorities of a great many other places, delighted to honour the warriors of their country, had invited the officers of both ships, however, to a ball on Christmas eve, and it was to this dancing affair that we were skipping along with our bending ash-blades and cheering cries. It was with the boat of the Potomac, therefore, that we were competing; and as the feelings animating us were none of the most kindly, we pulled as if our lives depended upon it, in all the eagerness and selfishness of national rivalry.

'That fellow does not seem to have rollocks on the side of his dugout,' said young Rhind: 'see how the oars lurch;' and he smiled as he watched the regular and vigorous strokes of our oars, as they rose and fell into the surging water that danced behind us in a long track of foam.

'Ah! your southerner for a long pull at the chabouk, and a swift chase after a runaway nigger, but he may go to bed when Boston and Bedford-bred men take the oar against him,' cried Mr Rydal.

Despite of the jokes of our superiors, however, and the vigorous pulling of our men, the barge of the Potomac continued to run parallel with us, and to put us to our mettle.

It was evening, but such an evening! you might have picked up pearls from an oyster-bed, or counted the scales upon a shrimp, by the light of the clear full moon. The stars seemed to have received an extra polish, for they twinkled and shone like marines' beltplates upon review-day. Mayhap they reflected the light of the thousand eyes that were beaming in New York that night, lit up with the radiance of light and joyous hearts. The aurora borealis, too, was dancing round the moon, and whirling and capering amongst the stars, in all the fantastic vagaries of a giddy youngster at a husking-bee, and in all the bright hues of the rainbow; so that we observed everything around us, near and afar off, as distinctly as if it had been day. The barge of the Potomac was running on our larboard quarter, and the current of the Hudson was consequently more sensibly felt by them than us. To have allowed them to touch the quay before us would therefore have been a dire disgrace, we having the advantage of the smoother water, so we gave way with a will, and had landed and driven for the Astor House before our rivals had touched the shore. Halloo! what a hubbub, what a bustle, what a glare of light, met our eyes as the juries pulled up at old Jacob Astor's palace! I and Alandro Dias had been ordered by lieutenant Briggs to attend him and his juniors in the capacity of hangers-on, and we, of course, had mounted aloft with the knight of the whip. When we pulled up before the brightly illuminated portal and looked into the gaily painted corridors, across which waiters and ladies and gentlemen were flying frantically, I was so taken aback with the sight, and so confused by the humming murmurs and loud exclamations of the crowd, that, in my hurry to descend, I awkwardly missed my footing, and, falling upon some of the most eager onlookers, I soon found myself upon terra firma, and rolling about like a porpoise. I gathered myself to my feet as quickly as possible, and tearing open the coach-door, I handed my officers from the vehicle as the Potomacs drove up.

It was into a brightly-lighted ante-room, around which ladies' and gentlemen's upper garments of fur and broad cloth were hanging, that the officers of both ships were ushered; and, although they were perfectly well-bred in their salutations, and evidently frank as sailors always are to each other, I saw their eyes running over each others' persons as if they had no objections to pick a hole in a neighbour's coat. There was one man amongst the Potomacs whom I shall never forget; and neither would you, gentle reader, if you had seen him as I saw him, and if you had heard the outbreaks of his violence as I heard them. Lieutenant Bavar was tall and muscular, and people who are not over-fastidious in their ideas of manly beauty might set him down at once as a very handsome man.

He was more of the Hercules than the Apollo, however; for, although perfectly free and easy in his carriage, impressions of his strength and agility would obtrude themselves upon the mind of a close observer, rather than those of grace and symmetry. His face had been torn up with small-pox, and perhaps it was a desire to curtain over its roughness that had induced him to allow his beard and moustaches to grow so luxuriantly; no matter, his black glaring eyes shone from his hirsute face like those of a tiger sparkling in the jungle. The longer you looked at this man, the longer you would look; there was a fascination in his eyes which chained yours to them; but, in addition to this charm of the serpent's, they combined the fear-inspiring qualities of the tiger's. His complexion was sallow, very sallow—indeed it was whispered that there was African blood in his veins; and so jealous was he of the least sympathetic allusion to the poor negroes, that it is probable he sought to conceal his consanguinity by his assumption of extreme hatred. There was a wicked twitch now and again agitating his moustache, that did not speak much in favour of his patience; and when I followed my own officers, the ultra-polite mayor, and some of his aldermen, together with the Potomac's lieutenants, to the door of the ball-room, I did not like Bavar, nor, I am sure, did any one who was within ten yards of him.

I have been at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, where all sorts of birds in all sorts of feathers are to be seen hopping on their spars as lightly as flower-girls at a May fair; and I have seen the butterflies of the tropics wheeling in the sun in robes of the loveliest prismatic hues; but a New York Christmas ball beats them all to a gnat's wing. Every costume, in every colour and make, is seen flitting through the dance—not in the affectation of an opera or fancy ball, but with all the earnestness of nationality. Here you might see two Scottish Highlanders flitting about in their fantastic costume and talking Gaelic; and there some stylish Frenchmen and ladies chattering away as if they were moving through the salons of Paris; Dutch and Germans were plentiful as raisins in plumpudding, and as grave as their progenitors of New Amsterdam; while United States' naval and military uniforms were as abundant as buttons on a lacquey's jacket. The chandeliers, which hung suspended from the roof of the saloon, were glittering like thousands of sparkling stars; while the evergreens that festooned the pillars of the recesses were as fresh as if they grew in Arcadia. Alandro Dias and I felt that we were not at home amongst all this garish show and grandeur, so we ported our helms for the bar and smoking-room, and soon found ourselves as comfortable as a stove, grog, and cigars, could make us.

Dancing may be a very fine art on land, but I never saw it get real downright justice done it except by sailors. Heel and toe, shuffle the buckle, high kick and treble, that's the dandy for Jack. I have seen your ladies and gentlemen sliding through the mazes of the dance as if they had been on land-skates—so easy, so airy, so indifferently. They might have fallen asleep, while going down the middle or crossing hands, but there is none of this passover work with Jack. He has to dance he knows, when he begins to it; and he does dance, not like a dog to an organ-man, but like a man who is determined to keep ahead of every mortal wind instrument or stringed instrument that ever foot kept time to. He dances as he works—that is, right hard and earnestly: and then, as he generally has the serving out of his own grog at dancing bees, he does not keep his thumb in the measure, I tell you, but pours in the rum to keep up the sweat and steam. It does not matter whether a seaman be officer or foremastman, there is none of the dolphin about him, when dancing is to be done; and then, again, when he has finished the caper, he soon finds his way to the smoking saloon and brandy-bottle.

Alandro and I had not been long seated when the officers of the Potomac and Vermont came tumbling into the berth where we sat, like boarders to the deck of a gold-laden galleon, and laughing, joking, and skipping

like kids at midsummer. They quickly seated themselves round a table, and were soon mingling the smoke of cigars with the fumes of brandy, and spicing their repartee with snatches of song.

Mr Briggs, the first lieutenant of the Vermont, and Mr Rydal, the second, were two of the closest friends and happiest-tempered men that ever walked together upon the same deck. The former was a little reserved and even diffident in his disposition, it is true, while the latter was free and open in heart as he was in face; but the diffidence of the one and the freedom of the other did not prevent each from discovering that his brother officer's heart was a mate for his own. Angry I had never seen either of them, but I knew them both to be brave, for I had seen their courage tried, not in brawls or fights, but in the endurance of toil and danger. They were beloved by all on board of our ship; and so numerous had been the instances of friendship which they had manifested towards each other that one of the forecastle oracles had called them Damon and Pythias. They seated themselves at the same table with Bavar and several of the seniors of the Potomac, and began talking; while young Rhind and several reefers crushed in beside Alandro and myself.

'So Captain Railton represents the Potomac aloft,' said Mr Rhind to one of the youths who accompanied him.

'Yes, and I suppose your old man has sent his captain of marines to stand sponsor for the Vermont,' replied the gay boy.

'Well, I guess both Mr Briggs and Rydal there are glad to depute to old Tom Frizzle the duty. He'll be as proud as Punch after it, however,' said our mid, laughing; 'and I should not wonder to see him take precedence of every officer in the ship, save our commander, after to-night.'

'Come, Tom Benson, drink; fire away, Alandro;' and so with loud laughter and jokes the young men were driving round the spirits and working themselves into rear-admirals in tobacco-smoke, when a deep imprecation and then a crash as of a broken chair made us spring to our feet and hurry towards the spot whence the sounds came. With his knee resting on the floor, and his hand upon the fragments of the chair, Mr Rydal was looking calmly into the face of Bavar, who was struggling in the arms of Lieutenant Briggs and his brother officers when we approached. 'How did this happen?' said my comrade, the fiery captain of the foretop, and his nostrils expanded and his chest heaved as he touched his hat and looked fixedly at the prostrate gentleman. Rydal spoke not a word in answer, however; but there was a fixed and cold look of resolve upon his usually manly and open face that completely changed its character as he rose to his feet, and, making a rapid signal to Mr Briggs, turned upon his heel, and, whistling a low air, walked coolly and slowly from the room. The tall and athletic southern seemed furious, for he exerted his Herculean strength to the utmost, and threw from him with great violence those who attempted to hold him by the arms. Mr Briggs was of rather light make but of great muscular strength, and he was the only one who maintained his hold upon the angry Bavar, whose face was agitated with fiend-like fury, and who strove to throw the young man down with all his might. Waiters and loungers from the ball-room had been drawn to witness this disgraceful spectacle by the sounds of tumult and combat, and the two were vociferating loudly; so that instead of there being any prospect of a cessation of the quarrel, some half-dozen more were likely to be drawn into it.

I was calculating what was to be done to rescue my officer from the hands of this madman, when Alandro Dias shouted out, 'Belay there!' and, clutching Bavar in his arms, threw him to the ground.

'Back there will you, you Vermonts!' cried the angry Potomacs when they saw their man floored, and some of the officers rushed threateningly upon my comrade; but he folded his arms across his broad, manly chest, and looked so calmly and firmly in their faces that the bravest of them had not heart to lay a finger on him.

Panting, and with his hair and clothes dishevelled, Mr Briggs hurried to join his friend, and Dias and I followed. 'This is monstrous, Rydal,' he exclaimed, bitterly, when they met; and I thought I had never seen two faces so perplexed or sorrow-stricken as were those of these young men when they looked at each other. 'We shall be talked of as having disgraced our profession, and men shall call us the bullies of drunken brawls,' said Briggs, walking up and down the corridor with hurried steps.

'Mr Briggs,' said Rydal, somewhat sternly, and I thought at the time even somewhat reproachfully, 'a casual expression of pity for his great-grandmother's race roused that ruffian to insult and then to strike me. Was I the cause of this disgraceful brawl?'

'You! my dear fellow,' exclaimed Briggs, rapidly, 'oh, no, no! It was the most cowardly attack I ever had the misfortune to behold.'

'Then go, my friend,' whispered Rydal, 'and tell that scoundrel to meet me at Hoboken in half an hour.'

In a short time Messrs Rydal and Briggs were seated with myself and comrade in a Whitehall barge, with which we pulled quickly towards the little island in the bay. The night was clear and beautiful, but I never felt so chill and spiritless in any expedition in which I had engaged. There was not a word spoken by one of us in the boat; we all seemed to feel our errand; even the old Whitehaller who held the tiller seemed like a statue of rock; not a remark upon the weather nor joke upon the times passed his lips. We landed upon the bleak bare isle, where many a foolish youth and bearded man had often before come upon a like errand with ourselves; I saw the ground measured off, and heard the seconds debating upon the forms of the combat, and I think I never felt cold-blooded, premeditated murder so palpably brought before my mind's eye.

'This is a fine code of honour,' said I to myself, 'which now gives to that black-bearded ruffian the chance of killing the man he has already insulted and struck.' I had ideas of shackles and a madhouse for such a fellow, but 'honour (?)' said no, while it opened Harry Rydal's breast for his bullet.

I never felt in such a state of agitation as when I saw the weapons handed to these two men, with which they might destroy each other. I saw the kindly and high-souled gentleman's life pitted against that of the bully and the duellist, and I thought there must be something morally wrong in a method of deciding a dispute in which morality had no more chance than vice. 'Would it not have been better for Rydal to have borne insult and even blows, while society cashiered his insulter from the station of gentleman?' thought I. Yes, whispered conviction, if society would cashier and degrade all who act as Bavar did; but, on the contrary, she is the vampire who sucks the life-blood from many generous youths. She forces them, by an imperious opinion, to seek the death of those who injure them, and if they have the courage to resist the homicidal impulse, she drives them with ignominy from her halls. Had this affair remained in the condition to which the sanguinary Bavar had brought it, he would have been received into the homes of the proud as a blameless honourable man; while Rydal, the free, the kind, the generous, would have been shunned and despised. Out upon such honour, say I, that reverses the law of justice, and allows crime to blaze its powder and bullets in the face of virtue. The wind was moaning fitfully through the bare branches of the trees which grew close upon the bleak track of shoreland where the deed of murder was to be perpetrated. The moon and stars looked intensely down upon us, and they seemed to flicker a thousand interdictions from heaven against our purpose, as we stood at our stations, and gazed upon each other in silence. Bavar took his position with a swaggering, easy air, that showed he was no novice at this game, while Rydal stepped hesitatingly to his place. It was wonderful to contrast the demeanour of the duellist now with what it was not two hours prior at Astor House. He was calm, cool, and insolently audacious, for he joked with his se-

cond, and affected to admire the view of the city, with its thousand lighted windows; he made some allusions to the frigates as they loomed through the pale moonlight, and hoped that those on board of them were comfortable.

'Steady, Harry,' said Mr Briggs, in a whisper, to his friend, 'he wishes to provoke you by his nonchalance, and murder you easily if he can; but steady, my boy; I know that the rocks of the Catskills have not a firmer heart than thou hast.'

'Yes, but mine is less callous than theirs, Jack,' replied the young man, smiling softly. 'Remember me to my mother and sister, should I fall.'

'I have settled that you wheel and fire at the third call,' said Briggs, hurriedly interrupting him; 'it is your best chance, Harry; I hear he is a dead shot with an aim at sixteen paces—this is eighteen. Don't expose a finger more than necessary, and be cool—God bless you!'

My head swam with giddy excitement as the seconds left their men alone, and walked towards the same point. Mr Rydal and Bavar stood opposite to each other, with their faces looking towards different points, and with the deadly weapons in their right hands; they both seemed as steady as rocks. 'Now, gentlemen,' cried Mr Briggs, who had won the toss for teller, 'Ready!' It seemed as if a hoop of iron girt my chest when I heard the word, for I gasped for breath, and my head actually spun round. 'You wheel when I cry three, and then fire,' said Mr Briggs, coolly. The antagonists nodded in answer. 'Then, one—two—three!' he shouted, as quickly as he could articulate the words, and suddenly the reports of the two pistols seemed to mingle in one concussion. I uttered a cry of joy as I looked towards the spot where Rydal stood, for he appeared to be unhurt, while the pistol had dropped from Bavar's right hand, and blood was trickling from his arm upon the snow.

'We are satisfied, gentlemen,' said Mr Briggs, joyously, as he ran towards Mr Rydal, and shook him warmly by the hand. 'Let us go, Harry,' he continued, 'and leave Mr Bavar with his friends.'

'I am not satisfied, if you are,' growled the southern lieutenant through his teeth. 'Take your place again, sir; and, Fulton, load that pistol for me.'

'Are you mad, Bavar?' said Fulton, in low, firm tones; 'you know that you are hurt.'

'You wish to drive me mad, do you?' exclaimed the furious man, grinding his teeth, and glaring upon his friend. 'I know that I am hurt, and I wish to pay that New England hogherd back his bullet.'

'I wash my hands clear of all that follows, Bavar,' said Fulton, firmly. 'Gentlemen,' he continued, turning to our party, 'I take you to witness that I refuse to act in this affair.'

Self will becomes a passion with some men, as well as pride or hatred; and Bavar's self-will and revenge seemed battling for supremacy with each other. He tried to grasp the pistol with the stiffened powerless fingers of his right hand, and then when they refused to close on it, he seized it with his left, and dashed it at the head of Lieutenant Rydal. He stormed, he raved, and imprecated, he threatened, and he defied; but the calmness of Rydal was superior to his anger, and we walked rapidly to our boat in order to embark.

'You will not remain and give me one shot at you, then—only with my left hand, too?' cried Bavar, in fury. Rydal seated himself in the barge, without deigning to reply, and Briggs and I quietly followed his example. 'Coward, dog!' shouted the bleeding southern, in wild entreating tones, 'only one shot!'

'Stand back, there, will you, madman,' cried Alandro Dias, passionately, as he caught him by the collar; 'stand back, I say.'

'Stand thou back, hog,' cried Bavar, furiously, and he dashed his left hand in Alandro's face.

'Were you fifty times lieutenant,' muttered the angry foretopman, as he grappled with the wounded man, 'you should pay for this.' So saying, he tripped up the heels of the duellist, and, throwing him heavily on the snow,

sprung into the barge, which immediately shoved off, and stood towards the frigate.

The public manner in which this quarrel originated forced the parties to a trial by court-martial, and there being a majority of slave-state officers on the jury, Lieutenant Rydal was reprimanded as the originator of the affray, and ordered ashore for three months upon account of the injuries which he had dealt to Lieutenant Bavar. As might have been expected, this sentence so utterly disgusted the youth that he threw up his commission and took to farming. Ay, such is the influence of slavery in the United States, that to express sympathy for a negro is to breathe the direst treason, and ruffians can insult and almost commit murder upon him who dares to claim a common humanity for the man or woman whose skin is scarcely darker than his own. So ended the only duel I ever saw.

COLLINS'S SERIES OF POPULAR WORKS.

THIS is another and praiseworthy attempt to supply works of that religious character and tendency which we deem so necessary at the present time. The volumes before us are not new to a large portion of the public, but in their present accessible shape they cannot fail to reach humbler quarters than they have hitherto visited. Amongst them, we are glad to recognise Dr Dick's 'Christian Philosopher,' and the 'Philosophy of Religion,' by the same gifted author. By supplying the public with these valuable contributions to Christian literature in their present cheap form, the venerable author has increased the obligations which the reading portion of the community already owe him, and we trust that they will mark their sense of this boon by availing themselves extensively of it. We have ever looked upon Dr Dick in the light of a friend and benefactor to mankind at large. Through the medium of his clear and lucid discourses, we beheld a part of creation's stupendous plan, in the lives of even the most transient infusoria. There is a captivating and truthful spirit of gentle and earnest benevolence breathing through every page of these volumes. Christianity to Dr Dick is not a system of opinions; it is a vital and active principle, which breathes through all he writes, and which we know operates in all he does. War to him, therefore, as the employment of professing Christian nations, has naturally appeared one of the most contradictory and suicidal of practices, and he has striven to prove the incompatibility of so horrible a system with the benign religion of the Prince of Peace. We extract the annexed from one of the works under notice:—

'The following is a summary statement of the number of human beings that were slain in several of the battles recorded in history:—In the year 101 before Christ, in an engagement between Marius, the Roman consul, and the Ambrones and the Teutones, in Transalpine Gaul, there were slain of these barbarians, besides what fell in the Roman army, 200,000; some historians say 290,000. And it is related, that the inhabitants of the neighbouring country made fences for vineyards of their bones. In the following year, the Romans, under the command of the same general, slaughtered 140,000 of the Cimbri, and took 60,000 prisoners. In the year 105 B. C. the Romans, in a single engagement with the Cimbri and the Teutones, lost upwards of 80,000 men. In the battle of Cannæ, the Romans were surrounded by the forces of Hannibal, and cut to pieces; after an engagement of only three hours, the carnage became so dreadful, that even the Carthaginian general cried out to spare the conquered; above 40,000 Romans were left dead on the field, and 6000 of the Carthaginian army. What a dreadful display of the fury of diabolical passions must have been exhibited on this occasion! and what a horrible scene must have been presented on the field of battle, when we consider that, in the mode of ancient warfare, the slain were literally cut to pieces! In the battle of Issus, between Alexander and Darius, were slain 110,000; in the battle of Arbela, two years afterwards, between the same two des-

pots, 300,000; in the battle between Pyrrhus and the Romans, 25,000; in the battle between Scipio and Asdrubal, 40,000; in the battle between Suetonius and Boadicea, 80,000. In the siege of Jerusalem by Vespasian, according to the account of Josephus, there were destroyed, in the most terrible manner, 1,100,000; and there were slaughtered in Jerusalem, 170 B. C., by Antiochus, 40,000. At Cyrene, there were slain of Romans and Greeks, by the Jews, 220,000; in Egypt and Cyprus, in the reign of Trajan, 240,000; and in the reign of Adrian, 580,000 Jews. After Julius Caesar had carried his arms into the territories of the Usipetes in Germany, he defeated them with such slaughter, that 400,000 are said to have perished in one battle. At the defeat of Attila, king of the Huns, at Chalons, there perished about 300,000. In the year 631, there were slain by the Saracens in Syria, 60,000; in the invasion of Milan by the Goths, not less than 300,000; and in A. D. 734, by the Saracens in Spain, 370,000. In the battle of Fontenay were slaughtered 100,000; in the battle of Yermock, 150,000; and in the battle between Charles Martel and the Mahometans, 350,000. In the battle of Muret, in A. D. 1213, between the Catholics and the Albigenes, were slain 320,000; in the battle of Cressy, in 1346, 50,000; in the battle of Halidon-hill, in 1333, 20,000; in the battle of Agincourt, in 1415, 20,000; in the battle of Towton, in 1461, 87,000; in the battle of Lepanto, in 1571, 25,000; at the siege of Vienna, in 1683, 70,000; and in a battle in Persia, 1734, 60,000. The most numerous army of which we have any account in the annals of history, was that of Xerxes. According to the estimate of Rollin, which is founded on the statements of Herodotus, Isocrates, and Plutarch, this army consisted of 1,700,000 foot, 80,000 horse, and 20,000 men for conducting the carriages and camels. On passing the Hellespont, an addition was made to it from other nations, of 300,000, which made his land forces amount to 2,100,000. His fleet consisted of 1207 vessels, each carrying 230 men—in all 277,610 men; which was augmented by the European nations with 1200 vessels, carrying 240,000 men. Besides this fleet, the small galleys, transport ships, &c., amounted to 3000, containing about 240,000 men. Including servants, eunuchs, women sutlers, and others, who usually follow an army, it is reckoned, that the whole number of souls that followed Xerxes into Greece, amounted to 5,283,220. After remaining some time in Greece, nearly the whole of this immense army, along with the fleet, was routed and destroyed. Mardonius, one of his ablest commanders, with an army of 300,000, was finally defeated and slain at the battle of Platea, and only 3000 of this vast army, with difficulty, escaped destruction.'

After tracing the career of this awful scourge through a long series of years, and enumerating the tremendous sacrifices made to this thirst of blood, called 'war,' Dr Dick proceeds:—'What a horrible and tremendous consideration!—to reflect, that 14,000,000,000 of beings, endowed with intellectual faculties, and furnished with bodies curiously organised by divine wisdom, should have been massacred, mangled, and cut to pieces by those who were partakers of the same common nature, as if they had been created merely for the work of destruction! Language is destitute of words sufficiently strong to express the emotions of the mind, when it seriously contemplates the horrible scene. And how melancholy is it to reflect, that in the present age, which boasts of its improvement in science, in civilisation, and in religion, neither reason, nor benevolence, nor humanity, nor Christianity, has yet availed to arrest the progress of destroying armies, and to set a mark of ignominy on 'the people who delight in war!'

In this admirable series there is a reprint of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' D'Aubigne's 'History of the Reformation,' Wylie's 'Scenes from the Bible,' and Cheever's 'Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the Shadow of Mount Blanc and the Jungfrau Alp.' The latter is a work characterised by great vigour of thought, acuteness of observation, with a little of the controversial severity perhaps inseparable from a strong and ardent love of truth. Dr Cheever is an American, and he does not fear to speak out boldly re-

garding the institutions of Europe, while at the same time he is no apologist for what is bad in his own country. He is a pleasing and instructive traveller, with a quick eye to nature, and a certain aptitude for metaphor and simile to which he renders all the things he sees in nature subsidiary. We love him when he is in the quiet parlour, however, quite as well as when he is on the mountain's side, his rescripts of men being as interesting and graphic as his accounts of Alpine scenery. This traveller roamed over the wild and sterile region of Mont Blanc, which has been so often visited by travellers and so frequently described; he stood amongst the grandeur and glory of Chamounie and the Mer de Glace, which he regards as the concentration of all that is excellent in Alpine scenery. He pays a warm tribute to the hospitable monks of St Bernard, and, descending to the beautiful Val d'Aoste, moralises upon the ignorance of its inhabitants, and the intolerance of the Piedmontese government. Dr Cheever wandered over the scenes he describes chiefly on foot, and as he had received the mandate of a friend to 'see all that could be seen,' he did not fail to endeavour to obey this advice.

We close our notice of Collins's cheap and valuable series with the following beautiful little extract and moral reflection on the battle-field of Morgarten, at the same time recommending the purchase of these volumes to all who can afford it:—'On our way from Schwytz to Einsiedlen, a short romantic walk from the main road, lies the battle-field of Morgarten, on the borders of the little Lake of Egerie, a spot, next after Sempach, famous in the heroic ages of Swiss history. We have passed the scene of a great convulsion of nature, a mountain tumbling from its base, and 'rocking its Alpine brethren;' but what was this, or a hundred such avalanches, to the war of human passion? Is it not strange that we stand over the ruins of a volcano, on the grave of buried cities, or where a mountain has fallen on a hamlet, and think so much of the loss of life, and the sorrow and pain and dread of sudden death, and the universal mourning of survivors, but can visit a battle-field, where death revelled with infinitely more of horror and fury, and think of nothing but glory! This avalanche of men at Morgarten was the death of thousands, whirled in a storm of human passion out of life, with desolating anguish and ruin to thousands more; but men gaze at the scene of the conflict, and think only of the heroism of the living avalanche. True, it was a battle against tyranny, and William Tell and Walter Furst are said to have been there; so, no wonder that the Swiss fought so terribly; but still it was war—savage, fierce, remorseless war. And war for ages was almost the habitual school of the Swiss cantons. This great victory may well be called the Marathon of Swiss history, the conquest of twenty thousand Austrians by a band of only thirteen hundred men of the mountains—a rushing, crashing ruin like a whirlwind. It took place in the year 1315. A little commemorative chapel stands above the lake, overhung by a rocky hill, from which the scene is all before you; but it is very difficult to conceive the position of the armies. The thirteen hundred hung like a small thunder-cloud on the heights above the lake, and the twenty thousand were mailed and crowded along the narrow strand below. The men of Schwytz were the leaders of the patriots, joined with four hundred from Uri, and three hundred from Unterwalden, and after this day, the name Swiss designated the confederacy and the country—SCHWITZER-LAND.'

GREGORY'S GONG.

TOLL THE NINTH.

THE last toll of the gong left Gregory, one of the happiest of the expatriated sons of Britain, among the ruins of Rajmal. Never did his lonely tea-table, on his return to his budgerow, look so cheerful before. Just as he was taking his seat, a rude boat of the country, that came floating down the stream, anchored for the night close to Gregory's, and no sooner was it made fast to the bank than a decent-looking elderly European female, with a lowland Scottish plaid by way of shawl, issued from under

its roof of mats, and stepping on shore took her seat on one of the ruined fragments, and taking out her worsted-stocking apparatus, began to knit rapidly under the grateful influence of the refreshing evening air, doubly sweet after the day's long confinement in a country boat. The sudden and unexpected sight of a countrywoman, at such a place and so occupied, made Gregory begin to fear that all the occurrences of the evening were only the vagaries of a pleasing dream. 'Dream or no dream, however,' said Gregory, 'I would be worse than savage not to make the acquaintance of a countrywoman under present circumstances;' so, stepping on shore, he kindly accosted her with 'There's a braw gloamin', friend.'

The honest Scotchwoman looked up delighted at the voice of home, and replied, 'It would be a fine evening among the bean-fields, and clover, and lambs, and lave-rocks in dear auld Scotland.'

'True,' said Gregory, 'but we must not reject its sweetness and glory under other skies. I was just going to sit down to my lonely tea-table, and the pleasure of having my tea poured out by a countrywoman in sic a far away place will give it quite a home relish.'

'Thank ye, sir,' said the gudewife, rising and putting her knitting concern into a pocket of the size and shape of a violin; 'it's no every day,' continued she, 'that ane like me meets wi' sic ceveelity in this land frae a countryman; for, I am sorry to say it, Sanders, as the English ca' Scotch folk here, grows just as purseproud as his neighbours. I canna weel be spared frae my ain boat, but as you may perhaps be able to assist me in my present difficulties, I will accept of your kind offer, as it may lead to greater favours.' With this observation, characteristic of Scottish sagacity, she followed Gregory into his budgerow.

The couple were soon seated at the tea-table, quite delighted at having forgathered at such a place. The meal being finished, Gregory asked his guest what occasion had called her to the upper stations, rather an unusual place, as he should suppose, for people in her rank of life (for though not quite a lady in appearance, she seemed above the rank of a common servant or soldier's wife). 'Indeed, an' ye may say that,' replied the carline, 'but my trade taks me a' gaits; my name, as ye maun ken, is Margaret Fairbairn, and it's my business to attend upon ladies in their confinement, and I am just returning from one of these occasions, attended with rather extraordinary circumstances; if you would care to hear them ye shall be welcome, it's a' I have to offer in return for your uncommon kindness, and, besides, as I said before, perhaps ye will be able to lend a helping hand to assist a poor young English lady in great difficulty and distress.' Gregory said he would be glad to listen to her narration, and Mrs Fairbairn proceeded accordingly. Her story interested Gregory, and it may perhaps also interest the reader. Divested of broad Scotch, it was nearly as follows:

'When at Calcutta, where I usually reside, I received a letter from a Major Magnus Mortimer, in the upper stations, requesting me to come and attend upon his lady. At the time, I knew nothing more about him than that he was on the invalid establishment, and resided at a country-house in the neighbourhood of Patna. I afterwards learned that he had been invalidated, not from any physical incapacity, but from an inherent pride of princely progenitorship, that traced its line to the noble house of Mortimer, the rightful heir to the British throne when usurped by Henry IV. Conscious of his illustrious descent, he could never succumb to the subordination required in an inferior officer; he exhibited an everlasting litigiousness towards his colonel, whose authority over him was tenfold irksome from his being a low-born uneducated man, who had been promoted from the ranks of a king's regiment, during a dearth of officers in Lord Clive's wars, and had now risen to the command of a battalion. Captain Mortimer, who had received a classical education, took advantage of it to expose, on every opening, the deficiency of Colonel Gowkhead; for instance, the Colonel having occasion to reprimand Captain Mortimer

in writing, concluded his letter by saying, 'Send me an *answer* immediately.' Captain Mortimer seized upon the word thus written without the *w*, which, it seems, is the Latin for a stupid bird, and ordering a servant to catch one of his geese, he sent it off to the colonel with his very best compliments. Colonel Gowkhead, not understanding the joke, took it as a great insult, and in a rage sent off the adjutant to take measures for bringing Captain Mortimer to a court-martial unless he amply apologised for the gross affront. The adjutant waited on the captain and stated the alternatives. 'Why should I apologise?' said the captain; 'I merely complied with his command; there, read his letter; I must have sadly forgotten my Latin if *answer* means anything but a goose.' The adjutant looked at the epistle and smilingly said, 'Oh, Mortimer! it is too bad to take advantage of the poor old man's want of acquaintance with the English dictionary; but I must try and make up matters.' So saying, he returned to Gowkhead, and delicately pointed out to him how he had turned an English word into a Latin one, and thus gave Captain Mortimer an advantage. As bringing the matter before the commander-in-chief would only have exposed the colonel's want of orthography, he consented that, if Major Mortimer, on being informed that it was a slip of the pen in leaving out the important *w*, would apologise, the thing would be looked over, which was accordingly done.

'Though Major Mortimer had contrived, in all his delinquencies, to keep beyond the bounds of palpable charges for a court-martial, his character for incessant litigiousness and insubordinate spirit was so well known at head-quarters, that, on his promotion to a majority, it was considered high time to put an end to his contumacious career; and as he had ever shown a decided disinclination to obey, besides evincing a predisposition to insanity, he was considered unfitted to command; and the major soon after beheld, with rage and disappointment, the following general order: 'The governor-general, in council, is pleased to permit Major Magnus Mortimer to retire on the invalid establishment.' Highly indignant, the major demanded a court-martial; it was politely refused; he appealed to the court of directors, but they confirmed the order of the local government. The mighty major was therefore obliged to submit; and, seeing the door shut against his ever being a great man among his countrymen, he resolved to cut all connection with them and to assume the state and customs of a Mahomedan prince. He therefore, at some miles distance from the city of Patna, reared what he styled his palace, after the Moslem fashion; it stood in a court surrounded with high walls, containing, besides the palace, a garden with fountains and a mosque. In adopting the false prophet's creed, he could not be accused of apostacy, for he had never professed any faith before. The palace contained a seraglio of eastern beauties; he formed a body-guard for the protection of himself and palace; the heads of the different departments formed his court; and with despotic sway he gave his 'little senate laws.'

'Well would it have been for a gentle lovely English lady if Prince Mortimer had been content with his eastern brides, but he felt the want of something more intellectual as a companion, and resolved, in addition to his black beauties, to have an English sultana to share his throne, and reign, like a second Nourmahal, the queen of the harem. He accordingly addressed a letter to Julia Melville in England, soliciting her to fulfil their early vows of attachment, setting forth the love and splendour that awaited her in India. Julia, perfectly ignorant of the change of his habits, and his abandonment of English society, in an evil hour consented to his proposals and sailed for Bengal. She was received on her arrival at Calcutta by the major, who for the time had laid aside his eastern costume, and in his British uniform was united to Julia in the Roman Catholic church. No smiling white-robed bride's-maids stood by Julia's side at the altar; she, from the moment they met, had fearful forebodings; she saw a melancholy change in the looks and

demeanour of the frank and open-hearted youth who had won her early affections.

The morning after the marriage the major rose, and taking up his wife's wedding-dress carried it away with him, saying, she would find the costume he intended she should wear in future in her dressing-room. Poor Julia, almost already heartbroken, rose, and on repairing to the adjoining apartment found a superb Turkish dress spread out on the chairs. Having so lately vowed to obey, she had no alternative but to array herself in this foreign apparel, fondly hoping that her husband would prove as kind as she was obedient, and that he was amiable, however eccentric. Julia adjusted the caftan, turban, and Asiatic jewellery with all the taste in her power; and when she had completed her toilet, and looked with a melancholy smile at herself in the glass, she could hardly believe in her personal identity. 'What,' she said, with a sigh, 'would my dear parents think if they saw their Julia in a vision at this moment!'

'When the new married couple met in the breakfast-room, the major had re-assumed his Hindostanee dress, and though he looked the Arab chief to the life, his looks gave Julia but little prospect of domestic sweets; he, however, complimented her on her first appearance as a sultana. They certainly looked like a very handsome couple, who might be supposed in the green-room, prepared to play parts in Blue Beard or some other eastern drama. While their palanquins were getting ready, they sat down to breakfast, which was laid out à la Asiatic on a tablecloth spread on the floor, fingers and thumbs supplying the place of knives and forks. Julia, on any other occasion, would have laughed heartily at their primitive posture and mode of taking their early meal.

'Breakfast finished, the new-married pair proceeded to the palanquins waiting for them in front of the hotel. These were not the modern, ugly, tea-box-like concerns in use among Europeans of the present day, but the magnificent Indian litters used by the native grandes of Hindostan, with rich scarlet velvet canopies, surmounted by gold-gilded balls, and hung round with crimson silk curtains, festooned with gold-lace cords and rich tassels; embroidered velvet pillows of the same colour were placed for reclining and repose; and when poor Julia, in her graceful oriental trappings, took her place beneath the canopy, a more beautiful victim was never offered at the shrine of pride and folly. The smile which Julia tried to affect on the occasion was instantly overcast by the observation of a gentleman to his friend, as they passed into the hotel—'The man is stark mad; I pity the poor woman he has persuaded to share his lunacy.' Under that most ominous announcement the palanquins were raised, and they proceeded on their journey over the plains of Hindostan. Such was the pair I was called on to attend at Shahghur. On my arrival at Patna, I inquired at the house of an English merchant for the residence of Major Mortimer. 'My good woman,' said the gentleman, 'I hope you are not going to trust yourself within that madman's gates?' 'I am engaged to attend on his lady.' 'Oh, then, go, by all means; it is a case of the greatest humanity. Poor thing! the sight of a countrywoman will be a great comfort to her; she is truly to be pitied. But you must allow me to order breakfast for you after your long journey, especially as it will be the last Christian meal you are likely to eat for some time.' This was accordingly done, and whilst I was partaking of the merchant's hospitality, he gave me some of the particulars I have just narrated to you. I then asked if he thought I would be safe enough in the major's castle. 'Oh! I daresay you have nothing to fear, whatever strange sights you may see there.' I now began to demur as to how far it was respectable and becoming for me to become an inmate of Shahghur, and whether my character would not be at stake if I went; but when I thought of the poor lady's lonely and unfriended situation, I determined to risk everything; so ordering my palanquin, I was in half an hour at the castle-gate of the great man. On knocking, a fierce-looking native, armed with sword and shield, opened a

small jealous wicket, and asked my business. Having sent in my name, an order came for my admittance. I entered, and the gate closed behind me with its locks and bars. A petty officer conducted me across the court into an ante-chamber, where refreshments were laid out for me on a white cloth on the floor. I thought it best to comply with the custom of the place in all things lawful, so down I plumped in tailor-fashion, and having learned in Scotland to eat herring and potatoes with my fingers and thumbs, I the more easily reconciled myself to the want of knives and forks. This lunch, or tiffin, as it is called, being finished, an old native woman (or Rindee) came in, and making, with a sinister look, a kind of half-salaam, which had more of insult than respect in it, invited me to follow her. After passing through low-arched doors and long passages, my conductress pushed aside a curtain, and I found myself in a magnificent oriental saloon. There were no tables, or chairs, or other civilised accommodations; low couches, with rich coverlets, were scattered irregularly throughout the hall, and on these reclined or sat, in splendid undresses, the languid-looking Eastern beauties. One was fanning herself with a small gilded punka—another waved away the intruding flies with a silver-mounted choura—a third was applying the hinna, or black powder, to her eyebrows—a fourth was admiring her finished toilet in a small round mirror on her thumb-ring—and the fifth was inhaling the odoriferous smoke of a richly ornamented booka—and the sixth, and last, was chewing the leaf of the betel, which gave her mouth the appearance as if it steamed with blood. The balmy air of the room breathed perfume of mingled sweets from utr of roses, jessamine garlands, and frankincense, while the mid-day sunbeams came bewitchingly chastened and varied through painted arched windows; altogether, the scene put me in mind of the stories in the 'Arabian Nights.' As I entered, the old hag said, 'Make your salaams to the ladies;' but, seeing no European ladies among them, I said, 'These are ladies with whom I have nothing to do. Where is the English lady I am come to attend?' 'Follow me,' said the guide. As I now paced through the hall, I marked the angry scowl that deformed the faces of the black beauties, and as I passed each couch the loungers turned down their thumbs at me, saying bitterly 'Chulo dour,' that is, 'Away—be off.' Leaving the seraglio, we traversed other passages, and halted in a small ante-chamber, where my guide told me I must leave my shoes, as I was just going into the presence of the prince, and that I could not be ushered in without first doing so. However ridiculous this ceremony appeared, as there was nothing really wrong in it, I was soon on my stocking-soles, and the woman, drawing aside a scarlet silk curtain, and telling me to go forward, making three salaams to his highness, I found myself in the hall of audience. At the farther end, on a throne of state, sat the magnificent major; he was about to hold a durbar, and I suppose thought it best, by a display of his splendour, to impress me at first sight with an awful reverence for himself. The moment I beheld the mimic monarch I felt as if I had seen the personage before, and I have since traced back the association to the portraits of the early kings of England; the strong resemblance could never be mistaken for a moment. I made my prescribed obeisance, to which, according to the royal etiquette of the East, no return was vouchsafed, but, after a dignified pause, he condescended to say, 'You are welcome to our court; your attendant will conduct you to the presence of the princess. You will be pleased to comply with the custom of our palace as long as you remain under its protection.' 'As far,' said I, 'as a Christian may,' 'Bah!' cried the prince, 'no more of that—away!' We left the presence, and pursuing a passage that led to a different wing of the residence, we entered the apartment of the unhappy lady. The first glance I got of her, stretched upon the low ornamented couch, her beautiful, pale, and emaciated face—her long sunny unbound hair streaming down over her rich white velvet caftan, gave her more the appearance of a beautiful marble effigy over some ill-

lustrious tomb than a living being. Her eyes were turned and fixed earnestly on the door we were expected to enter; she silently waved her hand for the attendant to withdraw and for me to advance, but ere I could reach the couch, the sight of a countrywoman had been too much, and she lay pulseless and pale before me. I applied the reviving rose-water to her temples—she opened her mild and sorrowful eyes, and gazed fondly upon me. 'Heaven be praised!' she exclaimed, and the fountain of the brain opened its relieving flow; but the excitement hastened the hour of childbirth. On arranging the cushions of the couch I was horrified at seeing a naked sabre beneath them. The lady noticed my alarm, and said, with a melancholy smile, 'Don't be troubled—'tis there with no evil intentions on my part; 'tis a foolish superstition of the natives to place such there on such occasions, so that if the birth be a son, he may also be a hero.' In a few hours I was enabled to announce to the prince that he was the father of a daughter. 'Daughter!' he exclaimed, 'I want no daughter. May the next be a son!' I had inwardly vowed, whatever might be the consequences, never to desert the lady in such forlorn misery, while permitted to render her service. In the meantime, I was allowed to remain unmolested in attendance upon her. When her returning strength enabled her to converse, she related her sorrowful story, and implored me to aid her in her escape from her degraded situation to her native land. 'I have vowed to serve you,' I said; 'and be assured, I will never forsake you while it is in my power to succour or comfort you.' 'May Heaven reward you,' said the sufferer; 'I never can.'

The hope of escape, and my presence, had a happy effect on my patient; but the poor child seemed destined to be a short sojourner in this vale of tears. Seeing it daily droop, the mother, as well as myself, felt desirous to have it baptised; but how was this to be done? I resolved, however, to try; so, asking for an audience of the prince, I said the child was now of age to be baptised. 'Baptised!' cried the major; 'I want no baptism; 'tis a Mahomedan! But hold! it is of royal descent—its illustrious name and birth must be recorded—how may this be done?' 'Let me attend with the child and mother at the church at Patna [the parents were both Catholics], where, after baptism, its royal name will be entered in the records. The princess and myself will be sufficient to attest its birth, and the worthy priest will find sponsors for the child.' 'Let it be done without delay,' said the major; 'its Indian name will be Fatima, but, along with it, let the ever illustrious one of Mortimer be recorded.'

I accordingly next day made arrangements with the priest at Patna. I confidentially made him acquainted with poor Lady Julia's situation, and he immediately took a warm interest in her. He not only promised to provide sponsors and baptise the child, but to aid in the escape of the lady; and it was arranged that while we should enter the church by the principal entrance to the north, we should retire through the vestry by a door that opened on a garden leading towards the river, where a swift-sailing country boat would be awaiting, supplied with necessities for the voyage.

On the following day the major, declining (as we expected and desired) to have anything to do with the rite, despatched us in palanquins, attended with a strong guard in flaring uniforms, maces, halberts, &c. On arriving at the northern porch of the church, we left the palanquins under charge of the attendants, from whose faith we had no fear of any of them following us into a Christian place of worship. The priest and sponsors were already at the altar. On the child's name being asked, I boldly announced 'Julia,' being ashamed to mention a heathenish name in such a place. The ceremony ended, we walked on through the vestry, descended the steps leading to the river, and, stepping into the boat and under its cover, skimmed rapidly down the stream. We have pursued, without stopping, our flight night and day, and, trusting we are now out of reach of pursuit, we have

stopped here for a few hours to allow the boatmen to refresh themselves and get in some supplies, and then'—

As the nurse pronounced the last word, a voice from a canoe which had just rushed from the river alongside of Gregory's budgerow, exclaimed, 'I hear the voice of the Scotch sorceress!' and the next moment the Moslem major, wild as a desert Arab, bounded into the apartment of Gregory's boat. Gregory stood up to confront him. 'So you are the recreant knight,' exclaimed the prince, 'who has robbed me of my princess. Defend your life!' and so saying he drew his sword.

'If,' said Gregory, 'I was the villain you take me for, my life would not be worth defending.'

'Where then, you vile woman, is my princess?'

'Whenever you promise to repent of your misdeeds, sir, and to apologise for the insults you have offered your lady, and to renounce your heathenish ways, and to live like a Christian, to dismiss your seraglio, and to fulfil your vows by loving and wooing poor Lady Julia alone—and she is willing to accept of your repentance and atonement, and to return to your protection—then, and not till then, will I disclose her place of refuge.'

The major, who, since the flight of Julia, felt that he had lost the only jewel in his diadem worth any value—a gem that all his state and heartless harem beauties could never supply—stood rebuked and repentant before Mrs Fairbairn's undaunted reproof, and, under a sense of his own unworthiness, exclaimed, 'I swear by all the royal blood that circulates in my veins, to live for Julia, and for Julia alone!' This was said in all the tender and devoted affectionate tones of early days. Its irresistible magic reached the ear and heart of Julia in the neighbouring boat, and the next moment she rushed into the budgerow and her husband's arms. The nurse now went and brought in little Julia, who was already recovering under the influence of the river air. The father took her in his arms and kissed her with all a parent's fondest affection.

Every traveller who has visited Rajmal knows the marble saloon that overhangs the river, the only entire remnant of Prince Suja's palace, and which is often taken possession of by the British voyagers who wish to remain a few days to examine the interesting ruins, or to vary the confinement of the boat by a short residence on shore. To that hall Gregory ordered his servants to carry a table and chairs, and to provide a refectory of fruits; and thither the party repaired and spent the remainder of the evening, we need not add, delightfully; and it is doubtful if the hall, during the happiest days of the unfortunate sultan, ever witnessed one of purer gratification. After supper, the major, looking with eyes beaming with the tenderest regard on Julia, rose and said, 'There can be no more befitting place than the deserted halls of princes and a fallen race of kings, reminding us of the vanity of all kingly power, for my relinquishing all pretensions to royalty. From these halls the unhappy Sultan Suja fled a deserted and overpowered fugitive from his ambitious brother Aurunzebe, to find, instead of protection, a merciless death from the King of Arracan, carrying with him the brightest gem in his turban, his devoted princess, to share his chains and destruction, while I, more favoured, carry with me into calm domestic life my Julia and my child; and now, in a better spirit than Wolsey, I sincerely exclaim, 'Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!'

At a late hour the happy party broke up. Gregory sent up from his boat a camp-bed for the accommodation of Major and Mrs Mortimer. He and Mrs Fairbairn retired to their respective boats; and next morning the party pursued their several ways: Mortimer and his lady, accompanied by honest Mrs Fairbairn, proceeded to Calcutta to make themselves Europeans in dress and habits, and Gregory to pursue his solitary voyage up the Ganges.

MAN.

Man, tritely observes an old author, is, as it were, a book: his birth is the title-page; his baptism, the epistle

dedicatory; his groans and crying, the epistle to his reader; his infancy and childhood, the argument or contents of the whole ensuing treatise; his life and actions, the subject; his crimes and errors, the faults escaped; his repentance, the connection. Now there is some large volumes in folio, some little ones in sixteens; some are fairer bound, some plainer; some in strong vellum, some in thin paper; some whose subject is piety and godliness; some (and too many such) pamphlets of wantonness and folly; but in the last page of every one there stands a word which is *finis*, and is the last word of every book. Such is the life of man; some longer, some shorter, some stronger, some weaker, some fairer, some coarser, some holy, some profane, but death comes in at last like *finis* to close up the whole.

THE YEARS.

The years roll on, the years roll on;
And shadows now stretch o'er the lawn,
Whereon the sunlight fell at morn—
The morn of mortal life;
And dusky hours to me have come,
Life's landscape now looks drear and dumb,
And quench'd the light, and ceased the hurra,
With which my way was rife.

I now look backward on the path
Whereon I've walk'd 'mid wrath and wrath;
I look, and see how much it hath
Of bitterness to tell;
But life's hard lessons must be learn'd;
By goading care is wisdom earn'd—
Then upward let the eye be turn'd,
And all earth's scenes are well!

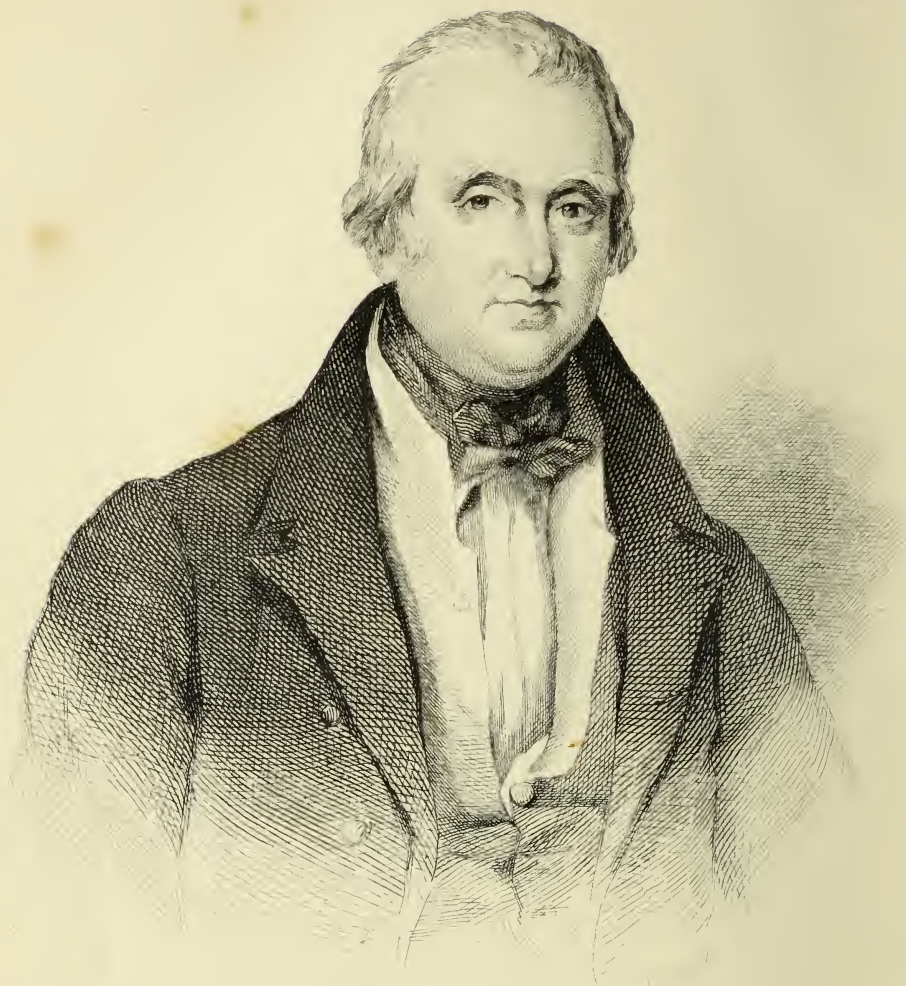
On roll the years, the swift, still years;
And as they pass, how feeling sears—
How dryeth up the fount of tears—
Emotion's fires grow dim;
This pulse of life not long can last,
And as the years go hurrying past,
The blooms of life are earthward cast,
And wither'd heart and limb.

The years, the years sublimely roll,
Unfurling, like a letter'd scroll!
Look on! and garner in thy soul
The treasures of their lore;
It is God's writing there we see;
Oh! read with deep intensity;
Its truth shall with thy spirit be
When years shall roll no more.

INTELLECTUAL PRECOCITY.

It once happened that an anxious mother asked Mrs Barbauld, at what age she should begin to teach her child to read? 'I should much prefer that a child should not be able to read before five years of age,' was the reply. 'Why, then, have you written books for children of three?' 'Because, if young mammas will be over busy, they had better teach in a good way than in a bad one.' I have known clever precocious children at three years dunces at twelve, and dunces at six particularly clever at sixteen. One of the most popular authoresses of the present day could not read when she was seven. Her mother was rather uncomfortable about it, but said that as everybody did learn to read with opportunity, she supposed her child would do so at last. By eighteen this apparently slow genius paid the heavy but inevitable debts of her father from the profits of her first work, and before thirty had published thirty volumes.—*Hon. Miss Murray.*

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W.^m Cobbett.

WEEKLY HOGG'S INSTRUCTOR

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PRICE 1½d.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

No place is so fit as a cheap periodical for registering the name and investigating the merits of William Cobbett, whom we may, without fear of contradiction, call the father of cheap literature. His self-styled 'twopenny trash' was the strong seed whence a progeny has sprung, manifold and thick as the 'leaves of Vallambrosa;' and a portion of whatever honour or shame attaches to our present cheap publications must redound to his credit or to his disgrace. And although he was by no means a timid or a squeamish man, we are certain that, could he now raise his head from the dust, it were to look with withering scorn and pity, not unmingled with remorse, upon those myriads of low and loathsome publications at present pouring from the English press—making up for their minuteness by their mischief—for their want of point, by their profanity—for their stupidity, by their licentiousness—absolutely monopolising millions of readers, and reminding us of that plague of frogs which swept Egypt, 'till the land stank, so numerous was the fry.'

William Cobbett has been often ably, but never, we think, fully or satisfactorily criticised. We do not refer merely to his political creed and character: these topics we propose to avoid, permitting ourselves, however, the general remark that he was just as able and just as consistent a politician as some of his most formidable opponents (such as Peel, Burdett, and Brougham) have since proved themselves to be. Of his literary merits, we remember only three striking pictures, all of which, however, slide into his political aspects. The first is that very eloquent, though somewhat sketchy and one-sided character by Robert Hall, ending with the words—'a fire-brand, not a luminary—the Polyphemus of the mob—the one-eyed monarch of the blind.' Hall, we imagine, however, was too different a man from Cobbett to appreciate him entirely—too attentive to the construction of his sentences to relish Cobbett's easy, rambling style—too fastidious in his taste to bear with Cobbett's blunt, picturesque expressions—too fond of the elegant abstractions of thought to sympathise with Cobbett's passion for, and power over, facts; still he must have often admired his vigorous dissections of character, and often chuckled, and even roared, over his rough native humour. Another attempt to contain Cobbett in a crown-piece was made by Lockhart, in what, we think, was the last 'Noctes' he contributed to 'Blackwood,' appearing somewhere about the close of the year 1832. It is put into the mouth of Jeffrey, and is very smart, snappish, and pointed, pouring out as briskly as

bottled beer, but is not peculiarly characteristic. It is rather an inventory than a picture; and such an inventory of this modern 'man Mountain' as the Lilliputians made of Gulliver when they emptied his *pockets*. It is not such a masterly full-length as Lockhart could have executed, and as he has executed of a kindred spirit, John Clerk. The third and best character is by Hazlitt in his 'Table-Talk,' and is written with all his wonted discrimination. We remember that he calls him a 'very honest man, with a total want of principle,' speaks of his 'Register' as a 'perpetual prospectus,' and draws a striking parallel between him and Paine. Our object is somewhat more minutely and in detail to bring this brawniest of men before our readers.

And, first, of his personal appearance. That was, as generally happens, a thorough, though not an ostentatious index to his character. Those who expected to find in Cobbett a rude truculent barbarian, were, as they deserved to be, disappointed. They found, instead, a tall, stout, mild-faced, broad-shouldered, farmer-looking man, with a spice of humour lurking in his eye, but without one vestige of fierceness or malignity either in his look or demeanour. His private manners were simple, unaffected—almost gentlemanly. His mode of addressing an audience was quiet, clear, distinct, and conversational; and the fury and the fervour of the demagogue alike were wanting. The most sarcastic and provoking things oozed out at his lips like milk or honey. Add to this, perfect self-possession, his usual vein of humour somewhat subdued into keeping with his audience, and a certain cajolery in his manner, as the most notable features in his mode of public address. We heard him repeatedly in Edinburgh, during his visit in 1832. He came to the Modern Athens with as much fear and trembling as could befall a man of his sturdy temperament. He expected, he said, ere he arrived, that the Edinburgh people would 'throw him into a ditch,' but went away highly gratified with his reception. The truth is, they welcomed him as a curiosity, and went to see and hear him as a *rarée* show. They showed no genuine appreciation of his talents; and if they did not lift from the dirt and pelt him with the common calumnies, it was because they thought it not worth while. He came, tickled their midriffs—they laughed, applauded, and forgot him, as soon as his back was turned.

It is dangerous to seek to include a whole character in a single epithet, otherwise we might call William Cobbett 'the genius of common sense.' Common sense, possessed in an uncommon degree, and backed by powerful passion, often verges, in its effects and in its nature, on genius. Like genius, it works by intuition; it does not creep nor walk, but leaps to its conclusion. It is to genius an in-

ferior system of shorthand—as swift, but not so beautiful; or it may be called, genius applied to meaner subjects, and guided by impulses as free but less lofty. Such a homespun but masculine spirit had perched upon the shoulder of Swift, and came directly from him to Cobbett.

If ever man deserved, in a subordinate acceptance, the name of ‘seer,’ it was the author of the ‘Register.’ He did not ratiocinate or inquire; he saw, and saw at the first opening of his sagacious eye. Sometimes his sight was true, and sometimes false—sometimes healthy, and sometimes jaundiced—but it was always sight, and not hearsay; and as well argue with the testimony of the eye as dispute with him his convictions. This was at once his power and his weakness; it accounted for his true and strong perception of public characters, and of the tendency and issues of public events; it accounted for his dogmatism, his inconsistency, and his caprice. It was this strong personal sight which made Cobbett maintain his ground against his many far more accomplished and learned rivals. While they were reading, reflecting, deflecting, and circumspecting, he was looking straight forward and right down into the very heart and marrow of his theme. Whilst they were wasting time in trying on pairs of spectacles belonging to others, he was using his own piercing pair of eyes. Thus, though taken at tremendous odds, the old serjeant seldom failed of a complete triumph. We own it pleases us—it stirs our blood—to think that there has been, even in our time, native vigour enough, in a half-taught man of talent, to neutralise the most accomplished, to level the most learned, to ‘turn wise men backward and make diviners mad,’ to startle an age anxious to hide its weakness under the variety of its studies and the multiplicity of its accomplishments, by the tidings that there is yet something better than education—that an ‘ounce of mother wit’ retains its original value—that genius still claims its ancient privileges—and that the breed of intellectual Spartaci and Toussaints is not extinct, amid all the cultivated fribbles and martinetts of the day.

Cobbett, if he wanted learning, possessed what was far more valuable—he possessed experience. How few writers have it! Voltaire speaks of some astonishingly wise young hero who seemed born with experience; but, as Campbell remarks, ‘how few of our heads come into the world with this valuable article!’ Most authors, indeed, go through a certain routine, which is dignified with this name. They pass through school and college; write their first sonnet or epigram; fall in love—are received or rejected; publish their first volume—it is puffed or abused, according to the state of its critic’s temper or stomach; fall into a sulk or a syncope—gradually cool and calm as they rise or fall to their proper level: and this is called experience. Abused, outraged term! Has an author of almost Miltonic genius run the gauntlet of abusive or detracting criticism for many long years, and yet retained his integrity, his magnanimity, the calm purpose of his soul? Then let him speak of experience, for assuredly experience has spoken to him. Or, has a man of whom the world was not worthy been driven, for his conscientious convictions, forth from the society of men, and died grey-haired and all but broken-hearted at twenty-nine? *He* might have spoken of experience. And did one who could, from native talent, have led armies, cabinets, his country, spend years as a private soldier, visit various lands, and undergo many privations and hardships? What a different course of experience this—and it was Cobbett’s—from the flea-bites of so-called criticism, or the nightmare of an unsold edition!

Our strong, burly serjeant carried his eye with him into the ranks, in all his travels—in the choice of a wife. Wherever he went, he ‘saw and conquered’—(what need, after all, of this last word? To see, in the true sense, is always, in the true sense, to conquer. The want of sight is the same thing with the want of success; and thus Caesar, in his celebrated bulletin, ‘Veni, vidi, vici,’ was, for the first and last time, a tautologist)—and home he came, a giant furnished and trained, by an irregular but

gigantic education, for becoming a ‘fourth estate’ in the political and literary world.

One quality strikingly manifest in Cobbett, and which had been nurtured by his training, is health. He was essentially a healthy man. He did not, it is true, want his peevish and peculiar humours, but the general tone of his mind as well as body was sound and clear. He significantly exemplified the words, ‘Sana mens in sano corpore.’ Without the Border blood and the minstrel spirit of Scott, he had much of his soundness, geniality, and broad strength. Morbidity was a word he did not recognise as English. Mawkish sentimentalism, in all its shapes, he abhorred; and cant found in him an inexorable foe. Hence we account for his celebrated criticisms on Shakspeare and Milton. In his heart, perhaps, he appreciated both, but was indignant at the false and wholly conventional admiration paid them by the multitude. Or, even granting that his taste was bad, and that, from native inaptitude, he could not feel the more delicate and spiritual beauties of either poet, was he not better to avow it openly than to wear a ‘foolish face of praise,’ and pretend to what he had not? In his nonsense of abuse there is something infinitely more racy and refreshing than in others’ nonsense of commendation. We prefer seeing him making a football of the ‘Paradise Lost,’ and kicking at it with all his might—impotently indeed, and to the damage of nothing but his own toes—than to see it shining in illustrated editions in the libraries of those whose simpering imbecilities of affected enthusiasm convince you that they have neither understood nor really read it. Much as we admire Shakspeare and Milton, we are not disposed to sacrifice Cobbett as a whole burnt-offering at their shrine.

In keeping with this quality of health was that of good-humour. He was the best natured of political writers. Even when abusing his opponents, there was a kindly twinkle in his eye, and you never were sure that he heartily hated them. His high animal spirits, his fine constitution, and his undisturbed self-complacency, all served to carry off and qualify his rage. He dealt with his foes as a kitten with a mouse. They furnished him with so much amusement, and he made others so merry with them, that he began rather to like them than otherwise. The most of them, besides, were so far his inferiors in intellect, that they exerted no magnetism sufficient to draw forth the full riches of his wrath. If he felt deep and deadly animosity to any, it was to the three formerly mentioned, Peel, Burdett, and Brougham, which might suggest, to an ill-natured person, the proverb, ‘two of a trade,’ &c. How different from Junius! Cobbett at most hates; Junius loathes. Cobbett splashes pails of dirty water over his enemies; Junius deals in drops, but they are drops of prussic acid. Cobbett, with loud outcries, knocks down his opponents; Junius steps up and softly whispers in their ear a sentence, an insinuation, a syllable, which withers the very heart within them. To express, by a change of figure, a change of mood and manner in both, Cobbett often covers his enemy with nicknames, which stick but do not scorch: such toys are beneath the deep long hate of Junius; he scattered firebrands, arrows, and death.

From health and good-humour, blended with a keen sense of the ridiculous, sprung his faculty of humour, one of the most curious of all his gifts. It is in him at one time the power of singling out minute absurdities in the conduct, character, style of writing, appearance, or names of his opponents, and by endless repetitions enlarging their ridiculous aspect, till you, the reader, become a mere *alias* of laughter holding both his sides. It is at another time produced by culling the oddest and lowest figures and allusions from the barnyard or the dunghill, and hanging those mud-garlands about the necks of dignitaries, prelates, statesmen, of majesty itself, till they look supremely ridiculous. Sometimes he secures his ludicrous effects by the mere daring effrontery of his onset, as in his celebrated chapter, ‘Errors and Nonsense in a King’s Speech;’ often by the unexpected introduction of political or personal allusions amid serious or indifferent subjects;

sometimes, as we have seen, by the dexterous use of nicknames and slang; and often by the sheer power of exuberant and dauntless egotism.

He had very little of what is strictly called wit, or the power of perceiving unexpected resemblances and contrasts, and no dry severe irony. Coleridge defined Swift as the soul of Rabelais in a dry place. Cobbett may perhaps be defined the soul of Swift in a softer, sunnier, *sappier* place. Swift was a machine of humour; he himself derived neither good nor pleasure from the lavish mirth he distributed to others. Cobbett, on the contrary, was compelled by his own tickling sensations to tickle the whole world besides; his humour was not a voluntary exercise of power, but a vent for surcharged emotion.

His gift, as Shakspeare has it, of 'iteration' he turned to account for more purposes than those of humour. His arguments, his facts, as well as his favourite nicknames, such as the 'Wen,' 'Old Bloody,' the 'Press-gang,' &c., he repeated again and again. He sate, like a 'starling,' opposite the treasury and the bank, and hallooed out what he deemed offensive truths, and recounted untoward events, the more pertinaciously that the truths were offensive, and that the events had been untoward. And then, worst of all, his croaking was so unlike that of all other croakers, it was so funny, so far from a dull monotony, founded so much on fact, and so widely listened to, that government, between amusement and provocation, were 'perplexed in the extreme.' They durst neither openly laugh nor cry. For here was no hunger-bitten scribbler, no lean Cassius, no wild-eyed emaciated fanatic, but a joyous jolly prophet, six feet high and proportionably broad, whom it was difficult either to bribe or to kill, pouring out his endless predictions and warnings under the sign of a gridiron, on which it was quite as likely that they as that he should be roasted alive.

Was it from this practice of incessant repetition that there sprang that egotism with which he has been so often charged? Was it that, as he could not help talking about other things over and over again, so he could not help, much more, talking about himself? Cobbett, in fact, was not more an egotist than the majority of writers, only he spoke of himself directly and not by implication. Some speak of themselves while praising their idols, others while indulging their hobbies; one man, looking through his telescope, sees in the moon a mirror for his own visage, and another finds in mountains reflectors of the colossal *ego* of his self-esteem. But William Cobbett, a plain blunt man, instead of veiling his egotism under the guise of sentimental sonnets, or working it up into imaginary conversations, or throwing it out into imaginary heroes, writes it down as plain 'as downright Shippen or as old Montaigne.' We must say we like this trait in his character, believing that there is often more of the spirit of egotism discovered in avoiding than in using its language. Why, the editorial word 'we' contains in it the *double*-distilled essence of egotism, modest as it looks. And how much intolerable self-conceit is concealed under the phrases 'we humbly think,' 'it appears to us,' and 'our feeble voice,' &c. Cobbett was as great an enemy to shams as Carlyle. He had a vast notion of himself, and he took every opportunity, proper and improper, of declaring it. Unlike the boy Tell, 'he was great, and knew how great he was.' His opinion, at any rate, was perfectly sincere, and as such required, nay, demanded expression. He felt himself, and was, a reality, among mewing and moping, painted and gilded, starred, gartered, and crowned phantoms; and who shall quarrel with him because ever and anon he touched his strong sides and brow with his strong arm, and said, 'Here I am, this is solid, were all else the shadow of a shade.' Bulwer, our readers are aware, thought proper, many years ago, to quarrel with the use of the anonymous in periodical literature. We think that Cobbett had been a worthier champion for supporting this quarrel than Sir Edward. No mask or visor would ever have become or fitted him. His personality seen at every turning in the lane, every opening in the hedge of his argument—his abuse or his humour—was his power. He

was not a knight of chivalry, bearing no device upon his shield, and covering his face in the hollow of his helm, but a Tom Cribb or Spring, open-faced, strong, stripped, and ready to do battle with all comers. The anonymous seemed to him anti-English, and he resigned it to the Italians, the 'press-gang,' and the author of Junius.

As Scott seemed to draw into his single self the last national spirit of his country, as Byron was our last purely English poet, so Cobbett was our all but last purely English prose writer. He seemed, next to Churchill, the most striking personification of John Bull. There were the brawny form, the swagger, the blustering temper, the broad humour, the pertinacity, the variability, the dogmatic prejudice, the rudeness, the common sense, the sagacity, the turbulence, the gulosity, and the pugnacity of a genuine Englishman as ever drank beer, bolted bacon, or flourished singlestaff. How he could upon occasion flatter national prejudices and prepossessions! How he could stir up into absolute springtide the English blood! How he used to pelt, when he pleased, the French and the Scotch! What a chosen champion to the chaw-bacons! It is not too much to say, that he understood his countrymen as well as Napoleon did the French, and, had he possessed the fighting talent, could, in the event of a revolution, have led it and risen upon its wave. As it was, for a season he was the real king of the masses, and even after, through want of discretion, he lost his sovereignty, his rebel subjects, as often has happened in the history of rebellions, frequently felt their hearts palpitating, their ears tingling, and their knees instinctively bending to the voice of their ancient leader.

A pleasing feature in Cobbett's character was his love for the country. We remember him, in one of his 'Registers,' expressing his wonder that one like himself, who relished intensely all rural sights and sounds, should have passed so large a portion of his life amid the smoke, and din, and strife of cities. It was not, indeed, the great features of nature that he admired; its more ethereal aspects, and that mysterious symbolic relation which it bears to the nature and history of man, he did not comprehend, and would have laughed at any one who pretended to do. We can fancy him thus criticising Emerson—'Wonders will never cease. Here comes a Yankee prophet—yes, a Yankee prophet—talking transcendental (query, transcendent?) nonsense by the yard, and trying to get that gullible goose John Bull to listen to him, at the rate of seven guineas for each hour's lecture. He'd better—for us, at any rate—have stopped at home, and fed his pigs, or prophesied to his henroost. May I be roasted on a gridiron, if there's not more sense in this one number of the 'Twopenny Trash' than in all that this man Emerson ever wrote or ever will write till his last breath. And yet who'll pay me seven guineas for each of my lectures? This half-crazy quack, I am told, pulls down the old prophets, Jeremy, Daniel, and the rest, and sets himself up in their stead as prophet Ralph Waldo. I venture to predict to prophet Ralph, that he wont see Boston Bay again ere his gulls would rather by twenty times have their guineas in their pockets than his lectures in their memories. But I beg Ralph's pardon, for it's not in the power of any mortal man, I'm told, to mind one word that Ralph says to them, or to come off with anything but a general notion that they have been quacked out of their sixpences. They say that the fellow is rather good-looking, a glib talker, and has a smattering of the German, but never gives his hearers one good round *fact* in all his lectures; has no statistics or arguments either; and you would never guess, while hearing him, whether you were in America or England, the earth or the moon. But enough of prophet *Raff*. I hope I have settled his hash as effectually as I did that of a much cleverer fellow, squinting prophet Ned, of Hatton Garden.' See Cobbett's Register, No. 2006.

Thus Cobbett would have thought and said. Others, with Cobbett's prejudices, but destitute of his powers and his outspoken directness, are thinking at present, but have not courage to say the same. And yet, while utterly incapable of feeling, and of affecting to feel, a high ideal view

of nature, he loved sincerely and passionately this green earth, its fresh breezes, its soft waters, and its spring sky, blue, as if newly dyed, as the bridal-curtain of the youthful season. He cared nothing for the stars; these, which are rather like paintings than works of nature, he disregarded nearly as much as he did the pictures of man's pencil; he loved the moon only as it lighted up the harvest-field; but the hedge-rows, the trees, and the corn-fields of merry England grew in his heart, and waved over, and cooled the stream of his life's blood. It is pleasant to come upon such passages in his pages. We linger and coo over them, like a breeze caught amid the woods which surround some spot of insulated loveliness. They raise and soften our opinion of the man; and whenever we are disposed to think or speak harshly of William Cobbett, we are calmed by remembering his dying moments, when he requested to be carried round his farm, that he might see for the last time the fields which he loved so dearly. The fact that this desire was so strong at death itself proved that it, and no lower or fiercer feeling, was his ruling passion.

From this love of homely, English nature, and from his minute habits of observation, sprang that abundant and picturesque imagery with which his writings abound. A fresh breeze from the 'farm' is always felt passing over his driest discussions, and mingling with his bitterest personalities. It is this which prevents him from being ever vulgar; for, as Hazlitt has remarked, Cobbett is never vulgar, though often coarse. And why? Because nature, though often coarse, is never vulgar—though often common, is never mean; and because Cobbett is never himself, and will never permit his reader to be, long or far away from the sweet, balmy breath of nature. Coleridge, in one of his little poems, speaks of trying, by abstruse research, to steal from himself 'all the natural man'—a process difficult, we suspect, in any case, but in Cobbett's, even had he made the attempt, impossible; for he was nothing, if not natural. Like Caliban, he seems newly dug out, and smelling strongly of the virgin earth.

What shall we say of his style? That it was a forcible and fit expression to his thought—little more. It did not pretend to be elegant; it was not so accurate as it pretended to be. It were not difficult retorting upon many passages of his own writing the lynx-eyed system of criticism which he directed against the slovenly compositions of Sidmouth and Wellington. In fact, no style can stand minute criticism, just as the most beautiful countenance shrinks before the eye of the microscope. And let Blair's contemptible cavillings at the style of Addison—whose very errors, like the blunders of a beautiful child, are graceful and interesting—stand a perpetual monument of the folly of going too near to the masterpieces of literature. Cobbett's style is composed of the purest Saxon, and proves, as well as Bunyan's (as Macaulay has remarked), what purposes that simple speech can serve. Subtle distinctions it could not have conveyed; but Cobbett had none such to convey. Under certain *grands* of thought, it might, like Charon's boat, have creaked and trembled; but Cobbett required it only to express clear, common sense logic, strong facts, and strong passions; to beat down his foes, and to cut his own way—and for such work it never failed him. Its general tone was that of a long rambling conversation; its principal design seemed to be to make every smallest shade of his meaning perfectly clear; its windings and turnings, so distinct and vivid in their variety, reminded you of the *branching veins*—with all the repetitions of a law-paper, it was as lively and interesting as a novel. You might grin over it, or guffaw over it, or frown at it, or fling it from you in a fit of fury; but it was impossible to sleep over it, or to yawn over it, or to refrain from thinking over it. While statesmen amused themselves with the 'Register' (amusement reminding you of the games in Pandemonium!) at their breakfast-tables; while the 'press-gang,' their lips the while smacking, and their eyes glistening with delight, proceeded to answer and abuse it, the country parson was reading it in his after-dinner easy-chair, the Paisley weaver had it lying on his loom, and the weary ploughman in his

cottage kept himself awake with its quaint and rich humours. Since the works of Burns, no writings were so much appreciated by all ranks and conditions of men. And the reason of this was to be found in their corresponding qualities. Clearness; simplicity; picturesque description; racy, reckless humour; big-boned, brawny strength; contempt of conventionalisms; rugged, self-trained reason—in one word, nature—were common to both. The 'hair-brained sentimental trace,' which was the peculiar poetic differentia of Burns, of course was wanting in Cobbett.

One curious but unquestionable cause of Cobbett's popularity we must also mention. It was his intense sympathy with that organ which those 'masters of the mint,' phrenologists, have with their usual felicity of coinage, called 'gustativeness.' How he expands and rejoices in describing all sorts of savoury food! The droppings of Hermon's dew or of Hybla's honey, are to him nothing compared to the droppings from the sausage-pan, or the roasting-jack of an English fireside! With what lively logic he undertakes the quarrel of 'beer *versus* tea!' with what a deep bass he trolls out the old stave—'Oh, the roast-beef of Old England!' how profound and edifying his contempt for swipes and potatoes! how sublime he waxes over a sirloin! how pathetic his reminiscences of the good old days, when 'mutton, veal, and lamb were the food of the commoner sort of people!' what a whet his 'Register' made before dinner! and what a digestive after it! Here again he resembles Burns—who describes the homely food of Caledonia—her 'souple scones'—her 'curry ingans, mixed wi' spice,' and the other ingredients of the haggis, 'great chieftain o' the puddin' race'—not to speak of her tippeny and usqueba—with such infinite gusto; and Scott, whose books are the best appetisers in the world, and whose good digestion constituted, we venture to say, one half of his physical, and one fourth of his mental power.

In connection with this, we notice a vital defect in Cobbett's theory of man. He scarcely seems to have risen higher than the conception of him as an animal—a beef-bolting and beer-bibbing animal. If government, and his own strong hand, found him in those articles; and if William Cobbett were permitted to supply him with amusement, besides a little instruction in grammar, in arithmetic, and in the evil effects of priestcraft and potatoes, of gin and tea, he might consider himself satisfied. And this was his theory of human life! this his recipe for human woes! this his mode of filling the infinite cravings of the human heart! And yet, ere laughing at this 'Gospel, according to St Cobbett,' and calling it a piggyish panacea for a race of erect pigs, let us remember that the utilitarians of our own day do not rise much higher. They trace man's origin from the brutes; they, by implication, deny his natural superiority to the brutes; and, consequently, his natural immortality. Denying he was made in God's image, how can they conceive he is ever to reach it? They systematically overlook his relation to his Maker. They would cut—the puny insects!—that awful tie which from the beginning has bound our race to the throne of the Eternal! They would, with insane but impotent hands, quench the only authentic fire of revelation which ever shone from heaven! They would arrest, if they could, the wheels of that coming One, before whose throne every knee shall bow, and whose authority every tongue shall confess! They would indeed clothe man with more accomplishments than Cobbett's rude nature recognised; they would teach man (on the brink of annihilation) to dance, and sing, and play, and recite verses, and babble of green fields, and chatter science, as well as to eat and to drink, but no more than he would they have him to expand in the prospect, and to shine in the radiance of the future destinies of his immortal being! In fact, we value Cobbett's theory as the *reductio ad absurdum* of the utilitarian view; and we fancy we hear the old serjeant growling out to those bastards of Bentham—'If you believe that man is to perish at death, like a pig, why bother yourselves with teaching him languages, music, and science? fill his belly, you fools, and send him to sleep.'

But we must not part in bad humour with Cobbett, nor

with anybody else. Pity, after all, is the most appropriate feeling to entertain towards those who judge so meanly of man. And for Cobbett, especially, there are many grounds of excuse—from his early circumstances—from his want of a spiritual education—from the sight of human nature, in its worst forms, which he had in the army—and from the scrambling and precarious life he was compelled to lead afterwards.

Besides those separate works of his which are so well known, such as his 'Cottage Economy,' 'Legacy to Parsons,' his 'Life' of himself, and his English and French Grammars, &c., we should like to see some judicious hand employed in making selections from the 'Register.' We despair, indeed, of ever finding the 'Beauties of Cobbett' collected into such a nosegay as ladies would like to handle and to smell. Indeed, the term 'Beauties of Cobbett' would seem sufficiently affected and inappropriate. But some one, surely, might give us a collection of Cobbett's '*good, strong, and true things*.' Nay, let us have some of his shadows, as well as his lights; some of his racier and more characteristic faults, a prudent selection from his vocabulary of slang, some of his richer passages of egotism, a few of his predictions that have not, and *others that have been* fulfilled—such a book, in short, as he himself would have acknowledged as a faithful likeness, and as should convey to posterity a just impression of a great English author.

K A I S T O W A N I A.

A LEGEND OF THE SENECA.

'Mount thy steed, chief of the Nundowaga,' said Snowflake, to her brother, 'mount thy steed and bend thy bow; the young men have danced the buffalo dance without ceasing during the rising and setting of three suns, and the squaws sit silently in their wigwams looking at their children, who are hungry. Mount and hunt, or the Nundowaga perish.'

Blackrock sprang to his feet, and walking to an upright beam in his lodge, where hung his arms and habiliments, he arrayed himself in his richest robes, and, buckling on his quiver, seized his bow. Blackrock was a Sachem, whose resolute face and bold bearing would at once have marked him out as a natural leader of daring savage men. His step was as free and agile as that of the untamed steed of the prairie, and his form as light and muscular as that of the puma. His eye was as dark and piercing as that of the black eagle, of whose plumes his corona and vertebra were formed; and the claws of the grisly bear, of which his collar was made, were not more sharp than his arrows.

'Thrice have I prayed to Wahecondah, thrice have I followed the arrow pointed with a white buffalo's horn, and thrice have I given a steed to Kenowce, the great medicine man of the Nundowaga, and yet I have not seen buffalo,' said Blackrock, sternly.

'Kenowce's medicine is bad,' said Snowflake, with a curl of contempt upon her beautiful lip; 'he smokes in his wigwam and is silent, because he cannot speak, and he leaves his tribe for moons without his counsel. The Great Spirit loves not the medicine man who sleeps when squaws and children cry in hunger on the hills, he helps the hunter who mounts his steed and goeth forth to the prairie.'

'Then may he smile upon the going forth of Blackrock and the beaver band,' said the chief, as he gracefully bent his head to his sister, and passed from his lodge into the open air.

The Nundowaga, or people of the hills, dwelt upon a green table mountain at the head of Lake Canandaigua, their bark wigwams covered all its level top, and their steeds browsed upon its grassy slopes. They knew not whence they had come, for tradition pointed to no other place of origin than that beautiful mountain, with the oak and pine trees girdling its base and studding all its gentle acclivities. They had increased greatly in numbers upon the Green Mountain, and they had been constrained to extend their hunting grounds, for the wild animals had gone away from the arrows and spears of the young men

of the Nundowaga, and at last they were wont to go into the prairie for days in order to bring home food. Gradually these wanderings had been extended also, until famine began to be too frequently felt in the wigwams of the Nundowaga, and fears that they would have to leave their happy mountain and to follow the buffalo began to be frequently entertained among the chiefs. Athabasca, the father of Blackrock and Snowflake, had been more than ordinarily impressed with fears for his tribe, and when he left the Green Mountain for the happy hunting grounds, the only regret he felt was, that his nation would soon know the want of one who had more regard for sustenance than ideas of remaining by his father's ashes to die. He had whispered to the heir of his station to lead his people towards the setting sun, but Blackrock had forbore to speak of such a movement, and Snowflake, who had more than a woman's courage, and more than an Indian woman's dignity and independence of thought, had never dared to urge it to her brother, although she and he dwelt alone together.

'Ay, Blackrock,' she muttered, as she saw the stuffed beaver elevated on the pole and carried before her brother's mounted band, 'Manitto has frowned upon the Nundowaga for dwelling so long upon this mountain; he has taken away the elk and bison, and thou wilt soon have to follow.'

The gallant knot of hunters wound slowly, and with stately mein, down the mountain side, and as they vanished from the longing eyes of those who remained behind, a hundred aspirations for success followed them on their hunting path. Blackrock led his warriors to the banks of the beautiful river which flowed from the tree-fringed Lake Canandaigua, and moving steadily along among the shrubs that bloomed almost unseen in the wilderness, he crossed the creek at a ford near the burial-place of Athabasca, and winding for some time among the rocky, dark, cavernous formations that yawned in the silent solitude, the band issued from the wilderness upon an extensive and beautiful prairie. Far as the eye could scan, the tall grass waved in rich luxuriance and verdure, like a green sea, over whose bosom the golden sun threw a halo of lustrous glory. Clumps of trees, like islands on the ocean, dotted the surface of the mighty meadow, and broke the tame uniformity of scene that otherwise would have wearied the eye, while here and there a gentle elevation of rocks and scraggy bushes told that even here nature had felt internal throes. It was a lovely scene, such as a lonely hermit might love who was weary of the world and human communion; or in which a patriarch might seek to plant the germ of a pastoral nation; but it had no charms for Blackrock and his band, for they could not see the moving forms of the bison. They urged their steeds across the prairie with impetuous speed, and they watched in the sky, with longing eyes, for some sign, but the sun went down and a bowstring had not twanged, and they camped upon the prairie without opening their lips save to smoke the knock-knock root in silence. Blackrock was sad and distressed, for he thought of the women on the Green Mountain, and on the aged men who could not hunt, and on the children who were hungry, and although the braves around him slept the deep slumber of forgetfulness, his eyes and ears were open.

'My people will not perish,' he muttered to himself; 'I will go and seek the bison in his lair while the young men of the Nundowaga sleep.'

Blackrock moved stealthily away from his prostrate band, and mounting his steed rode onwards towards the north. He was brave and strong, and let it be whispered even of this savage, he was humane. He loved his sister with an ardent affection, she was the last link of his kindred that remained to him, and his redstone pipehead was not more sacred in his eyes; he loved his nation, and there was no personal sacrifice that he would not voluntarily have made to preserve the most tiny infant of his tribe. The devoted chief rode on, however, only to be disappointed; his spirit at first sunk within him, and he almost despaired, but as his thoughts reverted to the wailing members of his tribe, that would howl and rend their hair if he went not back

with food, he plunged his heels into the flanks of his steed and dashed on in the darkness like the wind. Maddening with the excitement of his thoughts and the electric influence of rapid motion, the furious Indian sped onwards quicker and quicker until his steed suddenly stumbled and he was thrown forward on the prairie, there to lie deprived of all sensation. When Blackrock awoke from the stupor of his fall the sun was climbing the sky and mirroring its bright and glowing face in a quiet placid lake. The Indian started to his feet with an undefinable feeling of awe upon him, and looked with restless uneasy glances around. He was in an unknown solitude, whose clumps of underwood and shrubs gave ample cover to an enemy, and whose flat level surface sufficiently exposed a horseman to sight. He was away from his band, and might have intruded upon the hunting ground of the dauntless Delawares; he saw his steed browsing quietly at a few paces from him, and this inspired him, but at his feet lay the carcass of an elk, and beside it was a young and beautiful Indian alive, but unable to rise from several gashes and contusions, and this made Blackrock uneasy. He was humane, however; the innate impulse to succour was strongly ingrafted in the nature of Blackrock, and he knelt beside the youth, and, stanching his bleeding wounds, raised him gently to a sitting posture.

The youth was arrayed in the most beautiful robes of the mountain white goat, and the feathers of the green bird profusely ornamented his shield and medicine bag; wampum was fantastically attached to his leggins and mocassins, forming suns, moons, and stars, in every variety of colour; while the long black locks of men who had perished by his hand fringed all his robes from the very heel to the shoulders.

'Hush!' said Blackrock, in surprise, as he looked upon the bosom of the youth, and beheld most beautifully tattooed in bright blue the twisted form of a two-headed snake. 'I never saw this *totem* before!' he exclaimed; 'it is not worn by a tribe of the Lenni Lenape, and they surround the Nundowaga like the great lake round a canoe, which drifts in its centre and cannot see the shore. My brother,' said Blackrock, in a dignified tone, 'where hast thou built thy lodge, and where are thy warriors, that they may lead thee to thy village and the welcome dance be danced?'

'I am Kaistowania,' said the youth, firmly, 'and I am alone;' and as if his strength had expired with the effort, he sunk back and closed his eyes.

Blackrock caught the steed of Kaistowania, and having flayed and cut up the elk, he loaded the chief's horse, and, placing the youth before him, rode forth from the shrub-covered margin of the lake into the prairie.

It was long before the weary and impatient Blackrock drew up his horse, and when he did so it was beside his own lodge on the summit of the Green Mountain. He lifted the wounded Kaistowania from his horse in silence, and bore him into his wigwam, where Snowflake spread the softest buffalo robes for the wounded youth's couch; and Blackrock, silently pointing to the saddle of elk flesh, Snowflake took up the meat and began to cook it forthwith. Blackrock sat on the summit of the mountain, and gazed into the prairie with a longing, searching gaze; but his young men came not, and his people could not subsist long upon an elk.

Snowflake sat by the couch of Kaistowania, and fed him with a shell from the crucible of elk broth, and she forgot that there was fear or sorrow in the village of Nundowaga. There he lay in his youth and beauty, without man's attribute of strength; and there sat woman in her gentleness and benevolence, surrounding and investing him with love and pity. Snowflake was very beautiful; and the noblest and handsomest of the chiefs of her people had played at her wigwam-door, and smiled as they gazed at her; but she neither looked forth when they discoursed sweet music, nor noticed them when they looked, and they said she was pure but cold, and they named her Snowflake. But, alas for the liberty of the maiden's heart! The closed eyes of Kaistowania and his wounded prostrate form drew her heart more powerfully towards him than health, and

strength, and pride, and honour had ever so done to man before.

Gradually the invalid recovered under the fostering care of the maiden; he opened his eyes at last upon Snowflake, and they were almost too beaming and ardent for her to look upon, for her face took a deeper glow, and her own dark orbs fell when she met the gaze of Kaistowania. Still Blackrock sat and gazed upon the prairie, and still the young men that had gone forth with him came not. The fishes from the lake were the only sustenance that the tribe now had, and the fruits and acorns from the forest, and these the women caught and pulled and laid silently and almost reproachfully before their husbands.

The young stranger at last grew strong and able to stand, and at length he walked forth among the wigwams of the Nundowaga; but he had never told whence he came nor what was his tribe.

'Kaistowania has tarried too long on the Green Mountain,' said the youth one day to Snowflake; 'his heart will become a woman's and his arm nerveless if he dwells longer amongst the Nundowaga.'

'Kaistowania does not deem the warriors of my people women,' said Snowflake, with a gentle smile, for she secretly attributed to love what the youth seemed to believe resulted from inaction.

Kaistowania shook his head and muttered 'I must go.'

'Whence did the Bluesnake come?' said Snowflake, as she gazed curiously and fondly on the stranger.

But her question seemed to have been unheard, for the young man looked upward and only muttered 'I am alone.'

'I must go—I am alone!' Enchanter! these words were spells to her woman's heart. 'Alone!' she said; 'Kaistowania alone! then who will fashion robes for him and gaze from his wigwam when he is on the hunting-path?'

'No one save Snowflake, if she will,' he replied, so softly and so modestly that the daughter of Athabasca smiled and laid her little soft hand in that of the unknown chief.

'Look,' he said, 'daughter of the Green Hill,' and he pointed to the *totem* which was punctured above his heart, 'deeper than this emblem of a sagamore is written on the bosom of Kaistowania does Snowflake live in his heart.'

Snowflake lifted the hem of his robe and kissed it; and the chief, taking a feather from his head, placed it among the tresses of Snowflake, while the maiden, cutting off a lock from her own head, hung it by a stripe of white thong to a pole in Blackrock's lodge, and, following the young man, mounted a steed, and, riding by his side, left, without one pang of regret, the home of her youth and womanhood. Kaistowania rode with the confidence of one who knew every stone and blade of grass that lay around him; he skirted the stream with the easy assurance of one to whom it was fully known, and, reaching the grave of Athabasca, lifted a handful of dry earth, and, scattering it on his own robes and those of the wondering Snowflake, he crossed the ford, wound through the rocky, cavernous pass, and dashed out upon the prairie.

Blackrock still sat upon the summit of the hill and gazed upon the plain, and now his keen eye fell upon Snowflake and Kaistowania. 'Who rides forth on the brown horse of Blackrock?' he cried, starting to his feet.

Kaistowania, as if in answer to the question of the chief, turned his horse, and, leisurely bending his bow, launched a dart towards the wigwams of the Nundowaga. The dart fell harmless far within the mark, but the action of the daring ingrate was observed, and anger and revenge flashed from the eyes of Blackrock. He rushed to his lodge; it was empty; he gathered his robes together, and carried them into the square around which the wigwams were placed; he armed himself with every weapon of offence known to an Indian, and, seizing the lock of Snowflake's hair, he tied it round his right arm, and, setting fire to his house, he strode into the centre of the square and raised the boding war-scream; and then the warriors rushed forth from their inactive lairs, and joined in the war-dance of Blackrock. He shook his tomahawk above his head, and he chanted his deeds of battle; his chest heaved, and his

eyes flashed, and wo to Kaistowania and Snowflake if Blackrock should come upon them in his anger.

A wild and general sentiment of revenge seemed to take possession of every one of the Nundowaga; steeds were caught, and quickly caparisoned; the yelp of the lank dog mingled with the neighing of impatient horses; the babbling of excited childhood lent its tones to the discord of deep-toned warrior's songs and the shrill cries of women; the poles of the wigwams were struck, and yoked to the spare horses that grazed around the now desolate-looking village; the council-fire was extinguished, the pipe of peace was buried, and, waving his beaver ensign aloft with a yell, Blackrock led forth a band of twenty fiery braves in pursuit, while all his nation, as if under a hidden impulse, followed less impetuously on his path. When the Nundowaga had reached the prairie, Kaistowania and Snowflake were full in view before them; their trail was broad, and their flight visible, and the impatient pursuers dashed on like the wind. Still the fugitives kept ever beyond bow-shot; and, to add to the fury and determination of Blackrock, the loud laugh of the Bluesnake was borne to his maddened ear by the rushing wind.

The sun set upon the pursuit, and the full moon rose, and still the Nundowaga had no thought of rest; the dark forms of the lovers flitted ever in their sight, and, like lurking spirits that scorned their speed and strength, they taunted them ever and anon with mocking laughter. At last they entered a broad forest path, where they could only ride three abreast; it was sufficient if it only admitted the passage of one; and on they rode, leaving the deep indentations of their horses' footprints in the path. The Nundowaga could not tell how long they had taken to pass through the deep umbrageous wood, whose thickly-twisted boughs and luxuriantly-clustered leaves formed an arcade impervious to the light; but when they emerged from the wood, the sun was sending its slanting beams from the east, and irradiating one of the most lovely scenes in nature. The whole band instinctively stood to gaze, and even the weary chargers seemed to receive fresh vigour from looking on the lovely, verdant, glowing landscape. Here rose bluffs and broken rocky heights, with trees and rampant shrubs stud-ding their shelving parts and fissures; there the crystal water of a hymning stream gurgled around glowing aquatic plants, and kissed them gently as it passed on in its rocky path in purity. Far before them lay the prairie, on which a thousand bison lay lazily asleep, and where thrice a thousand roamed and lowed. Clumps of trees, like orchards on a grain-covered champagna, or palm-sheltered oases in a sandy desert, dotted the bosom of the great plain; and deer and elk shook their antlered heads aloft, while buzzards and other wild birds flew screaming over their heads. The warriors felt the languor of voluptuous satiety creeping over their spirits as they looked, for the visual sense seemed oppressed with the very fullness of delight. They dismounted from their steeds, and seeking the shelter of a neighbouring tree-clad hill, they stretched themselves upon the grass, and, despite of their utmost efforts, all fell asleep save Blackrock.

The chief alone of all his dejected band was left with the power of thought or action; and the cares and fears of all the tribe appeared in a moment to centre in him; for his majestic head fell upon his hand, and his form assumed, in every portion of his attitude, the aspect of intense thought. Suddenly a voice, soft as the winds that sigh at evening over the Lake Canandaigua, fell upon his ear, and suddenly a soft and tremulous hand was laid upon the Indian's shoulder; and when the young chief sprang to his feet, and threw back his tomahawk to strike, a vision of the most exquisite beauty met his eyes. 'Fair spirit of the prairie,' said the youth, in his softest tones, suddenly casting down the weapon of death, and clasping his hands, as he gazed on the lovely being before him, 'thou art beautiful as the stars in Wahcondah's corona—thou art graceful as the steed with the black flowing main, on which Aricouski rides athwart the sky, when Manitto grows from the thunder-cloud—thou art pure as the waters of the spirit-land.' The apparition smiled, and gently taking the

chief's willing hand in her own beautiful little palm, she led him through a screen of copsewood, and then, winding upwards by a natural road, they reached the summit of a hill, where stood two beautifully-constructed lodges, and from which an extensive view of all the beautiful country around could be seen. After standing and gazing for some time in silence, the unknown directed the eyes of Blackrock to a particular spot on the river's bank.

'Does the fighting chief of the Nundowaga see yonder wigwams,' said the girl, 'and can he tell me who raised them?'

'Blackrock has not an eagle eye,' said the chief, modestly.

'The tears that Blackrock shed for the band that he lost on the prairie a moon ago have dimmed his eyes,' said the girl, slowly.

'Blackrock never weeps,' said the Sachem, somewhat proudly: 'he leaves the shedding of tears, like maize-culture, to the squaws.'

'Then the lost Nundowaga wait for their kindred yonder,' said the girl, with a sweet smile; 'and the warriors who sleep at the foot of this rock remain for the squaws and children, to escort them thither.'

Suddenly turning away, she conducted the astonished young chief to the door of one of the lodges, and, pointing towards three persons seated on the ground, Blackrock beheld Kenowee, the great medicine of his nation, and Kaistowania, with Snowflake. His dark eye dilated in an instant, he seized again a deadly weapon to strike, when suddenly his guide bound the lock of Snowflake's hair round both his arms, and he felt his wrath vanish.

'Kenowee is a great 'mystery,' and a 'great medicine,' said Blackrock, with humility and awe, as he bent to the aged chief. 'He went forth for many suns to pray to the Great Spirit to send buffalo to the Nundowaga, and he has granted Kenowee's prayer at last.'

'And my son Kaistowania, whom I have taught from boyhood to dwell with his sister on this mountain, when the Nundowaga thought him dead,' said Kenowee, 'he has brought the charm that was to bring his people to this happy prairie. Snowflake was the talisman, and her hair was the chain of love that was to keep the dauntless Blackrock ever on her trail.'

'How beautiful is this Prairiebird!' said Blackrock, without noticing the language of Kenowee—'is her hair a chain of love?'

Kenowee smiled, and cutting a tress from Prairiebird's jetty locks, he bound it round the arm of Blackrock.

'Kenowee's medicine is good,' said Snowflake, blushing, as she saw her people emerge from the forest, and pass on, under the direction of the now active escort, toward the site which the lost hunters had chosen for their village.

When the huts were erected and the hunt was over, feasting and dancing for a week were the only occupations of the Nundowaga; and when Prairiebird sung in the wigwam of Blackrock, and Snowflake in that of Kaistowania, and when these renowned chiefs led forth the friendly and emulous bands of the Bluesnake and Beaver, then was the happiness and glory—in short the golden age of the Senecas; and often did the sages of the tribe talk together of the wonderful medicine of Kenowee that had drawn the Nundowaga from the green mountain where they were hungry to the happy valley where game was abundant. He was wise, they said, and he was obedient to the great Wacondah, who in a dream had taught him the means by which he was to bring his people into the plenitude of the prairie.

Such is the legend of the first migration of the Senecas.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

ALEXANDER WILSON, the Scottish poet and American ornithologist, gives an interesting and particular description of this most extraordinary and famous of all the song-birds in America. No one was better qualified, both from observation and talent, to describe the powers of this celebrated

vocal champion of all the feathered tribes. We abridge the following sketch from the work of the great Scotch-American:—

The mocking-bird, which is not known in any of the three continents of the Old World, is found in America, from the New England states in the north to Brazil in the south. They are most numerous, however, in those states south of the Delaware, only emigrating to the north during the warm season, and returning to a more congenial climate in winter. A warm, low country, contiguous to the sea, seems to be best suited to their nature and habits; consequently the species is found to be more numerous in those countries which lie to the east of the Alleghany range, on the Atlantic, than in those states to the west. In their favourite regions, the berries of the red cedar, myrtle, holly, many species of the smilax, and gum-berries, gall-berries, and great varieties of others, furnish them with abundance of food; and even in the winter season, the winged insects, of which they are very fond, are always flying about, furnishing a ready feast. The period during which the mocking-bird builds its nest varies, according to climate, from the beginning of April to the middle of May. Their favourite spots to build are generally a solitary thorn, an impenetrable thicket, an orange-tree, a cedar-bush, or holly. They do not fear the dwellings of man, and they are not studious to conceal their nests, though they are ever ready to do battle in defence of their brood. They are found to build sometimes within a near proximity to human dwellings, in apple or pear trees, and seldom higher than six or seven feet from the ground. The materials of which their nests are composed depend upon what the locality supplies. Generally a quantity of dry twigs and sticks form the primary part; then withered tops of weeds intermixed with hay, straw, wool, and tow; and, lastly, it is lined with a thick layer of fine fibrous roots of a light brown colour. The female sits fourteen days, and generally produces two broods in one season, unless she is robbed of her eggs, when she will build her nest anew, and lay even for the third time. She is very jealous of her nest during incubation, and if much disturbed will forsake it. During the period of hatching and nursing, the mocking-bird exhibits great fierceness and daring; and no creature, however powerful, can approach the little centre of its instinctive hopes without being attacked. It is peculiarly jealous of the cat, and hunts it from the vicinity of its nest with the virulence of a hungry kite. The great enemy of the mocking-bird, however, is the black-snake, which so insidiously crawls upon its little home, and greedily devours its eggs and young. Whenever this sable foe is seen approaching the nest, the male mocking-bird plumes himself angrily, and darts like an arrow upon it, striking it vigorously with its wing and bill upon the head and neck, where it is very easily wounded, while it contrives to elude the fangs of the snake, and to confuse and terrify it. The reptile perceiving that it has come in contact with a formidable enemy, seeks to escape; but this feathered defender of his young is never inclined to let his foe away so quickly. Whenever he discovers signs of weakness in the snake, he redoubles his exertions, pecking and striking with all his force and fury, until his enemy, despite its fabled powers of fascination, dies beneath the wing of this intrepid creature. When he sees the spoiler of his nest can no longer injure his brood, the triumphant bird mounts to a branch, and pours forth rapturous gushing strains of the richest and most triumphal melody. This warbler of the American forest is nine and a half inches long, and thirteen inches across the wings, from tip to tip. The upper parts of the head, neck, and back are of an ash colour; the wings and tail are nearly black; the first and second rows of coverts tipped with white; the primary in some males are wholly white, in others brown. Its plumage generally is white, black, and brown in parts; its eye is of a yellowish cream colour; its bill black. The mocking-bird is not a gaily-feathered bird; he is the genius of the feathered tribe, not the fop. He is active, brave, and intelligent, and is possessed of most wonderful powers of imitation. He can modulate his voice to the

sweet, full song of the thrush, and he can scream with all the fierceness of the bald-eagle. He catches with great avidity the most complex of 'woodnotes wild'; and, while following the air of his original, he greatly adds to its melody and fullness with his clear, powerful voice. He is a complete musical ecstatic, and in his own native groves attracts the listener and gazer from all other sounds and aspects save his own. He sweeps about upon the wing with great rapidity, giving out his own vernacular as a prelude, and following it up with imitations of almost every songster in the woods. The sportsman is often deceived by the song of this wonderful bird, and will follow its call a great distance, in hopes to find his game, which are perhaps miles distant. He will also allure other birds by his admirable mimicry of their notes; and, when they approach him, will cause them to dive into the thicket with fear, as he raises the scream of the hawk. The domesticating of the mocking-bird does not materially alter his powers of song, and in this state he is very interesting. He will whistle, as man does, for the dog, and the sagacious canine friend of man is deceived by him, and answers to his call. He squeaks like a hurt chicken, and the irritated hen-mother's feathers ruffle up, and she runs about with drooping wings to find who is meddling with her brood. He will bark like a dog, mew like a cat; imitate the creaking of a wheelbarrow, the sharpening of a saw, and the songs of the canary, blue-bird, or nightingale, while they, shamed by a superior performer, become silent, and listen to their own lays improved upon. This enthusiastic songster spreads his wings and dances round his cage while he is performing: and so fond is he of variety, that, in rapid succession, the melody of the thrush will be followed by the crowing of the cock, and the song of the blue-bird alternated with the twitter and scream of the swallow; and so on, through twenty variations. It has been tried to pair these birds in the cage, and with management it has been found to be practicable.

THE RAILWAY EXPRESS.

(For the Instructor.)

Dashing o'er the iron'd earth,
Missives bear of grief and mirth,
Lover's vow and friend's epistle,
Champion'd by the engine's whistle!

Hasten! through the darkness tearing,
Still your treasured burden bearing,
Time and distance disregarded,
Saving when your flight's retarded:
On, through tunnels dark and weary;
On, o'er moors and marshes dreary;
O'er each swift and gushing stream—
Heralded by engine's scream!

On, past homes where death and sadness
Wage fierce strife with joy and gladness;
On by workhouse, hut, and jail—
Heed not laughter, scream, or wail;
On, by haunts of youth and pleasure;
On, with your expected treasure;
Suppliant's prayer and lover's dream
Mock'd and jeer'd by engine's scream!

Onward, while the sun's declining,
Onward, while the pale moon's shining,
On, from dawn till close of day,
On, while beams the vespere ray;
On, through storm, through mist, and rain,
Striving still the goal to gain;
On, though fierce the lightning's gloam,
Pioneer'd by engine's scream!

On, by mansions famed in story,
On, o'er fields of dear-bought glory,
On, by mould'ring, ivied towers,
On, by caves and birchen bowers,
On, o'er flat and sterile plains,
On, past ruin'd monkish fanes;
Statesman's home and poet's stream
Echoing with the engine's scream!

Swift as arrow from the bow
 Tidings bear of weal and wo,
 Fond remembrances of friends
 Whom the pain of absence rends,
 News of death, or ruin hurl'd—
 Tidings of the busy world;
 Horror's dark thoughts and hope's blest beam—
 All heralded by engine's scream!

With the tidings which thou bearest,
 As along the earth thou tearest,
 Many a heart will soon be gladden'd,
 Eyes be moisten'd, brain be madden'd;
 Or, should aught thy course arrest,
 How suspense will rack each breast,
 And, unheard-of dangers, deem
 Has deterr'd thy warning scream.

Hast'ning on thy fated way,
 Curbing all things 'neath thy sway,
 Champion of the power of steam,
 Hasten with thy warning scream!

J. W. E.

YULE AND HOGMANAY.

CHRISTMAS and NEW-YEAR'S DAY, those finger-posts on the path of man to eternity, have again been passed by us and all that live, and have witnessed, so far, the ancient social rites. The celebration of the particular morn of our Saviour's nativity was, of course, a custom that took its origin after the introduction of Christianity; but the northern nations of Europe had always held their great annual festivals nearly at the same period, long ere they deserted the fierce and warlike idolatry of Odin. The cause is very obvious. Our barbarous ancestors of the north were compelled to rest at that season from their predatory excursions by sea and land, on account both of the severity of the winter and the shortness of the days in the climes which they inhabited. Accordingly, when the time of exertion was ended, and they could rightly do nothing else, the Vikings and Sea-kings—the Erics, and Hakons, and Harolds—gathered their friends and followers around them, and feasted in high state during the 'Three Days of Yule.' The true season, originally, of this Yule-festival is pointed out and explained in the 'Heimskringla,' or chronicle of the kings of the Norsemen, placed lately before the British public by the learned industry of Mr Laing. King Hakon, *the Good*, as he was called, though a desperate fighter in his day and way, 'was a Christian, when he came (from England where he was brought up) to Norway; but, as the whole country was heathen, he resolved to practise his Christianity in private. He made a law, however, that the festival of Yule should begin at the same time as Christian people held it, and that every man, under penalty, should brew a meal of malt into ale, and therewith keep the Yule holy as long as it lasted. Before him, the beginning of Yule, or the slaughter-night (alluding to the slaughter of cattle for the banqueting), was the night of mid-winter, and Yule was kept for three nights thereafter.' Such is the account of this great festival of our Norse progenitors, which we find in the singular chronicles of Snorro Sturleson of Iceland, the compiler, five centuries since, of the annals of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, in the times of old.

King Hakon the Good arranged, then, that the old Yule feast, formerly held or begun on the 22d (the shortest day) of December, should take place at Christmas, on the 25th day. It is interesting to picture forth in imagination one of those kingly halls of the north, rude in structure but impressive from massiveness, filled to the doors with wild Kempions, Berserkars, or Sea-kings, and resounding to the shouts of themselves and their followers, as the Scalds, or minstrels, recounted the past deeds of the chiefs, or incited them to new acts of savage heroism. One can almost call up in fancy the countenances of these fierce and 'fair-haired' rovers of the ocean, as they drained their cups of mead or ale, with the fire of warlike excitement in their eyes, and their spirits roused al-

most to madness by the awakened recollection of dangers dared and triumphs won. Strange it is, that to that love of enterprise which made these piratical Norsemen the terror of all the shores of Europe in their day, the existing people of England (or rather of Britain) should owe that courageous and indomitable spirit of adventure, which, directed to nobler objects, has raised them to the first place among the nations of the world. And yet such is indubitably the case. The Celts, of whose blood were sprung the aboriginal Britons, have never displayed the same adventurous propensities; and it is to the large infusion of Norse blood among us, by repeated descents and settlements on our island coasts, that we are indebted, most certainly, for many of our noblest and most useful national peculiarities. Look even at the French of this day, the greatest race of Celts yet in existence. Their colonising enterprises have all been, as it were, forced and unnatural; and in respect to results, how miserably have they always fallen short of the glorious issue of the Anglo-Saxon peregrinations, by which, in one instance alone, half of the New World has been subjugated and peopled, and a new era begun, in the annals of the human race!

But we are wandering from the immediate subject of Yule or Christmas. It may well be supposed that the Norsemen, who honoured their *scalds* as much as the Celts did their *bards*, must have taxed the talents of these minstrels peculiarly during the long darkness of the days and nights of mid-winter. It may also be reasonably imagined, that games and plays of various descriptions were resorted to as a source of amusement at such times. In rude songs and duets, or dialogues, would be pictured the doings of the past; and the yellow-tressed kempions might then witness all their battles 'fought o'er again' before their eyes. Nor does this rest merely on conjecture. The Icelandic chronicles preserve many such songs as actually sung to and of the Norse chiefs. Though time has introduced many material alterations, we yet find in certain popular customs and entertainments of Scotland, at Yule and New Year's Day, undoubted marks of a primitive Norse origin. When the kings and nobles, for example, were assembled in high festival at Yule, it is natural to imagine that the poor around, suffering under the severities and privations of the winter-season, would appeal for aid to the congregated great men, and receive from these, not gold or silver, but a share of provisions from the banqueting-stores. We are repeatedly told, indeed, of such-like distributions of food. To this day, the same custom is maintained in many parts of Scotland. The boys and girls of the poorer classes go from door to door, asking and receiving donations of meal or baked oatmeal cakes, and sometimes of thin wheat-cakes made with butter, and called 'short-bread cakes.' The cry of *Hogmanay*, uttered on the last day of the year by the petitioners, is held by all philologists to be pure Saxon, or Teutonic, though no one has yet explained its meaning satisfactorily, from Dr Jamieson downwards. Be this as it may, it forms the cry universally used on the occasion of the eleemosynary demands made at the doors of country residents at the opening of the new year. The last day of the old year, however, is specially called 'Hogmanay-day.'

Beyond dispute, the introduction of Christianity greatly varied the rites and festivities practised at the season under notice. But we have shown by the Icelandic chronicles (and these, though *compiled* five hundred years ago only, were partly *written* long before) that the heathen Norsemen held high festival for several days at Yule, before they were converted. The new faith only produced changes in long pre-existent customs. These changes, as has been just said, were unquestionably great ones, or became so in the course of time. The Yule petitioners legged ultimately, in the name of Him who was born on that day, which the Christianised Hakon fixed for the opening of the Yule feast, in place of the old mid-winter day; and the rude songs and dialogues which pleased the ears of the Berserkars gave place to a strange species of mummeries, which were long sanctioned by

the Church of Rome. Christmas, New-Year's day, and other holidays, had their serious religious services, no doubt; but the original bent to festivity at these periods of all the nations of Norse descent, was not to be controlled because the Pope and the priesthood might be

'Saying the high, high mass,
All on the Christmas day.'

On the contrary, the clergy rather encouraged this leaning of the secular mind, and it was under their direct countenance that the pieces of mummery termed 'Mysteries' were at first introduced. These mysteries were the earliest specimens of the drama known to the European nations of northern origin. The subjects were at first uniformly *religious*—a dangerous feature in them, and one of which the Romish Church felt the evil when it was too late. As is well said by the 'marvellous boy' of Bristol, the 'sleepless soul who perished in his pride,' Thomas Chatterton—

'Plays made from holy tales I hold unmeet;
Let some great story of a man be sung;
When, as a man, we God and Jesus treat,
In my poor mind we do the Godhead wrong.'

This truth was discovered too late by the Catholic priesthood. There can be no doubt but that these sacred dramas, or mysteries, were originally projected as the mean of turning seasons of festivity to useful account, in furthering the actual religious instruction of the people. Their object was to present the leading incidents of the scriptural annals to the multitude in an intelligible shape. And what shape did necessity require that to be? Not one man in five hundred could read or write in those early days, the gifts in question being so valuable as even to save criminals from the gallows—for such was the meaning of 'receiving benefit of clergy,' or *clerkship*. We may even hold, that while the English language was yet rude and unformed—before the waters of its 'well undefiled' had settled down into purity—vast numbers of the people of that country, at least, could receive little benefit even from *spoken* instruction, uttered from pulpits or other such places. To address the eye, then, was the sole effectual mode left of conveying lessons of any kind. Such is the excuse which may be made for the clerical inventors and encouragers of the mysteries of old. By degrees, however, these mysteries lost all vestiges of their original character, degenerating from sacred dramas into low farces, and, what was still worse, bringing into contempt both the themes of religion and its professors. For a long period the clergy did not see the impending danger. They connived, to say the least of it, at games and gambols, sometimes puerile merely, and sometimes grossly profane, in which, strange to say, the rites, and ceremonies, and servants of the church became, ere long, the habitual topics for burlesque and ridicule. The satirical poems of Sir David Lindsay give a good idea of some of the forms of profane mummery alluded to. His *Pardoner*, or pilgrim, who sold pretended relics of sanctity, was a common character of those times. Sir Walter Scott says well in the 'Abbot,' where the subject is fully noticed, that the hierarchy, in their day of power, seem to have smiled at these escapades of the laity, as they would have done at 'the frolics of a plough-horse,' which does not submit to its duties with any greater reluctance because allowed to fling up its heels at its master on some rare day of grazing and grace. When they found out their error, they tried to check such practices in vain. The populace would not then give up their mummings; and the *Abbot of Unreason*, the *Boy-Bishop*, and the *Pope of Fools*, continued to afford sport to the commonalty in spite of all the exertions of the clergy. To this pass came those mysteries or sacred dramas, begun, we doubt not, with a perfectly good intention.

At the Reformation, much, if not all, of the profanity of the Christmas and New Year's day mummings was cleared away; but it was found difficult to obliterate the liking for amusements of the kind in the minds of the people, generated as it was by the traditionary habits of their Norse ancestors, and handed down to them through

generation after generation subsequently. The true Norse term for the sporters and maskers, in the holiday games at the close and beginning of the year, was that of 'fools.' In Scotland, the connection with France was so constant and strong in early days that the term fools gave place in time to that of 'guisards,' or persons *disguised* by masks and other coverings. Here we have a new element introduced into the matter. Heathenism and Christianity have already been found mixed up with it, and now we must acknowledge the influence of Gallicism in modifying the venerable festivities of the Yule days. The French name universally adopted for the Saxon fools would alone establish this fact. Can we then wonder, after all, that the relics of these sports of the new-year season, as they have come down to us, are in many respects almost unfathomably mysterious? That they should be so mingled and commingled as they are with traces of many lands and many ages, is only, in our opinion, what was to be expected.

Is our reader, lady or gentleman, of town or country origin and bringing up? If the season of youth has been spent in the Lowlands, at least, of Scotland, then will the guisard plays be things familiar to the memory in one shape or another, for they always vary a good deal in different localities. We well recollect having played the guisard (qu. fool?) often in person, when our preparations were usually begun some time before Christmas. Wooden swords, and paper hats of formidable cock, were made by some of us; while others of the proposed troop contrived to get hold of blades of genuine metal, though rusty, for the most part, as the sword of Hudibras, which

'Ate into itself for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.'

The youngster who could moreover procure an old helmet, and an equally old red militia-coat, was indeed a fortunate and envied personage. In the absence of the last article, we were constrained to make a novel species of uniform by turning some ancient paternal coat inside out, when we could boast of a dark body and white sleeves. The picturesque effect here was greatly augmented by the length of the tails, which usually swept the ground. The soot of the kitchen-chimney, or a burned cork, furnished moustaches as terrific as could be desired. A troop of this sort being mustered on a Yule or Hogmanay night, the proper places of display formed the next point for consideration; and no small knowledge of human nature was evinced by us 'little men,' as Goldsmith called boys, in judging between house and house. We could tell almost with certainty where we would be allowed to enter and perform; where we would be excluded, but with a compensation in two or three coppers; and where we would be turned away without hearing or donation of any kind. When admitted into the kitchens of houses of the first sort, all the juveniles and servants being congregated as an audience, our leader stepped forth and prologued. Well do we remember the opening of the most popular of all the old guisard dramas! It ran as follows:

'Hand away rocks, hand away reels,
Hand away stocks and spinning-wheels,
Here comes in a parcel of fools, was never here before.'

The word 'fools' is here to be taken in the old sense—indeed, much in the way that Shakspeare uses it, to indicate a professional jester, and by no means a 'perfect born idiot,' as the Scots say. The actors then call on all around, as they did in bidding them 'haud' (hold) away all household implements, to 'redd (clear) room for Gorian, and give him room to *ring*.' This Gorian, sometimes called Gordon, is a mystically named personage, of whom one can strike out no historical traces. He calls upon—whom, of all persons in the world, alive or dead?—

'Alexander, the Great,
King of Macedon,
Who conquered all the world
But Scotland alone;
But when he came to Scotland
His courage it grew cold,
To see a little nation
So stout and so bold.'

That he preferred marching to the Indus, we suppose, according to the authentic historical account! However, he now appears at call in the drama under the title of the Black Knight, and another personage is summoned to fight with him. This last individual, again, gives himself the very odd name of Galatius or Galatian:

'Here comes in Galatius,
Galatius is my name.'

Is it too wild a fancy to suppose, that we have here a vestige of the ancient Scottish hero, Galgacus, so renowned in the annals of Tacitus for his brave opposition to the invading Romans at the battle of the Grampians? Be this as it may, the worthy gentleman fights with Alexander, *alias* the Black Knight—what a mixty-maxy of designations!—and, so fighting, falls. Whereupon the victor makes a most extraordinary discovery:—

'Oh! oh! what is this?
What is this I've done?
I've killed my brother Jack,
My father's only son!'

From the last line, we should infer that Alexander of Macedon, the Black Knight, was an Irishman in addition to his other singularities of character and descent. Jack or Galatius, however, the brother of 'Philip's godlike son,' is not 'kilt' outright, but only in an Irish way. The cry of 'ten pounds for a doctor!' brings in a respectable gentleman of that profession, who boasts of powers that would astonish even these modern days of ether and chloroform. He can cure, he says, the 'rumble-gumption,' and the 'grand-gore,' and even raise to life a man that 'has lain dead in his grave seven years and more.' And truly his operations in the drama are wonderfully effective. All that he does is to touch the victim of the Black Knight of Macedon, and say, 'Start up, Jack!' Whereupon Mr John Galatius or Galatian starts to his feet, exclaiming, in good rhyme, 'Oh! my back!' As far as we remember, there follows usually some more fighting, and then a most heterogeneous display of dancing. The close is very mysterious. A personage named Judas appears with a bag, the destined receptacle of any donations with which the performing party may be rewarded. This petitioning member of the corps speaks some lines, but they leave us in doubt whether he is meant to represent Judas the Betrayer, or Judas the Maccabee. Nor can the name be well explained upon either of the suppositions.

Such is the cast of one of the most popular of all the guisard plays of Scotland, enacted at the holidays of Christmas, Hogmanay, and New Year's Day, or the 25th and 31st of December and the 1st of January. Christmas is least of all a festival day in Scotland among the commonalty, though in England it is the holiday of the season *par excellence*. In the north of Britain, it should moreover be mentioned, we have yet another day of festivity of no mean note, and that is the first Monday of the new year, or *Handsel Monday*. The word is understood to be compounded of hand and sell or sale; meaning a sale from hand to hand, or, in other words, a free gift. Such, at least, is the meaning it now bears. Even in the capital of Scotland, to this day, letter-carriers, news-boys, street-cleaners, and many others, count upon an optional handsel from the public whom they serve. We know not how these things are now managed in England, though the call of the bellman with his verses was similarly customary in London within these few years.

The guisard performances are not extinct, but they have fallen so far into decay, comparatively, that we look upon them with a sort of fond regret, murmuring, '*Pars magna fuit*,' or, 'In them we acted great parts.' Incomprehensible as the pieces mainly were, they were interesting from their undeniable marks of antiquity. One word quoted by us in an extract carries us back to the time of the early Jameses of Scotland. Perhaps a leading cause of the disuse of the old guisard pieces has been the spread of education among even the very young, leading them to lift their aspiring eyes from 'Hand away rocks,' to Home's 'Douglas,' and even to Shakespeare. It has become common to see two youths, in discharged,

soldier-looking coats, go through the famous dispute betwixt Norval and Glenalvon, and rant, and rave, and clash their rusty toledos, with all the pith and noise of practised barn-floor strollers. The incongruity, in respect of dress, &c., is incomparably greater here than in the case of the real guisard pieces; and when a youngster in dingy scarlet, with his coat-tails touching the floor, and a cavalry helmet on his head, announces to you, with a noble contempt of punctuation worthy of Bottom the weaver, 'My name is Norval on the Grampian hills,' you feel more than half inclined to regret the old dramas.

We must here close our cursory observations, however, on the mutations in the sports of Christmas, New Year's day, and Handsel Monday. Let us hope that, though many such relics of other times, and of our ancestors, may have passed away, the kindly social feelings which were developed in them for the most part originally, will not readily be extinguished among us. So long as we have so many amongst us suffering from the inclemency and privation peculiar to such a season, let Hogmanays and handsels cease not to have an existence practically, however the shape may be modified to suit altered circumstances.

THE OLD NEWSPAPER.

BY RICHARD OLDMAKENEV.

WHEN I look at the load of old newspapers now before me, I feel inclined to say, what must be the mental toil of those by whom such 'flying stationers' are conducted! In an old newspaper there is a paragraph near akin to this remark, which may be quoted with aptitude:

'Few writers have yet noticed the hard and hopeless labour of those belonging to the class of whom it has well been said that they 'do not live to write, *but write to live*,' who spend years of their life in affording instruction and entertainment to the public, and yet never have the satisfaction of receiving the acknowledgment of praise from those for whom they write. Think of newspaper editors, for instance; their toil is incessant. Who ever thinks of the *men* while the *writings* are read, or cares to know *who* has put together all that, day after day, affords such materials of thought and discussion? The newspaper reader takes his opinion from his journal—never thinks he on the care, the labour, the research, it has cost many minds to produce that ample sheet. Sometimes it does become known that such or such a person is the editor of such or such a paper. Thus the name of Ponblanque is identified with the *Examiner*, and that of Jerden with the *Literary Gazette*, as that of Thomas Barnes was with the *Times*. But only a portion of the readers of those journals know this, and even they seldom bestow a thought upon the trouble it must have cost these, or other editors, to produce a single number.'

Captain Marryat, writing on the manner in which newspapers and magazines are got up, thus alludes to their editors:—'What a life of toil, what an unnatural life must theirs be, who thus cater through the hours of darkness for the information and amusement of those who have slept through the night, and rise to be instructed by the labour of their vigils! The editors of these must have a most onerous task. It is not the writing of the leading article itself, but the obligation to write that article every day, whether inclined or not, in health or in sickness, in affliction, distress of mind, winter and summer, year after year, tied down to one task, remaining in one spot. It is something like walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours. I have a fellow-feeling for them, for I know how a monthly periodical will wear down one's existence. In itself, it appears nothing—the labour is not manifest; nor is it the labour—it is the continued attention which it requires. Your life, as it were, becomes the magazine; one month is no sooner corrected and printed than on comes another. It is the stone of Sisyphus—an endless repetition of toil—a constant weight upon the mind—a continual wearying of the intellect and spirits, demanding all the exertion of your faculties, while, at

the same time, you are compelled to do the severest drudgery.'

The force of these remarks I readily admit, and feel, even while I thus write, that there is much truth in them. The public, however, seldom think, as has been stated, of the toil of the magazine; all they wish is to have their minds informed, their taste gratified, and their humour amused. But all have not the same taste, nor the same humour; one prefers solids to slops, another prefers fish to flesh, and a third prefers roast to boiled. Well, the magazine must just try to do with them as Paddy did with the herring, roast the one half and boil the other. So must I with my selections for the *INSTRUCTOR*; and without more ado I shall commence with Biography. As all the men, however, whose names are now to come under review, were famous for the possession and manifestation of *genius*, under different modifications, it may be as well, before going farther, to describe, from an old newspaper,

WHAT A MAN OF GENIUS IS.

'Extreme sensibility, combined with intellectual superiority, form the soul of a man of genius; his spirit aspires to things above the common herd, his imagination soars far beyond the petty concerns that engross and occupy the mass of mankind, he views all things through a different medium, to him the whole creation teems with beauty and sublimity. When he turns his eyes to heaven, and gazes on the retinue of worlds that roll around him, his mind expands in contemplating the immensity of the universe, until he almost forgets that he is a child of earth. The majestic ocean, bearing on its billows the ships of all nations, animates his spirit by its grandeur; the earth, clothed with verdure—the breathing calm of a rural scene, arrayed in the glories of a summer's evening—'the forest shade—the green bough—the bird's voice'—the freshness of spring—the fervour and glory of summer—the richness of autumn with its golden fields—and even barren winter, the grave of the year—all awaken emotions of delight in his mind. There is a harmony in nature not heard by common ears—a vastness and grandeur not comprehended by common minds; there is a perfect order in the scale of creation, from an atom to a world; from the meanest insect to the highest created intelligence the chain is complete. These things afford nourishment to the gifted mind, and exalt it, and make it feel more lonely; the contemplation of nature refines and purifies the heart, but renders it painfully susceptible to the desolation that surrounds it. It wants a kindred spirit to share its meditations, and follow it in all its wayward wanderings to complete its happiness.'

The above language may describe some men of genius, but not all of them. Genius is very various in its movements, and very different are the paths in which it delights to travel. Be the direction, however, what it may, in which genius is exhibited, the manifestation is always easily perceptible to kindred spirits. Is it but a momentary mental flash of illumination, or even a spark of fire? it soon catches, on some combustible of its own nature, and raises up a blaze full of delightful influence. Who but a man of genius—of superior faculties—could have called the last day of the year, its *grave*! Genius is not idle: true, it will not submit to drudgery; it cannot be chained down from day to day to stand behind a counter, or always drive the same coach. No; it would rather forget daily bread, and be free as the birds of heaven to take a morsel where it may happen to be found. Others may live upon genius—many have; but genius, without thinking upon any sordid or selfish motive, lives upon itself; and it is well that it is so; for genius is oftentimes ill rewarded. How sad, for example, is it to think of Henry Carey, the author of the national anthem, 'God save the king!' who was also the author of the ballad, 'Sally in our alley'; and author both of the words and music of the former. His history deserves to be known. D'Israeli relates it thus:—'At the time, the poet could neither walk the street nor be seated at the convivial board without listening to his own songs and his own music—for in truth

the whole nation was echoing his verse, and crowded theatres were clapping his wit and humour—(while *the very man himself*, urged by his strong humanity, had founded a fund for decayed musicians)—at this moment was poor Carey himself broken-hearted, and his common comforts so utterly neglected, that, in despair'—sad blank!—the fate of Tannahill, and others.

Numerous are the witnesses that might be called in to attest the ill-rewarded merits of genius; but not wishing to be added to their number, I must now proceed in the personally prescribed employment of biographical selections, while the intended history of each of them fires my puny soul to bear such an image bright, were it within the range of a mind so dull as mine. My reward, however, is ample, in being permitted to look at the smallest picture of men of genius—even a *wood-cut* of them. This soothes my mind in solitude, and affords me an introduction to marvellous society.

MOZART.

The following is an extract from one of his letters: 'You say you should like to know my way of composing, and what method I follow in writing works of some extent. I can really say no more upon this subject than the following; for I myself know no more about it, and cannot account for it. When I am, as it were, completely myself, entirely alone, and of good cheer—say travelling in a carriage, or walking after a good meal, or during the night when I cannot sleep—it is on such occasions that my ideas flow best, and most abundantly. *Whence and how they come I know not, nor can I force them.* Those ideas that please me, I retain in my memory, and am accustomed, as I have been told, to hum them to myself. If I continue in this way, it soon occurs to me how I may turn this or that morsel to account, so as to make a good dish of it—that is to say, agreeably to the rules of *counterpoint*—to the peculiarities of the various instruments, &c. All this fires my soul; and, provided I am not disturbed, my subject enlarges itself, becomes methodised and defined, and the whole, though it be long, stands almost finished and complete in my mind, so that I can survey it like a fine picture, or a beautiful statue at a glance. Nor do I hear in my imagination the parts successively, but I hear them, as it were, all at once. What a delight this is I cannot tell! All this inventing, this producing, takes place, as it were, in a pleasing lively dream. Still the actual hearing of the *tout ensemble* is, after all, the best. What has been thus produced I do not easily forget; this is, perhaps, the best gift I have my Divine Maker to thank for. When I proceed to write down my ideas, I take out of the bag of memory, if I may use that phrase, what has previously been collected into it, in the way I have mentioned. For this reason, the committing to paper is done quickly enough, for everything is, as I said before, already finished; and it rarely differs on paper from what it was in my imagination. At this occupation I can therefore suffer myself to be disturbed; for whatever may be going on around me, still I write, and even talk; but only of fowls and geese, or of *Gretel* and *Barbel*, or some such matters. But why productions take from my hand that particular form and style which make them Mozartish, and different from the works of other composers, is probably owing to the same cause which renders my nose so—so large, so aquiline, or, in short, makes it Mozart's, and different from those of other people. For really I do not study or aim at any originality. I should, in fact, not be able to describe in what mine consists, though I think it quite natural that persons who have really an individual appearance of their own, are also differently organised from others, both externally and internally. At least, I know that I have constituted myself neither one way nor the other.'

'This piece,' said a German Emperor to Mozart, 'is too fine for us.' Mozart replied, 'Sire, it is just as it ought to be.'

HANDEL.

The overtures of Handel, excellent as most of them are, were composed as fast as he could write; and the

most elaborate of them seldom cost him more than a morning's labour. Although there seems to be no necessary connexion between those faculties which constitute a composer of music and the powers of instrumental performance, yet in the person of Handel all the perfections of the musical art seemed to concentrate. He had a favourite Rucker harpsichord, every key of which, by incessant practice, was hollowed like the bowl of a spoon. Dr Morell, on one occasion, took the liberty of suggesting to Handel that the music he had written to some lines of his was really contrary to the sense of the passage. Handel, instead of taking this friendly hint from one who was, at least, a better judge of English poetry than he, considered the advice as the greatest indignity and affront that could be offered to his talents. With all the violence of insulted pride he exclaimed, 'Vat! you teach me music! The music ish good music! It ish your vords, sir, ish bad! Here,' he continued, 'here ish my music (thrumming vehemently upon the harpsichord), go you and make vords to my music.'

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

This poet and famed writer of novels appears to have made a very prudent resolve on commencing the business of an author. 'I determined,' said he, 'that, without shutting my ears to the voice of true criticism, I would pay no regard to that which assumes the form of satire. I therefore resolved to arm myself with the triple brass of Horace, against all the roving warfare of satire, parody, and sarcasm; to laugh, if the jest was a good one; or, otherwise, to let it hum and buzz itself to sleep. It is to the observance of these regulations (according to my belief) that, after a life of thirty years, engaged in literary labours of various kinds, I attribute my never having been entangled with any literary quarrel or controversy; and, which is a more pleasing result, that I have been distinguished by the personal friendship of my most approved cotemporaries of all parties.'

In an old newspaper of some years of age, but which is dateless, I find a curious statement regarding Sir Walter, which represents him as having been not beyond the boundary of a blameless life, even in the matter of truth itself. I give the story, as it now lies before me in a printed form. A new edition of Sir Walter's works having been printed in Paris, did much credit to Mr Gasselin, the editor. In this edition there is a fac-simile of the following letter:—'To M. Defauconpret, London. Sir,—I am favoured with your letter, which proceeds on the erroneous supposition that I am the author of *Waverley* and the other novels and tales which you have translated into French. But as this proceeds on a mistake, though a very general one, I have no title whatsoever either to become a party to any arrangement in which that author or his works may be concerned, or to accept the very handsome compliment which you designed for him.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, WALTER SCOTT.'

Sir Walter could give a good advice. Writing to a friend who had obtained a situation, he gave him excellent counsel as follows:—'You must beware of stumbling over a propensity which easily besets you, from not having your time fully employed. I mean what the women call *dawdling*. Your motto must be *Illoc age*. Do instantly whatever is to be done, and take the hours of recreation after business, and never before it. When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion, because the front do not move steadily, and without interruption. It is the same with business. If that which is first in hand is not instantly, steadily, and regularly despatched, other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion. Pray, mind that this—this habit of mind—is very apt to beset men of intellect and talent, especially when their time is not regularly filled up, and is left at their own arrangement. But it is like the ivy round the oak, and ends by limiting, if it does not destroy, the power of manly and necessary exertion. I must love a man so well, to whom I offer such a word of advice, that I will

not apologise for it; but expect to hear that you are become as regular as a Dutch clock—hours, quarters, minutes, all marked and appropriated. This is a great fiddle in life, and must be played by all skill and caution.'

MONTGOMERY.

Beautiful is the description of this poet, and his poetry as portrayed by Professor Wilson. The extract is from an old newspaper: 'All his shorter poems are stamped with the character of the man. Most of them are the breathings of his own devout spirit, either delighted or awed by a sense of the divine goodness and mercy towards itself, or tremblingly alive—not in sensibility to human virtues and joys, crimes and sorrows, for that often belongs to the diseased and depraved—but in solemn, moral, and religious thought, to all of good or evil befalling his brethren of mankind. 'A sparrow cannot fall to the ground,' a flower of the field cannot wither immediately before his eyes, without awakening in his heart such thoughts as we may believe God intended should be awakened even by such sights as these; for the fall of a sparrow is a scriptural illustration of his providence, and his hand framed the lily, whose array is more royal than was that of Solomon in all his glory. Herein he resembles Wordsworth—less profound certainly—less lofty; for in its highest moods the genius of Wordsworth walks by *itself*—unapproachable on the earth it beautifies. But Montgomery's poetical piety is far more prevalent over his whole character; it belongs more essentially and permanently to the man. Perhaps, although we shall not say so, it may be more simple, natural, and true. More accordant it certainly is with the sympathies of ordinary minds. The piety of his poetry is far more Christian than that of Wordsworth's. It is in all his feelings, all his thoughts, all his imagery; and at the close of most of his beautiful compositions, which are often avowals, confessions, prayer, thanksgivings, we feel, not the moral, but the religion of his song. He 'improves' all the 'occasions' of this life, because he has an 'eye that broods on its own heart,' and that heart is impressed by all the lights and shadows, like a river or lake whose waters are pure—in their sources and in their course. He is manifestly a man of the kindest home affections; and these, though it is hoped the commonest of all, preserved to him in unabated freshness by innocence and piety, often give vent to themselves in little hymns and ode-like strains, of which the rich and even novel imagery shows how close is the connection between a pure heart and a fine fancy; and that the flowers of poetry may be brought from afar, nor yet be felt to be exotics—to intertwine with the very simplest domestic feelings and thoughts—so simple, so perfectly human, that there is a touch of surprise on seeing them capable of such adornment, and more than a touch of pleasure, on feeling how much that adornment becomes them—brightening without changing, and adding admiration to delight, wonder to love.'

SCOTTISH CENTRAL RAILWAY.

VIADUCT AT AUCHTERARDER.

THE railroads which are now intersecting the kingdom from Carlisle to Aberdeen, from the Atlantic Ocean to the German Sea, are destined, it may be hoped, to confer many solid advantages on the people of Scotland. Perhaps, among these, the facilities likely to be afforded to the industrious classes of enjoying needful recreation, or plying their respective callings in the localities best suited to the successful prosecution of them, are not the least important. Hitherto the means of comfortable travelling have been almost exclusively confined to the few, whilst the many—the people, properly so called, no matter in what age, in what country, or under what form of government—have generally lived and died where they were born, without being able to look abroad on the fair face of creation, and experience from their own sensations that God had made all things 'music to the ear and beauty to the eye.' Macadamised roads and canals, though vast improvements on other systems, were still too expensive and

slovenly for the sons of manual toil, whose purses are lighter and their time more precious than those of any other class; and the railway alone seems capable of establishing, among all ranks, something like equality in the important matter of travelling. It seems reasonable to expect that the social virtues will be greatly strengthened by affording cheap, expeditious, and agreeable means of transit to the working classes; for, by enabling them to exchange visits with distant acquaintances, relatives, and friends, to see a beautiful loch, a remarkable mountain, a variegated landscape, or a strange city, their attention will be withdrawn from the grosser indulgences which now debase and destroy so many of them; and the steam-engine, hitherto so potent an agent in civilisation, will thus lend its giant energies to the promotion of temperance, the reciprocation of humanising feelings, and the general elevation of the character and circumstances of the people. This is as it should be; for in vain does science control the elements, measure the heavens, and triumph over every difficulty in air, earth, and sea, if the masses do not share in the benefits which her achievements confer. What matters it though she annihilate time and space, and fly from region to region with the wing of the lightning, if the sufferings of mankind are not thereby lessened, and their comforts increased? Success to the rail! We look forward to it as the workman's carriage-drive, whereby he may enjoy in a reasonable degree the ennobling pleasures and reflections of the tourist.

With the exception of the great tunnel through Monhill, and a less one near Dunblane, the most important works on the Scottish Central Railway, whether of the excavating or building kind, lie in the immediate vicinity of Auchterarder. A short notice of these latter works may prove interesting; and, as Auchterarder occupies the central point in the sketch, a few words respecting a town so famous in days of yore for stone bridges, and in more modern times for kirk cases, will not be out of place.

The town seems to have existed so early as the eleventh century; for local traditions assert that the spacious common, which it still manages to keep, was bestowed on its inhabitants by Malcom III., and the ruins of a hunting-seat built by that monarch, almost contiguous to the town, would seem to say that Auchterarder, as well as Dunfermline, was at times illumined by the brilliant court which circled around the illustrious Canmore. The town is now comparatively wealthy, populous, and thriving; but, not long ago (relatively to its own age), it was destitute both of means and money, so much so as to attract the notice of the legislature; for we have seen a copy of an act of parliament still extant on the statute-book, and dated, if we recollect rightly, 1572, the preamble of which asserts that 'Ochterairder was very puir, and meikle infested with gipsies and sorners;' and the enactive part ordains that an annual fair for the encouragement of trade be held there, in all time coming, on the 25th day of November. This fair is still held in terms of the statute, only, in accordance with the change of style, it is now held on the 6th of December. It is reckoned the greatest business day in the year, and has, no doubt, contributed to the improvement of the place. Like most Scottish towns, Auchterarder has suffered from war; it was burned out and out, with the exception of one house, by Mar's army in January, 1716. The town has long had a name in the general market for different kinds of manufactures, but these we do not specify, as they have lately become too extensive and important to be discussed in a cursory remark.

The stretch of railway to which the name of Scottish Central is applied, stretches from Perth to Stirling, a distance of 36 miles, measured on the turnpike road. It is not, generally speaking, remarkable for the magnitude of its works; it has no tunnel to equal the one at the townhead of Glasgow, or any viaduct to match that of Almond Valley or Ballochmyle, which may be owing to its cutting the straths of Earn and Allan longitudinally, preserving in the main a sort of parallelism to the Ochils on one side and the Grampians on the other, and thus

escaping the more formidable engineering difficulties peculiar to cross-strath lines. The line is curvilinear throughout, and is made up of two inclined planes joined by the heads at Gleneagles, 16 miles from Perth and 20 from Stirling. From this point the planes descend to both these towns. The gradients are said to be 1 in 100, which, if correct, makes the junction of the planes 1056 feet, and 844·8 feet higher than their respective termini at Stirling and Perth. That this is the highest point in the great plain traversed by the railway is clear from the course of the rivers, for, not far from it, the Ruthven is seen setting off in a northerly direction to join the Earn, and the Allan taking a southerly course to bury its waters in the Forth. At the meeting of the inclined planes, the turnpike road from Crieff to Dunfermline is slightly diverted from its former track, and carried over the railway on three handsome and substantial arches.

The mountain pass, called the Glen of Gleneagles, together with Glendovan, forms a transverse cut through the entire breadth of the Ochils, and connects the shires of Clackmannan, Kinross, and the west of Fife, to the county of Perth. It was through this pass that the Roman legions, under Agricola, are said to have marched, in the year 84, to the great camp of Ardoch, seven miles west of Auchterarder. This camp, which, notwithstanding the lapse of so many centuries, is still in a fair state of preservation, measures 1060 feet by 900, and is reckoned capable of containing 26,000 men, encamped in Roman fashion. The ramparts, the four gates leading across them to the praetorium, and the praetorium itself, are easy to be distinguished. The praetorium is 60 feet square, and is enclosed with a stone wall.

From the point where the inclined plane begins to descend to Perth, and in the direction of that city, the railway passes, for the space of 1100 yards, through an immense excavation, which is perhaps the greatest work of the kind to be met with on any railroad in Great Britain. The greatest breadth at top is 249 feet, with a uniform breadth of 30 feet at bottom. The greatest perpendicular depth is 73 feet, the mean depth 50 feet. It is chiefly composed of sand and gravel, and measures 600,000 cubic yards nearly. This stupendous work is almost finished; and, when time will have covered its long sloping sides with verdure, it will more resemble a natural defile than a work of art. After leaving this excavation, which is commonly called Millhill cut, from its passing through the farm of that name, nothing remarkable occurs till the railway enters Kincardine, about a mile nearer Perth.

A little southward of the point where the railway enters the wood, stand the grey ruins of Kincardine Castle, once the residence of the Earls of Montrose. According to local traditions, the celebrated James Grahame, marquis of Montrose, was born here. Kincardine wood is indented, through its whole length, by a glen of much sweetness and beauty, which originating in Gleneagles, and running northerly for two miles, terminates within half a mile of the cross of Auchterarder. This steep and narrow vale has none of the wilder grandeur of an alpine glen; it has no roaring cascades, abounding in spray and foam, stunning the ears and dazzling the eyes of the visiter; it has no deep and formless pools, reflecting the shapeless shadows of jagged precipices; it is not a place where the ghosts of giants might delight to wander, musing on the rocks they had cleft and the hills they had inverted when endowed with thews and sinews; but its verdant sides, so thickly clad with oak, ash, birch, and hazel, in spring so rich in foliage and sweet in perfume, and giving out the tuneful carols of innumerable songsters, to unite with the soft murmurs of the Ruthven, ravish the eye and the ear, and form a scene where the admirers of nature, in a limited and kindly aspect, might enjoy their pleasing speculations and poets might draw fresh inspirations.

About three or four hundred yards from its northern extremity, this glen is spanned by the finest viaduct on the whole line of the Scottish Central. The viaduct is 498 feet long, 98 feet high, and consists of six large arches, each 60 feet in span, with a smaller arch at each

end. The arches are supported on piers 75 feet high, 33·5 feet by 12 feet at bottom, and 27·5 feet by 9 feet at top. A pier contains 24018·75 cubic feet, and weighs about 2000 tons; a large arch weighs 560 tons; and the whole work about 17,000 tons. From the uniform size of the arches, and the most of the piers standing on the same horizontal plane, the viaduct presents the appearance of unbroken unity; and it seems, on the whole, to be a fabric in which the elements of strength, durability, and neatness are skillfully combined. The stones for this great work have been all brought from the quarries at Auchterarder and Lucas. The arch stones vary in thickness from 15 to 24 inches, with a uniform depth of three feet; the lengths are unequal, but some of them are eight feet long, and weigh five tons each. At the moment we write, the arches are all keyed, and, ere this can come into the hands of the reader, the permanent way will have been laid along the viaduct. The viaduct from its being somewhat depressed under the sides of a deep, woody glen, is scarcely visible, even from a short distance; and, partly for the same reason, the view from it is not extensive.

Nearly two miles from the viaduct, still moving in the direction of Perth, the railway is carried across a deep dell, formed by the burn of Parney, on two arches, one of which is built directly above the other. The lower arch contains the burn, and the diverted road from Auchterarder to Dunning passes through the upper. Almost beside these arches, there is a rock cut of considerable size; and immediately beyond it, there is an earth cut of large dimensions, but greatly inferior to the one at Millhill. This is called the Jeanfield cut, and it may be considered as ending the Auchterarder section of the railway. According to a report of the engineers, Messrs Locke and Errington, the line will be opened in the course of a few weeks.

INSTINCT OF CHILDHOOD.

BY JOHN NEAL.

A BEAUTIFUL child stood near a large open window. The window was completely overshadowed by wild grape and blossoming honeysuckle, and the drooping branches of a prodigious elm—the largest and handsomest you ever saw. The child was leaning forward with half open mouth and thoughtful eyes, looking into the firmament of green leaves for ever at play, that appeared to overhang the whole neighbourhood; and her loose, bright hair, as it broke away in the cheerful morning wind, glittered like stray sunshine among the branches and blossoms. Just underneath her feet, and almost within reach of her little hand, swung a large and prettily covered bird-cage, all open to the sky! The broad plentiful grape leaves lay upon it in heaps—the morning wind blew pleasantly through it, making the very music that birds and children love best—and the delicate branches of the drooping elm swept over it—and the glow of blossoming herbage round about fell with a sort of shadowy lustre upon the basin of bright water, and the floor of glittering sand within the cage.

'Well, *if ever!*' said the child; and then she stooped and pulled away the trailing branches and looked into the cage; and then her lips began to tremble, and her soft eyes filled with tears.

Within the cage was the mother bird, fluttering and whistling—not cheerfully, but mournfully—and beating herself to death against the delicate wires; and three little bits of birds watching her, open-mouthed, and trying to follow her from perch to perch, as she opened and shut her golden wings, like sudden flashes of sunshine, and darted hither and thither, as if hunted by some invisible thing—or a cat foraging in the shrubbery.

'There, now! there you go again! you foolish thing, you! Why, what is the matter? I should be ashamed of myself! I should so! Hav'n't we bought the prettiest cage in the world for you? Hav'n't you had enough to eat, and the best that could be had for love or money—sponge-cake—loaf sugar, and all sorts of seeds? Didn't father put up

a nest with his own hands; and hav'n't I watched over you, you ungrateful little thing, till the eggs they put there had all turned to birds, no bigger than grasshoppers, and so noisy—ah, you can't think! Just look at the beautiful clear water there—and the clean white sand—where do you think you could find such water as that, or such a pretty glass dish, or such beautiful bright sand, if we were to take you at your word, and let you out, with that little nest full of young ones, to shift for yourselves, *hey?*'

The door opened, and a tall benevolent-looking man stepped up to her side.

'Oh, father, I'm so glad you're come. What do you think is the matter with poor little birdy?'

The father looked down among the grass and shrubbery, and up into the top branches, and then into the cage—the countenance of the poor little girl growing more and more perplexed and more sorrowful every moment.

'Well, father, what is it? does it see anything?'

'No, my love, nothing to frighten her; but where is the father bird?'

'He's in the other cage. He made such a to-do when the birds began to chirper this morning, that I was obliged to let him out; and brother Bobby, he frightened him into the cage and carried him off.'

'Was that right, my love?'

'Why not, father? He wouldn't be quiet, you know; and what was I to do?'

'But, Moggie, dear, these little birds may want their father to help to feed them; the poor mother bird may want him to take care of them, or sing to her.'

'Or, perhaps, to show them how to fly, father?'

'Yes, dear. And to separate them just now—how would you like to have me carried off, and put into another house, leaving nothing at home but your mother to watch over you and the rest of my little birds?'

The child grew more thoughtful. She looked up into her father's face, and appeared as if more than half disposed to ask a question which might be a little out of place; but she forbore, and after musing a few moments, went back to the original subject. 'But, father, what *can* be the matter with the poor thing? you see how she keeps flying about, and the little ones trying to follow her, and tumbling upon their noses, and toddling about as if they were tipsy, and couldn't see straight.'

'I am afraid she is getting discontented.'

'Discontented! How can that be, father? Hasn't she her little ones about her, and everything on earth she can wish? and then, you know, she never used to be so before.'

'When her mate was with her, perhaps.'

'Yes, father; and yet, now I think of it, the moment these little witches began to peep-peep, and tumble about so funny, the father and mother began to fly about in the cage, as if they were crazy. What can be the reason? The water, you see, is cool and clear; the sand bright; they are out in the open air, with all the green leaves blowing about them; their cage has been scoured with soap and sand; the fountain filled; and the seed-box—and—and—I declare I cannot think what ails them.'

'My love, may it not be the very things you speak of? Things which you think ought to make them happy, are the very cause of all their trouble, you see. The father and mother are *separated*. How can they teach their young to fly in that cage? How teach them to provide for themselves?'

'But father, dear father!' laying her little hand on the spring of the cage-door, 'dear father! *would you?*'

'And why not, my dear child?' and the father's eyes filled with tears, and he stooped down and kissed the bright face upturned to his, and glowing as if illuminated with inward sunshine. '*Why not?*'

'I was only thinking, father, if I should let them out, who will feed them?'

'Who feeds the young ravens, dear? Who feeds the ten thousand little birds that are flying about us now?'

'True, father; but they have never been imprisoned, you know, and have already learned to take care of themselves.'

The father looked up and smiled. 'Worthy of profound consideration, my dear; I admit your plea; but have a care lest you overrate the danger and the difficulty in your unwillingness to part with your beautiful little birds.'

'Father!' and the little hand pressed upon the spring, and the door flew open—wide open.

'Stay, my child! What you do must be done thoughtfully, conscientiously, so that you may be satisfied with yourself hereafter, and allow me to hear all your objections.'

'I was thinking, father, about the cold rains, and the long winters, and how the poor little birds that have been so long confined would never be able to find a place to sleep in, or water to wash in, or seeds for their little ones.'

'In our climate, my love, the winters are very short; and the rainy season itself does not drive the birds away; and then, you know, birds always follow the sun; if our climate is too cold for them, they have only to go farther south. But in a word, my love, you are to do as you would be done by. As you would not like to have me separated from your mother and you—as you would not like to be imprisoned for life, though your cage were crammed with loaf-sugar and sponge-cake—as you'—

'That'll do father! that's enough! Brother Bobby! hither Bobby! bring the little cage with you; there's a dear!'

Brother Bobby sang out in reply; and after a moment or two of anxious inquiry, appeared at the window with a little cage. The prison doors were opened: the father bird escaped; the mother bird immediately followed with a cry of joy; and then came back and tolled her little ones forth among the bright green leaves. The children clapped their hands in an ecstasy, and the father fell upon their necks and kissed them; and the mother, who sat by, sobbed over them both for a whole hour, as if her heart would break; and told her neighbours with tears in her eyes.

'The ungrateful hussy! What! after all that we have done for her; giving her the best room that we could spare; feeding her from our own table; clothing her from our own wardrobe; giving her the handsomest and shrewdest fellow for a husband within twenty miles of us; allowing them to live together till a child is born; and now, because we have thought proper to send him away for a while, where he may earn his keep—now, forsooth, we are to find my lady discontented with her situation!'

'Dear father!'

'Hush, child! Ay, discontented—that's the word—actually dissatisfied with her condition, the jade! with the best of everything to make her happy—comforts and luxuries she could never dream of obtaining if she were free to-morrow—and always contented; never presuming to be discontented till now.'

'And what does she complain of, father?'

'Why, my dear child, the unreasonable thing complains just because we have sent her husband away to the other plantation for a few months; he was idle here, and might have grown discontented, too, if we had not picked him off. And then, instead of being happier, and more thankful—more thankful to her heavenly Father, for the gift of a man child, Martha tells me that she found her crying over it, calling it a little *slave*, and wished the Lord would take it away from her—the ungrateful wench! when the death of that child would be two hundred dollars out of my pocket—every cent of it!'

'After all we have done for her too!' sighed the mother.

'I declare I have no patience with the jade!' continued the father.

'Father—dear father!'

'Be quiet, Moggy? don't tease me now.'

'But, father!' and, as she spoke, the child ran up to her father and drew him to the window, and threw back her sunshiny tresses, and looked up into his eyes with the face of an angel, and pointed to the eage as it still hung at the window, with the door wide open.

The father understood her, and coloured to the eyes; and then, as if half ashamed of the weakness, bent over and kissed her forehead—smoothed down her silky hair—

and told her she was a child now, and must not talk about such matters till she had grown older.

'Why not, father?'

'Why not? Why, bless your little heart! suppose I were silly enough to open my doors and turn her adrift, with her child at her breast, what would become of her? Who would take care of her? who feed her?'

'Who feeds the ravens, father? Who takes care of all the white mothers, and all the white babes we see?'

'Yes, child—but then—I know what you are thinking of; but then—there's a mighty difference, let me tell you, between a slave mother and a white mother—between a slave child and a white child.'

'Yes, father.'

'Don't interrupt me. You drive everything out of my head. What was I going to say? Oh! ah! that in our long winters and cold rains, these poor things who have been brought up in our houses, and who know nothing about the anxieties of life, and have never learned to take care of themselves—and—a'—

'Yes, father; but couldn't they follow the sun, too? or go farther south?'

'And why not be happy here?'

'But, father—dear father! How can they teach their little ones to fly in a cage?'

'Child, you are getting troublesome!'

'And how teach their young to provide for themselves, father?'

'Put the little imp to bed, directly; do you hear?'

'Good night, father! Good night, mother! Do as you would be done by.'

A CHRISTIAN HOME.

Oh great, unspeakable, is the blessing of a godly home. Here is the cradle of the Christian. Hence he sallies forth for encounter with the world, armed at all points, disciplined in all the means of resistance, and full of hope and victory under his heavenly leader. Hither he ever afterwards turns a dutiful and affectionate look, regarding it as the type and pledge of another home. Hither, too, when sore wounded in the conflict, he resorts to repair his drooping vigour. Here, when abandoned by the selfish sons of this world, he finds, as in a sanctuary, the children of God ready with open arms to receive him. And here the returning prodigal, enfolded in the embrace of those who know not of the impurities of the world with which he has been mixing, feels all at once his heart burst with shame and repentance. Merciful God, what a city of refuge hast thou ordained in the Christian home! A true Christian home can scarcely be said to die. It may disappear from the eyes of flesh, but its better parts, those which are truly valuable, belong also to our everlasting home. It has but to throw off the elements of flesh, and it becomes at once that spiritual home to which eternal bliss is appended. All its occupations are preparations for another life; all its actions converge to that point; its society originating in the flesh, has long ago been established in the spirit. Its inmates regard each other as companions of the life to come, and deride the power of any separation which this world can effect. They look with contemptuous pity upon the miserable expedient for union after death to which wordlings resort, the laying up their bones in a costly vault, thus making a mockery of home in a disgusting assemblage of mouldering skeletons. Being one in spirit, whether in the same grave or with half the world between, they are still in union.—*R. W. Evans.*

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CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS.

THE business of modern political economists has almost solely consisted in revising, mollifying, and abolishing those enactments said to have emanated from that infallible abstraction the 'wisdom of our ancestors.' This wisdom of the feudal ages, which some men have extolled as final and unimpeachable, and which they have canonised in their hearts solely because of its antiquity, has been year by year losing its traditional glory, until at last we find it impeached as the source of many impediments to human happiness, and as the old ancestral foe to human virtue. It is an amusing, and at the same time a sad, cry in the ears of the student of history, this iteration of the wisdom of our ancestors. It is a most impotent attempt to impose upon that love of the past which all men more or less feel; it is a direct negation of historical truth, in order to captivate the credulity of the ignorant, and to withdraw men's eyes from looking forward to the Canaan of a better future, in order that they may cheerfully submit to the bondage and toil of an Egypt of moral and mental darkness. Our ancestors were not all wise men—they were in numerous cases the very reverse; and it is time that this plain truth were received by plain men. Their kings could neither read nor write until within a comparatively recent period; and the aristocracy prided themselves in not being able to use the pen. Sir Walter Scott makes old Douglas, in the year 1513, exclaim—

'Thanks to St Bothan, son of mine,
Saw Gawain, ne'er could pen a line;'

and yet we are told that such men possessed a wisdom that was infallible and a prescience that enabled them to legislate for all posterity. While every page of history bears evidence to the falsity of such views, the traditional idea of ancestral wisdom is only now being penetrated by the sunlight of truth and the spread of science. The laws enacted by our ancestors were not the results of mature deliberation or the emanations of an enlightened wisdom; they may rather be regarded as the impulses of men who were more prone and prompt to act than to examine the principles or motives from which they acted. Death was the punishment awarded for almost every act which they wrote down in their statutes as a crime; and they were prompt, unless the criminal was a patrician, to carry their death-punishments into execution. We need not therefore be surprised to find that scarcely twenty-five years ago the spirit of British law was as sanguinary as that of the code of Draco. The cruel and grossly disproportionate relation of crime to punishment, caused the laws of the Greek legislator to fall into desuetude; men's innate sense of justice rebelled against their execution, and they were

repealed and superseded by the milder code of Lycurgus, and with the best results as related to the morality of the Spartans.

For many years the most gifted and noble of Britain's truly Christian philanthropists have struggled to modify the criminal jurisprudence of this country; and by indefatigable labour, and the most noble sacrifices of ease and health, they have at last succeeded in exorcising all but one remnant of feudal cruelty from the British statute-book. The punishment of death for murder alone now virtually remains in modern British law; and as we conceive the continuance of even this one capital offence to be inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity, we purpose to place before our readers a few facts and arguments bearing upon the disputed points in the discussion of this most important question.

Some of the most sanguine upholders of capital punishments have all along declared, and still declare, that necessity alone warrants a man in destroying the life of another man, no matter however criminal the latter may be; and they have at least offered this acknowledgment to the spirit of Christian benevolence, that if it were possible to intronit death-punishments with safety to the community, they should at once yield the gallows up to an ignominious oblivion. These are they who uphold death-punishments upon the mere plea of expediency. The most scrupulous examination of this subject, and the production of the most ample statistics from all history, ancient or modern, go to prove that sanguinary laws have never been the conservatives of life and property, but, on the contrary, have tended to render both insecure. All evidence conduces to show, that wherever benevolence or mercy has been made an element of criminal jurisprudence, and the abolition of death-punishments has taken place, there has been a corresponding diminution of crime, and an elevation in the moral tone of the people.

It has been demonstrated, then, that not only are capital punishments inexpedient, but that they tend to produce those very crimes which they are intended to restrain, and that in proportion as the hangman plies his vocation, so in proportion are the lives of men in that community insecure. In 1843, a return was laid on the table of the House of Commons of the commitments and executions for murder in England and Wales during thirty years, ending in December 1842, which return proved, dividing thirty years into six cycles, that during the cycles when the law was most leniently administered there was a diminution in the number of capital crimes, and that when the law was most vindictively administered then were crimes of a most heinous nature on the increase. In the same parliamentary return is an account of the commitments and

executions in London and Middlesex, spread over a space of thirty-two years, ending in 1842, divided into two cycles of sixteen years each. In the first of these, thirty-four persons were convicted of murder, all of whom were executed. In the second, twenty-seven were convicted, and only seventeen executed. The commitments for murder during the latter long period, with seventeen exceptions, were more than one-half fewer than they had been in the former long period, with exactly double the number of executions. This must conclusively show, as far as statistics can, that death-punishments and death-dealing crimes follow each other as indubitably as cause and effect, and that in proportion as malefactors are strangled by law, so are the lives of good and honest men jeopardised.

In every nation of Europe whence information has been obtained, it has been found in all, without exception, that where capital executions have been the least frequent, crimes of violence have decreased. In Tuscany, during the twenty years of the reign of the grand-duke, Leopold, when neither murder nor any other crime was punished with death, it appears that only five murders were committed; whilst in the papal states (according to Franklin), where that punishment was inflicted with great solemnity and parade, sixty murders were committed during the last *three months* only of the same period. In Prussia, where executions have now become very rare, there were in the five years ending 1824 fifty-four executions, the greatest number that had been known in any cycle of the same length for thirty years. During that space of time sixty-nine convictions took place for murder. From 1824 to 1829, when there were only thirty-three executions, there were only fifty convictions for murder; and from 1829 to 1834, when the number of executions had further diminished to nineteen, there were but forty-three convictions for any crimes of violence tending to murder or homicide. In France there has been a similar reduction in executions and a similar reduction in murderous crimes. From the five years ending 1824, when there were two hundred and thirty-five executions for various crimes, and one hundred and eighty persons convicted of murder, to the five years ending 1829, when there were but twenty-two executions and but thirty-four murders, and to the five years ending 1834, when there was not one execution and but twenty murders, the reduction in capital punishments and in crimes of violence has kept a corresponding proportion. In Belgium the same results are illustrated in even a higher degree.

We extract the following statistics from a little work written by the son of Bernadotte, now Oscar, king of Sweden and Norway. It is characterised by the enlightened spirit that one would almost expect from a plebeian king. The impulse of labour, which this monarch received from his grandfather, has not been crushed beneath the soporific weight of a crown or the enervating influence of ermine, but, on the contrary, we find him applying himself to the study of practical questions of national morality and utility, and enlightening his people by his pen. King Oscar calmly inquires into the alleged necessity and effect of death-punishments. In the course of that inquiry he refers to Spain, the worst governed nation in Europe, and shows that in that wretched country, where assassinations have abounded in the streets, on the mountain-side, in the cottage, and even in the palace itself, there were, during the five years from 1832 to 1837, yearly executions in the proportion of one to every 122,000 inhabitants. In Sweden, exclusive of Norway, a less proportion, one to every 172,000. In England, in spite of the great mitigations which had lately taken place, one to 250,000; but in Ireland one in every 200,000. Whilst in Baden there was one only in 400,000, half the proportion of Ireland. In France, one only in 470,000, fewer by almost one-half than in England. In Norway, but one in 720,000. In Wurtemberg, but one in 750,000. In Austria, one in every 840,000. In Prussia, one in 1,700,000. In Bavaria, one in 2,000,000. And in Belgium, since 1830, not one! And, continues this reformer king, notwithstanding that the number of executions, in proportion to the population, is greatest in Spain

and next in Sweden and Ireland, it is well known that the amount of crime is not less there, but, on the contrary, greater than in many other countries where capital punishment is not at all, or at least very sparingly used. Statistics could be multiplied to a very great extent in order to prove that death-punishments are not efficacious in repressing crime, but are of a very different tendency; and the opinions of the most eminent Christian philanthropists could be arrayed against the continuance of the practice. The existence of capital punishments for murder is believed by many good people, however, to rest upon a far more serious and grave foundation than either that of abstract justice or expediency. It is supposed by some to be enjoined by the law of God, that man shall slay his brother-man if the latter is a murderer. If any man were to deal with this proposition as one of logic, he could easily prove it to involve an impossible absurdity, that must finally result in the total extinction of the human family, by a perpetual process of sanguinary and daily-extending butchery. The advocates of capital punishments for murder are aware, that, as a plain direct command to man as man, the text (Genesis chap. ix., verse 6.), 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed,' could not be for a moment tolerated. If a private individual were to slay the murderer of his brother, as would be perfectly legitimate if this were the law of God, even the most stern advocates for the gallows would arraign that man at the judicial bar as a murderer, and would condemn him to die. They know that it gives no right to individuals to kill, but, on the contrary, corroborates the spirit of that law which was given to man amidst the thunders of Sinai, 'Thou shalt not kill;' and consequently they assume that man as a corporation is somewhat different from man as an individual, and that he is invested in his collective capacity with rights and privileges from heaven that even Abraham dared not to claim. Man may not kill his fellow-man, says the divine law, and it has no exceptions. Man may not kill his fellow-man, echoes human law, unless the law sanctions that he shall do so; which is a qualification that tramples upon the consistency of the decalogue, and makes that life which God has declared to be inviolable, violable at the will of the poor, puny earthworm man.

It is, however, a grave belief, this belief in the compatibility of public strangling with the benign spirit of our pure and holy religion; and we shall now offer a few remarks upon the solitary text on which this grim monument of the barbarity of our forefathers has dared to build itself. Even the words 'whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed,' are of a disputable significance. They are not necessarily a command—they do not positively condemn—they are prophetic as much as they are denunciatory. They are not so explicit as the command of 'let him die the death,' or 'thou shalt stone him with stones that he die,' and yet, under the Christian dispensation, this prophecy is held to be a law as binding and obligatory upon the Christian as that of 'love one another.' It is said, with the utmost respect, and upon the most indubitable authority, that it is doubtful whether the authorised version gives the true reading of the original scripture, and it is certain that the text is too doubtful a one to be made the pretext for perpetuating capital punishment. The text, as it stands in the authorised edition, supposes a crime, confers authority upon man to punish, and then vaguely states the extent of punishment. The part conferring authority, that is 'by man,' is declared in five translations of the Holy Scriptures to be a pleonasm. In the translation of John Frederic Ostervald, which is the French version; in the Vulgate or Latin; in the Septuagint or Greek; in Wycliffe's translation; and in the Spanish version of Scio—'By man,' according to these authorities, is shown to be an interpolation, which may be as correctly rendered from the original Hebrew, 'in man,' or 'with man,' or 'through man,' so that it is susceptible of too many significations to be arrayed against the whole spirit of God and Christianity, which commands love, forbearance, mercy. From a thorough and minute examina-

tion of this text then, there has resulted two probabilities; firstly, that there did not exist a command before Moses to take away life; and secondly, that if such command did exist, and the ninth chapter of Genesis present it, it can no longer be applicable to our days, inasmuch as the death of a murderer among us cannot be an expiatory sacrifice. It is difficult to ascertain whether the blood of the murderer was to be shed by man or not—the very best commentators have disagreed as to whether it is a command or a denunciation—so that it would be well, it is argued, even at the worst, to give the poor criminal wretch, whom God would spare to repent, the benefit of this doubt, and let him live until it pleased his Maker to take him away.

We have been led to glance at this subject by the importance which it has now assumed in the public mind. In London there is a powerful association, with branches in almost every city in Britain, composed of men eminent alike for their Christian piety and enlightened benevolence, who are manfully striving to abolish this last memorial of feudal disregard for human life, the gallows; and everything augurs a speedy consummation to their efforts. The committee of this association is composed of Lord Nugent, John Lloyd, Esq., and several other eminent persons. This association held its first annual meeting in Exeter Hall, on Thursday, January 28, 1847; the committee which had been established in Aylesbury in April, 1845, having, however, thoroughly enlightened the public mind on the subject. As an illustration of the feeling now abroad upon this question, it is observed that juries are becoming more and more disinclined to convict upon capital charges, and that they will rather allow a criminal to escape than subject him to the penalty of the gibbet.

If it is demonstrated then, which cannot be denied, that capital punishments are wholly inoperative as examples, unless for evil, and that the evil is enormous, we cannot see upon what plea of expediency they are retained. And if it has been demonstrated, which we think has been fully done, that there is no injunction of the divine law which renders it imperative upon man to punish any crime with death, but, on the contrary, that the divine law intromits him from so doing, then we cannot see upon what ground the conservators of the gallows will now place it. As an apt conclusion to our remarks, we quote the words of Elihu Burritt: 'If this earth be the only praying ground for fallen man in the universe—if it be but a narrow raft floating on the shoreless ocean of eternity, from which alone souls shipwrecked by sin may be taken into Heaven's haven of salvation, oh! let us leave to the guiltiest of our kind, place and breath to pray as long as God will hear! Let Him who alone can kill and make alive determine the hour when time shall be no more to the sinner to ask for mercy!'

GREGORY'S GONG.

TOLL THE TENTH.

NOTHING particular occurred to vary Gregory's voyage up the Ganges after leaving Rajmal, with the exception of an occasional crashing fall of a high sand-bank avalanche, threatening the boat and all in it with a watery grave, and creating an earthquake-swell far and near on the river; or the sublime solemnity of a tornado, suddenly transforming the blaze of day into blackest night, splendidly illuminated with incessant lightning, and serenaded by an awful union of roaring wind and bellowing thunder. At the end of three months he reached Cawnpore. He had been much interested at intervals in passing the classic Benares, with all its temples, mosques, and terraces, rising like another Venice from the reflecting flood, and lifting its flower-planted roofs, unpolluted with smoke, in fair relief into the pure blue skies; while priestly Bralmins, half immersed in the deified river, were performing in mystic mood and profound veneration their imposing ablutions; and elegant Hindoo maidens, ascending and descending the river-washed terraces, were bearing away with unrivalled grace their brazen pitchers of water, balanced picturesquely

on their heads. He had been still more delighted with Chunar, whose 'rock sublime' (so much resembling that of Edinburgh Castle, with its fortified crest) stands with its base planted in the noble river. And, lastly, he had beheld with admiration the lofty embattlements of Allahabad, whose site has been so happily chosen at the junction of the Jumna and Ganges, where, in those days, the deluded Hindoo devotee sought through a watery grave the Elysium of Meru. But all these, and other objects that interest the inland voyager, have been amply and ably described by other travellers. At the British military station of Cawnpore, Gregory discharged his boat and provided himself with a tent, a couple of camels, and a pony, and with the addition to his servile train of a tent-pitcher, camel-driver, groom, and grass-cutter, he began to move with his caravan towards Sorajpore, then the frontier station, where his regiment was stationed. He had to travel three hundred miles, at the rate of twelve to fifteen miles a-day. The Indian summer was fast setting in as Gregory proceeded, well armed, through the then robber-infested Doab. Day after day he journeyed on, from two or three o'clock till sunrise, over vast and populous plains belonging to England, without ever seeing a single Briton to remind the inhabitants who their rulers were. Gregory ruminated much on the awe inspired by the conquerors, which should thus alone be sufficient to keep in subjection such myriads of inimical foreign subjects; more especially as the race of men inhabiting these northern provinces was so very different from the enervated and diminutive Hindoos of Bengal proper. He now met tall and well-proportioned natives, with martial bearings, wearing gracefully their sword and shield, or, mounted on Mahratta steeds, riding gallantly past, balancing proudly their fearful length of spear. These generally saluted Gregory with a dignified salaam that had everything martial but nothing obsequious in it. His tent was always pitched, for the sake of alleviating shade, in the unfenced mango groves. Will the gentle reader pardon us for dwelling for a few minutes on the remembrance of the scene? The white tent glimmers from the centre of the regularly planted dark-green vistas; the perfectly level clean forest floor, chequered with the tropic sunbeams streaming brightly through the verdant canopy; the beautifully striped elegant little squirrels, playing sometimes in the shade and sometimes in the light, in all directions; the balmy perfume of the rich mango blossom; the deep tropic hush, broken only by 'the ring-doves' plaint;' the marble-looking well, under the outermost tree at the angle of the grove by the road-side, where the kneeling camels are patiently waiting the drawing of the water; the fairy-like elegance of the inside of the Indian tent; the solitary European, pacing to and fro under one of the verdant vistas, awaiting the salaam that signals him to breakfast. Such was the unvaried but not unpleasant resting-scene of the traveller through upper India; and so alike was the place of encampment from day to day, and so alike the scenery along his road, that the traveller might almost have supposed that he had journeyed in a circle, and returned to the spot from which he had started in the morning.

The untraveller reader will naturally suppose, that if it so happened that European travellers, coming from opposite directions, encamped in the same grove, it must have been a joyful occurrence in an Indian pilgrimage; alas, in those days at least, the tents might be pitched in the same grove, and the travellers, because unacquainted with each other, would pass their sojourn for the day without the exchange of a single syllable. This was more especially the case if one of the arrivals happened to be a purse-proud civilian, and the other a military gentleman, who, in the former's eye, was regarded as the very scum of the earth; but such is the change now-a-days, that we see these pompous judges and collectors begging for a cadetship for their sons at the door of the India House in Leadenhall Street. This was not, however, always the case. One morning as Gregory entered the encamping grove from the east, he saw beyond his own little tent a suite of field-officer's pavilions also pitched; and

soon after he had dismounted from his pony a superbly caparisoned elephant arrived at the western border of the grove, and a fine-looking, weather-beaten, and war-worn, tall, erect, military gentleman, in a native dress of rich keing-kob and Mogul cap, alighted from the dazzling howda, and, surrounded by spearmen in splendid uniforms, proceeded towards his magnificent marquee. To Gregory the procession down the avenue of his high-ranked countryman had something very imposing, and his own little tent and pony seemed to dwindle into insignificance before such a display, whilst more elephants, camels, and Arabian steeds were pouring in to augment the spectacle. Gregory kept pacing to and fro under the trees in the neighbourhood of his own tent. The general—for such he was—on reaching his, dismissed his attendants, but instead of entering his tent he walked forward to where Gregory was, and with all the ease and natural grace of a perfect gentleman of the old school, with a kindly smile, held out his hand, and taking Gregory's in his pressed it warmly, and said, 'I am delighted, my young friend, to see you, and to think I shall have such agreeable company during my stay here; breakfast will be ready in the course of half an hour, when I hope you will honour me by making my tent your home for the day, when we shall be better acquainted;' he again pressed Gregory's hand and retired to his tent. It was well he had turned away, for, in spite of himself, Gregory, as he walked towards his own, could hardly refrain from tears at being thus so kindly recognised, in his long and lonely journey, by so warm-hearted and polite a general-officer.

When Gregory entered the general's marquee, it appeared as if a fairy dream had conjured up such splendour in an Indian forest. The table was covered with massive silver urns and covered dishes; the walls of the tent represented arbours, temples, rivers, and cascades; a crowd of richly appressed servants waited around, as if their master had twenty orders to be obeyed at once. The general again welcomed Gregory warmly, and seemed to attach no importance to the state with which he was surrounded. 'Come away, my young friend; I hope your morning ride has given you an appetite for breakfast.' The general now, with becoming reverence, spread abroad his hands over the breakfast table, and devoutly asked a blessing on the bounties of Providence. This simple, and in those days unusual, acknowledgment to heaven from a British officer, in such a place and amid a crowd of heathen attendants, had to Gregory a most delightful influence, and was not unrequited even by the natives, who, however they may differ in creed and religious rites, always respect a demonstration of piety, however offered; and the want of such in Britons, in their first conquests in India, induced the natives to believe that master was of 'dog's religion,' that is, no religion at all; and this sentiment certainly did not tend to increase their respect for their conquerors. 'My fellows,' said the general, as they took their seats, 'are famous for omlets, let me send you some to mix up with your rice instead of fish, of which we can expect none at such a distance from the rivers and nullas, with their beds now as dry as an old chillum.' The couple now set to in good earnest, and it would be difficult to say whether the old or young stomach did most justice to the general's good things. Breakfast over, the general asked Gregory if he smoked; Gregory replied in the negative. 'Well, suppose you try, and, if you don't like it, it will be no great loss, for perhaps we would all be better without tobacco.' A couple of splendid hookahs, breathing balmy perfumes, were now brought in. 'And now, my lads,' said mine host, 'be away with the breakfast things with all haste, the tent is getting hot enough without either it or you.' The cloth being removed, and the hookahs fairly lighted, the general and his guest were left alone to the murmurs of their pipes. The veteran officer, now throwing himself back in his chair, and tilting up his legs upon the table, and inviting Gregory to do the same, asked him respecting his journey, the regiment he was going to join, how he had kept his health, &c. Gregory's unassuming manner and graphic descriptions, especially the nurse's story,

quite delighted the kind-hearted old gentleman. 'And now,' said the general, 'before you begin your own military career, what say you to hearing mine? though I have neither any title to be celebrated as a second 'arma virumque,' or adventures to relate that would vie with an Odyssey.' Gregory said he would consider the narration as a great favour. 'Oh, not at all! we old fellows like to hear ourselves speak;' so, calling the hookah-burdars,* he ordered fresh chillums, and when they were fairly lighted he began, marking the sentences with a rattling gurgle instead of a full stop, and using gentler whiffs for commas and semicolons:

'When I sailed as a cadet from England, I was proud to think that I was a younger son of a British peer. I don't now value the distinction that puff of my hookah; if I am proud at all, it is in having risen after a long, and I hope I may say faithful, service to the rank of a general; but what I value still more is, my having stored my mind with knowledge, and I hope some wisdom, to render the evening of my life neither tiresome to my friends nor myself. My relations wished to send me out as a civilian; but as that appointment required me to be designated writer, I scouted it with high disdain; and it is well I did so, for my nobility would have made me be received among the mushroom magnates of India with such deference as would have confirmed me for life an aristocratical puppy; whereas, when I joined my regiment, I found no regard was paid to previous rank, and my first allusion to it at the mess-table was received with a hearty laugh. 'It is a sad fall,' said the dry old Colonel Crusty, 'from your high spear† (the illiterate colonel meant sphere) to the lowest rank among the commissioned officers in the Bengal Buffs; but take my advice, Ensign Manorfield, and think no more about the rank you have left behind, but keep your mind fixed on the rank before, and by your good conduct be prepared to adorn it, should you be spared from bullets, bile, and Phœbus. I took the old boy's advice, and never mentioned again my father as the Earl of Manorfield at the mess-table; and though perhaps I ought not to say it, I grew a great favourite with the officers of the regiment. I devoted my leisure hours to the study of military tactics, fortification, and surveying; the Persian and Hindoostani languages; and, as a recreation, botany and mineralogy. In the course of a few years I was appointed adjutant of the regiment. Though my father had agreed to my adopting the sword instead of the pen, nothing could prevail on him to permit me to carry with me my fair cousin, Augusta Ashley, to whom I considered myself engaged almost from our childhood. He insisted that I should serve in India until entitled to a furlough, when my rank and pay would then make it more suitable for me to enter into the marriage state; and as this verdict was confirmed by Augusta's father, we had nothing left but to vow eternal love, and to wait with patience till, like a second Jacob, I performed my stipulated years' service; a very mistaken though worldly-wise arrangement. Our parting was marked with all the extravagancies best described in romances. It was a sincere youthful passion at the time: with me, removed from all opportunities of seeing other Augustas, my passion only strengthened to enthusiasm in exile. Augusta lived in an atmosphere less favourable for confirming the vow she had made, and many were the titled and wealthy admirers that attended as satellites in her orbit when she entered fashionable society; but I am wandering from my story. You are, I daresay, well acquainted with all our campaigns against Hyder Ali and his son Tippoo. It does not become me to speak of my own exploits, or the share I bore in most of them; suffice it to say, that I was appointed a brigade-major during the war, and lastly, before its conclusion, I had the misfortune of being taken prisoner and accommodated with a dungeon-cell in Hyder's metropolis.

* 'Hookah-burdars'—pipe-men. 'Chillums'—tobacco.

† In singing the 'British Grenadiers,' the worthy old colonel always gave the reading as follows:

'And all the gods celestial were leaning on their spears.'

My home rank there, however, came into play, for Hyder happening to hear that I was the son of an English Omra, partly perhaps from a native's estimation of nobility, and partly that his leniency to me might prove advantageous to himself in any extremity, especially as it was rumoured erroneously that my father was expected in India as governor-general, he ordered me to be removed from the prison, and, taking my word of honour not to break my parole, I was committed to the care of Mahomed Deen, a prince of the house of Hyder, who appropriated to me a garden-house attached to his palace; a most delightful exchange from the dreary dungeon. I was not only thus relieved myself, but I was, strange as it may appear, a great relief to a brother officer, the only sharer of my dismal durance, and to whom I had the misfortune of being rather closely linked by a coupling chain. One would have imagined that, in circumstances like these, when two Europeans had the misfortune to be made inseparable companions in a prison-cell, however different their natural dispositions might be in liberty, such bondage would have made them more than brothers in sympathy and accommodating kindness. Whatever my behaviour was, I can only say that such was not the case with my companion in irons. Hector M'Slaughter, a fiery Highlander, was a fighting man in the true sense of the word; he lived for fighting, and his sole delight was in fighting, and he would have been more in character chained to one of Hyder's hunting leopards than to a Christian man; he was alone in his element in the battle-field. Oh, had you seen how his at other times heavy sleepy eyes kindled into eagle brightness there, you would not have known him to be the same man! All other fields, whether of agriculture or literature, had no charm for him. In 'the piping time of peace' he had no resources within himself to beguile the time, beyond a tiger-hunt or a jackal-chase; and now, being deprived of all his Bellonian delights, he raged like the untameable hyena, and vented all his bad humour on his less pugnacious companion; and, like a beast of prey, he was most to be dreaded in the night season, though in a different way. Sleep was the only enjoyment left him, for then dreams restored him to his favourite occupation of 'cutting foreign throats;' and if, in turning myself, I was so unfortunate as to awake him amid his imaginary slaughter, there were no bounds to his rage and vexation. Well might his honest mother say, when she was told that her son was taken prisoner and chained to a brother officer in Hyder's dungeon, 'I pity the poor man that is chained to my Hector, for he'll lead a terrible life of it.' But to return from the dungeon to the elegant garden-house of Mahomed Deen; to me it was a change like that which Milton describes in reascending from the Stygian shores to our cheerful universe, saying, 'Hail, holy light!' Happily for me my host or keeper was one of those natives athirst after European lore and science, and finding that I was pretty well versed in both, he spent some hours every day in the garden-house discussing those topics, until he became so attached to me that he dreaded the termination of a war that might deprive him of my society. Mahomed Deen was not only anxious to obtain the sweets of western lore for himself, but was most desirous that his sons, and what was more unusual, though not without exceptions, his only daughter, should embrace the opportunity of my instructions; and convinced, as he said he felt, that, as a British nobleman and officer, I would take no dishonourable advantage of my situation, a class, consisting of the sons and their sister, attended every day in the garden-house, and received lessons in English, French, geography, history, &c. Nothing could surpass the aptness of my interesting pupils for learning. Conveying instruction to the natives of India is indeed 'its own reward,' for along with the facility with which they acquire it, is the acuteness with which they subject to investigation every new problem in philosophy or science that is brought before them, and their animated discussions thereon. Had not my heart been entirely Augusta Ashley's, and the confidence intrusted in me by the Omra not forbidden even the most honourable intentions towards his young, noble, and beautiful daughter, I might have run no small risk of being captivated

with the charms both of her person and mind, while her highly polished manners threw a captivating grace over all. I have often been at a loss to know how it is that a perfectly well-bred Asiatic should appear to such advantage beside an equally accomplished European; but I believe it arises from the former being well bred for good breeding's sake, and the latter from the desire of effect, which must ever destroy the natural ease and unstudied tact of pleasing, which is the crowning charm of appearance and address in the higher ranks of life. The Asiatic, too, has greatly the advantage of an unchangeable as well as graceful national costume, which so much tends to increase their personal attractions, while the Englishman's dress, composed of the most unbecoming items from every wardrobe on the Continent of Europe, banishes all grace of person, at least from the gentlemen, and not a little from the ladies, and gives the wearers, especially the former, the appearance of high life in caricature. But I am wandering again. Greatly delighted was the father in seeing his children rising so much beyond the usual acquirements of the natives of their own rank, and especially at finding his daughter becoming, instead of a mere unintellectual beauty, fit only for the harem of some Moslem grandee, a delightful companion for his own inquiring mind.

Mahomed Deen was anxious to make my captivity as cheerful as possible, and, through a native friend at Madras, he supplied me amply with English, French, and Latin books, globes, astronomical instruments, &c.; and what was more delightful, that friend, by presenting testimonials from me as to the favour which I enjoyed through Mahomed Deen, to the British authorities there, he was permitted to receive and forward all my home letters as they arrived. Augusta's communications continued to breathe the tenderest affection and wishes for my welfare and safety; but, during my stay at Seringapatam, I observed with grief, that whilst my situation required deeper avowals of devoted attachment, her letters became more and more formal and cold, till they ceased altogether, when a letter from my father announced that Augusta had played me false, and was on the eve of being married to the Duke of Dashbury. This intelligence under any circumstances, but especially in captivity, was a cruel blow. I suspended my class, and resigned myself to solitude and sorrow. My kind guardian and his children were scarce less distressed than myself, though ignorant of the cause. They entreated and obtained permission to pay me a short visit every evening; and selfish indeed must have been my sorrow if it had prevented me feeling sensible of such unaffected sympathy. At the end of the saddest month in my existence, Mahomed Deen came one evening by himself, and, after taking my hand kindly in his own, said, 'I have no right to inquire into the cause of your sorrow, but it would give me sincere pleasure if I could in any way be the means of relieving it.' The suffering mind is generally open to sympathy, and there is often in the afflicted a desire to communicate its sorrows. Mahomed Deen had proved himself a sincere friend—the only friend I had now left. I therefore unfolded to him the cause of my grief. 'Alas!' said he, 'however human nature may differ from climate, creed, or cultivation, all acknowledge the power of all-conquering love; all exult in a successful issue of the tender passion, and all sink under the blight of a lover's inconstancy. What is the theme of all our most impassioned poetry, from your Horace in the west to our more fervent and exclusively amorous lyrist Ilafiz in the east, but its transcendent delight or its exquisite misery! Alas! my friend, I have no other consolation to offer than that stale and unsatisfying one 'time,' and no hope to suggest save that a brighter and better lady, and more worthy of your love, may be yours; but, my friend, permit me at least to advise, for the alleviation of your grief. The lady has proved herself so unworthy of you, that she does not deserve to be honoured by your regret; turn from her to better meditations; turn to your books, your pencil, and pen; and, if not too much to ask, resume your class for your affectionate pupils, and forget that this Augusta ever loved, or ever left you.'

'I felt both the salutary power of Mahomed's logic, and the solace of his friendly sympathy; I accordingly agreed to resume the instructions of his family on the following day. My pupils, who had been made acquainted with the cause of my despondency, at our meeting manifested by their manners how much they felt for my sufferings; but there was something in the princess's expression of tender sadness that went quite to my soul—something that seemed to say, would it were in my power to soothe his sorrow. Pity is akin to love; and perhaps her heart whispered, would that I were worthy to supply the place of his unfaithful English lady. The heart of man is never more ready to yield to the power of the softer passion than when it comes in the shape of sympathy, in one for whose beauty and estimable qualities we had before the highest admiration and esteem. I soon felt that, being now absolved from my vow to Augusta, the fascination and sympathy of the princess called upon my guardian-honour to take the first opportunity of being alone with Mahomed Deen, to disclose my mind to him. When, therefore, we next sat together on the terrace of my garden-house, at the evening hour, amidst the sweets of the surrounding orange-trees, mingled with jessamine, and other tropic perfumes, I said, 'You relied on my honour that I would never take advantage of my situation for any dishonourable intentions; but this is not sufficient; I consider myself bound to something more than this. Therefore, though the vow that bound me to Augusta is no longer binding, considering the trust you have reposed in me, our difference of creeds, and our nations at war, I will not permit feelings and admiration, though the most honourable, to interfere with what I owe to your kindness and hospitality; for this purpose, and for my own peace, I must cease to be the tutor of the princess.' Mahomed Deen took my hand in his, and said, 'You are a true nobleman. I see and feel the full force of your delicate and honourable disclosure. You have been the means of making my daughter a very different being from the other daughters of the land; but what will that avail her cultivated mind? She will be asked in marriage by some Moslem chief, who neither looks for nor wants charms in a wife beyond the charms of person, and to whom all intellectual acquirement would only be a source of suspicion and dislike. How wretched a prospect for the princess! It is true, our creeds, as our climates, are different, and for the present our nations are at war; but you are an honourable, as well as a brave and learned man; and with these, I would rather see the princess united to you than with a countryman such as I have described. I know not how the princess is affected, but on my part you will meet no obstacles in your endeavours to win her affections, and, what is more, I sincerely wish you success in the same.' So saying, he left me for the evening. The flowery path that leads through the paradise of passion to the temple of Hymen—but I am not going to descant for the hundred-thousandth time on what has been done so pathetically in novels and romances, though never were circumstances, the parties, and the scene, more suited for romantic description. Suffice it to say, that on the night of our marriage, the garden, in the centre of which my Chinese-looking residence stood, displayed a scene that would have done credit to Aladdin's lamp; for variegated lustres hung like enchanted fruit from every tree, illuminating the whole garden with excessive blaze, and bringing into bright relief the sparkling fountains, that threw high their radiant columns, and descended again in a shower of diamonds into the marble reservoirs, while from the parapet-walls of the inclosure, and the terraced-roof of Mahomed's palace, one incessant discharge of sky-rockets and other fireworks, crossing each other in resplendent arches, added greatly to the effect of the whole.

'About a month after my union with the princess, the tidings arrived that peace had taken place between Tippoo and the British, and an order came for Mahomed Deen, who commanded at Seringapatam, to release all the prisoners. 'Come,' said the Omra to me, 'let us go together, and you shall have the pleasure of announcing the welcome news to your old companion in bondage.' We proceeded

accordingly to the dungeon-cell. M'Slaughter's prison-door was thrown open, and I exclaimed, 'Hurrah! my friend, peace is proclaimed, and you are at liberty.' 'What's the use of liberty,' growled M'Slaughter, 'when there's no one to fight with?' 'Never fear,' said I, 'you will get your belly-full of that before we are done with India.' M'Slaughter's irons being unloosed, he now advanced as fast as his long-cramped and crippled legs would admit. On seeing my father-in-law on the outside of the door of the prison, his countenance kindled into fearful ferociousness, and he thus addressed him—'Give my salaam to your savage sovereign, and say, that I hope to live to repay him with compound interest for all his kindness to me whilst his guest at this place; or, in other words, that I hope to have the honour and great felicity of cracking his black cocoa-nut skull. So tell him that and no mistake.' 'I have no doubt,' said Mahomed Deen, 'that should you ever have the honour of coming into single combat with the prince of Mysore, you will find an antagonist that will put to the proof both your bravery and skill.' The rest of the officers were now released in succession, and most affecting and interesting were the meetings, congratulations, and recognitions that took place, though the latter were often difficult, through the mass of beards, from the long absence of razors. I invited them all to partake of refreshments at my garden-residence, where I introduced them to the princess, and received their congratulations on my good fortune. 'Yes,' said I, 'the campaign has not been lost to me, since I carry away the brightest jewel of Tippoo's capital.' A party of friends, consisting of countrymen just released from dungeons and met around the social board, amid verdant parterres, in light and liberty, was one of the most joyous sights that humanity could witness or even conceive. On the following day, palanquins were provided to convey the officers to the nearest post of the British army; while Mahomed, after the tenderest and most affectionate farewell and wishes, sent me and his daughter forth, with a retinue of elephants and palanquins, escorted by a party of Mysore cavalry.

'Nothing in my career is worth mentioning till the year 1799, when, through the decisive measures of Lord Wellesley, in the course of a few months our army was for the second time at the gates of Seringapatam. When the storm was ordered, I asked and readily obtained permission, that, in the event of it being in my power, I should offer quarter to my father-in-law, and protect his residence and family from plunder or molestation. As soon, therefore, as we had driven the defenders from the walls, taking a party of soldiers with me, I fought my way in the direction of the Omra's palace. Arrived at the door of the garden, we forced it open. I entered the place, dear to me from fond associations. How altered it was from the days of peace and beauty! Bombs and shells had burst among the fountains and marble basins. One had exploded on the garden-house, which lay a heap of ruins, and among them the females of the Omra's family had now sought concealment, on seeing the palace, which opened into the street, on the eve of being stormed by the conquering assailants. Fancy their shouts of astonishment and delight when they saw me at the head of the band which had just forced its way into the garden. 'Manorfield Sahib!' 'Bismillah!' 'Manorfield Sahib Bahadur!'—'Where is the Omra?' I exclaimed.—'In the street, defending the approach to the palace,' was the reply. I rushed through the deserted halls, and, issuing from the front portal, saw below me Mahomed Deen and his sons, wounded and bleeding, with a few followers, gallantly disputing, step by step, the ascent to his palace, closely charged by a large body of sepoy, determined to die on the threshold of his own dwelling-place. In a moment he felt himself surrounded by a body of the enemy in his rear, and heard a well-known voice exclaiming, as I rushed betwixt him and the assailants, 'These are my prisoners; turn your arms elsewhere.' This was instantly obeyed. I turned round, and, amidst the roar of conflict between our contending nations, we embraced each other. 'To you,' said the

Omra, 'I feel no reluctance in resigning my sword. You can testify that it blazed untarnished to the last.'—'Never,' said I, 'will I deprive you of a weapon you have wielded so nobly; and there is no occasion: for, hark! our trumpets sound truce.' After embracing his sons, we ascended the terrace together. The joyful tidings had reached the ears of the trembling females, and they were now rushing into the palace, from the garden, as we entered the hall. The meeting I shall leave to your own fancy to picture; and now that our chillums (as well as your patience, I am sure) are exhausted, we will part till the evening, when I shall again hope for the pleasure of your company at dinner.'

Gregory gratefully thanked the general for his narration.

The evening was spent together in animated and discursive conversation,

'Till each with other pleased, and loath to part,
Whilst in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm with ivy bound—
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.'

In the course of the conversation, the general said, 'I am now on my way to meet the princess, who has been on a visit to her relations at Seringapatam. I can truly say that I have every succeeding year more cause to rejoice in my union. On sincere conviction, she has embraced the Christian faith; and I hope, some day, to have the pleasure of introducing you to her acquaintance. In compliment to her, when not with my troops, I wear the Eastern costume, being besides, I confess, partial to it, as well as to some of the amenities of Eastern manners, at the same time abiding decidedly by English principles.'

At a late hour, the companions of a day parted, with expressions of affectionate regard and regret, to proceed at an early hour on their respective journeys. Before that, however, Gregory was restored, in dreams, to fairy palaces and dazzling festivities. The scene next appeared overcast, and he seemed to hear the roar of cannon and the shouts of conflicting hosts; awoke by the sounds, he found it was only the contest between angry drivers and their enraged camels demurring to the operation of loading, the knocking away of innumerable tent-stakes, and the more hollow grumbling of the General's elephants.

THE SEVEN SAGES OF GREECE

AND THEIR SAYINGS.

No country ever produced so many illustrious men in so short a time as Greece. It was a land of great warriors and of sublime poets—of matchless orators, statesmen, and philosophers. And though delighting in athletic accomplishments and the excitements of war, though dazzled by the beautiful creations of their painters and their sculptors, and fascinated and enraptured by the sublimest and the sweetest strains that ever poet sang, it must yet impart a high idea of the innate strength of mind of the lively Greeks, that *wisdom* was ever regarded by them as possessing the highest claim to their admiration. They considered the title of Sage as the noblest distinction they could confer. Seven men were thus ennobled by the united voice of their countrymen; and the 'Seven Sages of Greece' have become familiar almost as a household word. Who and what they were, it will be the object of this and a succeeding paper to explain more fully than has yet been done.

They were all cotemporaneous; and they flourished in the sixth century before the Christian era. The great object of their studies was human nature—its duties, and its principles of action; to benefit mankind was their great aim. Few of them attained celebrity in philosophy, as we now understand the term—Thales and Solon, indeed, alone seem to have applied themselves to any of its branches; but the benefits which, by their wisdom, they conferred on their nation, and the moral and useful precepts which they have bequeathed to us, will do more to perpetuate their fame than the greatest amount of scientific knowledge to which at that early period they could pos-

sibly have attained. One, and one only, of their number must be excepted from the greater part of this eulogy;—the name of Periander of Corinth will ever be a by-word of reproach in the mouths of men—an enduring monument of the evil effects of undue ambition—a warning to bad princes that tyranny is its own punishment—a mournful picture of great talents perverted to an unworthy end.

THALES.

Thales was the first who obtained from his countrymen the high title of 'sage;' and in his attainments in science and philosophy he far surpassed the other six. He was of Phœnician extraction, and was born at Miletus, in Ionia, 640 years before the Christian era. In science and philosophy Greece was still ignorant; and in order to prosecute these studies to advantage, the young Milesian spent several years in travel, residing for some time in Crete and in Phœnicia, in the latter of which countries, from the great commerce it carried on with foreign lands, Thales became acquainted with the habits and knowledge of various nations. But it was to Egypt in particular that the young Greeks of good family usually proceeded, as it was at that time the great fountain-head of knowledge to all the nations bordering on the Mediterranean. To Egypt, accordingly, Thales also proceeded, visiting the chief cities of that highly civilised country, and receiving from the priests of Memphis varied and important information in geometry, astronomy, and the other sciences, which for centuries they had successfully studied. It was doubtless from them that he adopted the leading tenet of the Ionic school of philosophy, of which he was the founder, namely, that water was the first principle in matter, the chief agent in the convulsions which agitate the surface of the globe. There were many inducements for the priests to adopt this theory. Shortly before the time of Thales's visit, the Egyptians had acquired a considerable tract of land by the retiring of the waters of the Mediterranean; they found shells in the heart of their mountains, even in the substance of their metals; from most of their wells and fountains they drew a brackish water like that of the sea; and they depended for subsistence on the fertilising inundations of the Nile.

On his return to his native country, Thales imparted the knowledge he had acquired to his fellow-citizens. It was probably about this time that he was intrusted with a chief place in the administration of his country; and in this he displayed much zeal and ability, henceforth devoting to the study of nature only such time as he could spare from affairs of state. He was resolutely opposed to matrimony; or, more probably, he seems to have considered the cares of the married state as likely to encroach too much on the little leisure he had to devote to his favourite philosophical pursuits. His mother, we are told, pressed him much to choose a wife—but to this he at first pleaded that he was too young; and afterwards, on her entreaties being renewed, that he was too old.

Thales made considerable attainments in geometry; and on visiting the Pyramids in Egypt, he was able to measure the proportions of one of the largest from the extent of its shadow. But it was in astronomical science that Thales chiefly distinguished himself. He advocated the division of the year into 365 days; and studied the motions of the heavenly bodies with so much success that he was the first Greek who accurately calculated and foretold an eclipse of the sun. Like most men of a contemplative turn of mind, fits of abstraction were not unusual with him. One night, it is narrated, when, as was his wont, he was walking with his eyes fixed on the starry skies, he stumbled into a ditch. 'Ah! served him right!' cried a Thracian girl, who was attending him; 'he would read the skies, and yet doesn't know what is at his feet!'

Thales, as we have mentioned, was the founder of the Ionic school of philosophy—the speculations of which upon the nature of man and the structure of the universe, though often ingenious, and in some points far in advance of the age, were in the main very absurd and erroneous. This school, however, obtained much celebrity, and many of its philosophers stood high in the estimation of their

countrymen. Some of the theories held by members of this school were very singular. Some fancied that the sun was a rim of fire—others that the heavens were a solid concave, on which the stars were nailed—that earth was cylinder-shaped—that it was a level plain—that earth and sky were of stone—that the moon was inhabited—and that man was originally formed by the union of earth and water, to which the sunbeams imparted the spirit-fire of life. Thales was free from many of the absurd doctrines of his followers, very much, doubtless, in consequence of his attainments in astronomy; and as his leading doctrine, he regarded the Intelligence, or God, as the author and soul of the world, and water, as we have said, as the principle of everything. None of the philosophical writings of Thales have come down to us; but we have several pithy aphorisms, exemplifying his knowledge of human nature. He lived to the advanced age of ninety-six, dying about 545 B.C.

SAYINGS OF THALES.

Nothing is more ancient than God, for he was not created; nothing is more beautiful than the world, and it is the work of God; nothing is more active than thought, for it traverses the whole universe; nothing is stronger than necessity, for everything yields to it; nothing is wiser than time, for to it we owe every discovery.

Which is the happiest of governments? That in which the sovereign can without danger take the most repose.

Hope is the only good which is common to all men; those who have lost all still possess it.

Do not do yourself what offends you in others.

Know your time, and do not publish beforehand what you purpose to do. You would fail in your project, and be laughed at by your rivals.

Love your parents. If they cause you some slight inconveniences, learn to support them.

SOLON.

Solon, the celebrated Athenian lawgiver, was born in the small island of Salamis, on the southern coast of Attica, 592 years before Christ. He was of noble lineage, being descended from Cadmus, the last king of Athens, and a family relationship existed between him and his future antagonist Pisistratus. His father had expended the greater part of his fortune in acts of benevolence, and at his death the family were no longer able to maintain the rank to which they had been accustomed. Young Solon, however, received a liberal education at Athens, and became desirous of re-establishing the fortunes of his family. From the maritime situation of Athens, and the natural bent of its citizens to mercantile pursuits, the Athenian nobility considered it in no way derogatory to their rank to engage in commerce; and Solon accordingly entered into commercial life, and it would appear with considerable success. It was doubtless in the capacity of merchant that the greater part of his early travels were undertaken, when he visited almost every part of Greece, and during which his already well-informed mind closely observed the habits and customs of the places he visited. During these travels his attention was principally directed to the study of mankind and their principles of action, which was of great service to him in his subsequent office of legislator; and from his various attainments, on his return to his native country, he was already one of the greatest philosophers and politicians of his day. He cultivated the acquaintance of all those who were most distinguished by their virtues and their wisdom—especially such as were void of personal ambition, who were animated by a patriotic spirit, and by the desire of ameliorating the forms of government, and of directing the passions of their countrymen to a useful and an honourable end. Periander too, the talented but tyrannic ruler of Corinth, was at this time among the number of his acquaintances; and it is narrated that one day, when they were at table together, Solon was unusually silent. 'Why don't you converse?' inquired Periander; 'is it stupidity? is it barrenness of ideas?'—'Do you not know, then,' replied Solon, 'that it is impossible for a fool to keep silence at table?'

The Athenians at this time groaned under the sanguinary laws of Draco, which punished every crime indiscriminately with death. Athens, indeed, was in a state of anarchy, for the laws were too atrocious to be put in force. A new code must be drawn up, more conformable to the

spirit of the age and the spirit of the people; and Solon was unanimously chosen by his fellow-citizens for that high but difficult office. He was created archon and supreme legislator. He executed his task with great zeal and with great impartiality, and it was one which required all the wisdom of his matured mind. One day, when engaged in his task, Anacharsis, the Scythian philosopher, entered his apartment: 'What are you taken up with, my dear Solon?' said he. 'Do you not know that laws are like cobwebs? The weak are caught in them; the strong break through.'

Solon acted very much on the principle conveyed in this remark; and if in his laws he has unduly favoured the people, it was because he was deeply interested in their happiness, and because he saw how many means of oppression were possessed by the powerful, and how difficult it was for the poor man to protect himself. Whether the institutions he framed were the best to effect his purpose may be doubted; he himself remarked, 'I have not given the Athenians the best of laws; but I have given them the best they were capable of receiving.' But unquestionably he placed a very dangerous power in the hands of the people, by constituting them a court of last appeal in every cause, and in framing his laws so obscurely that an appeal to the people to interpret them was of constant occurrence. In regard to the domestic relations, the code of Solon was far in advance of the spirit of his age, and infinitely superior to that framed by Lycurgus for the Spartans. Solon was the first of his nation who invested the family compact with a dignity becoming its importance, by regarding marriage as a sacred tie, and strengthening it by legislative enactments. But he could not at once rise superior to the lax morality of the age; he permitted divorce, though under restrictions, yet on grounds that would appear far from sufficient in modern times. It was reserved for the religion of Christ to raise woman to her proper rank in society; the New Testament is the great charter of her liberties. The character of Solon makes it probable that he sought much of his happiness in the domestic relations; and we know that he was an affectionate father. He was deeply afflicted by the death of his son; and a friend one day visiting him, surprised him in tears. 'Why do you grieve so bitterly?' said his friend; 'tears cannot bring back the dead.'—'Tis because of that I weep!' was the sorrowful rejoinder.

The conduct of Solon, and the laws which he framed, gave so much satisfaction to the Athenians that he might now have easily obtained the sovereign power in the state. But he refused the offer of the kingly office; and having now completed his legislative duties, and fearing lest he should himself be the first to alter his code, he withdrew into voluntary exile for ten years, having previously obtained from his countrymen a solemn oath that they would strictly observe his laws for one hundred years, and that they would live at peace till his return. Upon leaving Athens he visited Egypt. From thence he repaired to the court of Croesus, king of Lydia, who seems to have treated him with great favour, although the opinions of the frank-spoken sage must have been at times disagreeable to the most opulent monarch of the age. On one occasion being asked by Croesus if he were not the happiest of mortals, 'Tellus, an Athenian,' replied the sage, 'who always saw his country prosperous, his children virtuous, and who died himself in his country's defence, was more truly to be called happy than the possessor of riches and the ruler of empires.'

Thus living as it were in seclusion, removed from the cares of state, and free from the anxieties of his late legislative office, Solon indulged the belief that, by the wise and mild constitution which he had framed, he had permanently secured the happiness of his countrymen. But if in this he was forgetful of the fickleness of the people, he underrated also the ambitious projects of individuals. In his absence, the republican constitution which he had framed was already tottering. The blow was struck by a relation of his own—Pisistratus. While yet a youth, Pisistratus had fixed upon himself the admiration of the

Athenians, no less by his military talents and personal valour in the field, than by his eloquence and address at home. Gifted with a fine person—brave, frank, and generous, he was every way fitted to become the idol of the people; he redressed private grievances, listened to the complaints and encouraged the hopes of those who flocked around him; and on the return of Solon, he was rapidly smoothing his way to supreme power.

Republican in principle, and grieved to see the liberties of his country thus endangered, Solon struggled against the rising power of his ambitious relative—but in vain. Strong in the love of the people, Pisistratus soon obtained the protection of a body-guard to his person—Solon alone raising his powerful voice in opposition. Henceforth Athens was no longer free. Yet Pisistratus knew how to gild the chains which he threw round his fellow-citizens; and his conduct while in power was in many respects most praiseworthy. His rule was distinguished by justice and moderation; he raised the dignity of Athens; he encouraged literature and the arts; and was the friend and patron of illustrious men. He always treated Solon with the greatest respect, though the latter continued his inflexible antagonist; and even, by kindly offices, endeavoured to renew the ties of friendship which formerly had existed between them. But Solon rejected the friendly advances of one whom he deemed the destroyer of his country's liberty; and grieved at the overthrow of his best plans, and chagrined at the sight of his countrymen forging their own chains by the favour they showed to Pisistratus, in bitterness of heart the old man withdrew from Athens, and retired to Cyprus, where his declining years were sustained by the kindness of King Philocyprus.

It was most probably in his retreat in Cyprus that he composed one of the few poems of his which have come down to us, in which he bewails the misfortunes of his native country—the ruin which the rashness of the Athenians was bringing upon them. 'O Athens!' he exclaims, 'destiny would have spared you, but you will perish by the hands of your own citizens! . . . The blasting hail-storm escapes from the bellowing cloud; the rapid thunder-bolt leaps out from the clear sky; the wind raises mighty tempests on the sea; and often by great men perish great states—often the imprudent people of a sudden find themselves lorded over by usurpers. . . . O Athenians! ascribe not to the gods the ills that overwhelm you; it is the work of your corruption: yourselves have placed the power in the hands of your oppressors.' He then expresses his gratitude for the kindness of the Cyprian monarch, and seems about to conclude, when a yearning for home fills his heart—the longing of a age to revisit the scenes of his youth: 'O lovely Venus! crowned with violet wreaths, smooth my path o'er the sea, bless the hospitable land that has welcomed me, and grant that I may once more behold my dearly-loved Athens!' The desire of his heart was not granted. He died at the court of King Philocyprus, in the eightieth year of his age.

His laws survived him for four hundred years, until Greece became absorbed in the rising empire of Rome; and Cicero, who himself saw them in operation, passes a high eulogium on the wisdom of one who framed a code so mild, and so well adapted to the temper of the fickle Athenians. The prominent feature in the character of Solon is utilitarianism—his love of the useful—his earnest desire of practically benefiting the physical and moral condition of those around him. A philosopher, he avoided the then uncertain and ill-directed speculations of metaphysics, and turned his attention solely to the duties of man and the laws of nature. Of his success in the former of these studies his code will be an enduring monument, and in the latter, having regard to the state of science in his day, he seems to have been little less successful; and, wishing to instruct his countrymen in the philosophy of nature, he composed a treatise on the subject, using poetry as a vehicle for his ideas, in order to impress them more deeply on the minds of the people. As a poet, he did not give way to the ideal reveries, the passionate sentiments, the ardent aspirations of the poetical temperament; the charms

of poetry are chiefly employed by him to render his precepts attractive. Austerity formed no element in the character of Solon; but he seems always to have been calm-tempered, and of strict justice; and if in some places his writings were tinged by voluptuousness, some allowance ought to be made for the laxity of morals then all-prevalent. In conclusion, we may remark, that the writings of Solon consisted of a number of letters, a poem upon the Atlantis—an isle which was supposed to exist far off in the Western Ocean,—and several political elegies, of which some fragments have been preserved, which everywhere exhibit proofs of a noble mind, an elevated understanding, and a great talent for serious poetry.

SAYINGS OF SOLON.

There is a God who is Lord of all; no mortal has power equal to his. Our ideas of the Deity must always be imperfect.

No man is happy; but also, no one under the sun is virtuous.

As long as you live, seek to learn: do not presume that old age brings wisdom.

Take care how you speak all that you know.

Distrust pleasure; it is the mother of grief.

Do not be in a hurry to make new friends, nor to quit those you have.

Few crimes would be committed, if the witnesses of the injustice were not more deserving of it than the unhappy victims.

Courtiers are counters used at play—they change in value with him who employs them.

THE RESCUED DRUNKARD.

A SURGEON'S STORY.

Knock! knock! knock!—It was again the familiar nightly warning. A season of disease, especially fatal to the working people of the town, kept me constantly at work; and, well or ill, willing or not, I must be ready at their call. I sprang from my warm bed, and, lifting up the window-sash, called out, 'Who's there?'

'You must come directly, sir, to No. 6, Smith's Yard, and see a child that lies very ill: its a neighbour's bairn, sir.'

'Very well; I shall be there presently,' was my reply, and I shut down the window.

Throwing on my clothes hastily, and a cloak over all, I hastened out, and proceeded to the house indicated. It was a cold winter's morning, about five o'clock. The bitter wind, laden with sleet, caught me at the street corner, and made me draw my cloak closer around me. The factory-bells were already ringing, and here and there the huge castles of factories were lit up, and poured a thousand streams of light into the darkness. The streets were astir with the factory workers—men, women, and little girls, who clinked along in pattens through the wet snow which sprinkled the ground. Poor children, thus early inured to the hard lot of toil! what a piteous fate was theirs! But, tinkling through the air went the importunate bells of the factories, and away they must go. Were they warmly clad? Were they fed? Were they rested—thus early astir, and exposed to the elements? But I stifled my thoughts, and hastened on.

I found the house without difficulty. It was situated in a yard where I had often before been, in the course of the last three months, called thither by the duties of my profession. Typhus fever in its worst forms had recently been a constant visitor there. It was in the heart of an ill-drained filthy neighbourhood, exclusively inhabited by working people. The gutters lay close by the doors; they did not run, but were stagnant for months together. In such a place the remedies provided by medicine have but little avail. The poison held in solution by the surrounding air baffles the most skilful treatment, and death is almost invariably the victor in the contest. Half the children born in this district, I was assured by men of long experience, perished under four years old; and the lives of those who survived were sickly, joyless, and miserable. Life with them was only a long and painful dying.

I found my little patient in the death-throes. It was a case of croup of the worst kind. The house was comfortless in the extreme. A few red cinders in the grate

struggled for life—a cold fire, more cheerless even than none at all. The furniture of the room into which I was ushered consisted of a chest of drawers sadly out of repair, a deal safe, three or four ricketty chairs, and the miserable trundle on which the dying child lay. A wooden flight of stairs led to a sleeping apartment above—of the furnishing of which one might form an idea from that of this, the ‘best’ apartment. The mother of the child held an infant of a few weeks old at her breast; she was crying bitterly, for the sad truth was not to be concealed from her. She was dressed in a poor garment, patched in many places, and yet she was clean; the few articles in the apartment, however miserable in other respects, being also as clean as water and scouring could make them. The floor too was clean and fresh sanded. By whatever means, then, misery had fallen upon this humble household, it did not, at first sight, seem to be the woman’s fault; the evidences of her domestic industry were obvious. But there was dismal poverty; *that* was only too apparent.

My interest in the poor woman’s fortunes was excited by what I saw, and, after administering some medicine, from a packet which I carried with me for immediate use on such occasions, I inquired how she lived.

‘We live but poorly, sir,’ she said; ‘no wages have come into the house this week; and you see,’ glancing at the infant in her arms, ‘that we have just had another little mouth to fill.’

‘Then your husband—’ I hesitated, and, seeing my doubt,—

‘Alas!’ she said, ‘I have a husband; and yet he is *not* a husband,’ and she hung down her head and wept.

‘Is he in work?’ I inquired.

‘Work enough, and well paid, for that part of it; but, sir, you see, he has sadly fallen off in his ways since we were married. He has become unsteady—careless of his home and family—in short, sir, a drunkard!’

The confession cost her a painful effort, and I was almost sorry for having extracted it; but she proceeded with her story:

‘When we were first married, I thought myself the happiest of women. He was kind, affectionate, and steady. I did my best to make things comfortable, and I think I succeeded. We were not always in the poor house you see now, sir; we had as snug and tidy a little home as is to be found in all —; but every bit of furnishing has gone now, except what you see. He has taken away one thing after another, and sold them for drink; and I—for I could not help it—had to pawn my clothes for bread for my children! Mine had become a hard and bitter lot; and what can a poor woman do, when tied to a man who has ceased to love her, ceased to think of her, and cares only for gratifying his craving for drink. Formerly, when he came home from his work, the house was made comfortable for him; and oh! how I rejoiced at the sound of his coming step: there was very music in it! But now, the sound of his tread makes me shudder; I listen for it as before, but it is in dread. I hear the unsteady step, and my soul sinks within me. That dear little boy, how he loved his father! He clambered about him, and romped and played with him, and the father felt a proud joy in his young son. But that joy, too, was poisoned by the growth of the new craving for drink which set in upon him, and I even feared that the father began to grudge the food that was needed to nourish the little things, as it limited his means of self-indulgence. All is a dreary blank now!’

I found that the poor child had been called up, one cold raw night, to let the father in, while the mother, unable to rise, was confined to bed by her new-born infant. A severe cold was caught, which soon assumed the form of croup, and death fixed his relentless talons on the doomed child. That father—how much had he to answer for! and, did a spark of fatherly feeling yet remain in him, how horror-stricken must he be when finding the shocking result of his own sinful conduct!

I left the house, giving the poor woman such comfort

as the circumstances would admit; and, truth to say, these were extremely slender. But I resolved in my own mind to have an interview with the man himself, and to point out to him the consequences of his conduct.

A few hours after, when the morning light had dawned, I returned to the house: the child had breathed its last a few minutes before I entered. The mother, almost heart-broken, was stunned with grief, and tears were all her utterance. A man, bowed down and haggard, sat by the fire, the picture of wretchedness. He started up when I entered, and made to the door, but I stood before him and said, ‘I should like to have a word with you before you go. You are, I presume, the father of that child?’

‘I am, sir,’ he replied.

‘And you are aware of the cause of its death?’

He hung down his head, and sobbed.

‘I do not wish to speak severely to you, my friend, at such a time; but you must take this as a solemn warning to yourself—one sent, I hope, by Providence, to withdraw you from the guilty course you are now pursuing, and which must inevitably end in utter ruin and misery to yourself, your wife, and children.’

‘I know it, sir,’ he gasped, ‘I know it! But I have been infatuated, mad, and cruel to my family in the extreme. I feel it all, now; I see the horrid guiltiness of my course; and I have vowed never to drink again. I have sworn it over the body of my poor child, whose love I had begun to forget, whose comfort I had lately altogether neglected; and you will see, sir, I shall persevere in my determination.’

‘I am glad to hear it,’ I said; ‘abandon wholly this practice you have given yourself up to; do not even taste—for the first drop does the mischief; and I shall be most glad to learn that you have become restored to usefulness as a member of society, and to the renewed love and respect of your wife and children.’

‘I faithfully promise,’ he said, and seized my hand and pressed it; ‘I shall swear to you, if that be necessary.’

‘Quite unnecessary,’ I replied; ‘the resolution that cannot be kept without an oath will not be kept with one;’ and then I left.

Several months passed; and, being much occupied, the circumstances had almost passed from my mind, until one morning a visitor called to inquire for his account, and gave his name, which I at once remembered as the occupant of the cottage in Smith’s Yard. I had some difficulty in recognising him again: he was clean, healthy-looking, and well-dressed; a change seemed to have come over the entire man.

‘I have kept my promise, sir,’ were his first words; ‘I have not tasted one drop of intoxicating drink since that sad morning, and, with God’s help, shall never taste another drop while I live. I have found the good consequences in my restored self-respect, in my restored health and strength, in the restored love of my wife, and in the restored enjoyment of my home and family. I have taken a cottage in a clean and healthy part of the town; for, do you know, sir, my craving for stimulus stuck by me so long as I breathed the air of that filthy court. Who knows how many drunkards these unwholesome courts and yards of our town annually make! I am now a teetotaler, and already a member of an association just formed for improving the health of towns. None can join so zealously in such good causes as those who have suffered from the evils they are intended to cure; and I trust that I am not the least zealous among the members of these movements.’

I expressed my cordial delight at learning the radical cure that had been made in his case, encouraged him to proceed, and settled the business about which he had called.

I afterwards watched his progress, and had frequent occasions to meet him as a fellow-labourer in the excellent movements in which he had so heartily joined; and to this day, I believe, he is at work—a useful, industrious,

and generally respected member of the society amidst which he lives.

Thus Providence sent its warning in time: would that all the dispensations of God were thus turned to profit, and made as fruitful in good consequences!

SCOTTISH LITERATURE.

To attain to anything like poetic originality in these days is as difficult as it would be to cull flowers from the valleys in winter, or to glean a store of golden fruit from a leafless wind-shaken forest. Every aspect of nature of which man is cognisant has been syllabled and sung. All that men have seen, from the most superficial transient shadow that flits across a mountain's brow to the most profound and intricate phenomenon of palpable essence, has received a tongue, and has breathed into man's knowing faculties a portion of itself. In glancing into the works of the early poets, we are struck with the creative luxuriance of fancy that displays itself in all their writings. Their poetry is a reflection of nature as she appeared during their times—uncultured, but luxuriantly fertile; not trim and neat, as if the scissors of hypercritical, finical mannerists like Horace Walpole had transformed the wild, grand wilderness of primeval vegetation into a 'natty' little flower-garden, or had reduced the varied face of nature's wold into a 'strawberry hill,' but full of all the rich and multiplied productions of fresh glowing creation. We think we see the world's young bards panting to interpret the thousand appearances that crowded on their vision, all eagerly demanding revelation. The heavens and earth full of God's glory, and declaring it in all their ways, cried aloud to the poet for an articulate voice; and he, weaving garlands of bright flowers from the forest and green leaves from the field, hung them on the branches of the tall oaks, or on the jagged pinnacles of the mountains, and gemmed them with the light of the stars, as he sung of their glory and beauty. The world was all before them where to choose of images, of metaphors, of themes; and the first great interpreters of things as they seemed, and of things as they were, gathered these elements of poetry so eagerly together that the treasures of their thoughts contain, in rich, although perhaps abnormal, combination, all the glories of poesy's summer and the richness of her autumn, all the freshness of her spring and the majesty and awe of her winter. It is a question how we should estimate the powers of poets now-a-days. The skilful elaboration of one original idea now perhaps requires as much real genius as it did to weave the whole of the beautiful strings of pearls that glisten on the tiaras of Burns, Scott, and Hogg. They have left nothing for the Scottish poet to do save—like the younger sons of science, who fill their cabinets with specimens of rock, which have been dug out of the earth for them—to polish and refine these, if they can. All thoughts are poems, when they are clothed in agreeable expression, or when they excite agreeable sensations; and it is in proportion to their power of pleasing that we estimate them. What the man of lofty ideality and cultivated taste might turn away from with indifference, might awaken emotions of joy in the bosom of an inferior spirit; and while the Wilsons and Jeffreys of high criticism might exorcise the spirit of a homely singer of homely things, who knows how that spirit may be welcomed by those who have not been educated to develop deeper and higher emotions? It is with feelings of gratitude, therefore, to even the humblest exponent of the humblest aspect of Scottish men or manners that we express our ideas of their ability. The names of those who have in late years sung the loves and joys of simple social circles are very numerous, and the evidences of pathos and hidden beauty which their transcripts of life contain are sometimes most touchingly forcible and real; but their multiplicity has individualised them so much—has so confined their names and fame to particular localities—that, beyond these, nothing is known of them save the feeblest echoes of their modest harps.

Alexander Rodger is one of the few, however, of that tuneful throng who have obtained a wider range of fame than the generality of mere Scottish songsters. He has been lauded and patted on the shoulder by the warm-hearted Christopher North; and that generous child of the golden numbers has rendered one of his songs ('Behave yourself' before folk') a star in the firmament of 'Noctes Ambrosianæ.' Rodger chiefly resided in Glasgow, and has been peculiarly styled the 'bard of the West;' but if poetry is born with a man, its birthplace must of necessity be his, so that we can claim this votary of the Scottish muse as a star who rose in the east.

Alexander Rodger was born in the village of East Calder, Mid-Lothian, on the 16th of July, 1784. His father was a farmer, retaining the onestanding and land denominated Haggs, near the little village of Dalmahoy. When Rodger was about seven years of age, his father gave up his farm, and removed to Mid-Calder inn, when the lad was first sent to school. From Mid-Calder his father removed to Edinburgh, when Alexander was apprenticed to the trade of a silversmith. He continued a year at this trade, when his father, who had been very unfortunate in business, emigrated to Hamburg, and thence sent for him. To this removal, however, the maternal relations of Rodger were averse, and he was taken by them instead to Glasgow, where, in 1797, he was sent to learn the weaving business. There is no doubt but Rodger early manifested those incipient powers of song which latterly distinguished him, and his ardent temperament soon sought to express itself in rhyme. His employment, with its incessant monotonous clatter, one would esteem most unmeet to companion the musings of a bard, and yet Wilson, Tannahill, and Thom, while weaving the palpable threads of a piece of cloth, wove the beautiful and sunny idealisations of their fancy into song. Rodger's songs are chiefly of the 'droll' or 'pawky' character, or, like his friend Carriek's, sarcastic and witty. This vein seems to have been nursed when the war mania of 1803 to 1815 incorporated the most incongruous masses of men into fire-eating regiments of martial heroes. Rodger joined the Glasgow Highland Volunteers; and, as the heroes of the Glasgow Highlands seemed to speak a jargon as ludicrous and broken as the natives of the highlands farther north, he sung the peculiarities of his Celtic brethren in their own incoherent tongue until he had formed a regular register of poetic records of their humours and foibles.

In 1806, Rodger married, and removed to that suburb of Glasgow called Bridgeton, cheering his home with the music of his own songs, and keeping it 'snug in thack and rape' with the labour of his hands. This humble workman, in addition to his poetic talents, possessed a fine taste for music, and the proceeds arising from his instruction of others in the science assisted him to support his numerous and respectable family.

Rodger's sympathies were ever warm and keen, and his love of liberty and justice was very strong. Amongst the first of his effusions, a poem entitled 'Bolivar' was called forth, on the occasion of seeing it announced in one of the journals that that South American patriot had emancipated seventy thousand slaves in the districts of Caraccas, Venezuela, and Caurana. In 1819, when the wildfire of political discontent was flashing through the land, and when the people were loudly calling for radical reform, a paper called the 'Spirit of the Union' was started in Glasgow, and Rodger was employed upon it. The ardent poet forsook his quiet fireside and song-cheered obscurity for the turmoil and storms of political agitation; and, instead of singing songs of peace and love, he hurled the force of his indignation and sarcasm upon the government until it rebounded upon himself in the form of cation and immurement in Bridewell, upon a charge of sedition. He and several other disaffected persons were apprehended on the 8th of April, 1819, and confined. One of the poet's fellow-prisoners informed us that such was the buoyancy of Rodger's spirit and the strength of his indignant rebellion against the injustice of his imprisonment.

that he composed and sung political diatribes through the door of his cell, much to the scandal of the authorities and wrath of the jailer, who removed him to a back part of the prison. After a detention of several weeks, the caged bard was once more freed from 'durance vile.' In 1821, Mr George Rodger, manager of Barrowfield Print and Dye Works, employed our bard to superintend a department in that establishment. Alexander spent eleven years in this situation, and, during that time, produced many of his best pieces.

In 1822, a sarcastic poem, 'Sawney, noo the king's come,' greeted George IV. on his visit to this country, at the same time with Sir Walter Scott's 'Carle, now the king's come;' and, so keen and biting was the satire and so apposite the allusions of Rodger's poem, that the loyalists were much annoyed. In 1832, he voluntarily left his situation at Barrowfield, and shortly thereafter became reader and reporter for the 'Glasgow Chronicle.' He afterwards was employed as general assistant to a Radical journal in Glasgow; and then he was engaged by Mr Peter McKenzie, of the 'Scotch Reformers' Gazette.' He died in Glasgow in 1846 deeply regretted by all who had the pleasure of his friendship.

His first acknowledged lucubrations appeared in 1827, when a small volume of poems and songs was published by David Allen & Co., Glasgow. In 1838, Mr David Robertson of the same city published a complete edition of Rodger's pieces. This second volume was followed by a third and last, which completes this author's works, if we except his editing of the second series of 'Whistle Binkie.' Independence of sentiment, generosity, and kindness mingled with 'wit, and fun, and fire,' are the elements of Rodger's poetry, and were the distinguishing features of his character. Man was more his study than nature. Indeed, he had scarcely seen nature in its pristine loveliness, but was immured within the walls of a busy, bustling city, and confined to toil during the greater portion of his life. A city is insufficient, even with all literary auxiliaries, for the education of a true poet. The furbishing iron of education and a vigorous intellect may produce fine polished representations of the real, but they ever want the freshness of the dew. They are like theatrical scenes compared to natural groves; they possess colour and disposition, but they are neither moved with the zephyrs nor enlivened by the songs of birds; the echoes of the wood nymphs' voices came not from them. Rodger's genius found sympathy in the scenes which engaged him, and in the manifestations of the eccentric portion of humanity which surrounded him, and several of his compositions are very graphic delineations of men indeed. He has left behind him a good reputation in the city where he lived and sung, and several of his pieces are very popular.

Cotemporary with, and the friend of, Rodger and Carrick, was William Motherwell. This gifted poet was born in Glasgow in the year 1797, where he remained until his eleventh year; at which period he removed to Paisley, to the home and care of an uncle, who was in good circumstances. Motherwell early evinced a strong love of the past, which, when it is not relative but singular, renders men tenaciously conservative even of its absurdities. Rodger might be termed a reflection of one of the aspects of Burns; Motherwell, of Scott. If Burns looked to the past, it was not with the tearful eye of a hopeless Janus, whose forward eyes were put out, but with the love and pride of an enthusiast, who traced his own feelings and aspirations in the vehement, and what he believed to be heroic, energy of his sires of the days of Bannockburn. Burns had no desire to restore the man-degrading era of chivalry, and to elevate the sword and coronet above worth and intellect; he loved to revert to the days that were gone as the incipient times of a better and brighter future. Scott's kindly nature taught him to love all that was beautiful and good; but his love of bygone times, and his diseased veneration for vertu, made him also aspire for the baby-clothes and murderous playthings of a half-childish half-brutal age. Man had begun to outgrow embroi-

dered tabards, and cocked hats and feathers, when Scott, like a fitful Prometheus, partially revived them. Motherwell, who was appointed deputy to the sheriff-clerk of Paisley at the age of twenty-one, had long evinced a bias for antiquities and the old strains of Scotland. We have met with those who have collected coins and other articles of vertu for his cabinet, and they were loud in their laudations of the kindness and simplicity of the man, and of the shrewdness and enthusiasm of the antiquary. Motherwell's habits of thought led him to adopt the political opinions of Toryism; indeed, when we look to the pursuits and leanings of such men, we can hardly see how their prepossessions could be for other than what they esteem the ancient and venerable institutions of their country. As individuals, filled with the warmest sympathies for the sufferings of their kind, their abstract education leads them to recognise in old idealities something superior to man. In 1819, Motherwell edited a poetical miscellany called the 'Harp of Renfrew;' and, in 1827, he published his 'Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern,' which was the result of his study and research amongst the ballad lore of his native land. In 1828 he became editor of a weekly journal in Paisley, whence he was soon translated to the important post of editor of the 'Glasgow Courier,' in which situation he continued to the period of his death, which took place prematurely, and rather suddenly, in 1835. Motherwell was also engaged with Hogg in editing the works of Burns; but the mighty dead republican minstrel of the west was being so mangled in the critical notes of this work that the public indignation stopped it in the second or third number. At the period of his death he had collected materials for the life of Tannahill, which he was not allowed to employ. He sleeps in the romantic cemetery of the Necropolis (in Glasgow), and the old cathedral, which was an object of his love and veneration, almost overshadows his tomb. Almost the last song he ever composed was an aspiration that some hand, for the sake of the songs he had sung, might plant some little flowers upon his grave. His wish was fulfilled, for, on the day after his funeral, some gentle one had planted the primrose and thyme upon the sod that wrapt the poet's breast. Motherwell's favourite pieces were those in imitation of the wild chants of the Scalds; several of which he inspired with the fierce and savage energy of the songs of the Vikings. We would not, however, exchange his beautiful strain of 'Jeanie Morrison' for all the other prelections of his muse. It is a song of the past, too—of the palpable, vivid, holy past of childhood, warmed with the dawnings of love and fancy. We have seldom seen a piece so full of natural simple pathos. It is a complete poem—a beautiful recalling of the most sweet and endearing recollections of green, sunny youth revelling amidst the green, sunny scenes of hope's cloudless summer and of innocent, griefless love.

INQUIRY ON THE SANITARY STATE OF LONDON.

So much attention has within the past year or two been directed to the subject of sanitary reform, that it may now be looked upon as a national question—one which, if not regarded in many quarters with all the interest its great importance demands, is sure to be put into practice wherever the ignorance which yet prevails in relation to public-health measures is removed. While learned physicians are yet to be found in the metropolis gravely asserting that no necessity exists for attention to these matters, it will not be surprising that uneducated persons in the provinces should look on attempts to ameliorate the condition of towns with suspicion. But thinking men, and those who have studied the subject, are fully agreed as to its importance, and the immediate necessity for active remedial measures. We cannot better fulfil our duty in regard to the subject than by directing attention to the report just published by the sanitary commission appointed to inquire into the means for improving the health of London. The task is one of no little magnitude and diffi-

culty; the innumerable conflicting interests in the great city, the hostile array of petty office-holders, the jealousy of interference, present an amount of resistance only to be appreciated by those who have had anything to do with public matters in the metropolis.

The commission, composed of gentlemen well known for their acquaintance and sympathy with the cause of sanitary reform, have set about their work in real earnest; as a signal instance of which we may mention that, on their recommendation, the Lord Chancellor issued writs of *superseas* against the seven metropolitan sewage commissions, revoking all their powers, which are transferred to twenty-two gentlemen, who act for the whole of the metropolis. One effect of this change will be a complete survey of London and its suburbs, with a view to one grand system of drainage and sewerage. This is beginning at the right end; the only means for effectually abating disease is the removal of all those matters by which it is created. With the non-accumulation of refuse, must be combined an abundant water-supply. We have from time to time alluded to the privations which the poor of London and other large towns undergo as regards water. Mr Bowie, a surgeon, in his evidence before the commission, on being asked what was the situation of the labouring population 'as to crowding, ventilation, supplies of water, and cleanliness,' replied—'In all these respects wretched: the crowding was excessive, the ventilation bad, the rooms, furniture, and clothes dirty. The water-supply was very insufficient; it was an intermittent supply from the water company, distributed in courts, by stand-pipes, on intermittent days. The fatigue of fetching it was so great that it was only used for purposes deemed of absolute necessity, such as cooking, the population rarely bestowing much of it on their own clothes or persons. I remember it well, as a fact, that the water, from being kept so long, and absorbing the impurities of these places, often smelt very offensively.' In another place, the same gentleman gives an answer conclusive as to the necessity for intervention on the part of government. 'However much,' he says, 'the poor might have desired to increase the cleanliness of their houses, they had no control over the supply of water, and they had no means of procuring receptacles for holding it. Many of them, too, were quite unable, from their large families, from weakness and disease, to clean their houses: neither had they any means of draining the surface of the streets, courts, and alleys in which they reside, or cleaning the privies and cesspools in the neighbourhood, or of escaping the poisonous emanations given off from them.'

Here we have an example of what is unfortunately the rule in nearly every town in the kingdom; the bulk of the population left, without any power of remedy on their parts, to the chances of disease, not to speak of wholesale demoralising influences. Mr Hooper, another surgeon, was asked, if he thought that the poor would avail themselves of the means of cleanliness if placed within their reach. He replied:—'I think they would to a very considerable extent. I think the fault is not in the people so much as in their want of means. These people can procure no water (even when it is to be got) without very great labour. The woman is always obliged to carry it up stairs; consequently she is very sparing in the use of it; and those stairs are common to all the families in the house, so that no one thinks it a duty to wash them. I have often been struck with the filthy state of the water in the rooms; even that for drinking and other domestic uses has an offensive odour, from having absorbed the foul air of the room. There again, I often find a tub of exceedingly filthy water which has been used over and over again, on the landing-place outside of the rooms, the odour from which is most offensive. It is also very common to find the clothes which have been washed in this filthy water drying in the room. The evaporation from these clothes I regard as most pernicious; and in the room in which the air is poisoned in this way there may be two or three children ill in bed, or perhaps the father or mother ill with typhus fever.'

We cannot, however, disguise the fact that many instances are on record where the occupiers of little tenements have preferred to spend their money on gin, rather than in means to cleanse their dwellings or the neighbourhoods in which they reside. For fourpence a-week, the price of a pot of porter, it is stated, a working man's house could be supplied with a sufficiency of water, be provided with proper drains and a water-closet, and the frontage in the street or court kept properly clean. It is to be hoped that no one would object to make so small a payment for so large an increase of comfort, so effectual a check to disease, and so certain a means of improving his household economy: in the end all would be gainers.

The report enters largely into the subject of causes of disease, particularly with reference to the cholera. It is found that this formidable epidemic, although at times an intruder into a healthy district, seldom or never fails to ravage the localities which are already the seat of fever. This was the rule in all the countries visited by that disease. 'In its progress through this country,' we read, 'in whatever places it attacked, it generally first appeared in the neighbourhood of rivers or marshes, and principally raged in low and damp localities, particularly where there were also the outlets of filth.' After showing that the disease is not contagious, and that people need not be afraid to nurse their relatives when attacked by it, the report goes on to state—'It is now universally known, that in the metropolis, as in every town and city, the places in which typhus is to be found, from which it is rarely, if ever, absent, and which it occasionally decimates, are the neglected and filthy parts of it; the parts unvisited by the scavenger; the parts which are without sewers, or which, if provided with sewers, are without house-drains into them; or which, if they have both sewers and house-drains, are without a due and regulated supply of water for washing away their filth, and for the purposes of surface cleansing and domestic use. The evidence that the track of typhus is everywhere marked by the extent of this domain of filth has been so often adduced that it is needless to repeat it; but the evidence that, during the prevalence of cholera, this was also everywhere the precise track of this pestilence is not so well known. 'With the steady approach of this formidable malady towards us,' urge the commission, 'it is, in our opinion, of the last importance that public attention should be directed to the evidence of this fact.' To what extent the elements of disease abound in London may be inferred from the evidence, that in one parish, St James's, Westminster, one of the wealthiest and most respectably inhabited in London, there are, as affirmed by the Hon. F. Byng, 'constantly 2,500,000 cubic feet of decomposing refuse retained in the sewers and drains.'

It would be hardly possible to imagine a complication of evils, absurd regulations, charges and assessments, so bewildering and detrimental as that which existed under the late sewage commissions. Objections the most frivolous and vexatious were made to manifest improvements, often, as it seems, out of jealousy of the surveyor or other person who brought them forward. We find instances of each side of a street being assessed under different powers, with, at times, one half of the sewer built differently to the other half. Sometimes the whole expense has been levied on a portion of the community who were not all benefited by the new works laid down, while those who were really benefited, whose property was improved, paid nothing. The outlay too has far exceeded what it would have been under an economical and efficient system of management. The average length of sewers annually built by the Westminster commission during the past seven years has been seven miles; if these sewers had been constructed of the most approved form, the saving would have been £12,000 yearly. On this point Mr Hertslet, one of the witnesses, remarks—'If the economy already effected by our recent alterations in the forms of sewers alone has been so great, surely the economy to be expected from the improvements, not only in the sewers, but in the house-drains also, under a systematic arrangement, would be such as to make sanitary improvement a

far easier thing than it yet appears to be, even to the minds of practical persons. Another economy may be effected by a consolidation of the collections. If the sewers'-rate were collected by the poor-rate collectors, the poundage of the poor-rate collections might be reduced in proportion as the amount to be collected was increased by the sewers'-rate, and the sum now paid by the Westminster Commission alone, of about £1000 per annum, would at once be saved. If earthenware pipes,' continues this gentleman, 'instead of the brick and mortar drains recommended by architects, had been put in during the progress of the works in Drury Lane and Tottenham Court Road, &c., under a proper system, the prices would, I believe, have been half-crowns, and in some cases even shillings, instead of pounds.'

The present mode of constructing sewers involves a large annual expenditure for the cleaning of them out by hand-labour; an operation at once disgusting and dangerous, and which would be entirely obviated by building sewers of the proper form—egg-shaped, with the small end downwards. If made with a flat or slightly-hollowed bottom, the sewer will nearly always be foul, as the current of water running through it is too much spread out to carry away the refuse matters; but if made narrow, as in the egg-shape, the stream is deeper, and flows with sufficient force to keep the sewer or drain constantly clean. The commission have published a series of diagrams with the evidence, exhibiting the best form of sewers, and sizes varying from 6 feet in height to 15 inches, the latter being intended for the drainage of courts and houses. The report furnishes such complete information as to the best and most economical methods of proceeding with works of drainage or sewerage, that we recommend it to the careful study of all who may be interested in the question.

According to the evidence of Mr Phillips, an intelligent surveyor who has for many years been actively engaged in drainage operations, sewers require a stream at a constant flow 'equal to about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet per second, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile per hour, to prevent the soil from depositing within them.' In reply to questions as to the ill effects of imperfect drainage, the same witness states—'The air from a sewer is anything but agreeable, however much it may be diluted with fresh air, and people who are used to it do not feel or complain of its disagreeable effects so much as those who are not used to it. Wherever there are cesspools and defective drains, the atmosphere of the houses is being constantly tainted with deleterious gases. Persons going in a morning from the fresh air into defectively-drained houses, or into drained houses where there is a current of air from the sewer into the house, cannot help feeling something disagreeable in the state of the air. When the houses are closed for the night, the indrafts of foul air from the sewers, drains, and cesspools increase, and in this atmosphere people sleep, inhaling disease and death.'

Purification of the atmosphere is emphatically insisted on by the commission as the only effectual means of preventing the spread of cholera, or of weakening its effects. Deficient clothing, bad food, and irregular living increase the virulence of the disease to a fatal extent, but not to the same degree as impure air. They recommend that the undrained, close, and long-neglected courts and alleys should be first cleaned, in connection with 'measures for cleansing whole lines of sewers from their commencement, through the several districts to their outfalls; the cleansing of cesspools (wheresoever it may be effected into the sewers), and the removal of whatsoever may be removed in suspension in water in the various modes of flushing, by the use of additional and abundant supplies of water.' They go on to say—'Should the apprehension of the return of the pestilence prove unfounded, as we fervently hope it may, all measures preventive of that epidemic cannot fail to be successful against fever and other large and fatal classes of disease. If that which may be done within the time, with every aid and exertion in carrying out such measures be little, as compared with the magnitude of the evil, it can scarcely fail to repay the effort.'

Cleanliness and pure air are the two grand remedies, and much may be done by individual effort in every part of the kingdom towards the introduction of these two essential agencies. The deadly effects of dirt have so often been brought under discussion that it might seem unnecessary to dwell longer upon them. But if any great point is to be carried, it must be made public again and again—there must be iteration upon iteration. The great, perhaps the most fatal, point in this case is defective drainage, and the whole bearings of the question are so ably developed by Mr Phillips in his valuable evidence that we shall conclude our article by quoting his remarks at length. 'Of what use,' he says, 'is it for the benevolent physician to be striving to succour his poor, helpless, suffering patients, while the very foundation of the evil is allowed to continue, and so baffle all his exertion? His labour to alleviate the sufferer and eradicate diseases is, as it were, like a ball which is forced to rise on an inclined plane, whence it continually falls back again to receive new impulses. It is like the labour of Sisyphus. There are hundreds, I may say thousands, of houses in this metropolis which have no drainage whatever, and the greater part of them having stinking, overflowing cesspools. And there are also hundreds of streets, courts, and alleys that have no sewers; and how the drainage and filth is conveyed away, and how the poor, miserable inhabitants live in such places, it is hard to tell. In pursuance of my duties, from time to time I have visited very many places, where filth of all kinds was lying scattered about the rooms, vaults, areas, and yards, so thick and so deep that it was hardly possible to move for it. I have also seen in such places human beings living and sleeping in sunk rooms, with filth from overflowing cesspools exuding through and running down the walls and over the floors. It is utterly hopeless to expect to meet with either civilisation, benevolence, religion, or virtue, in any shape, where so much filth and wretchedness abound. The effects of the stench, effluvia, and poisonous gases constantly evolving from these foul accumulations were apparent in the haggard, wan, and swarthy countenances and enfeebled limbs of the poor creatures whom I found residing over and amongst these dens of pollution and wretchedness. I should be ashamed to keep pigs in so much filth as I have seen human beings living amongst.' Mr Phillips then suggests that legislative enactments should be immediately passed for the removal of these evils, and pursues—'evils whereby the cleanly and the innocent are made to suffer nearly equally with those who may be called the dirty and the guilty; for wherever the natural laws in respect of cleanliness are neglected, there the seeds of infectious diseases are generated, which will spread into other districts where cleanliness is observed, and so will attack and afflict those who have had no hand in bringing the visitation upon themselves. To allow such a state of things to exist is a blot upon this scientific and enlightened age—an age, too, teeming with so much wealth, refinement, and benevolence. Morality and the whole economy of domestic existence is outraged and deranged by so much suffering and misery. Let not, therefore, the morality, the health, and the comfort of thousands of our fellow-creatures in this metropolis be in the hands of those who care not about these things, but let good and wholesome laws be enacted to compel houses to be kept in a cleanly and healthy condition.'

TATTOOING IN THE MARQUESAS.

THROUGHOUT the entire cluster, the tattooers of Hivarhoo enjoyed no small reputation. They had carried their art to the highest perfection, and the profession was esteemed most honourable. No wonder, then, that, like genteel tailors, they rated their services very high; so much so, that none but those belonging to the higher classes could afford to employ them. So true was this, that the elegance of one's tattooing was in most cases a sure indication of birth and riches. Professors in large practice lived in spacious houses, divided by screens of tappa in numerous

little apartments, where subjects were waited upon in private. The arrangement chiefly grew out of a singular ordinance of the Taboo, which enjoined the strictest privacy upon all men, high and low, while under the hands of the tattooer. For the time, the slightest intercourse with others is prohibited, and a small portion of food allowed, which is pushed under the curtain by an unseen hand. The restriction with regard to food is intended to reduce the blood, so as to diminish the inflammation consequent upon puncturing the skin. As it is, this comes on very soon, and takes some time to heal; so that the period of seclusion generally embraces many days, sometimes several weeks. All traces of soreness vanished, the subject goes abroad; but only again to return; for, on account of the pain, only a small surface can be operated on at once; and as the whole body has to be more or less embellished by a process so slow, the studios alluded to are constantly filled. Indeed, with a vanity elsewhere unheard of, many spend no small portion of their days thus sitting to an artist. To begin the work, the period of adolescence is esteemed the most suitable. After casting about for some eminent tattooer, the friends of the youth take him to his house, to have the outlines of the general plan laid out. It behoves the professor to have a nice eye; for a suit to be worn for life should be well cut. Some tattooers, yearning after perfection, employ, at large wages, one or two men of the commonest order—vile fellows, utterly regardless of appearances—upon whom they first try their patterns and practice generally. Their backs remorselessly scrawled over, and no more canvass remaining, they are dismissed, and ever after go about, the scorn of their countrymen. Hapless wights! thus martyred in the cause of the fine arts! Besides the regular practitioners, there are a parcel of shabby, itinerant tattooers, who, by virtue of their calling, stroll unmolested from one hostile bay to another, doing their work dog-cheap for the multitude. They always repair to the various religious festivals, which gather great crowds. When these are concluded, and the places where they are held vacated even by the tattooers, scores of little tents of coarse tappa are left standing, each with a solitary inmate, who, forbidden to talk to his unseen neighbours, is obliged to stay there till completely healed. The itinerants are a reproach to their profession—mere cobblers, dealing in nothing but jagged lines and clumsy patches, and utterly incapable of soaring to those heights of fancy attained by gentlemen of the faculty. —*Melville's Adventures in the South Seas.*

LYRICS AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, BY FRANCES BROWN.*

POETRY is an appreciable thing, even when it is merely the reflecting agency by which we convey to others the thoughts arising from our observation of external nature; but when it is the medium of communication between the outer world and a spirit teeming with images of love and beauty—glowing with thoughts of all that exhibits 'light, and life, and joy'—deploring mammoth's harrowing grasp on the heart of man—panting after a more pure and sinless state of being—recalling with tenfold freshness the visioned shadows of the past in an ornate and refined form; then it is that poetry become a glorious and a holy power, assuming a grandeur and majesty meet to be the language of the poetic soul. And such is the main characteristic of the little book now lying before us. The pieces of which it is composed have already appeared in a detached form, and have been highly prized for their ideality, purity, and beauty of sentiment, as well as their fine flowing rhythm. Now, however, Miss Brown has gathered together the scattered leaves of her muse, and presented them in a handsome volume—one which, we are sure, will prove acceptable to every true lover of poetry.

There is a singularly sweet and pensive beauty of thought and expression in the following little piece, which is well

fitted to call up before the mind's eye, in all their motley array, the fondly-cherished scenes of childhood:

MY CHILDHOOD'S TUNE.

And hast thou found my soul again,
Though many a shadowy year hath past
Across its chequer'd path, since when
I heard thy low notes last!

They come with the old pleasant sound,
Long silent, but remember'd soon—
With all the fresh green memories wound
About my childhood's tune!

I left thee far among the flowers
My hand shall seek as wealth no more—
The lost light of those morning hours
No sunrise can restore.

And life hath many an early cloud
That darkens as it nears the noon—
But all their broken rainbows crowd
Back with my childhood's tune!

Thou hast the whisper of young leaves
That told my heart of spring begun—
The bird's song by our hamlet eaves
Poured to the setting sun;

And voices heard, how long ago,
By winter's hearth or autumn's moon!—
They have grown old and alter'd now—
All but my childhood's tune!

At our last meeting, Time had much
To teach and I to learn; for then
Mine was a trusting wisdom—such
As will not come again.

I had not seen life's harvest fade
Before me in the days of June;
But thou—how hath the spring-time stay'd
With thee, my childhood's tune!

I had not learn'd that love, which seem'd
So priceless, might be poor and cold;
Nor found whom once I angels deem'd,
Of coarse and common mould.

I knew not that the world's hard gold
Could far outweigh the heart's best boon;
And yet, thou speakest as of old,
My childhood's pleasant tune!

I greet thee as the dove that cross'd
My path among Time's breaking waves,
With olive leaves of memory lost,
Or shed, perchance, on graves.

The tree hath grown up wild and rank,
With blighted boughs that time may prune—
But blessed were the dews it drank
From thee, my childhood's tune!

Where rose the stranger city's hum,
By many a princely mart and dome,
Thou comest—even as voices come
To hearts that have no home.

A simple strain to other ears,
And lost amid the tumult soon;
But dreams of love, and truth, and tears,
Come with my childhood's tune!

It must not be supposed that there is any lachrymose sentimentality pervading these lyrics. On the contrary, they are vigorous and healthy in tone. The hope of the authoress, as shining in her works, is not of the brightest and most enduring nature—it flickers, struggling now and again with a philosophical reflectiveness which tinges with the garb of mourning some of the happiest elements of her poetry; yet there is a freshness in all she sings that elevates even her misanthropical allusions—and they are only allusions—to the rank of poetry; and then the bright flashes of the infinite aspiration will still pierce through all inferior thoughts, buoying her own soul and her poetry into the region of religion. The lines on the death of Campbell are a grateful tribute paid by a minstrel of Erin to the bard who poured forth the undying strains of 'Erin-go-Bragh;' and the echo of that noble lyric seems to have thrilled her own bosom when she sang of the patriot exile's 'last friends,' the mountains of his dear native land.

The majority of the pieces in the volume are full of fine pictures of nature, and those objects of the poet's love—the flowers—are blooming sweetly and redolently throughout. Take for example

* Edinburgh: Sutherland & Knox.

THE AUTUMN SONG.

Oh, welcome to the corn-clad slope,
And to the laden tree,
Thou promised Autumn—for the hope
Of nations turn'd to thee,
Through all the hours of splendour past,
With Summer's bright career—
And we see thee on thy throne at last
Crown'd monarch of the year!

Thou comest with the gorgeous flowers
That make the roses dim,
With morning mists and sunny hours,
And wild birds' harvest hymn:
Thou comest with the might of floods,
The glow of moonlit skies,
And the glory flung on fading woods
Of thousand mingled dyes!

But never seem'd thy steps so bright
On Europe's ancient shore,
Since faded from the poet's sight
That golden age of yore;
For early harvest-home hath pour'd
Its gladness on the earth,
And the joy that lights the princely board
Hath reach'd the peasant's hearth.

O Thou, whose silent bounty flows
To bless the sower's art
With gifts that ever claim from us
The harvests of the heart—
If thus Thy goodness crown the year,
What shall the glory be
When all Thy harvest, whitening here
Is gather'd home to thee!

We conclude by wishing Miss Brown all that success which a kind, gentle-spirited, and heart-refining poetess deserves, and would urge upon our readers to make themselves better acquainted with the volume. It is to be hoped that her native land, so bright and beautiful, but at present so sorely distracted, may speedily realise the ideal so graphically portrayed in the stanzas, the title of which contains the words of Napoleon Bonaparte when drinking from a small spring in the island of Elba, namely,

'THE BETTER TIMES.'

'Better times!' said the desolate Chief, as he drain'd,
From the clear-gushing spring of the cleft,
One cup to the land where his memory remain'd,
And the friends whom his fortunes had left.
'Better times!' 'tis the hold of each storm-beaten heart,
That hopes against hope as it climbs;
Though the signs of their coming grow faint and depart,
Yet the watchword is still 'Better times!'

The young and the fearless, what tempers of trust
They build on the promise of years!
It may bring them but wrecks, it will bear them to dust,
Yet how radiant the prospect appears!
There are honours to win; there are love-tones to hear;
There are homes beneath leaf-laden times;
And some in the future may find them, but ne'er
What they dream'd of in those 'better times!'

The patriot believes, though the land of his pride,
In whose triumphs he trusted, hath found
How wisdom grows feeble, and brothers divide,
When days of disaster abound;
But concord and victory rise to his sight
Through the deluge of tears and of crimes;
And he sees his hope's banner still float in the light
Of those future and far 'better times!'

Our friends—has their love grown forgetful, and far
From the hearts that remember them thus?
Let us hear of their weal—it will shine like a star
Through the clouds that close darkly o'er us:
We speak of them often—and yet there are names
Never utter'd, though heard like far climes,
Or voices that come in the silence of dreams—
To our love, and their faith, 'better times!'

Our foes—have we found them, whose fortunes or fears
Met ours, in the struggle of life,
And tasted the wormwood, it might be the tears,
That blend with those waters of strife?
Was the hand arm'd with hate grasp'd in friendship of old,
Against tried and true love were its crimes?
Let the olive grow green where the lava hath roll'd—
To our memory and theirs, 'better times!'

'Better times!' we have watch'd for their march to begin
When the skies were as wintry as now—
But it may be the world was less weary within,
And the toil-marks less deep on the brow.
'Better times!' we have sought them by wisdom's calm ray,
We have call'd them with folly's gay chimera;
But they came not, and hope by the watch-fire grows grey—
Yet to each and to all 'Better times!

PAST.

When the act of reflection takes place in the mind, when we look at ourselves in the light of thought, we discover that our life is embosomed in beauty. Behind us, as we go, all things assume pleasing forms, as clouds do far off. Not only things familiar and stale, but even the tragic and terrible are comely, as they take their place in the pictures of memory. The river-bank, the weeds at the water-side, the old house, the foolish person, however neglected in the passing, have a grace in the past. Even the corpse that has lain in the chambers has added a solemn ornament to the house. The soul will not know either deformity or pain.—Emerson.

SLAVE BAZAAR OF CAIRO.

Like all other Europeans who visit Cairo, I have more than once indulged my curiosity by a visit to the slave bazaar. It is an open court, surrounded by irregular buildings two storeys high. In the court, and in the low rooms by which it is surrounded on the ground floor, the dark-skinned children of Nubia and Sennaur are offered for sale. In the galleries and rooms in the upper storey are those of clearer skin and higher value. The former, as I have before observed with respect to those I saw on the banks of the Nile near Cheberis, have an air of *insouciance*, and even of joyousness, which makes the visiter doubt whether slavery be not to them a relief from a harder lot. The reverse, however, is often the case among those of fairer complexion; and I have more than once remarked, among the Christian daughters of Abyssinia, large dark eyes half filled with tears or veiled with their long jetty lashes, while the dejected countenance denoted thoughts borne far away to the parent or lover in the quiet home of childhood. Not all, however, are thus mindful of the past, or fearful of the future; for by more than one I have been laughfully and earnestly addressed with a 'Pray buy me!' or 'Let me go far away with you!' The natives of Sennaur have much of the negro in their features; but the Nubians have countenances of a far more intellectual character, bearing frequently a very strong resemblance to those of the ancient Egyptian statues. On one occasion I observed a group of females in the lower court, whose features had the perfect regularity of European beauty—the forehead ample—the nose straight, or slightly aquiline—the eyes almond-shaped, large, and soft in their expression—and the countenance altogether singularly intelligent, despite the darkness of the skin, which, though very clear and transparent, was almost black. I was informed that they were from Kordofan, a country bordering upon Abyssinia. They also appeared little satisfied with their lot, though they looked a smiling 'buy me' at some of the party which accompanied me. The price of a female slave varies, according to her origin and beauty, from fifteen hundred to ten thousand Turkish piastres. The white slaves are not brought to the bazaar for sale, but are shown to purchasers at private houses. They bring much higher prices. Though to many the slave bazaar has been the vestibule of a palace, for generals and sultanas have alike been brought forth from its unhallowed precincts, hard-hearted must he be who can turn away from it without a sigh over the probable fate of many of its inmates, without a blush for man thus trafficking in the blood of his brethren! Above all, it is highly disgusting to a European to see those who are bargaining for those desolate beings examining their points as a groom would do those of a horse for which he is in treaty! —Garston's Greece Revisited.

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ANOTHER CHAPTER ON BORES.

IN a previous number we brought under the notice of our readers a few of the phases in which Boreism proper exhibits itself; but as our sketch was comparatively a limited one, we now recur to the subject, with the view of introducing a numerous order of personages who rather approximate than belong to the order. Indeed, on full consideration, we feel inclined to doubt whether they properly appertain to the race of bores; and perhaps the best way of settling the matter is, to set them down as a compound species, like the *ornithorynchus paradoxus* of Australasia, which, by a freak of nature, is half-duck half-rat. Certain it is that they are virtually and practically bores, and, as such, often display no common powers of annoyance; though, to do them justice, they are in most cases unconscious of the torments they produce, and do not, like the direct bores-inquisitive, hunt down their prey through *malice prepense*. The ingenious continentals, among whom this order flourishes, have struck out for its members the title of *The Boeotians*, the original people of that name having been regarded by antiquity, in consequence of their dull and foggy climate, as the most muddle-headed of all the Greeks. This designation, which in the main signifies Dullards, is so far happy, and yet does not fully express the double character of these personages. Such as they are, they may now, however, be introduced without farther delay to the reader—or rather called to his recollection—for to a certainty he will descry them to be old acquaintances when they are described in detail. A talented French writer will aid us in so describing them, as they appear in large sites of population, their proper arenas of display.

Well, then, let us begin with a body of these compounded Bores and Boeotians, who may be characterised by name as the slow-thinkers. An old lord of the supreme civil courts of Scotland used to be very fond of the society of the witty Harry Erskine, and would hang about him pertinaciously, in all companies, for the chance of a hearty laugh; but unfortunately the said judge was extremely deaf, and could only catch portions here and there of Erskine's fun, to his most especial annoyance. However, by a little reflection and piecing together of fragments, he frequently did arrive at something like a full comprehension of some entire joke; and half an hour after its utterance, perhaps, to the amazement of everybody, he would burst out into loud laughter, exclaiming, 'I have you now, Harry! I have you now!' There are men in this world who display a mental slowness of apprehension similar to that afflicting the good old judge from physical causes. Some seem to pick up meanings at the end of an

hour, some of a day, and others only of a twelvemonth. Sarcasm, above all, is a nut the order can scarcely crack at all, thanks to the hardness of the shell of irony in which it is primarily enveloped. You may launch your shaft directly at themselves, and their peculiarities too often furnish the provocation; but they receive it impassibly. Possibly, they even accept it at first as a compliment; and it is only by meditating upon its seeming sweets for a time, as a bitter almond cased in sugar is revolved in the mouth, that they begin at last to have a sense of its acerbity at the core. Then do they feel indeed piqued, in so far as their obtuse natures will permit; and they will probably take the first opportunity of saying to you—'Ah! that was too bad of you—and before such people! You thought, perhaps, you were not understood; not so dull as all that comes to, though! Oh! yes, pretend ignorance; what did you say to me half an hour ago?' As you in all likelihood uttered your sarcasm under a merely momentary impulse of irritation, which has long since departed, you feel anew annoyed by this tardiness of apprehension, causing the resuscitation of what you would willingly let sleep, and perchance by the time feel ashamed of. Such are the slow-thinking dull bores.

There is another variety of the same genus, consisting of personages who are quick enough of immediate apprehension ordinarily, but who may be said to think only at long dates, and revolve in their minds nothing but old ideas, like cows ruminating well-dried hay. Great cities abound in such beings. Small animated watches they are, of slow movement, that mark the eighth, the ninth, the tenth, or the eleventh hour, when it is already high noon on the great dial-plate of the age! It is on holidays, particularly, that the government offices, the banks, the counting-houses, and the law-chambers pour forth this description of mortals, after their periodical entombment, into the vortex of active life. Cry '*saute qui peut!*' to all your friends, and fly when you meet one of these. He tortures you else with his assumed novel tidings of events about which all interest has ceased in the every-day world. Or, if you encounter him early in the day, he turns you into a news-pump. 'Well, is the premier going to move or not?' he will perhaps exclaim interrogatively. As you and all but such as he know, the statesman in question resigned some nine days and odd hours before, and therefore, exactly by these odd hours, the wonder is extinct. Your tormentor, having once caught you, will inflict a multitude of similar interrogations upon you, or communicate such-like intelligence with self-satisfied complacency, until your bile rises, and you feel irresistibly inclined to retort upon him with the news of the Battle of Waterloo, or even of the Rebellion of 1745. There are individuals

of this order who are even worse—still more intolerable—than the parties described, seeing that it is not so much through condition and circumstances, as through instinct and taste, that the said individuals bury themselves in the past. They travel only along the highways of information, old and deep-rutted; and even there they journey like snails, allowing everybody to shoot before them, and reaching the halting-places but when all else have long left to go forward on the route. Such parties are extremely partial to certain kinds of ultra-cheap or almost gratuitous literature, where nothing but the most venerable intelligence is hashed up to them, in a new external shape, though intrinsically unchanged. Their politics are even at times derived from the wrappings of their regular allowance of tobacco; or perhaps they are presented by their beer-purveyor, who knows their tastes, with some old, bloated, drunken-looking newspaper, in which all common mortals have ceased to feel any interest. The news deduced from such sources you are condemned to hear retailed, if you fall into the toils, as the most immediate and current tidings of the day. Sometimes a member of this order (which, to speak the truth, is found but in humble life) rises into the comparative dignity of an old-pamphlet reader; and then, indeed, woes-me for the best-natured listener's patience! The arguments, *pro* and *con*, on Catholic emancipation, the chances of success in the Greek war of Independence, or the probable fate of the Polish insurgents, may all on occasion be discussed with as much zest and anxiety as if the issue of these affairs remained yet at the award of time, instead of being developed and determined years bygone. Reader, do you recognise the man who thinks ever behind his age, and chews the cud of old ideas only?

Pursuing the plan of classing our semi-bores, semi-dulards, under the title of varieties of thinkers, one cannot fail to recollect a troublesome section of them, who insist upon thinking for others—or at least anticipating one's half-expressed thoughts, and finishing all one's incomplete observations. You may remark, for example—'I read D'Israeli's new novel last night, but'— 'Ah, you don't admire it, nor do I.' You try a new tack, and observe, 'Boz is away to Switzerland, it seems, to'— 'Write a new work in numbers; so I heard.' Others, of near kin to these cut-you-short people, manage a similar kind of boring in a different style. They leap, as it were, inimically at the throat of your speech, and answer in advance to things that you were *not* going to say. You remark, *e. g.*—'I am assured that Louis-Philippe'— 'Oh! it is not true,' says the anticipative respondent. 'Not true!' 'Certainly not, as I have been informed on the best authority.'—'And of what have you been informed?' say you again. 'Why, that he does not intend now to go to Spain in person.'—'That is precisely what I meant to tell you;' and with this you close the current subject, only to be tormented, however, with the like interruptions, and replies to what you never purposed to say, by the too-fast-thinking bore.

Incomplete thinkers form another section of boring Bœotians. Occasionally, you will find one such party who may be considered as three-quarters of a thinker; a second as half a thinker, another as a third of a thinker, and a fourth as a quarter thereof. It is customary with this class of imperfect cogitators, or at all events the least imperfect of them, to start marvellously well at first in converse, and to make you hopeful of something good in the sequel; but alas! ere long, a pause, embarrassment, and mauling supervene. All is but a flash in the pan; the combustion

goes not beyond the priming. Such personages are often, as they themselves imagine, very quick of apprehension. They hear a question discussed, and fancy they comprehend it *in toto*; but when they attempt to explain the matter to others, their supposed mastery of it turns out to be *but* a fancy. After many impotent efforts, which it is a torment to witness, such a party will usually exclaim, 'Well, I own I cannot give you the full state of the case. But wait till we meet Thompson; he understands it thoroughly. I shall bring the point on the tapis, and then you will see—you will see.' Or a rather worse bore of the same order will come to a stop in the very middle of a sentence, perhaps his first, and exclaim, 'Bless me, what was I about to say? Wait for one moment.—Yes, I was going to—No—Well, that is annoying'—and so it is, but more to others than to him. By courtesy, folks of the immediately preceding descriptions are often termed absent, eccentric men; and they not unfrequently gain positive credit for being too much absorbed in profound themes of cogitation to be able to concentrate their thoughts on small affairs. In most cases, one may bid those who so view them to 'tell the tale to the marines.' The initiated and practised mariners of the social ocean know better. Such men are nothing, usually, but what we have mildly styled incomplete thinkers, and, in their way, no small nuisances besides.

Thinkers with *one idea* have often formed the subject of remark to observant onlookers. At times, men of this character rise into a degree of utility, and a position so truly elevated, as to exclude them wholly from the range of small-shot. A Warner of satire could not touch such parties. A one-idea-ed man of this sort was Peter the Hermit; such, too, was Columbus; such was Robert Fulton; such was Thomas Clarkson; such, we do not scruple to add, was, and also still is, Joseph Hume. Parties like to these—men who spend a lifetime upon one great object—are worthy of all praise; but there are other sorts of men of one idea, or at least one temporary idea, who are really and truly dullards as well as bores of no ordinary magnitude. The one-idea-ed of every-day life are commonly folks whom any new science or system at once captivates almost to a certainty; and it then becomes for the time their unitary conceit. Phrenology may be charged with the sin of having at one time loaded society with such parties, though more lately mesmerism has pushed it from its stool. Your true and able craniologist ever was and yet is chary of forming hasty decisions; but the Bœotian amateur, whose thickness of skull had generated the notion of his being himself gifted with a fine head, was wont to be deterred by no such considerations, and would bore a company for an evening, or a year of evenings, with his one idea. Bumps and organs, faculties, sentiments, and propensities, would rattle in the ears of all around, like a hail-shower upon window-panes; and, if permitted, the delighted bore would use your head as a geographical globe, exploring its hills and valleys, and determining the longitude of your good qualities, the latitude of your defects, and the elevation of your pole of intelligence; nor would the phrenological nuisance scruple to tell some nervous lady, perhaps, that she had the propensity to murder decidedly strong, which propensity was common to her, he would kindly tell his victim besides, with the wolf, the tiger, the leopard, and all ferocious animals generally.

Mesmerism, as has been remarked, followed phrenology as a grand subject for the people of one temporary idea. The phrenologists, indeed, felt their kibes so galled by the absorbing influence of the new science, that the more ardent of the body—not including, we must own, its true chiefs—made a desperate attempt to effect a friendly amalgamation; and, on due manipulation being applied to the requisite organs, little boys consequently laughed or cried, picked the pockets of others or emptied their own (previously coinless) in ecstasies of charity, and, in short, under the direction of the phrenologico-mesmeric exhibitor, threw the public in general into fits of profound amazement, mingled with bursts of scornful cachinnation. But enough said on this subject. It would be wrong to rank

with these speculative matters the practical one of chloroform.

Since the days when the demagogues of Athens shone in state-affairs, politics have ever formed the one idea of many, many a member of the human family. There are those in plenty now existent, who talk of nothing else—persons who are absolute ogres of broad-sheets, and are capable of swallowing twenty or thirty newspapers a-day, apparently without any indigestion (or digestion?). There are numerous subdivisions of this variety of the one-idea-ed. The majority of them may be likened to certain snakes, from their casting their old skins for new ones from time to time. If you have opportunities of watching, you may even ascertain positively how many skins are cast—that is, how many successive ideas hold their term of solitary sway—in so many years. We once knew an individual, the sole theme of whose meditations and talk at one time was the expulsion of the Turks from Europe; and to whom, after a long period, Bolivar became the one idea, till ejected in turn by war steam-boats. The cotton-trade subsequently reigned in the stead of these, and kept its place so firmly, that, at the funeral of the said individual's really beloved wife, we found that he could not forbear introducing even then the idea of the hour, observing—'Ah, my dear friend, when the fatal complaint attacked her, she was busy hemming some very superior cotton-handkerchiefs for the boys. Would you believe how fine these can be got now, and how cheap comparatively they have become?' and so forth. These men of one idea—politicians, financiers, or others—are of course rarely very active or fully employed in life. They are most commonly small annuitants, and frequent greatly public promenades; so much so, that a practised spectator can often detect them by the half-dozen on the various benches of the metropolitan parks, and, looking at their absorbed aspects, may remark with point and truth, 'There sit six ideas!'

There are other men of the compound bore-and-dullard class, who appear to think too much, presenting their fancies to the world in aspects as full of variety as the beads of the quick-shifting kaleidoscope. They think by starts and bounds—much as the grasshopper effects its locomotion. Their argumentation is a chaos, and their ordinary discourse resembles a race up the gamut upon a piano out of tune. When they launch upon a story, it is impossible to say where they will land at its close—nay, where they will be within a second or two from the beginning. Certain it is, that you will in vain look to have the primary tale pursued with regularity, and may bless your stars if you get anything like a series of fragments between which there exists a discoverable connection. Put a question to one of this class about a date, and, ere you are answered, you may chance to get a full history of his grandmother's decease, of his own marriage, or his first boy's birth; and all this because the required date recalls to his mind that one or other of these events happened in the same month, only some ten or twenty years previously. The association of ideas is with such parties a malady which utterly disturbs the continuous and straightforward exercise of the mind on any given subject; and by what spider-threads are not things bound together in their rambling and episodic imaginations! 'There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth, and there is salmons in both,' says honest Fluellen, when he would connect the life of 'Alexander the pig,' by comparison, with that of Harry of Monmouth; but the kaleidoscope-thoughted individuals under notice need not even the link of 'rivers in both, and salmons in both,' to bind their subjects together, overcoming as they do all interspaces by their cigala-like leaps. Again, we venture to think, will the reader recognise this variety of social annoyances. If one should really entertain the desire of getting a definite statement out of such parties, one feels it necessary just to sit down, fold the arms, and mutter, 'Take your own way'—straining the powers in the meantime, however, to pick the grain of corn out of the chaff, or to draw the needle in the bundle of hay.

There is a dull-bore variety akin to the preceding,

meriting the designation of the over-precise or ultra-explanatory thinkers. Folks of this sort tell a story as if they were everlastingly upon their oaths, and are practically quite as vexatious as the people just described, who pour out ideas like a gun-charge. Ask the precisian even so trifling a question, as 'What's o'clock?' and he in all probability replies, 'I am sorry to say that I cannot tell you with perfect exactness. Yesterday, I noticed that my watch was full one minute behind [as it may be] the Horse Guards; but then I observed afterwards that it was correct, barring two seconds by St Paul's, and was ten seconds before St Clement's. So that I cannot tell you quite accurately, you see. However, my watch is a good one on the whole, and the hour—keeping in mind the differences mentioned—should now be'—so and so. You may thank your mercies if you get off thus easily from the precise bore, having once made a reference to him. The man would seem, in telling you the hour, as if he thought you were going to make a series of important observations at sea, or determine finally the grand problem of the longitude. You might have walked to the nearest clock-stance and back again, during the time taken to answer your simple interrogatory.

Not one half of the small bores of social life have yet been touched on by us; impartial justice demands, that, having thus painted tolerably well-sized portraits of some of them for public recognition and their own good, we should extend and complete our gallery. This we may possibly do on some convenient opportunity, should it be our misfortune (and, alas! who doubts it?) to be tormented by any of the race; but in the interim we must drop the subject—leaving our present assortment of caps to be worn by all who find them to fit, and trusting that the consequent pressure of these said caps on the brain-case may act as a gentle stimulus to reflection and improvement. It is nothing less or more than is desirable and necessary; for in society, as in the case of the rifles of Kentucky, small bores may often prove very annoying if not deadly things.

THE SEVEN SAGES OF GREECE

AND THEIR SAYINGS.

SECOND PAPER.

BIAS.

Bias of Priene united the benevolence of the philanthropist to the wisdom of the sage; and the memory of his kind actions will more surely preserve his name from oblivion than even the purity and truth of his maxims. He was born in Priene, one of the twelve independent cities of Ionia. He won the esteem of his countrymen by his talents and zeal in behalf of his native state, which, sharing the common fate of small republics, was alike torn by intestine divisions and menaced by powerful enemies from without; and which, but for his exertions, must speedily have lost its independence. He inherited, or amassed by his own efforts, a considerable fortune; and his wealth was employed by him in gratifying the promptings of a benevolent heart. Among other generous actions, he ransomed the young captives of Messena, watched over their education with all the interest of a parent, and afterwards sent them back to their native land, bearing with them the rich presents which his kindness had bestowed on them. He was a poet, we are informed, and composed a poem of some two thousand verses on the way to become happy: he had found it, for he did good.

Bias flourished about five hundred and sixty-six years before our era. He was elevated by his countrymen to office in the state; but his native gentleness of heart was unchilled even by the stern forms of the hall of justice. On one occasion, we are told, on condemning a man to death, Bias wept. 'If you weep,' said one to him, 'for the guilty, why do you condemn him?' 'We can neither repress the emotions of nature,' said the sensitive sage, 'nor disobey the law.' He is said to have been possessed of great eloquence; and, to the last hour of his life, it too, like his fortune, was ever ready at the call of benevolence.

One day the old man was pleading the cause of one of his friends; when he had finished speaking, he leaned his head on the bosom of his nephew who stood near. When the judges had pronounced in his favour, the bystanders wished to awake him—but life was flown!

SAYINGS OF BIAS.

A good conscience is alone above fear.

Listen much, and never speak but to the purpose.

To desire what is impossible, and to be insensible to the troubles of others, are two great maladies of the soul.

People who bestow all their talent on trifles, are like the bird of night, which sees clear in the darkness, and becomes blind in the light of the sun.

You become arbiter between two of your enemies: you will make a friend of him whom your decision favours. You constitute yourself judge between two of your friends: be sure you will lose one of them.

The wicked suppose all men knaves like themselves; the good are easily deceived.

The most unhappy of men is he who cannot support misfortune.

CLEOBULUS.

We know but little of Cleobulus, but he seems to have been a mild and good prince. He was a native of Lindos, in the island of Rhodes, and was elevated to the sovereignty of his country; and it was as much by the wisdom and the zeal for his country's welfare which characterised his conduct on the throne, as from his philosophical attainments, that he won a place among the sages of Greece. Nature seems to have been no less kind to him in physical than in mental endowments, for he is said to have possessed great beauty of form. His leisure hours were devoted to the cultivation of philosophy and poetry; and, after a tranquil reign, he died in the seventieth year of his age, 546 B.C. His daughter Cleobulina seems to have inherited her father's talents, and profited by his instructions. She distinguished herself as a poetess, and composed several enigmas, in one of which the year is thus characterised:—'A father had twelve children; and these twelve children had each thirty white sons and thirty white daughters, who are immortal, though they died every day.'

SAYINGS OF CLEOBULUS.

Benefit your friends, that they may love you more dearly still; benefit your enemies, that they may at last become your friends.

Never take the part of a railer: you would make an enemy of his victim.

Many words and more ignorance: such is the majority of mankind.

Choose a wife among your equals. If you take one from a higher rank, you will not have allies, but tyrants.

CHILON.

Chilon was a native of Sparta, and became one of the Ephori, or chief magistrates of the state; and in fulfilling the duties of this high office, his judgments were always dictated by the strictest impartiality. A true Spartan, he entertained a profound veneration for the laws of Lycurgus, and considered the slightest deviation from their rigid execution, in spirit as well as in form, as the highest of offences; and for one failing in this point he all his life after reproached himself. One of his friends, it seems, had been guilty of some misdemeanour, and was brought before him for trial: Chilon had the firmness to condemn him, but advised him to appeal from his decision. Such was the fault with which this upright magistrate reproached himself: it is one from which he is absolved at the bar of posterity. The character of his eloquence and of his writings bespoke the Spartan: always bold, always nervous, and of few words. 'Know thyself' is one of his admired aphorisms—a precept the difficulty of rightly fulfilling which has since become proverbial, and one of which, from the preceding anecdote, Chilon, as was to be expected, seems to have been no more capable than others; for had he thoroughly 'known himself,' his sensitive mind would have had cause to weep over not one but a thousand failings.

The Olympic games, at which all Greece assembled every fourth year, and in which rivals alike for literary and athletic fame competed, was the great arena of distinction for the Greeks. Sparta, of course, was not hindmost in the athletic contests; and in 597 B.C., a son of Chilon was a competitor in the games. He proved victor in the combat of the Cestus; and on his triumphal en-

trance into his native city, his aged sire, overcome with joy, died in the youth's arms while embracing him.

SAYINGS OF CHILON.

Know thyself. Nothing is more difficult: self-love always exaggerates our merit in our own eyes.

You speak ill of others; do you not fear, then, the ill they will speak of you?

You bewail your misfortunes; if you considered all that others suffer, you would complain less loudly.

Distrust the man who always seeks to meddle with the affairs of others.

It is better to lose than to make a dishonest gain.

Your friends invite you to a feast; go late, if you like. They call you to console them; hasten.

Do not permit your tongue to outrun reflection.

To keep a secret, to employ well one's leisure, and to support injuries, are three very difficult things.

Let your power be forgotten in your gentleness: deserve to be loved; avoid being feared.

The touchstone tries the quality of gold: gold, the quality of men.

PITTACUS.

Pittacus was distinguished alike as a warrior and as a philosopher: his victories in the field endeared him to his countrymen; and his wisdom was held in such high repute that many of his maxims were engraved on the walls of Apollo's oracular temple at Delphi. A patriot, a warrior, and a sage, he will live for posterity; virtuous, self-denying, and contented, his memory will be cherished by all good men. He was a native of Mitylene, in the island of Lesbos. His country was then groaning under the oppression of the tyrant Melanchrus; and as he grew up, young Pittacus resolved to attempt the liberation of his native isle. Alcæus, the great lyric poet, had roused the patriotic ardour of his fellow-citizens by his stirring warlike odes, and his bold invectives against tyranny; and his sons now associated themselves with Pittacus in his daring enterprise. Their efforts were successful. The citizens rose against the tyrant; and under the generalship of Pittacus, he was defeated and driven from the island. But scarcely had the Mitylenians begun to taste the sweets of freedom when a new danger arose, and they were menaced by a formidable invasion from the naval power of Athens. Pittacus was again chosen leader, and defeated the Athenians in several engagements, in one of which he killed the enemy's general in single fight. As the issue of the war seems in some way to have depended on the issue of this combat, it is recorded that Pittacus, besides his usual armour, provided himself with a net, which he concealed in the hollow of his shield, and during the fight he skilfully contrived to entangle his antagonist in its meshes, and thus came off victor.

His countrymen were not deficient in gratitude; and Pittacus was soon after created governor of the city, with kingly power. His reign was marked by justice and moderation; he introduced many wise laws and institutions; and at the end of ten years voluntarily abdicated the throne, alleging that the virtues and innocence of private life were incompatible with the possession of unlimited power. Filled with admiration for his noble conduct, his countrymen now sought to load him with marks of their esteem. But Pittacus declined the dangerous gift of wealth; and when offered an extensive tract of land, he refused to accept more than he could overcast with a javelin. A costly present is also said to have been sent to him by King Croesus, which was declined in the same contented spirit of independence. His declining years were passed in peaceful retirement, employing much of his time in literary pursuits. His writings have perished; but they consisted, we are told, of a code of laws for his countrymen, a variety of moral precepts, and some elegiac verses. He lived to the advanced age of eighty-two, and died peacefully, full of years and of honours, 570 B.C.

Originally of obscure parentage, Pittacus is said to have had the weakness to marry a lady belonging to the class of the nobility, whose pride often disturbed his usual serenity of mind, and helped to embitter his otherwise tranquil existence. He had a high regard for the duties of children to their parents, and of parents to their offspring; and nothing could be better suited to express this than one of his own maxims—'As you treated your father,' he says, 'so expect in your old age to be treated by your

children.' One day, we are told, a son was about to plead against his father, when Pittacus stopped him: 'You will be condemned,' said he to the youth, 'if your cause is less just than his: if more so, you will still be condemned.'

SAYINGS OF PITTACUS.

Happy is the prince whose subjects fear for him, and do not fear him.

Would you know a man? Invest him with great power.

The prudent man foresees evil; the brave man bears it without complaining.

You answer for another: repentance is at hand.

In commanding others, learn to govern yourself.

I love the house where I see nothing superfluous, and where I find everything necessary.

PERIANDER.

The enrolling Periander among the sages of Greece is now-a-days regarded as derogatory to the high character of his colleagues; but in his case his vices and tyranny were more conspicuous, and are now oftener thought of than his wisdom and ability. The word 'tyrant' in its original signification means 'prince,' and it was only in after times that it came to be applied as an epithet of reproach. But Periander was a tyrant in the worst sense of the term; so that some writers have been tempted to think that it was another Periander who lived about the same time that was the sage; but there is little authority for this supposition, and the general opinion is, that the tyrant and the sage were one person.

Periander was a native of Corinth, and became a magistrate and leading man in the state. At this time he is said to have been of a mild and even amiable disposition; but ambition sprang up in his heart, and seems quickly to have obtained a mastery over his early good qualities. Bent upon attaining supreme power in his native country, and at first uncertain as to the best means of succeeding in his ambitious project, he dispatched an envoy to the court of the tyrant of Syracuse, that he might procure the advice of one well fitted to guide him aright in the course which he meditated. The tyrant was in the country when the messenger was brought to him; and after reading Periander's letter, he bade the envoy mark what he did, and then, plucking off all the ears of corn which overtopped the rest, told him *that* was the answer he was to take to his master. Periander divined his meaning. He forthwith surrounded himself with an armed guard; and, by high pay and other inducements, secured their fidelity to his person. By means of them he made himself supreme in Corinth, cutting off all those who by their talents or influence were likely to prove rivals, selecting his officials from the servile and the cowardly, and issuing death-warrants on the slightest suspicion.

The iniquities of his public career were only surpassed by those which stained his conduct in private life, where he was guilty of irregularities so gross that we are forced to forbear detail. As he became old, constant and harassing fears preyed upon his mind; his agitation, his terrors, his remorse, punished the tyranny which he had not courage to abdicate: he trembled at his shadow—the echo of his own footfall filled him with alarm. His tyranny and its punishment lasted forty years. Enfeebled by age, and no longer able to bear the tortures of a guilty conscience, he one night dispatched some youths of his body-guard to lie in ambush at a certain spot, with orders to kill the first man who should pass that way. It was himself who went: they had killed their prince ere they recognised him.

This monster of cruelty was possessed of learning and wisdom, and was on terms of friendship with the other six sages. Had not ambition come with its deadening and all-engrossing influence—had he continued in the rank in which it found him, he might have carried his attainments to a higher perfection, and have preserved the better nature of his youth; and so have bequeathed his title of sage uncoupled with that of tyrant. He has left some valuable maxims; but perhaps in his case the most striking is one which must have been wrung from him in bitterness of heart, when, alone, unloved, agitated by nervous terrors, the aged tyrant called to mind what he might have been and what he was—'Would you reign in safety?' he remorsefully asks: 'surround not your person with armed

satellites; have no other guard than the love of your subjects!' He lived eighty years, and died 585 years before the Christian era.

SAYINGS OF PERIANDER.

Pleasure endures but a moment: virtue is immortal.

Do not content yourself with checking those who have done ill; restrain those who are about to do it.

When you speak of your enemy, think that one day, perhaps, he may become your friend.

A dangerous promise has been drawn from you by force: go, you have promised nothing.

ST VALENTINE'S DAY.

ALTHOUGH all that comes down to us from a distant period of antiquity is not necessarily admirable or estimable, still the most frivolous customs are invested with more than ordinary interest and importance if they can be traced to a remote age. It has often been our lot to hear the incidents which form the recorded parts of antiquarian lore laughed at, and derided as unprofitable, useless, and stupid knowledge; and we dare say, for real practical advantage, as relates to the every day concerns of life, man could very well do without such ancient knowledge; but when we consider that the most absurd legend in the classics has some relation to the very ideas and customs which now govern and are current in the world, we are induced to believe that even such is worthy of being known by the most utilitarian modern. Our laws are chiefly derived from those of ancient Rome, and our gradations of society are almost a rescript of those which made up the social economy of that republic and empire; and many of our most familiar national customs derive their origin from the same equally remote and illustrious source. It is true that the story of Saturn eating his children, and of his wife Rhea deceiving him by substituting stone effigies for several whom she saved from his voracity, is too absurd to receive a moment's credit; yet there is no absurdity in believing that this Saturn was an ancient king of Crete, and that, being driven by his son Jupiter from his throne, he wandered into Italy, where the prudent Janus kindly gave him welcome, and the deposed king, in return, set himself to teach the people how to cultivate the fields, and introduced the fabled 'Golden Age,' of which the poets have so often sung. The Romans, in honour of Saturn, whom they deified, had an annual festival called the Saturnalia, and they had also their feasts and games of Ceres, which yet find a feeble echo in our 'Harvest Home' in England or 'Kirm' in Scotland.

When the superstitions of the Roman polytheism were being exchanged for the Christian faith by the Italian people, that people still retained so strong a predilection for their fetes and holidays, that, however much they were inclined to reject their old mythology, they were not so willing to part with the pleasure they had received from observing with traditional reverence its anniversaries. Gibbon says that the Roman philosophers, in the reign of Augustus, rejected every religious belief, the Roman magistrates tolerated every faith, and the people believed every one, however absurd. In the reign of Constantine, the Roman mind had not made many strides in advance, so that when that monarch signified his adhesion to a religion which he really did not understand, he and his bishops took care to incorporate with the pure and simple faith of Christianity the splendid mythology of paganism, disguised in the form of saints and tutelar angels. The Saturnalian sports were exchanged for those of Christmas; the *Cereales ludi* for carnivals and feasts baptised with the name of some one who had distinguished himself for austerity and strictness of adhesion to the newly propounded formulas; and the festivities and indecencies of the Lupercalia were modified to the form of St Valentine sports, in order to comport in some respects with the new edicts.

This St Valentine's day, which comes in heralded by love-dreams and sunbeams, which brings palpitations to the hearts of rosy-cheeked airy-fairy maidens, and draws up deep sighs and indefinite hopes from the bottoms of young men's hearts; which sets artists to execute some hundreds of thousands of portraits of that little winged boy

Dan Cupid, and poets to strike their many-wired lyres in choice iambs to his praise—this day, which is hailed by the songs of birds, the bleatings of sheep, and the trumpet-tones of jocund bears newly aroused from their wintry lairs—this *jour des jours*, which is beloved by every one who has a spark of sunshine in his heart, from the octogenarian down to the year old wren, and which is only execrated of sweltering o'erlaboured postmen, is a day of old repute—it is a day devoted to the potentate of love, and its memory has held its place in the holiday economy of every Christian nation, however it has been modified, since the Arcadian shepherds welcomed it in with pipe and tabor, and the satyrs danced with nymphs and graces to their strains.

St Valentine's day is by some supposed to have been instituted in commemoration of the little birds choosing their mates upon that day. Now, however particular birds in general may be with regard to dates, we are constrained to doubt that every one has the 14th of February written down under his wing as his nuptial day; some erratic sparrow, or laggard bashful lapwing, or abstracted philosophical owl, we are certain, has again and again been found to intermit the rule, and to put off till his convenience the responsibilities and duties of a matrimonial life; so that men are not likely to have followed an example, however good, which we are assured was not universally observed in the groves, from which it is said to have come. It is not likely that men in general would be so close observers either of the habits and sentiments of the linnets, or so venerative of their opinions, as to devote a holiday to the memory of their loves and the observance of their example, so that we are constrained to reject the idea, however hurtful it may be to the choristers of the woods, that the 14th of February is a day of days to lovers, simply because it happens to be so to robin redbreasts. There must have been something of this opinion floating in the brains of the old poets, but then poets have a predilection for birds and groves, and are apt to go astray upon this question. John Donne, who was a relation of the utopian More, and even more utopian in one respect than his chancellor kinsman, seems to incline to the ornithological idea, and yields the birds to the dominion of old Valentine more than he does men. In allusion to Valentine's day he says:

'Hail, Bishop Valentine, whose day is this
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners.
Thou marryest every year
The lyric lark, and the grave whispering dove,
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with his red stomacher.
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon;
This day, more cheerfully than ever shine,
This day, which might inflame thyself, old Valentine.'

Donne styles old Valentine in this very fine apostrophe *bishop*, and writes down all the birds as parishioners in his diocese; now several ecclesiastical writers deny that he was a bishop, but simply a presbyter; he was a martyr, however, and there were more presbyter-martyrs than bishop-martyrs, or we are much mistaken. Valentine was beheaded in Rome, about the end of the third century, during the reign of that fighting emperor, Claudius II., who seemed destined to restore the warlike fame of the decaying empire by his victorious wars with the Goths, whom he severely punished, killing in his last campaign upwards of three hundred and twenty thousand of that nation. In speaking of his victories, in a letter to his friend Brochus, governor of Illyricum, he declared the sea to be covered with the fragments of ships, the plains to be strewn with darts and shields, and heaped with dead bodies. He was so much engaged with fighting in what is now Austria and Turkey-in-Europe, that it is not probable that he gave himself much up to the examination of the religious opinions of the people at home; but there was a lynx-eyed jealous priesthood, who saw in the Christians' simple mode of worship the downfall of sacrificial offerings and emoluments, and they were

now and again bringing martyrs to the stake, and urging the bloody-minded emperors to those dreadful massacres called persecutions. Marcus Aurelius Claudius II. did not render his reign infamous by a massacre of Christians, as did his nominee and successor Aurelian, but it was in his reign that the good presbyter Valentine was put to death, which shows that the new religion, as it was called, was coming actively into collision with the old superstitions, and that the all-tolerant magistrates of the Augustine era were succeeded by a jealous band of priest-influenced bigots.

Valentine, it is said, was conspicuous for that mild, charitable, and benignant character which ought ever to distinguish a Christian. He was full of the spirit of love, and was more dangerous to the stability of Jupiter's throne, through the gentleness of his manners and the persuasive mildness of his speech, than many declaimers would have been. He was early canonised, and the day of his martyrdom was commemorated by the choosing of lovers for a year. It is not likely, however, that the practice is derived even from the influence of Valentine's loving spirit, although that saint's day is observed in the Roman Catholic Church with much respect, and the practice of choosing Valentines is still observed in Catholic countries, with less of ludicrous levity than seriousness. It is generally believed, and with reason, that the idea of observing this day is derived from the Lupercalia, a feast instituted in honour of Pan, and observed with all that mingled levity and serious mummery which so distinguished Roman festivals. The Lupercal was observed in February, and it was then that the Luperi or priests of Pan 'made hay.' Pan was god of the woods, and a very merry goat-legged, goat-eared old fellow he was. He was a bit of an alarmist, however, and set the whole celestials to change their forms and put themselves in a stir, with his bounces about the large limbed Typhon; in consequence of which they fixed him in the Zodiac as Capricornus. At the Lupercal the names of young women were put into a box and drawn out by members of the opposite sex. There was feasting, and play-acting, and music, and dancing, and the heart was given up to the worship of love. There were dances in which men, representing those goat-legged, mischievous, merry, but at the same time not very amiable creatures called satyrs, engaged with girls less prudent than beautiful, who skipped about as nymphs and naiads. It was a festival particularly beloved by the southrons, and it is not likely that they would be inclined to give it up if in any way it could be retained; so that it is more than probable that the Lupercalia only changed its name to Valentine's day after Christianity was adopted by the restorer of ancient Byzantium.

In these good countries of Scotland and England, before the Reformation had introduced severer manners and a sterner morality, Valentine's day was hailed with as much enthusiasm, by our cannie countrymen and churlish neighbours, as by those who had the fortune to be born in sunnier and more love-inspiring climes. On the evening preceding Valentine's day, lovers attuned their rusty harps, and practised their newest cupid-complimenting roundelays, and then went to bed to dream about the girls they hoped to see with the first blush of morning. Some more devoted and impatient than others, repaired to the streets or dwellings where their fair Didos slumbered, and beneath their chamber windows poured forth the moving strains which it was hoped would induce them to leave their beds and glance from their casements upon the love-sick screeners below. The first young woman seen by a brave young bachelor upon St Valentine's day was his valentine for the year, and he, as became a true and honest valentine, was constrained by the laws of custom to maintain with fist, cudgel, quarter-staff, or lance, that she was the most superlatively beautiful, dear, delightful, and amiable creature that ever the sun shone on, although her face was as grim as that of Hecate, and her temper as gingery as that of Petruchio's bonny Kate, better known as 'Shrew Kate the curst.' He was also bound to give her his arm to fairs and fetes, and do at her behest everything that a

true maiden might require of a true knight or gallant squire of dames. Young men who were inclined to fulfil all the requirements of valentine, generally took care to find a mistress to whom it would be as agreeable as onerous to pay these attentions, and so they went to watch for the first glances of their *cara amanda*, and sometimes had their own eyes transmuted to a different prismatic hue from what they had been originally, by some envious, furious rival, for their pains. When a young lady and gentleman understood each other the thing was more easily settled; they had each other carefully advised of the whole mode of procedure upon St Valentine's morning, lest some obtrusive person might inadvertently win the privilege of visiting and ciceroning the lady, or claiming the gentleman's attentions for the succeeding year. A valentine generally presented to his true lover some present or other—being usually a love-device wrought in gold or other metal, according to the means of the lover. Golden hearts transfigured with golden arrows; doves wrought in silver, or brass, or precious stones; with mottoes, either of the lover's composition, or otherwise, written out clean and fair, by cunning scribes, were the general *souvenirs* of this gay morning. It will be recollected that Harry of the Wynd, the smith of Perth, had wrought in steel a beautiful semblance of hearts transfigured with an arrow, meant to represent his own and Catherine Glover's, for which fair maiden he intended the present; and he had also with much more difficulty coined from his brain the motto:

'Love's darts
Pierce hearts
Through mail'd shirts.'

This device and motto he presented to Catherine on St Valentine's morning, as a love offering; and from this it may be inferred, that workmen who were generally esteemed excellent at their particular crafts were fond to exhibit their skill in the fabric which they presented to their valentines upon that auspicious morn. It was accounted a more than ordinarily lucky omen if either of the parties surprised the other asleep. If a maiden caught her lover napping, it was enjoined that she should kiss him, and he, for this, forfeited a pair of gloves. They repaired to church together to hear mass, and then the gallant must needs wait upon the maiden during the whole day, taking her to the open air arena, where 'maid Marian' with 'Robin Hode,' and all his band, were seen, and where mummers and morris-dancers, with cap and bell, kept up the dance and revelry, or perhaps leading her to some more practical exhibition, where men skilled themselves in the use of arms by shooting darts at popinjays, or running tilt with spear and brand upon the wooden quintin.

Valentine's day is not a serious day with us, however; its character has changed with the cycle. There is an under current of true love which slyly seeks to make himself known upon this day, we know; but then these true lovers amongst whom it permeates don't speak boldly out, as once was the case, when people were not ashamed to acknowledge Bishop Valentine as an orthodox saint. It is heresy to be serious now; and instead of viewing Valentine as a kindly, loving, dear, smiling old gentleman, we have an idea that he was somebody akin to Momus, or perhaps a relation of rubicund-visaged Silenus. Valentine's day has not grown into desuetude yet, and the likelihood is that it never will. We wonder how it weathered the era of the Puritans and Commonwealth; but it has outlived that stern though noble episode of England's history, and flourishes as brightly and robustly as ever it did in the succeeding reign of presumptuous indecency which followed. It is something to look at the printsellers' windows for a fortnight before that love-welcomed day. We have luxuriant summer by anticipation all at once, and the most impossible aspects of floriculture and fruits that ever were imagined. A young man, with a highly done-up peruke and a bright red coat of the tightest fit, may be seen growing smilingly from the heart of a carnation, and a lady, in ermine and purple robes, may be noticed sprouting bolt upright from a rose. We recollect of dim traditions concerning little cupids being brought home to men's dwell-

ings, rolled mysteriously up in cabbage-stocks; but full-grown people, who seem to have studied the toilet from an early infancy, springing up amongst rose-petals and tulip-cups, is a spectacle to be seen at no period save about Valentine's day. It seems that some people imagine themselves licensed upon this day to hold up to their neighbours the speculum of a very severe censorship, but we assure them that by so doing they scandalise the saint most dreadfully. He has no sympathy with censorious people, and might be represented with a bandage round his eyes, as well as Cupid. He has no sympathy with those maidens who, in splanetic disappointment, or in high dudgeon, send their butcher, shoemaker, tailor, or apothecary lovers their portraits done up with bulls' heads, pestles, lasts, and cabbage; nor with those depreciating sons of Adam, who transmit old maidens transfixed with tridents, or brawling with bottle and bellows, to the ladies whom they regard with 'sour-grape' feelings. Valentine sympathises with none of these; he is all for love, and only regards with peculiar delight those couples who stand near to neat, little, tree-shaded churches, with open doors, and nice, trim walks leading to them. The couples are generally more lofty than these same churches, and little, naked, winged letter-carriers hover over them; these letter-carriers are of a warlike disposition, and don't wear red coats with blue collars, as ours do, but seem determined either to murder their customers, or defend their charge with the bows and arrows with which they are always armed.

You could hardly tell, from the written and painted memorials of Valentine's day, whether it derives its origin from the birds or the Lupercalia. You would be apt to suppose from the former, if you were to trust your eyes; for representations of cooing and billing doves are very general, and landscapes of groves and cathedrals are not uncommon; but then there are such a host of classical allusions in the mottoes—so many protestations of swimming rivers, like Leander—and of lighting beacon-torches, like Hero—of loving like Pyramus and Thisbe—and of weeping over faithless Paris and Æneases, as did Cino and Dido—that one is forced to believe that the fire which animates young folks upon that day claims as high and classical an antiquity as does the vestal fire which burns in human hearts; and that the customs resulting from the *animus* of love are as ancient as Pan, and are likely to be as perpetual as the bowers beneath whose spreading boughs he used to dance and clash his cymbals. We cannot, we think, take better leave of our subject and of our readers than in the language of Elia—the kind and warm-hearted Charles Lamb—'Good-morrow to my Valentine, sings poor Ophelia; and no better wish, but with better auspices, we wish to all faithful lovers, who are not too wise to despise old legends, but are content to rank themselves humble diocesans of old Bishop Valentine and his true church.'

THE INNER BOULEVARD.

The wild and wildering storm of the Revolution had been succeeded by the Consulate, the transition period of the Consulate by the ephemeral splendours of the Empire, and the glories of the Empire by the disgraceful era of the Restoration, but the Parisians' love of pleasure and display had known no change. It is true that the formal manners and the cold *hauteur* of the old aristocracy had been superseded by a more diffusive democratic politeness, and the prim costume of the *ancien régime* had been displaced by more wearable garments, but the Boulevards had never ceased to be the promenades of gaily dressed people, nor the Bois de Boulogne a favourite carriage-drive. The Revolution swept away in its hurricane might many of the pestilential vapours of feudal tyranny and oppression, but it was too weak to combat with the principles of human nature. It could dethrone a king, and reconstruct an aristocracy, but it could not transform Parisians into Cynics, nor render the Boulevards or the Bois de Boulogne deserts. The Boulevards are chiefly the resort of pedestrians, who go to see and be seen. The old moustached

military man goes there to look with supercilious air upon the specimens of *la jeune France*, who divide their time between the cabaret, L'Ecole Polytechnique, and these fashionable resorts. The young bucks resort to this lounge in order to observe the pretty grisettes and smoke their short black pipes; and the ladies, with pouting lips and scornful eyes, go to criticise the gentlemen. It may be, however, that the Interior Boulevard, leading to the *Jardin des Plantes*, attracts a more reflective and refined company than the outer, for at that part of it, between the Barriers d'Italie and Sante, a scene presents itself which might ravish an artist, and even call forth the rapturous commendations of the traveller whose eyes had already been feasted with the loveliest prospects in nature. It is no wonder, after all, that the citizens of Paris, even in the stormiest days of the Revolution, forsook not these beautiful walks. The part of the Boulevard already indicated is particularly beautiful and attractive. It is overhung by tall umbrageous trees, and winds, with all the loveliness of a forest path, beneath their green and shady boughs. There is, too, at a particular part of this walk, a little eminence, which commands one of the most interesting and varied of views. Immediately below it lies a deep valley, clustered by suburban dwellings, and peopled by a semi-rustic population, while its thin and scattered verdure is moistened by the dark waters of the Bievre. In the opposite direction, however, thousands of roofs are huddled together, like the heads of a crowd, concealing the miseries of the Faubourg St Marceau. The magnificent cupola of the Pantheon, together with the dull and gloomy dome of the Val de Grace, lord it haughtily over the city, which appears like an amphitheatre, the benches of which are fantastically marked out by the tortuous streets. The huge dark monumental forms of the cupola and dome seem, from the eminence on the Inner Boulevard, to resemble two giants crushing the crumbling dwellings and the loftiest poplars of the valley. On the left, the Observatory, across whose windows and galleries, during the day, the sun passes, producing strange phantasies, appears like a black and shrivelled spectre. Then, in the distance, the elegant lantern of the Invalides shines between the bluish buildings of the Luxembourg and the grey towers of St Sulpice. The appearance of the city is varied by the aspect of the heavens, which throw their light upon the lofty buildings, as the sun bursts from them, or which invest them with the gloom of evening when mantled by dark clouds. Upon the right, through a large opening in the unrivalled landscape, the long white web of the canal St Martin is seen, framed in reddish stones and adorned with linden trees. The scene, from this lovely spot, is one of unrivalled grandeur, combining the beauties of Naples with those of Stamboul; having on the one hand the murmuring busy motion of the world with the silence of solitude; the bustle and life of the city and the calm of the cemetery of Pere La Chaise.

The summer of 1822 had invested this scene with all the glories of sunshine and verdure, and M. de Sevigny, a returned emigrant, and his beautiful wife and daughter, had come again and again to gaze upon it with all those yearnings of patriotic love which Frenchmen so passionately feel. He had looked upon the beautiful scenery of the Bay of Naples, and had stood upon the Calton Hill at Edinburgh and cast his eyes upon one of nature's most splendid landscapes, but the emotions of M. de Sevigny, lover of nature as he was, had never been of so thrilling a character as when he gazed from the Boulevard upon his own native city and its surrounding scenery. If M. de Sevigny and his wife delighted to stand and contemplate in silence this varied scene, their little girl Honoria, who was scarcely yet ten years of age, and who had been born in Italy, did not seem to appreciate its beauties so highly,—at least it was observed that she paid more attention to the poor old blind man who played the violin beneath one of the green linden trees of the promenade.

The sympathy which exists between childhood and age might almost be termed the most beautiful impulse of love. The picture of hope's golden ringlets mingling with the

hoary locks of wisdom, of the fair round arms of childhood encircling the neck of failing manhood, has ever appeared to us one of the sweetest that could be formed in all the relations of life. The old violin player, who sat upon one of the little wooden benches on the Boulevard, and played his airs from morning to night, to win a sous from the charitable, might once in a day have played before Marie Antoinette at the opera. His tall spare person, independent of the scrupulous cleanliness which adorned his poverty, bore all the marks of that ease which good-breeding and study give to men; and even Talma might have envied the grace with which he bent his acknowledgments to those kind folks who dropped a copper now and again into the tin plate which his sagacious poodle held patiently in its mouth. His head was bare, and his long white hairs fell gracefully over his shoulders; his brow was high and broad, and his eyes were closed. His thin cheeks were partially covered by his white clustered beard, and altogether his head bore no faint resemblance to that beautiful ideal which the sculptors of Greece have immortalised as the face of Homer. His violin was not one of those famed Cremonas, whose tones are said to be as mellifluous as the waters of Helicon, and yet the patient sadness of the blind man's face, the subdued and even timid looks of his faithful dog, and the air of sorrow that reflected itself from both and found a tongue in the little violin, were exquisitely touching.

Honoria de Sevigny was attracted to him from the first day that she had gone to visit the *Jardin des Plantes* with her parents, and with that instinct so beautiful and becoming in youth, so illustrative of a noble heart, and so indicative of future goodness, she had always remembered to carry an aim to her aged friend. She had approached him timidly at first—for even affluence and title cannot obliterate in the hearts of the young that intuitive respect so naturally yielded to virtuous age—and then she had become more and more familiar, until she had learned to stroke his glossy hair, and talk to him with all the open guilelessness of youth and friendship; while he, patting her plump rosy cheek, would sometimes sigh, and say how much he loved all little girls for the sake of one.

M. and Madame de Sevigny encouraged this friendship in their child; they had tasted of the cup of sorrow and misfortune, and they saw too that the blind man had known better days; besides, they believed that a gentle heart was as important an accomplishment in the character of their little girl as a brilliant wit, and they felt that in encouraging Honoria to be charitable they were educating her to be good.

People cannot always walk upon the Boulevards, however. Winter will visit Paris and the country around it as well as Lapland, and blind fiddlers, although their lives depend upon it, cannot sit amidst frost and snow to ply the bow. The leaves had fallen from the trees, and the wind shook their bare branches very rudely, and snow covered the ground, and although Honoria went again and again to the spot where he used to play, the old man was not now to be seen.

'Alas!' said the child, with a sad face, which sufficiently spoke her prescintiments—'Alas! the poor old man will die. I have gone again and again to the Boulevard, but I cannot see him; so that doubtless he is sitting cold and hungry in his little hut at Passy.'

'And what would you have us do, Honoria?' said her parents, who were really interested in the protégé of their child.

'I would have him brought to this house,' said the child, with charming *naïveté*. 'The winds of winter cannot penetrate to our bright parlour-fire. We have sufficient food for him; for I have seen more than he could eat thrown to our great dog; and then you could give him some of your clothes, my father.' And so saying, the little girl threw her arms round her parent's neck.

'Adversity has taught me that Honoria is right in her intuition,' said M. de Sevigny, looking at his wife.

'And my heart at once responds to her sentiments, exclaimed that good woman.

When the poor blind violinist of the Boulevard had been brought to the house of M. de Sevigny, and his old garments had been thrown aside for a respectable suit of black cloth, any one would have supposed that a gentleman, and not a beggar, stood before him—so easy is the transition in appearance from the one state to the other. What a delight it was to Honoria to lead this grateful old man from room to room, and to lavish upon him those endearing epithets which she might have lavished upon a beloved grandfather! and how gracefully and modestly he blended the character of the tutor with that of the dependent! It was not long before every one in M. de Sevigny's household loved him—he was so gentle, so well-bred, and so intelligent; and those good people felt as happy that they had found so good a friend, as he that he had found, through God's providence, so comfortable a home.

'My dear friend,' said Madame de Sevigny, who had never before, from a feeling of delicacy, alluded to her protégé's history, 'if it will not be painful to your feelings, I should like to hear by what means you have been reduced to a station evidently out of keeping with your breeding, and so unlikely to have been the result of personal folly or vice.'

'Yes, my good friend, relate to us thy history,' cried Honoria, springing to his knee, and fondling him.

'Ah, my good friends, mine is but the history of many, who have had the misfortune, like me, of suffering and surviving that national storm which swept so recently over our dear country,' began the old man, with a melancholy smile; 'but you shall hear it, nevertheless. I was born to affluence and station, and I had the good fortune to have parents who considered these as of but secondary importance. They taught me that virtue was the greatest good, and I was believed by all who knew me to have practically adopted this belief. I grew up to man's estate less prejudiced in the old ideas than many of my companions of the noblesse, and less prone to spend my time in the faubourg St Germain than was considered aristocratic. I married for love, and was blessed with a loving virtuous wife and lovely daughter, when the wild outburst of the Revolution made the world tremble to its core, and Paris seem a charnel-house. It is needless to revert to the horrors and fears incident to the Jacobin regime. I was suspected because of the accident of my birth, and was dragged to the Conciergerie from my wife and child without a moment's warning. I passed eight days in that species of uncertainty which those condemned to death will alone be able to appreciate; but my joy was boundless, when my daughter, so beautiful and so affectionate, threw her arms around my neck at the end of that time, and told me that her mother and my friends were striving to effect my release, and that they encouraged me to hope. This assurance that I was not altogether abandoned by those I loved was very grateful to me; and with the assurance that in another eight days I should again be visited by my child, I reluctantly but yet cheerfully bade her farewell. Eight days passed, however, and no one came to my cell. The Conciergerie gave forth its hecatomb of victims morning after morning, to satisfy the bloody maw of anarchy, and I was still left—but no friendly voice greeted me, no kindly eye fell on me. The wild delirium of the revolutionary fever reached its climax, when Robespierre fell, and then I was lying in my cold damp cell, prostrated by disease, and raving in my pain. At last I was sent abroad, a sightless, broken-hearted man. I was alone in the world—poor, friendless, and weak. I found that my wife and child had been driven away by the proscription on the very week of my little daughter's visit, and it is likely that they have died in exile, far from our own dear France. With a few francs, which the jailer of the Conciergerie gave me, I purchased a miserable violin, and was striving to make one of my youthful amusements the means of providing for my age, when this little angel was sent by Providence to cheer my broken heart, and sweeten my few remaining days.'

The old man ceased, and tears were seen to start from his sightless eyes, and follow each other down his cheeks. But the face of Madame de Sevigny had changed with various

emotions during the short and simple recital, and when he had finished, she sprang to her feet, laid her hand upon the shoulder of her aged friend, and in a trembling voice exclaimed, 'And what was thy daughter's name?'

'Honoria, dear lady,' said the old man, in a gentle tone—'the same as is this little angel's.'

'And your own?' she continued, pressing more heavily upon the old man, and breathing quickly.

'Emile L'Estrange.'

'Ah! my father, my father!' exclaimed Madame de Sevigny, clasping the old man in her arms, and kissing his pale and agitated face. 'Oh! it was the sympathy of relationship which impelled my child towards you. And have we found you at last—and through an accident, too, in which the hand of Heaven is as visible as it has been kind?'

Emile pressed his daughter and her child alternately to his breast, but his heart was too full for utterance, and he bent his head and wept. 'Thy mother!' he at last faintly murmured.

'She sleeps beneath the sunny sky of Italy,' sobbed his child. 'Oh! that she had lived to see this day.'

'Alas, father!' cried Madame de Sevigny, 'what a life of misery thine has been since I saw you in that dark prison. Ah! we were forced to abandon you, for the blood-hounds of death were close upon us, but not until I had bribed the jailer to give thee a letter, which he had doubtless given to some other prisoner. We fled to Naples where M. de Sevigny and his mother then resided, and where my mother died, breathing thy name. M. de Sevigny's mother protected me in my orphanage and exile and when Joachim arrived at manhood, and his dear parent also ceased to live, he offered me his hand. He is now wealthy, and the days of proscription have passed. He returned to his native land scarcely a year ago; and, oh! how fortunate it was that he so loved the little eminence on the Inner Boulevard, where thou, dear father, wert wont to lead me, and had now come to play thy little violin for alms.'

Ah, how happily the latter days of Emile L'Estrange passed! and how often he was heard to bless Honoria, and to say, that the kind deeds we did to others often came back upon ourselves with a double overflow!

THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE.

(For the Instructor.)

The voices of past ages, rolling back
In echoes! Harken, ye who would be free!

'Neath varied gloom, in verdurous bowers, 'mid scenes
Of loftiest grandeur, whose rude borders crown'd
A steepy wilderness, where Araby
Is bounded by Euphrates, in old time,
A human pair lived through each smiling day
'Mong flowers and fruits; with health, and harmony,
And godlike thoughts, and angel-visitants.
The woman—'tis an oft-told tale—was fair,
Gentle, and grave—a well-beloved mate.
The man was great, in wisdom—not acquired
By precept proud, or slow experience,
But given at the moment when he stood,
A wond'ring being in a wondrous world,
Just breathed on by his Maker. With each morn,
The winds came, sporting, over floral realms,
Led on by sunbeams; and, at evening, went,
All softness, sighing, near each still retreat,
Low songs to twilight; leaving them unham'd
By damp, or drought, or their unnumber'd ills.
In streams, herbs, animals, they found but strength,
Balm, beauty. With majestic brow he walk'd,
The well-obey'd, unrival'd lord of all,
Yet innocent; and calmly talk'd with God.

'Why con a mystery! the tempter is—

'Was powerful. They fell, and peace departed.'

'Death follow'd crime. The fearful safety sough

In union, till envy goaded all

To hatred; then were mighty cities raised

Of lawless spoil, and knaves immortalised

By murder; while the artist's subtil skill
Had birth of passions,—avarice, or pride,—
Th' accursed of all curses.'

'Still men long'd
Earnestly for repose; and priestcraft feign'd
Inquietude's distraction to remove,
Or disgust's lethargy; yet, promising
Benevolence, gave fury, blood, and fire.'

'Then simple trust in lasting good was lost:
Sages foretold it, but the multitude
Heard not, or, hearing, doubted. Doubt deferr'd
Relief of sick'ning hearts: and misery
Left little upon earth save monuments
Of guilt, and mental greatness,—strangely mix'd!—
To warn, and cheer, the nations then unborn.'

The shouts of bygone ages, rolling back
In echoes! Harken, ye who would be free!

'Waste not the present! bid the coward creak
Of evil to the tempest! thrust aside
Such as will blind submission! ye are free!
Tyrants are shrinking from the eye of Thought,
And children talk of universal love!
Cæsars abound, who, of all creeds, would make
One peaceful empire! many a Brutus marks
Their course, with silent joy, or honest care!
And Zoroasters, leaning on the plough,
Fulfil divine legations!—Ye who teach,
Forget not, when your occupation's foes—
All, e'en ingratitude—against ye rise,
'How great the glory where the strife is hard!'
And ye who might be taught, and will not, know
That in a little while your sons will pause
Upon the way of truth, where ev'rything
Shall have a meaning, eloquent to all,
And cry: 'For freedom's cause, what did our sires?
Insensible, or selfish, when she came
They hail'd her not, though the inspired few
Sang of her advent, while her ear was moved
By millions!' And, oh! think not that your deeds
Will be forgot, in that untravell'd land,
Unto belief in which, though wits may sneer,
And priests be worldly, the worn spirit clings—
A last, proud hope! They have most joy in heav'n
Who wrought that mortals might have peace on earth.'

The shouts of bygone ages, rolling back
In echoes! Harken, ye who would be free!

'Live with the future, all who love to look
On happiness! Again the scene is changed.
Childhood, which, once, oppress'd by fruitless toil,
Or hopeless hunger, crouch'd in crowded ways,
A squalid, wretched heap, soliciting
The usurer's alms, disturbs the morning dew
With vigorous mirth, on Wisdom waits, at noon,
Or rests, at eve,—the germ of manly youth—
Of youthful manhood! and respected age,
Content to stay, goes, fearless, t'ward the tomb!
Reason and piety no longer jar!
Sorrow hath flown! philosophy and faith,
Still lab'ring, bridge the gulf of ignorance!
Humanity is nearer deity,
And kneels but to adore! while science stoops
To smoothen e'en the humblest paths of life,
And art reanimates that noiseless joy
In beauty, which was deaden'd by the Fall!'

NEWTON GOODRICH.

ROUGH NOTES OF RAMBLES IN ELBE-LAND.

LOT FOURTH AND LAST.

We know of few things more disagreeable, when on a pleasure tour, than entering a strange town on a raw, cold, drizzling, wintry day. Everybody you meet looks so miserable and dispirited. Even the houses and streets seem then to have a peculiarly cheerless and forbidding aspect; and you yourself, as you go plashing through the slippery and dirty thoroughfares, begin to lose your temper, and

to speculate upon your folly in having left your cozy fireside for such 'cold comfort.'

Well, it did not rain outright, but, what was very nearly the same thing, it was every now and then threatening to do so, when we got fairly into the main street of Kiel. Above, the sky was like lead—cold, grey, and lowering. A keen, starving wind, that made its way through all our defences of broadcloth, was blowing up from the Baltic. It was not long past noon, but the streets were almost deserted. Every shop door was closed to keep out the 'nord vind.' The few persons we met were evidently making homewards as fast as they could, and such of them as we arrested in their progress curtailed their ordinary courtesy by pointing out, in the briefest possible manner, our most direct way to the 'Stadt Copenhagen,' of which we were in quest.

The 'Stadt Copenhagen,' reader, is an inn, or hotel, or tavern, or club-house, just whichever you like, or, if you should prefer it, the whole four in one. Whenever you visit the Grand Duchy of Holstein—which we never intend to do again if we can avoid it—should misfortune and the railway take you to Kiel, you will find the sign swinging in the middle of Schumacher Strape, on the left hand side when you turn from the main street.

It was not a magnificent establishment, like Streits' of Hamburg, where you have all the splendid elegance of Mivart's without its enormous charges; on the contrary, our 'hostelrie' was a very plain, so-so, looking kind of a place, both within and without, and had all that peculiarity of appearance which most people can imagine when we say, we should not like to take a party of young ladies to it. By this we do not mean to insinuate anything against the moral reputation of the 'Stadt Copenhagen,' far from it. If it were morally disreputable, we most assuredly should not have gone there, nor would the two divines and the 'Ph. D.' who accompanied us, but very likely would have taken up our quarters at the new hotel, which, with the aid of fresh paint, and bright windows, and staring red window-curtains, and some outlandish name or other, endeavoured to induce travellers to abide in that most miserable of towns, and there be 'taken in and done for.' We resisted these blandishments, and the very indescribable peculiarity which we have alluded to confirmed us in our opinion that it was just the very place for us. It was in fact the house patronised by the members of the University; and there you may meet any day, during term time, with graduates and undergraduates, professors, and a whole mob of other learned and unlearned persons.

By the time we reached there, we can assure you, we were quite prepared to do all honour to the good things which our host announced would soon be on the table. We could not have arrived more opportunely. We made our toilet and descended to the table d'hôte. The room we were ushered into was dim, long, narrow, and execrably dirty. Here the table was spread. As we took our seat, we could not help noticing that the cloth was not the whitest in the world, nor were we quite sure that certain marks which it bore did not indicate that it had several times done duty since it left the laundress. But whatever fault we might find with the apartment or the table linen, of the viands we had nothing to complain. All the delicacies of the season graced the board, and were well served and well cooked. The company, which was rather numerous, was wholly composed of gentlemen. An examiner of the King of Denmark sat on our left; the remainder were chiefly residents in the town and engaged in trade. Our host presided. He was 'a most presentable man;' portly, fussy, and good-humouredly dignified for a host. On ordinary occasions, we have every reason to believe, he was a marvellously agreeable person, like a great many others in the world, full of information on everything that *he knew nothing about*, and ready to bestow it upon anybody who had time to listen to him. He had travelled. He had not lived all his life in Kiel, that he hadn't. No; he had travelled—travelled to England and back again. On the strength of this journey, it ap-

peared that he used to make large professions of his acquaintance with the English language and the habits of the English people. And the students, sad dogs, were wont to get him to enlighten the darkness of any unfortunate gentleman at table, who happened by any chance to introduce the name of England into the conversation. This they did by appealing to him as to the accuracy of the statement; or if the question were one respecting the pronunciation of a word or phrase, he was the umpire between the disputants.

We believe that he often went so far as to express his regret that there were none among them with whom he could converse in English. Poor fellow, he little anticipated having an English guest in the 'Stadt Copenhagen.' At dinner some of them began to congratulate him on his good fortune in having an opportunity which he so long desired. 'Now, they were assured, he *would* enjoy himself, and they would have as much pleasure in hearing him converse with us in English, as, they were satisfied, he would have in doing so.'—'Can our host speak English, then?' we inquired, being ignorant of his pretensions. 'Oh yes; he says so,' they answered, in his hearing; 'he has travelled in your country, and is pretty well acquainted with it.'—'Indeed,' we replied, and we turned and addressed some remark to him, the import of which we cannot now recall, but 'mine host' was quite chopfallen. The reputation of years was all gone—gone in a moment. He felt this. There was no way of escape. The truth must out. So he blushinglly sputtered forth a hurried disclaimer of his competency to do that which was attributed to him. How he has since cobbled up his reputation for veracity we cannot say; but, saving and excepting his having indulged in the 'traveller's license' rather too freely for the interests of truth, we found him obliging and solicitously attentive to secure the comfort of all who visited the 'Stadt Copenhagen.'

As we had an engagement in the evening with Dr Olshausen, the rector of the University, after dinner, under the guidance of a friend, who is one of the professors, we sallied forth to view the town and to see the 'lions.'

Kiel is situated on the Baltic, which is navigable up to the town. It is not a place of much commercial importance. The population amounts to about 8000 souls, a few of whom are engaged in trade, but the chief part derive support from the students who attend the University, and from the numerous visitors, from Dresden and Copenhagen, who flock to Kiel during the bathing season. The streets are few, narrow, poor, and irregularly built. There is not a good public building in the place. The parish church is an ungainly clump of bricks, and is most assuredly of the 'composite' order. The only structure worth notice is the huge pile called the 'Schloss,' or castle, which is the residence of Karl Duke of Glucksberg, who married the daughter of the late King of Denmark. It has no architectural beauty to recommend it, and why it should be called a 'castle' rather than anything else we could not make out. Here and there, it is true, there are several towers and turrets, for all the world like a number of overgrown pepper-casters. Then, between them, there are rows of modern windows, looking quite calm and placid at the grim towers; then again, you have another huge pile of building, neither ancient nor modern, nor between the two, and yet partaking a little of each; as if some odd thought struck the mind of the builder and that he embodied it in bricks. The whole forms the 'Schloss.' In a word, it is one of those architectural enormities which to look upon would make Pugin crazy.

If the building possesses few attractions, the gardens which environ it have a great many. They occupy a considerable space, and are laid out with much skill. There you may find some of the choicest flowers and the rarest shrubs. They are not enclosed. There is no churlish high stone wall or fence to keep the poor gardenless man who passes by from feasting his eyes on their beauty or regaling his senses with their fragrance. They are open to all comers, and at all hours, day and night. In the summer time, you may see the walks crowded with artisans and

their families enjoying themselves, and feeling all the while as perfectly at home as if the grounds were their own. But some may ask, 'Are not the flowers plucked, or the plants trampled upon or stolen?' No; *not a leaf disturbed*. The poor of the Continent know too well what is due to *themselves* to abuse the kindness which places within their reach such a source of enjoyment, and which confides the care of valuable property to the keeping of their honour; moreover, there is a native delicacy of feeling pervading the humbler classes of the Continent, which in this country is wanting in almost every grade of society.

Immediately beyond the gardens of the duke a summer theatre has been recently erected. The dome is the sky; the seats are fixed, amphitheatrical fashion, on the green sward; the stage alone is covered in. During the summer season, a company of performers from the Copenhagen theatre appear here. As throughout Germany, so here in Holstein, the people think more of the theatre than they do of the place of worship. The theatre is crammed, but the churches and chapels are empty. Such is the rage for dramatic exhibitions among the working classes of poverty-stricken Kiel, that it is no uncommon thing for many of them to pawn or sell their wearing apparel to provide funds to go to 'Tivoli,' as the theatre is called. They would do without food, do without 'schnapps,' do without anything, rather than lose the play. 'The play—the play's the thing' with them. It is not a mere taste, but an ardent passion. During the winter they feed upon the recollection of what they witnessed in the summer. They are critics too, and can talk as scientifically respecting the merits of their *corps dramatique* as any member of 'Fop's Alley,' whose opinion on such matters, for the last quarter of a century, has been deemed infallible by the 'Morning Post.' They do not confine their criticism merely to actors, they sit in solemn judgment upon *authors* also. We shall not easily forget listening in a public room to a shopman and an ex-clerk to some tradesman or other, who were gravely discussing the comparative merits of Shakspeare and Schiller. Do not imagine, reader, that their discourse was anything like a cockney gossip, or a farrago of vulgar illiterate commonplace. It was a sound, masterly, discriminative criticism, by two men who, although poor, had read both authors and who had meditated upon what they had read. We have no hesitation whatever in affirming, that our great dramatist is more carefully studied, better understood, and more highly prized by the masses of Germany than he is by ourselves, despite of all our fuss and fume respecting his house, which is but a poor substitute for a true appreciation of his *works*.

We had not time to ramble along the wooded and beautifully-indented shore, so we turned back into the town to visit the university. It was founded by Duke Christian Albrecht of Holstein in 1665. The buildings are small, insignificant, and in a very dilapidated condition. The library is in the 'Schloss,' and contains upwards of 80,000 volumes. The learned librarian, who, if our memory serves us, also occupies the chair of jurisprudence, in conducting us through it, took especial satisfaction in directing our attention to the select collection of English authors which it possesses. There are fourteen professors, some of whom are men of distinguished reputation—as for example the professor of Oriental literature, Dr Olshausen, the rector, whose attainments are widely known and acknowledged in the schools of Germany. Of the theological professors, we may mention the venerable Claus Harms, who at Kiel, is what Henstenberg is at Berlin, a stern and uncompromising opponent of the lax theology and open infidelity of which his fellow-professors are the friends and advocates. At the centenary of the German Reformation, he published ninety-five theses on the absurdity of anti-supernaturalism, and the consequent necessity of returning to the faith of the Gospel, which created a great sensation. He is also the author of a valuable work on 'pastoral theology,' which we would commend to the attention of ministers and students who are conversant with the Ger-

man language. We may also mention the name of Pelt, as one of the theologians of Kiel, whose talents would shed lustre upon any seat of learning. We hope before long to see the gap which exists in our theological literature filled by the translation into English of his invaluable 'Theological Encyclopedia.' Those who are familiar with the state of physical science need not be told that Behn, of Kiel, ranks high among the philosophers of the age. He is now prosecuting some inquiries in the Arctic regions, we believe. The King of Denmark has undertaken the expenses of the expedition, and generously placed some of his vessels at Behn's disposal. In the face of the attraction of these names, as well as of the varied learning and high attainments of nearly all the professors, the university, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, is 'going to the dogs.' Not more than two hundred students attend the lectures, and the attendance of Danish students has diminished considerably during the last few years. This is mainly attributable to the interest which the professors have taken in recent political agitations. The people of Holstein are chiefly Germans. They speak the German language. They possess a distinct political constitution. They acknowledge no monarch—the King of Denmark being only Duke of Holstein. This, however, the king wishes to alter. He desires the incorporation of the duchy with the kingdom, and to introduce the *absolutism* which gives law to Denmark. To this the population of Holstein are unitedly and determinedly opposed. Recently, with the view of annoying where he could do nothing else, he issued a decree that the Danish language should be spoken and used in the public-offices, and by the army. This has made bad worse; and if his Danish majesty does not look to it, those stubborn Saxons will seek redress by appealing to the Confederation, and declaring their independence. Already, at the senate-house in Sleswick, they have entered their solemn protest against the unconstitutional conduct of the 'duke,' a proceeding which his majesty felt very keenly; so much so, that the week previous to our visit, he came to Kiel, and, in public, lectured the professors for the active part which they had taken in getting up the protest. He might have saved himself the trouble, for it produced quite another effect to that which he desired. 'They were Germans,' they said, 'not Danes. They had no king, and, what was more, they would not have one. They had political privileges, and they would take care they were not violated by the Duke of Holstein!' So there the affair terminated; and it is currently reported that his majesty desires the downfall of the university, which he now regards as a hot-bed of treason. Thus absolute monarchs invariably interpret the honest resistance of freemen to their degrading codes of slavery.

In the evening, according to appointment, we called upon the rector. He lives in the Holstein Strape. Persons who are familiar with Oxford and Cambridge, will at once think of a large mansion, and sleek servants, and dashing appointments, when the rector of an university is named; but if they imagine that Dr Olshausen is thus surrounded by the good things of this sublunary existence, they will be most grievously mistaken; for he lives up two pair of stairs, in a very poor house, the lower part of which is occupied by several families.

We were ushered into his neatly-furnished library, where a scholar could feast himself 'a live long day,' in dipping into the choice selection of Oriental literature which it contains. The doctor is a little man, of spare habit, pale, thoughtful, countenance, and restless, piercing eyes. Without once alluding to the political causes, he bewailed to us the condition of the university. He also mentioned, as a deplorable fact, that Oriental literature was so superficially studied by the clergymen of Germany. 'The reason is this,' he said, '*the groundwork is bad*. Youths come here,' he remarked, 'from the gymnasia to study theology, well grounded in everything but what is most essentially necessary to their entrance upon a theological course. Surely the student of theology ought first to be thoroughly acquainted with the languages in which the prophets and apostles taught, or how can he be assured that he is not

taking falsehood for truth!' 'Do they then receive no preparatory instruction which at all fits them for attending your lectures?' 'No, none whatever,' he replied. 'In classics the preparation is good; but in Hellenistic Greek, in Hebrew, in Syriac, and in the cognate dialects, and also in philosophy (by which he intended mental science), there is nothing done in the gymnasia worth a moment's notice!' We could not help thinking that Olshausen's lament might be taken up in many, if not most, of our schools of theology at home. Professor Olshausen is engaged on a work on biblical geography, the result of his personal researches in Palestine. We named Robinson's work to him, but he had not seen it. We look with some degree of anxiety for the appearance of this work of Olshausen's, as it will no doubt prove a valuable addition to the literature of the subject on which it treats.

When we returned to the 'Stadt Copenhagen,' we found that the whole house was on the *qui vive* to know who we were, and what we had come for. Had we anything to do with the English government, or with the King of Denmark? What in the world could we be doing with the leading men of the place all day? Somehow or other, their recent stir with the king being uppermost in their minds, they thought that, say as we might to the contrary, we had something to do with the matter. The hotel-books were brought, and there, according to the police directions of the duchy, we inscribed our names, occupation, where we were last, and when we intended to depart. Well, this gave them no new light; and it was amusing to us to mark how two or three clever old diplomatists, who are enjoying in Kiel the *otium cum dignitate* at a cheap rate, endeavoured to pump out our secret, when we had none to communicate. The king had just been in Hamburg, and we came from there: ha! thought they, *that* looks very suspicious. However, before we left Kiel, those prying people found out their mistake.

THE SILVER TANKARD.

On a slope of land opening itself to the south, in a now thickly settled town in the state of Maine, some hundred and more years ago, stood a farm-house to which the epithet 'comfortable' might be applied. The old forest came down to the back of it; in front were cultivated fields; beyond which was ground partially cleared, full of pine stumps, and here and there, standing erect, the giant trunks of trees which the fire had scorched and blackened, though it had failed to overthrow them. The house stood at the very verge of the settlement, so that from it no other cottage could be seen; the nearest neighbour was distant about six miles. Daniel Gordon, the owner and occupant of the premises we have described, had chosen this valley in the wilderness, a wide, rich tract of land, not only as his own home, but, prospectively, as the home of his children, and his children's children. He was willing to be far off from men, that his children might have room to settle around him. He was looked upon as the rich man of that district, well known over all that part of the country. His house was completely finished, and was large for the times, having two storeys in front and one behind, with a long sloping roof; it seemed as if it leaned to the south, to offer its back to the cold winds from the northern mountains. It was full of the comforts of life—the furniture even a little 'showy' for a Puritan; and when the table was set, there was, to use a Yankee phrase, 'considerable' silver-plate, among which a large tankard stood pre-eminent. This silver had been the property of his father, and was brought over from the mother country.

Now we will go back to this pleasant valley as it was on a bright and beautiful morning in the month of June. It was Sunday; and though early, the two sons of Daniel Gordon and the hired man had gone to meeting on foot, down to the 'Landing,' a little village on the banks of the river, ten miles distant. Daniel himself was standing at the door, with the horse and chaise, ready and waiting for his goodwife, who had been somewhat de-

tained. He was standing at the door-step enjoying the freshness of the morning, with a little pride in his heart, perhaps, as he cast his eye over the extent of his possessions spread before him. At that instant a neighbour, of six miles' distance, rode up on horseback and beckoned to him from the gate of the enclosure around the house.

'Good morning, neighbour Gordon,' said he; 'I have come out of my way in going to meeting, to tell you that Tom Smith, that daring thief, with two others, have been seen prowling about in these parts, and that you'd better look out, lest you have a visit. I have got nothing in my house to bring them there, but they may be after the silver tankard, neighbour, and the silver spoons. I have often told you that these things were not fit for these new parts. Tom is a bold fellow, but I suppose the fewer he meets when he goes to steal the better. I don't think it safe for you all to be off to meeting to-day: but I am in a hurry, neighbour, so good-bye.'

This communication placed our friend Daniel in an unpleasant dilemma. It had been settled that no one was to be left at home but his daughter Mehitabel, a beautiful little girl about nine years old. Shall I stay or go? was the question. Daniel was a Puritan; he had strict notions of the duty of worshipping God in His temple, and he had faith that God would bless him only as he did his duty; but then he was a father, and little Hitty was the light and joy of his eyes. But these Puritans were stern and unflinching. He soon settled the point. 'I won't even take Hitty with me; for 'twill make her cowardly. The thieves may not come—neighbour Perkins may be mistaken; and if they do come to my house, they will not hurt that child. At any rate, she is in God's hands; and we will go to worship Him, who never forsakes those who put their trust in Him.' As he settled this, the little girl and her mother stepped to the chaise; the father saying to the child, 'If any strangers come, Hitty, treat them well. We can spare of our abundance to the poor. What is silver and gold, when we think of God's holy Word?' With these words on his lips he drove off—a troubled man, in spite of his religious trust; because he left his daughter in the wilderness alone.

Little Hitty, as the daughter of a Puritan, was strictly brought up to observe the Lord's day. She knew that she ought to return to the house; but nature, for this once at least, got the better of her training. 'No harm,' thought she, 'to see the brood of chickens.' Nor did she when she had given them some water, go into the house; but loitered and lingered, hearing the robin sing, and following with her eye the bob'lincoln, as he flitted from shrub to shrub. She passed almost an hour out of the house, because she did not want to be alone; and she did not feel alone when she was out among the birds, and was gathering here and there a little wild flower. But at last she went in, took her Bible, and seated herself at the window, sometimes reading and sometimes looking out.

As she was there seated, she saw three men coming up towards the house, and she was right glad to see them; for she felt lonely, and there was a dreary long day before her. 'Father,' thought she, 'meant something, when he told me to be kind to strangers. I suppose he expected them. I wonder what keeps them all from meeting. Never mind; they shall see I can do something for them, if I am little Hitty;' so, putting down her Bible, she ran to meet them, happy, confiding, and even glad that they had come. She called to them to come; and, without waiting for them to speak, she called to them to come in with her, and said, 'I am all alone; if mother was here she would do more for you, but I will do all I can;' and all this with a frank, loving heart, glad to do good to others, and glad to please her father, whose last words were, to spare of their abundance to the weary traveller.

Smith and his two companions entered. Now it was neither breakfast-time nor dinner-time, but about half-way between both; yet little Hitty's head was full of the direction, 'spare of our abundance;' and almost before

they were fairly in the house, she asked if she should get them something to eat. Smith replied, 'Yes, I will thank you, my child, for we are all hungry.' This was indeed a civil speech for the thief, who, half-starved, had been lurking in the woods to watch his chance to steal the silver tankard, as soon as the men folks had gone to meeting.

'Shall I give you cold victuals, or will you wait till I can cook some meat?' asked Hitty.

'We can't wait,' was the reply; 'give us what you have ready, as soon as you can.'

'I am glad you do not want me to cook for you—but I would do it if you did—because father would rather not have much cooking on Sundays.'

Then away she tripped about, making her preparation for their repast. Smith himself helped her out with the table. She spread upon it a clean white cloth, and placed upon it the silver spoons and the silver tankard full of 'old orchard,' with a large quantity of wheaten bread and a dish of cold meat. I don't know why the silver spoons were put on—perhaps little Hitty thought they made the table look prettier. After all was done, she turned to Smith, and with a curtesy told him that dinner was ready. The child had been so busy in arranging her table, and so thoughtful of housewifery, that she took little or no notice of the appearance and manners of her guests. She did the work as cheerily and freely, and was as unembarrassed as if she had been surrounded by her father and mother and brothers. One of the thieves sat down doggedly, with his hands on his knees, and his face down almost to his hands, looking all the time on the floor. Another, a younger and better-looking man, stood confounded and irresolute, as if he had not been well broken into his trade; and often would he go to the window and look out, keeping his back to the child. Smith, on the other hand, looked unconcerned, as if he had quite forgotten his purpose. He never once took his attention off the child, following her with his eye as she bustled about in arranging the dinner-table; there was even a half smile on his face. They all moved to the table, Smith's chair at the head, one of his companions on each side, the child at the foot, standing there to help her guests, and to be ready to go for further supplies as there was need.

The men ate as hungry men, almost in silence, drinking occasionally from the silver tankard. When they had done, Smith started up suddenly, and said, 'Come! let's go.'

'What!' exclaimed the other robber, 'go with empty hands when this silver is here?' He seized the tankard. 'Put that down!' shouted Smith; 'I'll shoot the man who takes a single thing from this house.'

Poor Hitty at once awoke to a sense of the character of her guests: with terror in her face, and yet with a childlike frankness, she ran to Smith, took hold of his hand, and looked into his face, as if she felt sure that *he* would take care of her.

The old thief, looking to his young companion, and finding he was ready to give up the job, and seeing that Smith was resolute, put down the tankard, growling like a dog which has had a bone taken from him. 'Fool! catch me in your company again;' and with such expressions left the house, followed by the other.

Smith put his hand on the head of the child and said, 'Don't be afraid—stay quiet in the house—nobody shall hurt you.'

Thus ended the visit of the thieves; thus God preserved the property of those who had put their trust in Him. What a story had the child to tell when the family came home! How hearty was the thanksgiving that went up that evening from the family altar!

A year or two after this, poor Tom Smith was arrested for the commission of some crime, was tried, and sentenced to be executed. Daniel Gordon heard of this, and that he was confined in a jail in the seaport town, to wait for the dreadful day when he was to be hung up like a dog between heaven and earth. Gordon could not keep away from him; he felt drawn to him for the protection

of his daughter, and went down to see him. When he entered the dungeon, Smith was seated, his face was pale, his hair tangled and matted together—for why should he care for his looks? there was no other expression in his countenance than that of irritation from being intruded upon, when he wanted to hear nothing, see nothing more of his brother man; he did not rise, nor even look up, nor return the salutation of Gordon, who continued to stand before him. At last, as if wearied beyond endeavour, he asked, 'What do you want of me? Can't you let me alone, even here?'

'I come,' said Gordon, 'to see you, because my daughter told me all you did for her when you'—

As if touched to the heart, Smith's whole appearance changed; an expression of deep interest came over his features; he was altogether another man. The sullen indifference passed away in an instant. 'Are you the father of that little girl? Oh, what a dear child she is! Is she well and happy? How I love to think of her! That's one pleasant thing I have to think of. For once I was treated like other men. Could I kiss her once, I think I should be happier.' In this hurried manner he poured out an intensity of feeling, little supposed to lie in the bosom of a condemned felon.

Gordon remained with Smith, whispered to him of peace beyond the grave for the penitent, smoothed in some degree his passage through the dark valley, and did not return to his family until Christian love could do no more for an erring brother, on whom scarcely before had the eye of love rested; whose hand had been against all men, *because their hands had been against him*.

I have told the story more at length, and interwoven some unimportant circumstances, but it is before you substantially as it was related to me. The main incidents are true; though, doubtless, as the story has been handed down from generation to generation, it has been coloured by the imagination. The silver tankard as an heir-loom has descended in the family—the property of the daughter named Mehitabel, and is now in the possession of the lady of a clergyman in Massachusetts.

What a crowd of thoughts do these incidents cause to rush in upon the mind! How sure is the overcoming of evil with good! How truly did Jesus Christ know what is in 'the heart of man! How true to the best feelings of human nature are even the outcasts of society! How much of our virtue do we owe to our position among men! How inconsistent with Christian love is it to put to death our brother, *whose crimes arise mainly from the vices and wrong structure of society!* How incessant should be our exertions to disseminate the truth, that the world may be reformed, and the law of love be substituted for the law of force! The reader will not, however, need our help to make the right use of the guarding of the 'silver tankard,' by the kindness and innocence of a child.

DON DIEGO NICUESA.

THIS accomplished cavalier first came prominently into notice as the rival of Alonzo de Ojeda for the command of the provinces which Ferdinand king of Spain contemplated to found in Terra Firma in the year 1509. Nicuesa was of high lineage, and he was very rich, in addition to which he was one of the most celebrated warriors and energetic leaders of his time. Like Ojeda, he was very small in stature, but he was most symmetrical in his form, and capable of great physical endurance. To settle the dispute in an amicable manner which had sprung up between Nicuesa and Ojeda, the King of Spain divided between these cavaliers that part of the South American continent which lies along the isthmus of Panama, making the boundary-line to run through the Gulf of Darien. To Ojeda he gave the province stretching eastward as far as Cape de la Vela; the western part he assigned to Nicuesa. The latter, with seven hundred men well provided, proceeded to assume command of the country assigned him. He arrived at San Domingo with his fine fleet at the same time with Juan de la Cosa and the comparatively insignificant arma-

ment of Ojeda. Between these rival commanders there existed a predisposition to quarrel; and they had scarcely met when their anger showed itself; their dispute regarding the joint government of Jamaica led to a challenge on the part of the more fiery Ojeda, which the policy of Nicuesa prevented him from accepting.

In our sketch of Ojeda we have mentioned the circumstance that led to the reconciliation of these two fighting Spaniards, and we detailed at some length the horrid carnage of the natives in which they joined previous to their final parting; we shall therefore take up the narrative of Nicuesa at that part which immediately succeeds the massacre at Carthagena. Nicuesa sailed along shore towards the west, in search of some favourable spot on which to found his colony, and in order that he might the better be able to discover a proper situation, he went himself on board of a light caravel, commanding the two brigantines to keep as near him as possible as he ran along shore, while the larger ships stood more out to sea.

Separated from all his other vessels by a storm, Nicuesa continued to coast along the shores near to Veragua in search of them, until he entered the mouth of a river. Here the sudden subsidence of the waters landed his caravel upon a muddy bottom, and threw it over on its broadside, while the rapid current strained the timbers of the little bark, so that she appeared ready to go to pieces. At this critical juncture a sailor adventured to carry a rope to the shore; but, being drowned, another, undeterred by his death, sprung into the water and succeeded in making fast a rope to a tree, by means of which Nicuesa and his crew safely reached the shore. A more desolate or terrible situation can hardly be conceived than that of this party; for they had scarcely landed when their vessel, with all their provisions, clothes, and arms, was swept away with the current; and, to further increase their anxiety, they were tormented with a suspicion that Lope de Olano, who was an unprincipled profligate, had deserted them intentionally with the brigantines. Nicuesa, who partook of the general suspicion, concealed it from his men, however; and, cheering them with hopeful words and his own example of lightheartedness, he proposed to set out on foot for Veragua, where, if they had survived the storm which had parted them, the brigantines, in all likelihood, would now be lying. With bare feet and scanty habiliments, the depressed mariners set out on their painful march; they had neither arms to kill animals for food nor to repel the natives should they be attacked, so that, to men of their dispositions, their situation was one of hopeless despair. They were constrained to wade through marshes and streams, and to tear their way amongst dense woods, where the thorns and prickly-shrubs lacerated their flesh and wounded their feet. Their food consisted of roots and wild herbs, together with shellfish, which they gathered along shore; for such had been the cruel conduct of the Spaniards towards the natives that these shipwrecked men dared not to apply to them for food, lest, in revenge for former injuries, the Indians might set upon and slay them. In addition to all their other sources of fear was the dread that they had been driven past Veragua in the storm, and that they were wandering from instead of approaching the haven of their hopes. Such were the dangers, toils, and fears which these men encountered in their blind and avaricious eagerness for gold. Nicuesa, however, inspired them with his words and his example; he helped the most weary on his way, he cheerfully partook of the coarsest food, and he did not exact the lion's share.

Nicuesa had contrived to save one of the boats from the wreck of the caravel, and while the greater part of the crew walked along the tangled woody shore, this little bark was pulled along the margin of the waters. At last the weary travellers arrived at the point of an inland bay, and were conveyed, a few at a time, to what they believed to be the opposite shore; but, on making a short survey of this unknown land, they found it to be an island, cut off from the mainland by a neck of the sea. Too weary to think of returning that evening to the point whence they had come, the shipwrecked crew lay down to sleep until the morning.

When the morning broke and they looked around them for the means of leaving this island, they found that the boat and four of their companions were gone. Whichever way they turned in their despair they beheld nothing but the bleak expanse of waters and the dull dark outline of lonely shores. They were alone, pent within the limits of a barren desert island, without the means of escape from their sea-girt prison, and without the means of preserving life by either the chase or labour. A few shellfish scattered along its shores was all the food that the niggard sea offered to the starving adventurers, and a few pools of brackish water was all their drink. In the fulness of fear some of them implored God for succour, others sat down in the listless apathy of sullen despair and gloomily awaited their fate. But as the sun bursts through the darkest clouds, so, when the clouds that warp the human soul in dark despair are densest, hope, like a sunburst, comes to drive them away. When these unhappy Spaniards were calling on death as a grateful release from their miseries, they beheld upon the horizon the white wings of a life-bringing ship, until at last one of the lost brigantines, with their own four deserters in it, cast anchor by their island and took them on board. The deserters explained to Nicuesa the reason and manner of their flight. They had become convinced that, instead of nearing their friends, they were every day leaving them to the eastward; and that, rather than encounter the opposition of the commander, they determined to follow their own course in secret. Accordingly, when their companions were all asleep, they had deserted with the boat, and had, as they anticipated, found the brigantines of Lope de Olano after they had retraced their course several days. Olano's conduct in this affair is regarded with some suspicion; he had sheltered himself under the lee of an island from the storm which had driven the ships asunder, and when it had abated he persuaded the crews that Nicuesa had perished, because his caravel was not to be seen. He had never made any search for his commander, however, but had immediately proceeded towards the river Chagres, where he found the ships anchored. Assuming command of these as Nicuesa's lieutenant, he next sailed for the river Belen, by which he landed all the stores and commenced to found a colony. It was here that the boat's crew had found him and informed him of the condition of Nicuesa, upon which Olano, whatever might be his former intentions, immediately dispatched the brigantine to his rescue.

The expedition, whether as regarded the command of Nicuesa or Olano, had been but a succession of disasters; and when the cavalier arrived in the brigantine and took command of his armament, he found it a broken one indeed. His ships were completely destroyed by the storm, and of his gallant crew of seven hundred men, nearly four hundred had perished by disease, storms, hunger, the arrows of the Indians, and their own thirst for gold. Nicuesa's first impulse, upon his arrival at Belen, was to hang Olano for his perfidy and remissness in not sending in quest of the caravel, but the pleadings of the other captains, and the state of his command, rendered such a proceeding neither politic nor safe; he therefore swallowed his choler as he best might, determining, however, to send Olano to Spain on the first opportunity, that he might be tried as a traitor.

Nicuesa now applied himself to the restoration in some degree of the efficiency of his spiritless followers; so he in the first place selected the strongest of them, and, forming them into foraging parties, seized upon the property of the natives wherever he could find it, and slew the proprietors if they attempted to defend it. The Indians were very fierce, however—which fierceness, let it be remembered, was only the reaction caused by the cruelty of the whites—and they fought with such desperation that for every meal they won the Spaniards sacrificed a number of lives. Disheartened by these self-sought misfortunes, Nicuesa at last embarked the remnant of his people in the two brigantines, and a caravel which had been built by Olano, and, leaving what these small vessels were unable to contain under the care of Alonzo Nunez, he sailed along the shore, with no very bright anticipations for the future. His crews seemed

to be suffering under a species of paralysis, for they were unable to conduct their expeditions with anything like their former energy, and in their affrays with the Indians many were slain and wounded. Arriving at last at the harbour which Columbus had called Provision Port, the governor determined to finish his peregrinations and set up his standard. 'Here, in the name of God,' said he, 'let us stop;' and his followers, who believed that there was something auspicious in the ejaculation, called the spot *Nombre de Dios*, which it yet retains. The country was fertile and beautiful, but food did not grow in it spontaneously, and the Spaniards, who had now to work in despite of their scanty sustenance, forgot the name of their location in the toils they underwent and the hunger they endured, and they cursed their commander, who chained them, as it were, to this condition of intransitive toil, and of certain death. The courage of these adventurers consisted wholly in the energy of action; they were the veriest cowards when endurance was required of them. They could fight with fury, but they suffered not like men but children. Truly courage has its gradations and proportions. The courage of one martyr, for principle's sake, sublimely towers above the bravery of all the hosts of chivalry.

The privations which these Spaniards brought upon themselves were of the most fearful description. The followers of Nicuesa were constrained to eat of human flesh, so destitute were they of provisions; and when he brought to this station the people he had left at Belen, he found that they too had been feeding on reptiles and the flesh of alligators. Again the emaciated Spaniards sought to find stores of provisions from their robbery of the Indians; but the rapine of the whites had made the natives abandon their homes and the cultivation of their fields, and betake themselves to the woods and morasses of their country, where, subsisting upon roots and wild fruit, they exchanged their rude hoes for the spear, and their mattocks for bows and arrows; and, instead of providing food to supply the robbery of the Spaniards, they fashioned darts with which to slay the robbers. At last Nicuesa's bands were so worn out with hunger and fatigue that there were not men sufficient to mount guard at night. Thus did Providence seem to punish these warriors for the purpose which prompted their invasion. Unlike the Christian missionary, who now goes to the islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans with the Bible in his right hand and the arts of peace and comfort in his left, these savages of Spain carried havoc wherever they went, and brought upon the name of Christian the execrations of the untutored heathen.

In the meantime events were hastening to a crisis with the once gay and brilliant Nicuesa, and his eventful career was not destined to be of long duration. Succeeding adventurers had arrived at the settlement of Darien, and they had determined to take up their residence there; but, knowing that Nicuesa claimed it as a portion of his government, they resolved to find the cavalier if possible, and invite him to assume command over the colony, thus legitimately establishing their settlement. Accordingly Rodrigo de Colmenares was dispatched in quest of the unfortunate hidalgo, whom, after a patient search, he found in the wretched plight already mentioned.

Colmenares was welcomed with tears of joy by his famishing countrymen; and so much were they reduced that he could scarcely recognise Nicuesa, he was so changed with want; and of the seven hundred followers who had left San Domingo in their pride and power, with their ambitious and vainglorious commander, only sixty famished creatures now remained. To these Colmenares distributed food; and he cheered their drooping spirits by telling them that he had come to take them to a land of plenty.

* As soon as Nicuesa heard of the settlement of Darien, he seemed to become a new man, and all his former aspirations of aggrandisement were at once revived. Visions of state and dominion floated before him like the fire-flashes of a dream; and that he might realise as soon as possible a portion of his anticipated magnificence, he in-

vited Colmenares and his officers, as ambassadors, to eat at his table the provisions which their own arrival had supplied. But he overshot the mark; for, in his conversations with these envoys, he assumed all the dictatorial tones and airs of majesty, and freely descanted on the policy by which he meant to govern that settlement before he had yet set foot in it. Hearing that great quantities of gold had been collected and retained by private individuals, he became enraged, and threatened to make them disgorge their wealth, while, at the same time, he would punish them for an infraction of the royal prerogative. This threat was treasured up in the memory of two who sat at his table, and who were amenable to the vengeance which he meditated. They accordingly lost no time in taking measures of defence. Lope de Olano, who was one of the survivors of Nicuesa's expedition, but who was still retained a prisoner, also contrived to find access to these envoys, and to prejudice their minds still more against Nicuesa. 'Take warning,' said he, 'by my treatment. I sent relief to Nicuesa, and rescued him from death, when starving on a desert island. Behold my recompense: he repays me with imprisonment and chains. Such is the gratitude the people of Darien may look for at his hands.' Laying these matters up in their hearts, the Bachelor Corral and his companion envoy set sail for the colony previous to the departure of Nicuesa, and, arriving at Darien before the expected governor, they soon prepared, instead of a welcome, captivity and hatred for him.

When the unsuspecting governor arrived at Darien, and was about to land, the first salute with which he was met was the loud voice of the public attorney, warning him not to come ashore, but to return forthwith to his former government of Nombre de Dios. Nicuesa was thunderstruck at this reception; and, reminding the Dariens that he had come at their request, and not of his own spontaneous will, begged to be allowed to land that he might hear an explanation of this sudden revolution of their sentiments. He was obliged to put to sea that evening, however, without coming to any settlement on the subject of landing; but, returning to the harbour next morning, a change seemed to have taken place in the minds of the settlers, for they invited him to land. No sooner was he on shore, however, than the rabble rushed upon him, and would have taken him, but, being one of the fleetest and most agile of all the knights of Spain, he ran from his pursuers, and took refuge amongst the wild beasts of the forest, whence he escaped to his brigantine. In the meantime, the alcalde, Vasco Nunez, tried to mollify the rage which existed in the minds of the people against Nicuesa, but, finding his exertions vain, he advised his brother cavalier to keep his brigantine, and on no account to trust himself on land. Nicuesa, however, was of an open and unsuspicious character, and he allowed himself, under some pretext or other, to be drawn on shore, when he was immediately set upon by armed men, and compelled, by threats of immediate death, to abjure all authority over the settlement; and was also forced to declare upon oath that he would depart for Spain, touching at no intermediate port until he presented himself before the king at Castile. Allotting to him the worst old worn-out brigantine in the port, they also ignominiously drove him from their shores, with only seventeen followers in his train, who were chiefly of his household, and much attached to him. This frail vessel, with the poor and now totally ruined governor, set sail on the 1st of March, 1511, and steered across the Caribbean Sea towards Hispaniola; but the dark waters of the ocean blot the future records of her fate, and in the bottom of the sea did poor Nicuesa and his crew find their last earthly heritage. For this had ambition spun her airy web! So frail were all his hopes that here, upon the lonely sea, their sun went down for ever!

NO LEARNING WITHOUT PREPARATION.

No man can learn what he has not preparation for learning, however near to his eyes is the object. A chemist

may tell his most precious secrets to a carpenter, and he shall never be the wiser; the secrets he would not utter to a chemist for an estate. God screens us evermore from premature ideas. Our eyes are holden that we cannot see things that stare us in the face, until the hour arrives when the mind is ripened; then we behold them, and the time when we saw them not is like a dream.—*Emerson*.

THE FLOWER OF SCOTIA'S CLIME.

The following stanzas, by Mrs L. H. SIGOURNEY, of Hartford, Connecticut, United States, were written on the death of her much esteemed friend, Mrs C. C. Thorburn, of New York. The name of Mrs Sigourney is familiar to most of our readers. When making a tour in this country, she visited Abbotsford and Dryburgh, her impressions of which are here so finely alluded to.

Where Eildon Hills in beauty rise,
And Tweed's bright waters spread,
And the romantic Leader flows
Along its pebbly bed,
While birds among the heather sang
At the sweet vernal time,
A youthful lover fondly woo'd
The flower of Scotia's clime!

There, in the shaded manse, she grew,
Beneath fraternal care.
Yet, where old Dryburgh charms the view,
With oriel window fair,
A bridal train were wand'ring on,
'Mid summer's festal prime,
For he, the ardent youth, had won
The flower of Scotia's clime!

He bore her to the broad, green West,
Far o'er the billows sheen,
And placed her in his garden fair,
To be his Eden queen;
While tender plants of trusting love
Sprang round her matron prime,
And well their ripening fragrance cheer'd
The flower of Scotia's clime!

But sorrow steals o'er earthly joy,
As winter strips the bower,
Nor can affection's sleepless watch
Repel the spoiler's power.
For when autumnal blossoms rare
Were in their glorious prime,
Low on her death-cold pillow lay
The flower of Scotia's clime!

Yet, grace like hers survives the tomb.
Th' immortal essence rose
To Him on whose unchanging love
The pure in heart repose;
And where unfading garlands bloom
'Mid harmony sublime,
She finds a home, who here was called
The flower of Scotia's clime.

THE TRUE END OF LEARNING.

The end of learning is to know God, and out of that knowledge to love him, and to imitate him, as we may the nearest, by possessing our souls of true virtue.—*Milton*.

AN INDUCEMENT TO VIRTUE.

Were there but one virtuous man in the world, he would hold up his head with confidence and honour; he would shame the world, and not the world him.—*South*.

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KLOPSTOCK.

WE anticipate receiving the thanks of many of our readers for reviving the recollection of this distinguished member of the 'Priesthood of Letters.' Than his, literature has few nobler names. If a childlike simplicity of character, an unblemished life, exalted thoughts of God, tender affection for mankind, an exquisite and highly cultivated taste, a quenchless passion for art, a profound and devout reverence for truth, and beauty, and liberty, and, in addition, 'the vision and the faculty divine;' if these be the insignia of *true* greatness—the patent of God's nobility—then we know of no greater name than that of the subject of the present sketch.

We, however, challenge the admiration of thoughtful minds on behalf of Klopstock, not only because of what he was, but in consideration of what he both sought and accomplished. If genius alone be esteemed worthy of praise, how much more so when, in union with virtue, it dedicates itself to the service of mankind? This has not always been kept in mind. Genius has been allowed to cover a multitude of sins. Mere intellectual vigour has been permitted to usurp the position of moral worth, and to turn our attention from the enormities which it daily perpetrated, and the vices which it endeavoured to render popular and attractive. These things were regarded by a too partial public as the eccentricities of genius, forsooth, as if there were a *necessary* connection between the highest mental excellence and the most disgusting moral obliquity. This has been the critical gospel for a long series of years, and the public has seldom questioned its truth. But what is the fact? Why, that there can be no more disastrous mistake. Common sense asserts this; facts establish it. Our greatest names were borne by men of the most inflexible integrity and stainless purity. There is something more valuable to man than genius, namely, *VIRTUE*. Let us be understood; we do not undervalue genius, we prize it; but we set a higher price upon *virtue*. Society can exist without the former, but the latter is the great principle of cohesion, wanting which society perishes. The merely *intellectual* man—the man whose moral culture has been neglected, while his mental life was solicitously watched over and assiduously nurtured—that man is the personification of Satan; his *power* is without *goodness*. Intellectual power, unless balanced and controlled by love, is the creator of selfishness, which, in its turn, becomes the parent of the brood of vices which have converted the world into a charnel-house and wet the earth with tears and blood. By such a man everything will be readily

sacrificed at the shrine of personal ambition; every tie that binds man to man will be torn asunder without a pang and without remorse. If he be devoted to literature, he will be like Voltaire; if to arms, like Napoleon. Than such a man there can be no more appalling spectacle. To him there is no home, no country, no world, no God, but *self*. He is the universe to himself. There his aims, affections, hopes, terminate. The days of his continuance upon earth are days of peril to the human race. What reckes he that men pine and famish if he have plenty—that the righteous are in bonds if he be free? Living for others is to *him* the dream of the fool; and love, which, to all beside, is the sunlight of existence, but the blackness of darkness.

That such men have lived and *do* live none can gainsay. But what is much more deplorable, that they have been adored, instead of execrated, by mankind, cannot be justly denied. Occupied solely with the boundless profusion and variety of their resources, and dazzled and blinded by the splendour of their genius, those who sat down to estimate their character omitted to notice, or intentionally overlooked, the *end* for which these men wrote. This, however, ought to have been the main element valued—the first feature scrutinised. The criticism that is wholly engaged with the choice and disposition of words, with the structure and harmony of periods, with the arrangement and logical value of arguments—and pronounces judgment according to the qualities of an author's style, is essentially defective and one-sided. The *moral purpose* of the writer, and the *tendency* of his productions, should be steadily kept in view. Nothing should be permitted to divert our gaze. No intellectual power or wealth of genius should force or bribe us to applaud where the manifest tendency was to corrupt and therefore to destroy our race. The more fascinating the style made use of to diffuse the poison, the louder should be our warning, the more uncompromising our denunciation. Were the demigods of literature measured by this standard, what pigmies they would appear! Had what is called 'heroism' been tried by this moral test, it would have proved to be but savage, brute-like ferocity—the virtue of the monster, the infamy of the *man*. But such has not been the case. The warrior has been hailed as the saviour instead of being regarded as the destroyer. Poetry and eloquence have exhausted their treasures in his praise. His path has been strewn with flowers, and fair hands have woven chaplets for his brow. In the dim cathedral, prayer has been offered for his success by those who called themselves followers of the Prince of Peace. And the sword, which was to be thrust into human hearts, and the banner, which was destined to wave above the mangled bodies of men, and in the midst

of scenes of lust, and rapine, and murder, have been confided to his keeping by the hands of woman!

Again, what has been the fate of the man of letters who openly aimed at the demoralisation of society—whose writings sapped the very foundations of domestic affection—who laughed to scorn the idea of devotional feeling, or filial love, or conjugal fidelity? Has he and his class been regarded as a pestilence? Have men fled from him as they would flee from a plague? Did they cast out the destroyer of their household gods—the ruthless violator of life's sanctities? No; they bowed down and worshipped him. Monarchs smiled upon him; critics lauded him; authors imitated him; learned societies sought the honour (?) of his fellowship; and *woman*—woman—whom he had degraded to a baser level than that of the slave—followed joyously in the train of his adorners.

It makes us sad and heartsick to think of these things. But we trust that the darkness is past, and that the blessed light of 'the good time coming' has already begun to dawn upon us. We think we note the signs of the advent of that time in the bar, on the bench, in the senate, in the church; in the desire everywhere felt and confessed for the moral improvement of society; in the demand for education put forth by the masses of the population; and in the readiness of all to contribute their share to meet that demand. But nowhere is the change so perceptible as in our literature. Its character is undergoing a complete alteration. The unclean spirit is being cast out. Men are now rising up to do homage to truth, and to wrestle down hypocrisy and cant. False and degrading theories of life are stripped of their philosophical garb and exposed in all their naked loathsomeness. Works are now beginning to be exclusively circulated which formerly could scarcely find a publisher; and individuals, whose benevolent and philanthropic exertions were made the mark for low scurrility or polished contempt, are now righteously enrolled among those of whom the world was not worthy. We are fully aware that many evils yet need to be remedied, that there are numerous blotches which require wiping out. But if there be much to deplore, there is also much to encourage and stimulate. Public opinion is silently but certainly consigning to deserved oblivion works which even now exercise a covert but pernicious sway. Not only public *taste* but public *feeling* also is improved. The *moral* is asserting its pre-eminence to the *intellectual*. Some of our most distinguished minds are labouring in the good work of renovation; and we think we are lending a helping hand, by directing attention to philanthropists like Allen and to poets like Klopstock.

About thirty miles south-west of Magdeburg, in the low flat country, stands Quedlinburg. It is a land of streams and rivers, of dreamy legends and stirring associations. Quedlinburg was built by Henry, surnamed the 'Fowler,' a prince to whom Europe is much more indebted than she has ever thought proper to acknowledge. He was an unlettered man, but one of remarkable sagacity and originality of mind. Living in a rude and barbarous age, a military chief, he displayed qualities of intellect which would have won him renown had he even been surrounded with the light and refinement of a more advanced period. What Alfred was to England, Henry the Fowler was to Germany. Nomadic life is the lowest condition of existence; from it nothing good or great can spring. Society, that is *associative life*, is the seedling of civilisation. The philosophic mind of the warrior prince saw this, and he laid the foundation of the advancement of Germany by the formation of *cities*, by drafting into them the ninth part of the nobility and freedmen, and by passing laws and making grants which caused these cities to become the centres of military, political, and ecclesiastical influence. Quedlinburg shared largely of his favour. There he founded and richly endowed an abbey. The building remains to this day; and the chroniclers of the district, the mothers and nurses, relate strange traditions of the wisdom and prowess, and pious acts of King Henry, who lies, beside his wife Matilda, within the old abbey walls. In that town Klopstock was born. His father was a 'commissionsrath' or

alderman, and, if report speaks truth, rather an oddity in his way. On the 2d of July, 1724, the self-importance of Herr Senator Klopstock was considerably augmented by the intelligence that a son was born unto him. The child was baptised Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock.

Soon after his birth, family affairs obliged the Klopstocks to leave Quedlinburg. They removed to Friedeburg, a little town on the Saale. Here the poet's infancy was spent; and here also he manifested that gentleness and amiability of disposition which distinguished him throughout life. He entwined himself around the hearts of frau and fraulein, and, by his love of legendary lore, taxed their memory or invention, whenever they visited his father's house. The hoary traditions of the days of the 'Fowler,' of the Minnezeit, of the Reformation, were listened to with avidity, in the long winter evenings, by that bright-eyed, quiet boy.

At length the time came for him to be transferred from the *schulpforte* to the *gymnasium* of his native town. This was a time of joy. At the gymnasium he had access to books which he had long wished to read, and was engaged in studies to which he had looked forward with pleasure. The promise of scholarly ability which he had displayed at the *schulpforte* was now fully borne out. The Latin and Greek languages were rapidly mastered, and their treasures eagerly appropriated. The conquest of a new world was achieved: the sunny uplands of Greece were spread out before him; the mystic fictions and heroic legends of Homer became living realities.

'The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths.'

were to him like 'old familiar faces.' The freshness and living beauty of the Grecian muse charmed and inspired him.

'The dead yet sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns,'

swayed his soul, and he longed to rival them. He was still a boy. Little more than sixteen summers had passed since his birth, yet he nourished the hope of one day making himself a name as an epic poet. 'Had Germany,' he asked, 'no legends? no times of historic interest? no heroes? Does not my native town supply me with such? What better theme could I desire than the deeds of Henry the Fowler?' The dim and wild traditions he had heard in childhood were floating through his mind. This idea was soon relinquished. His Bible, which he had always loved, began to dispute the mastery with the bards of Greece; his heart grasped its truths with a firmer hold; it became the law of his life; its fruit was sweet unto his taste.

The dawn of manhood was now upon his lip. His character had taken a set. It is true he had lost nothing of the gentleness of childhood, but he had acquired energy and fire. The fire was latent; it did not flame, nor flash, nor crackle, on the surface. But when he thought of the literary and national degradation of his country, then it burst forth in those lyrics which thrilled the heart of Germany. He was now twenty-one, and it was decided that he should forthwith proceed to the University of Jena, to study theology. This was in the '45.' About that time Bodmer and Breitinger began to attack Gottsched and the admirers of the tumid bombast and sickly sentimentality which then characterised the writings of the day, in his celebrated papers on the want of a national literature. Bodmer found in Klopstock an enthusiastic disciple. Shakspeare, Milton, and other English poets were now his constant study. His old wish to write an epic poem revived. The 'Paradise Lost' suggested the 'Messias;' the first canto was completed at Jena.

In 1746 he went to Leipzig, where the 'Bremer Beiträge' was in course of publication by Rabener, Gellert, and others, who had embraced the views of Bodmer, and were thus endeavouring to work them out. Klopstock's scholarly reputation and unison of literary opinions soon

caused them to enlist him as a contributor to the journal. He mentioned his epic to them; the finished canto was read, and pronounced worthy of all praise; to this, two more were soon added, and the three cantos were published in the 'Beiträge.' The poem created a great sensation, especially in Denmark and Switzerland, which had in some measure resisted the corrupt influence of French literature, and were therefore better prepared to appreciate the production of Klopstock. The publication of these cantos mark a new era in the literary history of Germany. Then began that competitive race between the literature of Germany and England which Klopstock beheld in vision, and celebrated in his ode named 'The Two Muses.' What he had so often dreamed of in moments of boyish enthusiasm, he was about to accomplish. His severe classic taste, elevation of thought, purity and dignity of feeling, chivalrous love of his country, and almost sacred inspiration, combined to cause him to stand in the foremost rank of the band of young and ardent spirits who were seeking to create a national German literature. Such was the general impression which obtained of his distinguished ability, that Bernstoff, the able minister of Frederic V. of Denmark, offered him a pension, and gave him an invitation to finish his poem at Copenhagen, which he accepted, and there resided for some time. When he visited Zurich, he was most rapturously received. Lavater says 'that his unostentatious kindness made friends of all who came in contact with him; that he diffused joy around him wherever he went; and that he was so much venerated for his fervent piety, as well as for his brilliant genius, that the Switzers would have made any sacrifice to have detained him amongst them.' His sister accompanied him; and Rahn, at whose house the literati of Zurich were wont to assemble, sealed his friendship with Klopstock by becoming his brother-in-law. Klopstock's sister was the mother of Johanna Rahn, the noble-minded and matchless wife of Fichte.

In 1751, when at Hamburg, he was invited to the house of an eminent merchant named Möller. The merchant had a daughter called Meta. She was amiable, beautiful, talented. Before she had seen the poet, she had read his productions with delight. Klopstock, when he met her, was as much attracted by the charms of her conversation, and the graceful beauty of her person, as she was by his deserved reputation as a poet, and the fascination of his address. This mutual liking ripened speedily into love. Meta and Klopstock were betrothed. From this time a marked change is perceptible in his writings. A new life invigorated him. There was one whose praise was dearer to him than the applause of the great and learned. They were married in 1754 in Hamburg. Never was there a more auspicious union. It was one of *souls*. They seemed formed for each other. John Newton, that *beau ideal* of loving husbands, was not more devotedly attached to his wife than was Klopstock to his Meta. His sincere piety, his holy enthusiasm, his moral symmetry and intellectual grace, were all reflected by her. She was his second self. The cup, however, was soon dashed from his lips. Their union was terminated by her death, in childbed, in 1758.

After her decease he left Hamburg, visited his birthplace, and finally, we believe, at the request of his old friend Bernstoff, he settled down at Copenhagen. There he produced his 'Dissertations on Language and Poetry,' and the 'Battle of Arminius.' In 1771, he returned to Hamburg, as secretary to the Danish legation, where he completed the 'Messias.' On the 14th of March, 1803, after a brilliant career, the beloved of all who had the happiness of knowing him, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, he entered into his rest.

Behind him, he left no equal. As a sacred poet he ranks next to Milton; as a lyric poet, he has no superior. This is not the place to enumerate his works, to analyse their contents, or to trace their influence. This much we may say, that he was to the literature of his country what Luther was to its religion. He gave to his age what it needed, not what it desired. He adorned no vice—he aimed at the destruction of no virtue. In a time of heartless

scepticism and social profligacy, he was devout and pure-minded. In a period of literary inanity, he was in the widest sense a scholar.

'Learning has borne such fruit in other days
On all her branches; piety has found
Friends in the friends of science, and true prayer
Has flowed from lips wet with Castalian dews.'

Of Klopstock can be said, what *cannot* be affirmed of Goethe, or Schiller, or many others that Germany delights to honour—*In the whole of his voluminous works there is not a single sentence which a father would wish to hide from the eye of his child!* His pure soul is written in those volumes. His life was a commentary upon his writings. The Messiah whose grace he sung, was the ruler of his heart. And as long as the 'holy evangel' is precious to the German nation, so long his memory will be an odour of sanctity.

The village of Ottensen, where he lies, is just outside of the Danish town Altona, scarcely half an hour's walk from Hamburg; nevertheless few, very few, of the *literati*, who every year pass through that city, ever think of visiting his grave. We have often thought that had he been a mouther of blasphemy—especially if he 'preserved the unities' in his utterances, and gave a classic contour to pantheistic speculations—a path would be beaten through that village churchyard by the feet of many a 'reverend seigneur,' and every beardless aspirant for the bays would, before leaving the banks of the Elbe, make a pilgrimage to his tomb. But such was not his mission; and, therefore, the lieges of Ottensen are seldom troubled by strangers inquiring for the grave of the author of the 'Messias.' He is buried directly opposite the porch of the church, just within the low wall of the churchyard, as you enter by the wicket-gate from the main street of the village. A plain slab at the head of the grave tells who sleeps beneath. By the side of this is another tombstone that was placed there by his own hands in 1758. It marks the spot where he buried the object of his tenderest affection, Meta Möller. On that slab he inscribed the following touching and characteristic lines:—

'A seed sown by God
'To ripen for the harvest.'

An iron railing encloses the two graves. A large lindentree grows at their head, and, in the summer-time, forms a canopy above them.

With the exception of a few of his hymns, Klopstock's poetry is about as *popular* in Germany as the 'Paradise Lost' is in Britain, and that is *not at all!* To be sure, everybody is *supposed* to have read all that Milton wrote, from his greatest epic to his exposition of 'Christian Doctrine.' Everybody, too, can quote, on public occasions, golden sentences from that 'old man eloquent.' Moreover, every miss can remember having 'crammed' once a-week, at least, sundry lines, which in due course were spouted, *ore rotundo*, at the annual farce yecept the 'Examination.' Nevertheless, despite of all this, being mindful also of the numberless editions which have been 'got up' and 'got off,' we affirm that Milton's great creation is a terra incognita to multitudes of not merely our bustling men of business, who scarcely give themselves time to eat, much less to read, but of excellent persons who set up for *savans*. Milton is talked about and quoted, but not read by us. The same is true of Klopstock in Germany. Our neglect of Milton, however, does *not* arise from any dislike to his *theme*; but if we would discover why Klopstock has lost caste in the literary circles of Germany, we must look at the religious aspects of those circles, and then the mystery will be at once cleared up. The modern critical philosophy aims at the exploding of 'the Messianic idea.' German theologues and professors, who may be correctly denominated 'Gens ratione ferox, et mentem pasta chimæris,' regard the orthodox view of the Redeemer and his mission as the abomination of abominations. Society, they affirm, will totter to its fall, if it be not weeded out of the European mind; and if it be not, verily the fault will not be theirs. No stone is left unturned to propagate the notion that the Bible is an uncouth

fiction! They have not laboured in vain. Young ladies and old ladies, grey-headed scholars and raw undergraduates, editors of year-books, almanacs, and all sorts of reviews, writers of everything and for everything, from the *Volksblatt* to the most erudite of journals, are one and all engaged in preaching a crusade against the 'glorious Gospel of the blessed God.' Is it then wonderful that Klopstock is not read? Surely not. The wonder would be if he were. It is not his style but his *theme* that is disliked. 'The offence of the cross' has not ceased. But sooner or later, a great reaction will take place in the religious life of Germany. Pyrrhonism cannot long satisfy the human heart. It *must* have something to believe in. This is a fundamental law of our nature. Therefore, without donning the prophetic garb, we opine that an age of gross superstition will soon tread upon the heels of the present period of scepticism. When 'the faith once delivered to the saints' shall have the masterdom of Germany we do not pretend to say; but whenever that time comes, *then* the 'Messias' will be read, and some Schlegel will arise to do justice to the great merits of its author. Until then

'Peace to the just man's memory; let it grow
Greener with years, and blossom through the flight
Of ages; let the mimic canvass show
His calm benevolent features; let the light
Stream on his deeds of love, that shunn'd the sight
Of all but heaven; and, in the book of fame
The glorious record of his virtues write,
And hold it up to men, and bid them claim
A palm like his, and catch from him the hallow'd flame.'

Of all the biographies which *we* have of Klopstock, there is not one that can be called readable; and as to his 'Messias,' we may safely assert that there is not a *translation* in our language. We do not intend any unkindness to the well-meaning persons who have produced versions of that poem. In justice to them, we must admit that there are few, if any, competent to the task of translating it. The gatherer up of equivalents may make a very good lexicographer, but assuredly he never can be the translator of a great poem. Of skilled German scholars we have shoals; but where among them are we to look for a man who to poetic power unites the fervent, simple-hearted piety of Klopstock? The man who translates the 'Messias' must occupy the *stand-point* of the author, otherwise his attempt will be abortive. Reginald Heber might have done this; James Montgomery could. To the author of 'The World before the Flood,' it would have been a labour of love. But his sun will soon set. His work is done. From his graceful pen we must expect no more. The last song of this sweet singer has been sung; and now he waits but for 'the call of his Master.' Whenever that call is heard, may there be one raised up to catch his descending mantle.

NOT SO FAST.

'There is nothing I so detest in a man, Arthur, as a want of punctuality,' said old uncle Ben to his sister's son, as he gave several rapid whiffs from his pipe and looked sourly over his shoulder at the young man, who was seemingly reading attentively.

'I have often heard you say so, dear uncle,' replied his nephew, with a smile; 'but I am glad that this feeling of detestation towards men's failings does not extend to men; you are not misanthropic for all.'

'Come, come, jackanapes, you want to cajole the old man, do you?' replied uncle Ben, with something more than an affectation of anger. 'You want to have me all smiles to this James Jones, when he pleases to wait upon his humble servant, because he's a friend of thine, forsooth?'

'I am sorry that he has disappointed you, uncle,' said Arthur, seriously, 'not so much for your sake as his. Your recommendation can be of advantage to him; this disappointment cannot affect you. You have cause to be angry, I do confess; and perhaps the idea that he is to be favoured, and is in dependent circumstances, may have infused a little more of the acrimony of offended pride into your temper just now than would have otherwise been the case;

but I could bet a good round sum that there is some sufficient cause for his detention.'

'None of your college education here, sir!' said old uncle Ben, rather testily, as he rapidly drew several mathematical diagrams on the floor with his feet, caused his chair to perform sundry military evolutions, and emitted a platoon of tobacco puffs before he settled down into rest again. 'I detest betting; it is a vulgar practice, and in discussion it is only the argument of the greatest of fools. You speak plainly too, young man,' continued the burly old merchant, in a tone of some feeling; 'when did I ever despise poverty or treat it with disrespect?'

'Never, my own uncle,' said Arthur, apologetically; 'yet I am certain that you judge hastily of poor Jones.'

'Punctuality is a part of veracity, sir; veracity is the very soul of business; and this James Jones, though he were as deep in the mathematics as Sir Isaac Newton, and as great a foreseer of events as Moore's Almanac, will never make a clerk worthy of bread and butter.'

'Ah, his is a sad story, uncle'—

But uncle Ben laid his hand on Arthur's mouth and interrupted him ere he had proceeded with his sentence. 'I know what you would say, sir, because you have already said it—young man of talent—high principle—widowed mother and orphan brothers and sisters—his father old acquaintance of my own—he an old schoolfellow of yours—met him by accident—heard his tale—recommended him to your old uncle Ben, who recommended him to Jacksons Brothers as a clerk, upon whom, forsooth, he has never called. Ah, ah, Arthur, you shan't find me so good-natured again!'

'Perhaps some accident prevented him; some fortuitous circumstance over which he had no more control than over the elements,' said Arthur, warmly.

'Circumstance, pooh! what merchant ever pleaded fortuitous circumstances for non-fulfilment of engagements, or admitted them either on cash days. I have received a lesson never to try to push along loadstone.'

'And is it thus that our charities are chilled?' said Arthur, feelingly; 'perhaps causes which demand a surcharge of our benevolence are those which for want of knowledge extinguish it. We should be cautious, even in the most glaringly apparent circumstances, when they are *only* circumstances and not established facts.'

'I never disappointed any man in my life,' said old Ben, with a look of pride, 'and I have a right to demand that the world shall do by me as I have done by it. It is but fair, nobody will deny it; the *I owe you* should be fully squared *per contra*. It is a safe maxim in trade, and it is as safely applicable to the common transactions of life.'

'I deny that you have a right to demand your pound of flesh from the world, uncle,' said Arthur, mildly, 'for the ducats it owes you. Because you have been punctual, precise, and prosperous, that is not sufficient reason why all men should be so. They are not so, dear uncle, and have never been so, therefore you have only reason for giving thanks to Providence, and exercising more common charity towards your less fortunate fellow-men. But poor Jones,' he continued, recurring to the cause of this discussion, 'I wish I knew what has prevented him from waiting on Jacksons.'

The room in which the uncle and nephew sat was comfortably and even elegantly furnished. The wall was papered with a warm and elegant Parisian design of flowers done in the brightest of colours, tipped with gold-leaf, and enlivened with twigs bearing birds of paradise. A rich red moreen hanging, laid gracefully over two large brass-knobbed supporters, fell with a fine sweep on the floor. The carpets and sofas were beautiful; the fire bright and inspiring, and the wind was whistling with a wild savage sound without, which gave additional cheerfulness to the crackle of the coals and the light of the gas within. Benjamin Bell had been a merchant, and a highly respected and reputable one; he had made a fortune, and retired from business when, as he said himself, his constitution was as sound as that of the father of all the bells, Great Tom of Lincoln. He still retained the punctilious habits which

he had acquired from an early and careful discharge of all the maxims laid down in 'Poor Richard's' code of moral and social economy; got up at seven, breakfasted at nine, read the *Lloyds* and exchange columns in the newspapers to eleven, maintained all his old friendships and returned to dinner at four, supped at eight, and went to bed at the last stroke of eleven. His nephew Arthur was a physician, a profession which is more fruitful of heroes than any other in the world. They face the most infectious of death-breathing diseases, and invade with modest valour the vilest haunts of poverty that even cholera lords it over. They fall, and no monumental marble tells how or where; yet they are followed to the breach by noble devoted men whose years have been spent in study and the acquirement of knowledge; and so they go on in their silent yet glorious crusade against the ills to which man is heir, without dreaming of the meed of fame. In one of his visits to the house of a poor widow, he had discovered in the only support of this decayed gentlewoman and her family an old and esteemed school companion of his own. James Jones was a promising scholar, and a youth of generous feelings, but necessity is too captious regarding the primal prerequisites of bread and butter to pay much attention to mental capacity and the contingencies of genius, so that when he quitted the university, at the death of his father, he wore his last surtout out as light porter in a large paper warehouse. It was to this young man that, at his nephew's solicitation, uncle Ben had given a letter of recommendation, and this letter not having been presented when the punctilious old citizen had called to personally support its prayer, had produced the foregoing disquisition on punctuality.

'Letter, sir,' said Mary, as she presented a sealed missive to Arthur, with a curtsy, and then left the room.

'Who can this be from?' said the young man, as he hastily broke the seal. 'Ah, uncle,' said the physician, feelingly, 'this is from poor Jones! He informs me that he was apprehended for a small debt, which he owes to an inexorable creditor, just when passing along to Jacksons with your note and a happy heart. Well, 'there is many a slip between the cup and the lip.'

'Debt!' said the old merchant, hastily, as if an adder had stung him. 'One so young and already in debt! Well, how merciful! I thank these bailiffs; I assure you I do; they have prevented the commission on my part of a crime. I would have introduced a spendthrift, and perhaps a gambler, into the house of Jacksons Brothers, but for this lucky accident.'

'You were not wont to be so uncharitable, uncle,' said his nephew, softly; 'may not this debt have been contracted at some period of distress?'

'Bah, distress!' said the old merchant, sharply; 'when I was a lad, I lived on half-a-crown a-week; I took dinner like Whittington, who was Lord Mayor of London, on a door-step; and being a member of the abstinence society, I always had my tea at a pump. I never owed a shilling.'

'When we make ourselves the scale by which we weigh out to others our allowance of charity, it may be less kind than partial,' said the young man, smiling. He was independent of uncle Ben, and he was not afraid to be candid to him; and as uncle Ben was really far from being unkind, and certainly was as favourable to candour of opinion as to punctuality, the uncle and nephew got along pretty considerably to each other's satisfaction, and none the worse for little occasional tiffs.

On the morrow, Arthur Elmar was early gone upon some professional business, and as Benjamin Bell, Esq., had nothing particular to engage him, he called upon Jacksons Brothers, moralised a little upon the degeneracy of human nature, and the difficulty of judging men even after a long life of observation, and finally took his leave, congratulating himself and the senior partner of that extensive concern upon their reciprocity of opinion regarding human nature. Uncle Ben trudged along, however, musing and muttering to himself now and again, and thinking of this young Jones in spite of all his endeavours to the contrary. Uncle Ben had been left to fight his way through the world

when young; but if he had no one to back him out or push him along, he had none to drag him back. It is comparatively easy to crush one's self through a crowd, when your coat, tightly buttoned, covers all your incumbrances; but everybody knows who has tried it that it is no joke to take some five or six dependents with you. Ben's hat covered all that he required to care about as the head of his family, and when he took his dinner daily he had performed the most important provisional service to his household, so that his mind had become as individual as his body, and owned very few relations in all the broad world of sympathies. As the old merchant walked along, however, the rain began to patter, and then it began to fall rather heavily, and then it came down in drops that put the resistive power of the crown of uncle Ben's hat very much to the test, and then it whipped into his face, and sported on his shoulders, until he took refuge in an entry which led to several humble dwellings, and there he internally lectured himself upon the necessity of continually carrying an umbrella. As he stood and looked upon the large aqueous drops that were falling with loud smacks upon the pavement, and rebounding in a thousand particles, his ear was suddenly attracted by the sound of voices, and, stepping farther into the doorway, he thought that one of the speaker's tones were familiar to him:

'Mr Jones had been unfortunate in business, I believe,' said a voice, which was attuned to the soft and gentle cadence of humanity, and which uncle Ben at once recognised as his nephew Arthur's.

'He died in bankruptcy,' replied a woman, softly.

Uncle Ben started, and muttered something about a nest of hornets and hereditary dishonesty.

'Was there not some blame attributable to the folly of a partner?' inquired Arthur, in a sympathetic voice.

'There was; but he was more callous than my husband, and he lives,' replied the widow, mildly.

'And you have had no support since then, save what you obtained through your son?' pursued the young physician.

'He has been a blessing to us all,' said the widow, meekly; 'so cheerful, so hopeful, so contented; ah, we shall know what it is to be alone now!'

'I have had a note from him, and he tells me that it is for debt that he is arrested; he was not like one to contract debts.'

Old Ben rubbed his hands, and Arthur rose in his estimation ten per cent. for the observation.

'He contract debt, sir!' replied the widow, somewhat proudly; 'ah, not he! It is for the medicine which his poor father used upon his deathbed; week after week has he laid past a portion of his earnings to discharge the little expenses of that weary time; he has succeeded with all save this Mr Whaithe, who is now disposing of his business, is retiring into private life, and is peremptory in collecting what is due him.'

'But your son was not liable for this.'

'He went and voluntarily rendered himself liable,' said the widow; 'he has often said, that he should live through life on bread and water before any one should suffer from having known his father. Many, many nights has he sat and copied papers, when others slept, in order to earn a little to assist in discharging his father's obligations; and now, when he was so hopeful, so sanguine, the cup is dashed from his lip.'

'No; it is not!' shouted uncle Ben, as he crushed his hat almost over his eyes, and hastily buttoning up his coat, again hurried into the street. 'Poor boy, noble fellow!' muttered the burly merchant, as he hurried along towards Jacksons Brothers, alike regardless of the rain or dinner time. 'I'm a positive old mule!' he exclaimed, as he caught himself with an accusatory grasp by the breast and attempted to shake himself fiercely; 'to be so harsh! so unjust!'

Arthur Elmar had heard his uncle's interjectional apostrophe to the widow's narrative, and starting with amazement, had hastily bade her farewell and pursued his relative; he was only in time to see the brass buttons on the broad skirts of his coat, and the wide brim of his low-

crowned hat, vanish in the door of Jacksons' counting-house. So, feeling that it would be dangerous to break in upon his uncle just now, he turned his footsteps towards Mr Whaite the apothecary's, and in a very short time had so operated upon the heart of the dealer in compounds and simples, that the doors of the prison were opened for poor Jones, and that evening he was sitting once more in his own humble dwelling.

'I have thanked you every day since,' said Jackson, senior, as he confronted uncle Ben at his own fireside, and laid himself back with an easy air in his chair. 'The old court clock is not more punctual than he, and you know what sort of clock ours is. And then, again, you could hardly excel him in calculating foreign rates of exchange; and everybody knows that you were something at that business once. He's a treasure, sir, is James Jones,' exclaimed the kind old man, waxing warm, 'and I mean to advance him.'

'I think our Arthur considers that Emy Jones a treasure, too,' said old Ben, smiling. 'It is not to feel her mother's pulse that he goes to their pretty cottage so often.'

'If she is as modest, intelligent, faithful, and clever as her brother, so she is a treasure,' said Jackson, warmly.

'Arthur is a romantic fellow,' continued the old man, with a little of his accustomed severity; 'she would not take an old fish like me in.'

'Well, uncle, are you forming hasty conclusions again?' exclaimed the gentleman in question, as he entered the room, shook Mr Jackson warmly by the hand, and caught the last words of his relative's last sentence. 'By the by, I wish you to go to Jones's with me to-morrow. They are quite anxious to get a peep of this old man, about whom I frighten the younger children, in despite of the veneration which the elder members of the family entertain for him. Will you go?'

Uncle Ben did go to visit the house of his protégé; and this Emy, with her black glistening curls, and her eyes so full of glowing kindness, and her modest cheeks that flushed and dimpled when the old man patted them, gathered flowers for uncle Ben, and presented them with such a modest grace that he declared she was 'quite a pretty girl!' What an admission for uncle Ben! and he further was heard to asseverate, that 'had he been Arthur Elmar that was the girl he should choose for a wife.'

Uncle Ben now sits in his arm chair, a little touched with gout, and, consequently, a little crabbed in the temper, but at the intervals of rest he is constantly lecturing the young Jones' and Elmars upon the folly of forming hasty judgments. Suspicion may be a positive injustice to innocence, and is as often wrong in its positions as correct. Charity that 'hopeth all things, believeth all things,' may lead to suffering too, but then no man is injured by it save him perhaps from whose heart it exhales, and around whom it sheds a fragrant balm of heavenly incense.

SNOW MOUNTAINS.

THE air which surrounds this globe, and which so essentially ministers to the support of life, is also the medium of presenting to us many of the most beautiful phenomena in natural philosophy. Heat, light, sound, the variations of colour, the splendid changes in the forms and hues of the clouds—the gentle gales and genial warmth of one season, with the tempered alternations of another—all those strange and fantastic forms of ethereal beauty which the aurora borealis presents—the mirage, with its jagged rims—and the meteor, that flashes like an evanescent sun in the eyes of the wondering beholder—all these, and many other phenomena, could never be beheld on earth, if it were even otherwise possible for a sentient being to exist, without the atmosphere. The atmosphere may be termed the most comprehensive and active of all terrestrial agents. It is on its vibratory particles that the soft and gentle strains of music are conveyed to the ear. It is through its agency that vapours exhale from the moist earth, and it is the repository for them until they return again in

mists, and dews, and showers of rain. It conveys the odours of the sweet-scented flowers and herbs to the olfactory organs, and it dissipates the stagnant vapours from the marshes and fens, where decaying vegetable substances lie breathing disease abroad. It fills the white sails of commerce, and wafts the produce of distant climes from one to another—supplying to one country the things which are foreign to its climate, and bearing from it to distant shores the products which are indigenous to it.

This vital element, the air, then, not only essentially contributes to support animal life and vegetation, but is also the medium of friendly intercourse among nations, as well as between the sidereal bodies and man's vision. The atmosphere envelops the earth to the mean height of about forty-five miles, and beyond this distance from the earth's surface it is supposed that it does not extend. This supposition would reduce space to a vacuum, which some philosophers contend to be an impossibility in nature; and a celebrated German philosopher, Euhler, therefore, propounded the theory that space is pervaded by a subtle ether, but of so rare a quality, that, although sufficient for the conduction of light and heat, it is nevertheless intangible, and consequently beyond the province of the experimentalist, remaining at the best but a very likely circumstance.

One of the most useful and distinguishing properties of air is its elasticity, that is, its compressibility, and its power of expanding to a mean density when pressure is removed, or of becoming very much rarified from the application of heat. In consequence of this property, air near the surface of the earth is specifically heavier than that of those strata which ascend; there is more air contained in a cubic inch of space near the surface of the globe, than there is contained in a cubic inch on the top of a hill; and the thinness, or rarity of the fluid increases until, at the termination of the atmosphere, it becomes imponderable. This density of the lower air results from the pressure of its own superincumbent particles—the weight of all the air above, to the termination of the atmosphere, resting upon that which we breathe, and thus rendering it thicker than air perhaps some thousand feet above, which has only to sustain a shorter and thinner column.

The constitution of the atmosphere materially affects climate; indeed, more so than geographical position; for if the air at the surface of the earth in the torrid zone were as rare as it is at certain elevations of the mountains in these warm regions, then the plains of India, which are clothed in luxuriant verdure, and the deserts of Africa, which are sterile and sandy, would be covered by perpetual snow. The air, although alike essentially destitute of heat and cold, is nevertheless the medium of conveying the particles of heat contained in the sun's rays to the surface of the earth, and of thus supplying that caloric so necessary for the production of vegetation and the sustentation of animals. The production and variation of heat are dependent upon three causes—upon, first, the length of time that the sun remains above the horizon; upon the vertical or oblique position in which the rays strike the earth; and also upon the thinness or density of the air through which the sun's rays are conveyed; so that wherever the air is densest, there will be the greatest degree of heat—that is, the heat at the surface of the globe is greatest, gradually diminishing as we ascend into the atmosphere. But in the torrid zone it is greater than in the temperate or frigid zones, because the sun's rays fall vertically in the one and more or less obliquely in the two others; and the sun sets only for a very short period at any time to the regions within twenty-three and a half degrees on either side of the equator, while it forsakes the frigid zone for months altogether, and beneficently grants to the temperate ones those beautiful alternations of light and darkness, day and night, in almost equal portions.

Situations on the surface of the earth, then, making allowance for geographical position, are always warmer than are those at a greater elevation. As we begin to leave the plains, and to climb into the mountain heights, we find heat and vegetation gradually diminish together, until an altitude is reached where water no longer remains liqui-

fied, but assumes the form of ice, and where vapour becomes snow—where no vegetation is seen, and animal life could not be supported for any length of time. The line which marks where vegetation even of the most primitive kind ceases, and the eternal winter of the mountain regions begins, varies according to the geographical position of the mountains, and is called the *snow line*. The snow line in the torrid zone occurs at a much greater elevation than in the temperate zones, and in the frigid it is very near the surface of the earth. This is referable to the manner in which the sun's rays fall. Between the tropics, the sun's rays fall vertically, or from a great angle, and therefore produce great heat. Towards the poles the angle diminishes, and so does the heat and also the elevation of the snow line, until, within ten degrees of the poles, there is perpetual snow, and so small is the heat-developing capacities of the sun's rays, that if the sun did not remain for several months above the horizon, his influence would never be felt in those hyperborean regions. In those countries near the equator the snow line is found about sixteen thousand feet above the level of the sea—that is, about three miles, or the height of Mont Blanc, the highest of all European mountains. In places situated nearly at equal distances from the equator and the poles, or in situations about forty-five degrees of latitude, the snow line is reached at nine thousand feet, or about a mile and three quarters. Under sixty degrees, it occurs at five thousand feet, or under a mile, above the level of the sea. At seventy degrees of latitude it only reaches an elevation of a thousand feet; and at eighty degrees, the snow line comes down to the surface of the earth; for in regions within ten degrees distant from the poles there is perpetual snow, although they are, at the surface, nearly level with the sea.

Between the snow line and the earth's surface is the space allowed for animal and vegetable existence, some animals finding a subsistence in the higher regions that would not fare so well in the valleys, which, on the other hand, support animals that would perish amongst the stunted herbage and lichens of the sterile hills. The goat can procure the means of supporting life where the sheep could not subsist, and the chamois, again, finds his mossy fare where the goat does not venture; while in the Himalaya mountains, an animal of the ox species, called the yak, procures at a very great elevation the means of living. Every mountain in the torrid zone that rises above the snow line possesses from its base upward all the gradations of the tropical and polar climates. Around its base cluster the palms and plantains of the torrid climes, together with the date, tamarind, and sugar-cane. Fruit trees, burdened with the luxuriant and luxurious productions of their kinds, form delicious groves; and the coffee and cotton plants put forth their lovely blossoms on the same level. Gradually as the traveller mounts upward, however, the scene changes, and, when at the height of about one mile and a half, he finds himself amongst the productions of the temperate zone. The mighty oak spreads its tough limbs over his head, and the elm, plane, and beech wave beside fields of corn; while apples, pears, and peaches are hanging on their parent-trees. Up higher still, and trees with deciduous leaves—that is leaves which fall off annually—give place to *conifera*, or those which bear cones, such as fir, pine, and larch, and only the hardy barley and potato are found to thrive; while fruit-bearing bushes like the gooseberry, and under-shrubs, like the raspberry, displace the apricot, and fruits of a similar kind. At last the confines of the temperate stratum are left, and the traveller enters that part of the mountain which is analogous to the less favoured regions of the arctic circle. The stunted juniper and the low dark fir recede, and mosses and lichens, which might supply the reindeer with food, grow sparsely amongst the rocks and other spots of the sterile mountain-height. Sometimes a single flower, like some lone star upon a dark sky, will be found sparkling amongst the mossy productions of a primal state of vegetation, to prove that even here Heaven has scattered particles of the beautiful, and to give us a reason why even a Laplander

should love his native land. When the snow line is reached all vegetation is at an end. The white mountain-mass, sparkling in the refracted light, lies before the adventurous traveller, like a silent solitary tumulus, covered by a shroud of snow. Apparently destitute of every attribute of utility, it rears its giant head above a glowing world below, and stands a monument of the power and majesty of God.

Snow mountains are, however, more than monumental creations; they are but one of that terminable system of agencies by which an all-wise and beneficent Creator sustains the economy of nature. It is from them that many rivers take their rise, and it is they which supply them with a constant stream of water with which to irrigate the countries through which they pass. It is from their breasts that the rapid torrents bear away the rich alluvium which they spread over countries at certain seasons, which countries would otherwise be barren. The Nile, which rises in the mountains of Abyssinia, and flows through Nubia and Egypt, falling into the Levant, is supplied chiefly by streams and torrents which descend from the snow mountains. During the season when the thermometer falls upon those mountains, and when the snow in consequence covers what may be termed the temperate stratum, the Nile is at its lowest. When the sun, however, returns to the summer solstice, then the snow mountains melt rapidly, bearing with them particles of soil. These swelling waters, laden with the fertilising alluvium, overflow the banks of the ancient river, when they reach lower Egypt; and thus is the kingdom of the Pharaohs annually reclaimed from the dominion of the sandy desolation that would otherwise possess it, and made still abundantly to produce grain, which, however, goes to enrich the pacha, while the poor slaves who sow and reap it, like the Israelites of old, are degraded, and debased, and poor, in the midst of plenty thus produced.

When we consider that the highest mountains in the world are Thibet in Asia, and the Andes in South America, and when we reflect that the regions lying at the foot of those mighty excrescences upon the earth's surface are dried and parched by a constantly continued evaporation, we are led to view those lofty, barren hills of snow as wise and beneficent arrangements of an all-bountiful God, in order to preserve the fertility of mighty territories, which would otherwise become deserts. Those mountains which do not rise above the snow line do indeed supply the rivers which flow from them with a constant supply of water; but as their reservoirs, again, are only supplied by rains, they do not afford so abundant and equal currents as do the snow mountains. The loss of moisture caused by evaporation has to be supplied to the plains of the torrid zone by irrigation; and were there not a constant flow of melted snow from the lofty hills which ridge its surface, this could not be extensively accomplished, and both men and plants would be confined to the narrow compass of country which is fertilised by the streams of the less lofty ridges.

The solitudes of the snow mountains are seldom disturbed by man. Travellers will indeed now and again cross the snowy paths, which eager pedestrians have formed, as communications between proximate valleys, or which the chamois-hunters have explored; but the frequency with which accidents occur to Alpine journeyers, shows how dangerous are such attempts, and deters all but the adventurous from ascending into the domains of perpetual winter. Avalanches and snow-storms are of such frequent occurrence in the higher regions, that travellers are often overwhelmed and bewildered in their attempts to cross from valley to valley by the Alpine paths, and altogether the attempt is dangerous as it is toilsome. Neither the danger nor toil have, however, deterred scientific men from exploring these dreary and gloomy solitudes. They have crossed the icy chasms which yawn for hundreds of feet deep, and in the caves of which the waters roll and roar in their downward progress. They have plodded their toilsome way, with panting breath, over broad snow fields, and have exposed themselves to all the painful sensations which men feel in regions so elevated, and where the air is so rarified. These sensations are produced by the weight

of atmospheric air being reduced from considerably less than its pressure at the earth's surface, which is about fifteen pounds upon the square inch, and the consequent expansion of the fluids contained in the human body; and also by the air not being sufficiently dense to supply the lungs with a sufficiency to rapidly arterialise the blood. Scientific men have found it impossible to sustain anything like muscular exertion when at any height above the snow line. If they have attempted to make any incisions in the ice, they have invariably found that a few strokes of the hatchet brought the strongest workmen to the ground panting for lack of breath. A race of fifty yards has been found to make the runner gasp for breath, or has produced a pain in the lungs, and a general prostration of strength, which it required many hours of rest to remove. Conversation, which imposes some exertion, cannot be sustained without pain and fatigue in these altitudes, and the pulse throbs at a most rapid rate. Saussure, the celebrated French traveller and aéronaut, when on Mont Blanc, which he was amongst the first to top, experienced, with several of his party, exhaustion, headache, and giddiness; their appetites forsook them, and they were tormented by a burning thirst, which water could only for a short time allay; while at the same time they became quite indifferent to all the concerns of life. The sensations of Humboldt, the celebrated German traveller, when attempting to ascend the Chimborazo, or highest peak of the Andes, were of a novel and remarkable character—large drops of blood burst from under his nails and eyelids, causing him to desist from the dangerous ascent.

The greatest snow mountains, as we have already noticed, are found in the Himalayan range, which divides what is termed British India from the Chinese empire. For several hundreds of miles this ridge is composed of rocky mountain masses, of from 30 to 40 miles broad, and which are from 18,000 to 29,000 feet above the level of the sea, and from 6000 to 14,000 feet above the snow line. Chimulare, the highest of the Himalayan range, is about five miles and a half above the level of the sea. Of course it is impossible that any human being could attain to within a very great distance of the summit. The depressions which break the sierra into pinnacles, seldom fall below 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, or 3000 feet above the snow line, and these openings are the passes by which travellers cross from the plains of the Ganges to the tablelands of Thibet. These ghauts are only passable, however, during two or three months in the year; and even then the cold is so intense, that horses, and other common beasts of burden, cannot endure it, and delicate sheep, which are protected from the cold by their natural woolly covering, are converted into the bearers of those small exports of grain, which are conveyed from the plains to the mountain districts.

The Alps, and the Doffrefels of Norway, are the chief snow mountains of Europe. The former are very extensive, and, from their bold and rocky character, present some of the most stupendous and interesting appearances in nature. The snow Alps of the canton of Berne occupy an extent of country nearly six hundred miles square, and their uniform white appearance, and sterile character, are only partially broken up by two or three small, deep valleys, which are so depressed as to be free of snow for several months in the year. The scenery of the Alps is broken and varied, seeming like feudal castles placed upon bold and prominent positions, or ruins crumbling beneath the touch of time. Abrupt pyramids jut up at one place, while steeples and tall chimneys appear to rear their heads at others. These almost perpendicular pinnacles of rock offer no lodgement to the snow, and therefore their black forms contrast with the whiteness of the snow plains at their bases; and these extremes of colour and aspect, so nearly conjoined, form by the contrast the most attractive attribute of Alpine scenery. The snow plains of Norway are neither so undulatory nor diversified as those of the Alps. Folge Forden, which is the greatest in the peninsula of Scandinavia, is about thirty miles in length, and varies from twenty to eight miles in breadth. This mountain-mass of rock rises abruptly to the height of 5000 feet,

and its top, which forms a sort of tableland, is covered with snow to the depth of about 36 feet. The superincumbent snow is very pure and white, being the fall of the last winter, while the strata below are hard, compact, and of a bluish colour. The surface of this plain is generally level and smooth, save where some large waves occur to destroy what to the eyes is a painful uniformity. The snow is not of the soft flakey kind, but appears as a conglomerate of small transparent grains of ice, resembling minute shot, which probably are formed into a mass of solid ice, at some depth below the surface. The Alpine snow fields are very different from those of Norway. The former are enormous masses of snow, almost as dense as ice, rising abruptly like walls, or in the confused forms of old crumbling buildings; and being of a bluish colour, and reflecting the rays which are refracted from the snow, they appear to be very beautiful.

The snow which falls at these great elevations is of the conglomerate kind already alluded to, and does not therefore readily cohere, as do the flakes; upon which account it is believed that the nuclei of avalanches do not form of this *firm*, as it is termed by the Germans, but of the snow which occurs farther down the mountains; so that avalanches are supposed to commence their headlong career towards the plains below the snow line. The quantity of snow that falls during one season is very small in these frigid heights; and the thick, crusted masses which form the coverings of the snow hills, must therefore be the accumulations of many ages. It is easy to suppose that such is the case, because evaporation in so extremely rare an atmosphere must be very small, the air being unable to support aqueous vapour in any quantity, and at the same time being too cold to allow of its production.

It is a sublime truth, and one worthy of universal acceptance, that even in the most apparently useless productions of nature, the intelligent eye will often behold some of the most splendid manifestations of God's inscrutable wisdom and gracious goodness. The snowy sterility which characterises these bold, bleak regions, where eternal winter presides, and which, viewed in one light, is the enemy to life and vegetation, is yet the means of preserving to the sunny plains of the torrid zone the fertility which would otherwise depart from them; and thus the luxuriance and beauty of the trees, shrubs, and flowers of the glowing East, are dependent for their existence upon the lofty, rugged, cloud-enveloped snow mountains.

GREGORY'S GONG.

TOLL THE ELEVENTH.

On the morning of the last day of April, Gregory mounted his pony to make the last stage of his long solitary journey to join his regiment, then stationed at Sorajpore, on the north-western frontier, in the newly conquered provinces, and, as the sun rose in unclouded fierceness behind him, he beheld far in front the white cottages or bungalows of the officers, 'in distant view along the level plains;' and under a clump of mango trees, a little in front of these, he saw his own tent pitched as usual. One would have imagined that this announcement of the approach of a stranger would have been the signal for a friendly contest among the officers for the pleasure of being the first to welcome and carry off to their bungalow the unfriended fellow countryman who had come to that distant corner of the earth to cast in his lot among them. Etiquette, however, required that the newly arrived should first introduce himself before the rights of hospitality could be rendered. Accordingly, Gregory was left to take his solitary breakfast among black faces as usual, as if a white one had not been within a hundred miles of his little encampment. Having fortified his inner man with bread and tea, Gregory prepared for the first of his fields by arraying himself in red broadcloth and epaulets, buff belt, sash, and bearskin hat, no very agreeable or suitable apparelling for such a month in such a climate, and despite of two servants who stood fanning him with hand punkas with all their might, he suffered wofully from an inundating flow of perspira-

tion; he lastly appended to his side, in all its virgin purity, that as yet unrenowned and unfleshed insignia of glory, a burnished sword; and knowing just enough of military forms to be aware that his first duty was to report his arrival to the adjutant, he ordered a servant to unfurl and carry over his head a huge gaily painted umbrella (not being able as yet to afford to keep a palanquin), and proceeded towards the adjutant's quarters. On arriving at the bungalow, he inquired at a bearer who was sitting in the verandah if his master was at home; the sable servant answered in the affirmative, and instantly marshalled the way; holding up a light netted coloured bamboo screen which, suspended from the top of the door, answered as a venetian blind, Gregory entered the hall, where he beheld the official seated with his feet (of course) on the table. His only clothing was a shirt and pair of trousers; the most interesting part about him was his feet, which, tipped with a pair of emblazoned Indian slippers, were elevated to a level with his head; he leaned back on his chair (balanced on its hind legs) in all the luxury of an apathy that would have entitled him to a distinguished place in Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence.' The only intimation of his being animated clay was his slow and measured inhaling and exhaling by turns of his hooka's smoke, which he watched with lack-lustre gaze as it gracefully curled up to the ceiling. The stranger's entrance made no alteration on the adjutant's posture or occupation. On Gregory saying he was come to join the regiment, the official made three or four desperate long-winded pulls at his pipe, testifying how dear its narcotic sweets were to him, and his desire, in his unwillingness to part with it for a season, to carry with him all the smoke he could hold; these farewell struggles created in the water through which the vapour was forced and cooled a rattling whirlpool of commotion; he at last dropped reluctantly the hooka-snake, slowly withdrew his feet from the table, and yawningly standing up, said, 'I suppose I must take you over to the old boy,' meaning the colonel; so calling a servant to his assistance, he made no other alteration in his dress than by slipping on a white jacket, tying a black stock round his neck, and a purple sash round his waist; he then yawned out, 'Palkee lao' (bring the palanquin), and ordering his hooka to be replenished against his return, he threw himself into his litter, and leaving Gregory to make the best of his way on foot, he shot across the plain to the grunt of his trotting bearers.

On arriving at the colonel's bungalow, the adjutant had the grace to wait till the panting novice joined him. 'Hot work,' he observed, as the poor encumbered and dissolving ensign came up; 'I wonder,' said the official, 'whether our amphibious chief is in the naval or military service this morning?' This observation was an enigma to Gregory. They entered the hall: no one there. 'Tell the colonel,' said the adjutant, to one of the verandah black loungers, 'that I am here.' The bearer proceeded in quest of the commandant, or commodore, the cognomen by which he was better known. The staff-officer, in the mean time, threw himself at full length on a sofa, quite at his ease, or at home, as the saying is. In a few minutes the voice of one approaching them was heard singing in a loud and jovial key,

'Twas in the good ship Rover
I sailed the world around;
And for five years and over
I ne'er touched British ground;

and anon entered a figure the very reverse of what Gregory could possibly have expected. Instead of an erect and stately officer, in a soldier's garb, he beheld a short, stout, round-shouldered man, with a bald head save two tufts of hair, which rising immediately above his ears gave them the appearance of a bull-dog's; a queue, like a chinaman's in length, hung down his back; his dress consisted of a checked shirt, with its sleeves rolled up above his elbows, showing his white arms tattooed all over with mermaids, ships, anchors, &c., and here and there conspicuous capital letters, B. B., the initials of the wearer, Benjamin Broad-sides, or as they were by ill-natured interpreters explained,

as standing for 'Burly Ben,' a secret cognomen by which he was sometimes designated behind his back; his hands were not figuratively pitch black, they were actually black with pitch; he wore a canvass apron to protect his trousers; though evidently fourscore, he had a fresh ruddy countenance, with a keen, kindly, humorous twinkle in his bright blue eyes. The adjutant sat up on the side of the sofa on the colonel's entrance, and said, 'Our new ensign, sir.' Gregory bowed, and the colonel brought the thumbs of his depending black hands together as he bent his naturally bending head still lower in return to the ensign's salaam. 'By the by,' said the adjutant, 'I forgot to ask your name.'

'Gregory.'

'Faugh! it puts me in mind of mamma's doses; I feel quite sick, I must be off.' So saying he hurried to his palanquin, leaving the colonel and ensign standing in juxtaposition.

'Never be after minding that landlubber, messmate,' said the kind old commodore, 'he has no more manners about him, d'ye see, than a sea-calf; sorry I can't grapple hands with you, for you see as how I am setting up the rigging of the Bengal Bruiser; will show you my shipping and dockyard some day when you have more time. You'll be on your cruise to hail the officers; how do you navigate?'

'On foot,' said Gregory,

'Helm a-lee!' cried the colonel, 'that's only fit for the marines in such weather.' So saying, he blew on a boat-swain-whistle which hung suspended from his neck, on which half-a-dozen of native servants rushed with unusual alacrity into the hall. 'Here, you black boat's-crew, bring my lugger alongside.' The palanquin was brought accordingly. 'And now,' said the kind old sailor-soldier, 'get on board, my lad, steer first for your tent, cast all your heavy gear overboard, get on a white jacket, and make your calls in comfort; you'll find my shipmates good enough sort of fellows in their way for landsmen, though some of them bees rum uns; bear up first for my chief officer, the major, as respect requires; he'll perhaps give you convoy for the rest of your voyage; I hope to see you at eight bells to-night, to meet your messmates, and splice the mainbrace; and so good cheer to you my lad.'

As Gregory laid himself in the palanquin, he heard the colonel singing, as he retreated,

At last in England landed,
I left the rolling main;
Found all relations stranded,
And put to sea again.'

Having cast off his scarlet slough and other incumbrances at his tent, and put on a cotton jacket, Gregory proceeded in the palanquin to the major's dwelling. He found that officer a handsome unaffected gentleman neatly dressed in the light white uniform worn by officers on all ordinary occasions in the hot season in India. The hall was neatly furnished, and well supplied with books and paintings; an unfinished landscape lay on the easel, developing the romantic and refreshing scenery of a better land, to cheer the dull unvaried plains of Ind. All indicated that the host was a man of literature and taste. He received Gregory in such a frank and friendly manner that he felt quite at ease in a moment, and not a little refreshed after the previous strange receptions he had met.

'You have breakfasted, of course,' said the major, 'but when you have made all your calls I shall expect you will join me at tiffin (lunch); I find you are to dine with the colonel in the evening, as I have just received an invitation to meet you at his house.'

Gregory thanked the major, and, feeling already so much at home with him, could not help expressing his surprise at the scenes he had just witnessed at the adjutant's and colonel's.

'Oh,' said the field-officer, 'our adjutant is a good enough sort of a fellow, but, like his colonel, a complete humorist. Our worthy commandant was, in early life, serving as apprentice on board of a merchant-ship, which happened to arrive at Calcutta when Clive was greatly in

want of cadets, so Broad-sides was promoted from the sea to the land service; his heart, however, is true to his first love, and his great delight, after getting rid of parade and regimentals, is to be building miniature ships; he has behind his house a large tank transformed into a dock, where dock or ship surely never expected to be; but he is as kind hearted a soul as ever breathed. Pray, my young friend, what part do you intend to enact in our out-station drama, for we are quite a dramatic corps?

'I shall continue,' said Gregory, 'to occupy the same place in your little amateur playhouse that I have done in the great theatre of life (where 'all the world's a stage')—that of a calm but interested spectator. Cowper somewhere says, that 'the spectator at a play is more entertained than the actors, and that in real life it is much the same;' and so say I.'

'Well, I am glad to find,' said the major, 'that I am no longer to form the whole of the audience, but to have henceforth a companion in the pit; and since we are so much agreed on this point, you must agree with me in another, and occupy a room in my bungalow till you can provide yourself with better quarters than under canvass in such weather, and the longer you are in providing yourself with a house the better for me; and come, it is an awkward thing going from house to house introducing one's self, I'll order my palanquin and see you through the fiery ordeal, for so it may be called in such Indian dog-days; the ordeal, however, won't be long, for we only muster twelve officers, and four of these are on detachment duty.' The two palanquins were soon jogging along side by side, which allowed the visitors to converse. 'Our first visit will be to Captain Skinny,' said the conductor; 'we must not allow him to enter on his campaigns in the Carnatic, or we won't get away for hours.'

They were set down anon at the captain's bungalow. On entering his hall a man six feet six inches, and as thin as a whipping-post, stood up, a human vestige, shrivelled by a tropic sun; in his entire white dress he looked more like a skeleton in a shroud than an officer in uniform, or at best an Egyptian mummy resuscitated; the bones of his skull were strongly developed in his face; but, despite of his ghostly aspect, he chuckled and laughed through sheer good-nature, his good-humour forming a strange contrast to his grin features; but, nevertheless, he laughed on, with his hearty though somewhat hollow 'ho! ho! ho!' though in general nobody but himself knew what he was laughing at. On Gregory's being introduced he took him kindly by his bony hand, and spoke in his pure native Cumberland dialect, 'Ho! ho! ho! Coom awa, youngster, ho! ho! ho! You be coom, hoover, after the fair, the company hae na coourageous chief left to fight wi' noo, ho! ho! ho! but to make oop for that I'll tell you hoo Coorn-wallis coonquered Teepoo, ho! ho! ho!'

'I fear,' said the major, 'Mr Gregory must deprive himself of that pleasure till some other opportunity, as he has still most of his calls to make.'

'Ooo, vary ool, coom whenever coonvenient, and I'll tell you all about Teepoo and Hyder Aly too, ho! ho! ho!'

The visitors wished this prototype of Don Quixote good morning, and proceeded on their tour.

'What mean all those stools of different sizes in the captain's room,' said Gregory; 'has he a large family of children?'

'Oh, neither wife nor child. The captain's great luxury in the piping time of peace is to begin the day by putting his feet on the lowest sized stool, and at the end of every hour substituting a higher, till in the evening his feet are entitled to their highest place—that is, the table.'

'Ho! ho! ho!' said Gregory, imitating the captain's laugh, 'that is one way of aspiring after happiness, ho! ho! ho!'

'Come, come,' said the major, 'as you do not intend to contribute any share to the performances, make no enemies by rude imitations.'

'Thank you, sir,' said Gregory; and this was his first and last appearance as Matthews.

'We are now going,' said the major, 'to the doctor's;

he is the very personification of absent-mindedness; he may almost be said to be a perpetual somnambulist; his mind is wholly absorbed in experimental chemistry; there stands his bungalow.' Just as the major spoke a bright blaze was seen to illuminate the doctor's hall, and he, without his hat and his long hair disordered, was seen rushing out, followed by a bevy of terrified servants, in the direction of the approaching palanquins. 'What's the matter now?' cried the major, getting out of his band-box, Gregory following his example. On came the distracted-looking doctor, and seizing the major with one arm and Gregory with the other, he hurried them away back like a whirlwind. The bearers lost no time in shouldering the palanquins and joining in the rapid retreat; after gaining a respectable distance from his house, the eccentric Pill-box stopped, and wheeling upon his centre stood with his wings facing his dwelling, but unable to speak from want of breath, and alarm; the blaze continued to increase; at last a tremendous explosion took place; at which the doctor, quitting his appendaged companions, rushed back to his bungalow, the major and Gregory following at a more leisurely pace. When they joined the doctor in the hall, they found him capering round the table, which was covered with the fragments of jars, retorts, glasses, &c.

'What is the matter, doctor?' said the major.

'Oh, nothing at all; I expected the house would have been blown into the air through a mistake I made in my experiment, but it is only some crystal smashed.'

'That being the case, let me introduce you to our new ensign, Mr Gregory.'

'Glad to see you, sir; any relation of my old worthy friend the professor?'

'No, sir.'

'Sorry for that, for I liked the old gentleman amazingly; but never mind, I am glad to see his namesake; and for your sake as well as my own, I have only to entreat you, as you value your own precious health, as well as my precious time, you will do all in your power to keep out of my list, by keeping out of the sun, by keeping your feet dry, your head cool, and your stomach clean. I am sorry I can't ask you to sit down among so much broken glass, nor have I a glass left to offer you wine from, but if you don't mind drinking out of a small clean gallipot, I can give you a draught of my celebrated bitters—better for you, by the by, of a hot forenoon, and which will strengthen your stomachs to digest Broad-sides' eternal sea-pie to-night, a dish that requires the digestion of an elephant.'

The stoma-chic specific was politely declined, and the visitors left the doctor to arrange his damaged laboratory.

'We must now change the ridiculous for the romantic,' said the major, as they jogged on; 'our next call will be on Captain McAllan, an ardent, brave, and enthusiastic Highlander; but, from the want of a suitable occupation in the time of peace for a mind of a chivalric character, his highly poetical imagination preys upon itself till it seems partially to have affected his judgment, for he now fancies that he is endowed with the gift of what is called second-sight, and is full of all sorts of strange forebodings. He has fixed his residence, as you will soon see, in a locality very congenial to such reveries.' The visitors proceeded onwards till they reached the farthest extremity of the station-boundary, which was skirted by a dense and interminable jungle, immediately within the borders of which rose, like a woodland majestic minster, one of the most magnificent specimens of the banian tree. Leaving their palanquins under the first columns of this venerable forest-sanctuary, they proceeded forward on foot. Cowper, on entering a forest from the open day, exclaims—

'Refreshing change! Where now the blazing sun?

By short transition we have lost its glare

And step'd at once into a cooler clime.'

How much more striking and grateful the change when leaving the blaze of an Asian sun, and entering a shade of such surpassing solemnity—the lofty cathedral-like colonnades diverging in all directions in far retiring perspective, supporting a dense sublime canopy of matted foliage, giving a mysterious, eclipse-like darkness to nature's 'solemn

temple;’ from the dusky ceiling far aloof hung myriads of black vampires, or flying foxes, unnaturally suspended by the feet, and dozing out in motionless repose the tropic day, giving an unearthly and lugubrious ornament to the high, dim, vaulted roof! Here and there, on the darkened floor, a star-like gem of fierce sunbeam fell, adding greatly to the effect of the whole of that scene, which Milton so ably describes when alluding to this monarch of Indian woodlands :

‘ A pillar’d shade,
High overarch’d with echoing walks between.’

As the visitors proceeded slowly and solemnised down the vistas, the major pointed out an ancient, gothic, moss-grown Hindoo temple in the far perspective distance. ‘Yon,’ said he—‘a defiled and deserted heathen fane—M’Allan has adopted as his dwelling-place.’

It stood near the centre of the banian-forest, which occupied several acres of area. On arriving in front of the ancient shrine, they beheld M’Allan stretched on his back on a low projecting basement of the temple, with a tartan plaid spread under him as a couch. He seemed in a deep sleep, and his black attendants—ever ready for what was to them the sweetest solace of life, slumber—had willingly followed his example, and were seen in groups extended on the ground under the neighbouring stems of the banian-tree, in like repose. One of the bright, penetrating rays of the sun at high noon rested like a star of honour on M’Allan’s breast, and threw a strong light over his handsome countenance. As the visitors gazed in silence on the sleeper, his features became fearfully agitated, his soul seemed working with some violent mental emotion; at last a convulsive struggle shook his frame, and dispelled his slumber. Starting up on his feet, he gazed wildly on the major, who stood in front of Gregory.

‘I have brought our new ensign to call on you, M’Allan.’

As Gregory stood forward, M’Allan no sooner looked upon him than his countenance fell, and he said sorrowfully, ‘Then, ’tis too true, and my destiny is sealed. Thrice have I seen in my dream the beleaguered walls—thrice have I rushed to the assault—and thrice has the death-shot pealed through my brain; but one object is still present that seemed at variance with the *Taish*—a young officer of the regiment was always by my side, but one to whom none of ours bore any resemblance; but now he stands before me, and the vision is complete.’ Gregory felt deeply affected at this strange and excited allusion to himself, which M’Allan could not help observing, and in a moment his expression changed to a smile of calm kindness, and, taking Gregory affectionately by the hand, he said, ‘Pardon me, sir; it is no blame in you that you are the completing image of my dream. If it proves true, of which I have little doubt, you will bear witness that I fall like one not unworthy of being remembered in the song of future times.’

‘Come, come, M’Allan,’ said the major, ‘don’t encourage these gloomy forebodings.’

‘Encourage!’ said M’Allan—‘no need to encourage what commands the assent. But come into my humble dwelling, and receive at least a Highland welcome.’ So saying, he led the way into the inner hall of the temple, which had certainly an imposing aspect. Its black, pointed cupola was supported on gloomy gothic arches, in dismal keeping with its sombre locality. Intermixed with grim Hindoo idols, on the wall, hung Highland shields and claymores, and tartan garbs, and skins and horns of tigers, buffaloes, and deer slain in Indian wild sports. M’Allan produced his native mountain-dew and quagha, and heartily pledged his guests. From that moment, he felt deeply attached to Gregory as one destined to see him fall in battle. ‘Long life to you, my young friend,’ he said, as he drank to Gregory; ‘and when you see me fall, it will not be without my fame; and then, in the words of our immortal bard, ‘when the dark, bounding ship shall pass, call the sons of the sea, give them this sword to bear to Morni’s hall—the grey-haired sire will weep, and cease to look for his son’s return.’ But if my dream is true, it tells also of danger to you before that day—danger from which it is to

be my happiness to rescue you, but of what nature I have not learned.’

The party next spoke for some time on indifferent subjects, and the visit was then rose to depart, M’Allan again shaking hands affectionately with the young officer. When Gregory found himself alone in his palanquin, he could not help ruminating deeply on the scene of the last visit, for, besides the extraordinary manner in which he seemed connected with M’Allan’s reveries, M’Allan himself seemed familiar to him, through some inexplicable but pleasing association. He was roused from his reflections by the major saying, ‘We are close to Lieutenant Turf’s bungalow. The gentleman is a keen sportsman, and, as the poet says,

‘Lives in his saddle, loves the chase, the course,
And always ere he mounts salutes his horse.’

He will most likely propose accommodating you with a steed; but be in no hurry in furnishing yourself with such. Look about you—and never buy a ‘pig in a poke,’ as they say in Scotland.’ Gregory thanked the major for his hint. They found, on entering Turf’s hall, the breakfast-table still laid. A servant said his master was in the stable, and, leaving them standing, from want of chairs to offer them, went in quest of him. Saddles and housings, harnesses, bridles, martingals, and other horse gear, of various descriptions and colours, supplied the place of maps and pictures on the wall. While the visitors stood waiting the arrival of their host, a tamed tiger, that had been asleep under the table, but hid by the cloth, roused by the voices, had crept quietly out. Gregory felt something rubbing itself against his leg, and, looking down, to his amazement and no great delight, saw this enormous specimen of the feline race in no agreeable contact with his lower parts. ‘What, Tippoo, is this you, old boy?’ said the major, who also observed him; ‘I hope you have had your breakfast, for I have no wish you should have any temptation in a hungry mood to make it upon us. A man who keeps such pets ought to keep them entirely to himself, and not leave them to receive visitors in his absence.’ Either the tone in which this was said, or Gregory’s presence as a stranger, seemed to have a displeasing effect upon Tippoo, whose pressure against Gregory, as he circled his legs, became more decided, the hair of his neck began to stand on end, his tail moved more impatiently to and fro, and an unfriendly grumble was murmured from his teeth-developed mouth. Gregory was therefore not a little relieved by the arrival of Lieutenant Turf, his keeper. He entered in his shirt and sleeping-trousers, a hunting-cap on his head, and a powerful whip in his hand. His first salutation was with the latter to the back of Tippoo, whose bad-humour he instantly observed; the resounding lash was accompanied with a ‘Kennel up, you unmannerly brute—do you want to show fight, sir? is that the way to welcome visitors?’ Tippoo gave a roar that shook the bungalow, and instantly disappeared under the table-cloth.

‘I think,’ said the major, as he introduced Gregory to the sportsman, ‘when you are from home, it would be desirable to leave Tippoo chained up.’

‘Oh, he is as tame as a lamb!’ said the lieutenant; ‘he only grumbles a little at strangers; but I hope Mr Gregory and he will soon be better acquainted.’

‘Thank you, sir; but from the little I have seen, I have no great desire to cultivate a farther acquaintance with his highness.’

‘Oh! you’ll like him when you know him better; he is as playful as a kitten; but, as I have been detained longer than usual in the stable to-day, I suppose Tippoo is rather out of humour from hunger. However, I think he’ll so associate you with the chastisement, as never to dare to growl at you again.’

‘I hope,’ said Gregory, ‘he will not so associate me with the castigation as to induce him to wreak his vengeance on me on some more opportune occasion.’

‘Oh! no fear of that,’ said Turf; ‘and now, major, I’m happy to inform you that Begum has just dropped me a perfect beauty of a foal.’ Then, addressing Gregory, said—‘You will find promotion and prize-money at discount in

commencing soldiering, sir; nothing but mud-forts remaining to take, where there will be more kicks than half-pence. By the by, I saw you in my morning ride, at a distance, dismounting from your pony—well enough for your journey; but you will now be going to set up your stud; suppose you begin with my Jessy. Here, Golam, bring in the filly.' Miss Jessy was accordingly led up the steps into the hall, to which she seemed quite accustomed. 'Make your salaam to your new master, Jessy.' Jessy put down her head, and whimpered a neighing compliment. 'Isn't she a picture?'

'She is certainly a handsome creature,' said Gregory.

'Well, she is yours for four hundred rupees—cheap as dirt.'

'I have no doubt of it; but my finances must be in a more flourishing state before I can make such a purchase.'

'I would have to wait long,' said Turf, 'when I want to purchase a horse, if I wait till my finances flourish. Jessy, make your salaam and begone;' the horse of knowledge repeated its submissive whimper, and was led off. 'You'll join me in my breakfast?'

'Thank you,' said the major; 'we have breakfasted hours ago, and must be on our way to complete our calls.'

As Turf walked with the visitors towards the verandah, he said—'Oh, major, do you know I have succeeded in taming what was never tamed before—the untameable hyena!'

'Well, I hope you'll keep his ameness to yourself, and not leave him loose along with Tippoo, to assist in receiving visitors.'

The lieutenant laughed heartily at the major's remark. They now stood on the steps leading down to the palanquins, and wished Turf good-morning; but, in descending, ere they reached their litters, poor Gregory was destined to be carried away in a very different manner from what he expected. A thunder-roar from Tippoo was accompanied by a lightning-bound over his master's head, and the next moment he was seen at a canter across the plain, with Gregory in his jaws, as if he had been a mouse in the mouth of a cat! The horrified major rushed back into the hall, and seizing one of Turf's hogspears, set off on foot in the direction of the tiger. Turf, snatching up a second spear, ran towards the stable, where Jessy stood with the bridle still on her, sprung on her bare back, and, calling out to the servants to give the alarm to the colonel and other officers, dashed off at full speed across the plain. Tippoo made direct for his native jungle; the banian-tree lay right in his path. M'Allan was sitting on the open terrace in front of his pagoda in a brown study, when he beheld the tiger coming in terrific flight, with a European in his mouth, down the vista. It was but the work of a moment to seize his loaded rifle, rush forward, and place himself directly in Tippoo's career. On came the monster, and, seeing his path opposed, stood for a moment at bay. The aim of M'Allan was unerring—the ball split his temples; Gregory dropped from his mouth, and Tippoo, with an expiring roar, fell dead on the spot.

Gregory stood up in giddy and bewildered amazement at his unexpected deliverance, and found himself again in front of M'Allan's residence, and his hand locked in that of his deliverer.

'So much of my dream is soon fulfilled,' said the Highlander; 'but how do you feel, my friend, after such a frightful journey?'

'Why, Tippoo has squeezed my sides rather severely; but thanks to Heaven and you that I have escaped so easily.'

At this moment the spear-armed Turf came at full speed down the avenue, and drew up on the field of battle. 'Glad to see you are safe!' cried the sportsman. 'So Tippoo is no more, poor fellow; but it can't be helped; since he was to die, I should like to have been in at the death. All that remains for me now is to take off his skin.' So saying, he dismounted, and giving Jessy in charge to one of M'Allan's servants, he pulled a pruning-knife from his pocket, and began to disrobe Tippoo of his magnificent coat. Despite the fearful nature of the occasion, neither

M'Allan nor Gregory could forbear laughing at the *sang froid* of the hero of the chase. The major now made his appearance, and warmly congratulated his young friend on his narrow escape, and M'Allan on the success of his rifle practice. Broad-sides were now seen towering on his elephant at its most rapid pace, in his sailor dishabille, and crowned with a Kilmarnock nightcap, with an enormous blunderbuss in his doughty grasp; around him, on the elephant's pad, sat his native servants, armed with boarding-pikes and cutlasses. Close in his rear came Captain Skinny, high mounted on a camel, having no elephant to boast of. He held in his hand a long duck gun, and looked ridiculously in character with the tall lanky animal that bore him. All were loud in their congratulations on Gregory's escape, and M'Allan's bravery and skill. The doctor arrived last in his palanquin, which was well stuffed with all sorts of instruments and bandages. On reaching the spot, with his senses wonderfully collected by the emergency, he asked Gregory where he was hurt.

'Only a little squeezed in the loins, doctor.'

'Squeezed! I see from your countenance and clothes you are suffering from the loss of blood. There he goes!' said the doctor, as Gregory fell in a swoon on the ground. He was carried into M'Allan's hall, where, recovering from his faint, the doctor proceeded to dress his wounds, and recommended that he should be left where he was in perfect quietness.

Gregory thanked the officers for the kind interest they had taken in him, and then with a smile said to the colonel, 'Tippoo's attempt to dine on me, sir, will, I fear, prevent my having the pleasure of dining with you to-day.'

The old gentleman dashed his sailor-hand across his eyes, and said, 'Sorry for it, young messmate—hope you'll soon be afloat again. We'll drink to your recovery to-night, and to-morrow I'll issue a regimental order for disbanding all camp followers, in the shape of tigers, bears, and hyenas.'

As the officers retired, they found Turf just finishing his scalping operation. He, throwing Tippoo's skin across Jessie's back, by way of housing, mounted the filly, and joined the home-returning cavalcade.

In the evening M'Allan received the subjoined note: 'Dear M'Allan—I have sent some of my chaps to inter Tippoo. If you think the following lines will do for his *hic jacet*, you can paste them up on the stem of the tree nearest to his last lair. Yours, on the spur, TOM TURF.'

'Here Tippoo lies—the prince of Tigery,
Who ran away with Ensign Gregory;
But in his flight he got a ball in
His scone from rifle of M'Allan;
He fell as by the lightning's glance,
And lost both life and prey at once.
In a sound skin he doth not slumber—
He sleeps without a skin at all—
Of that I did him disencumber,
To hang a trophy in my hall.
And now, farewell, my poor old Tippoo,
'Twas your own blame that death did grip you.'

RANDOM JOTTINGS.

COFFEE.

As people forsake their rude primitive condition of life, their habits change in every respect, so that the difference between the savage and civilised states consists of a multiplicity of minor distinctions that resolve themselves into an antagonistic whole. In dress, habits, manner of thinking, power of developing ideas, in deportment, in occupation, and in time and manner of eating, there is as great a difference between the well-bred gentleman and the savage as there is between the rough log of mahogany and the polished cabinet; they are of the same *material*, but they possess no identity of aspect. If we examine, we will see that man is capable of being educated into a multifariously different being from what he is originally; and that, although he preserves the same appearance generally, yet in all essential points he can be transmuted. Our ancient Briton forefathers were content to breakfast upon anything that came in their way, as hunters and

fishers; they were not particular regarding species, so that they had enough. A general breakfast in England in old times was ale and beef, which might be varied at times with milk and other edibles. Coffee is now, however, one of the most general breakfast beverages in the world, being used in all the quarters of the globe to a greater or lesser extent. Coffee is indigenous to the kingdom of Caffa in Africa, from whence it derives its name. The tree, called *Coffea Arabica*, consists of a long, slender stem from eight to twelve feet high, from which depend several drooping branches covered with leaves, which much resemble those of the bay-tree. The blossoms of the coffee-tree are white, and are succeeded by a fruit resembling the cherry, which encloses two seeds, growing with their flat sides towards each other.

Coffee as an article of diet was known in Arabia long prior to its introduction into Europe. Its uses and properties were at first but slowly appreciated; but, in 1554, it was publicly sold in Constantinople. Soon after its introduction to Turkey, the Mahometan priests complained that the mosques were deserted for the coffeehouses; but the mufti, finding it impossible to correct this preference by force, laid a tax upon the bean, which produced a considerable revenue. Every Mussulman drinks coffee copiously; it is always available, and seldom drunk with sugar. It is the wine of the Moslem, and is reckoned as essential to his existence almost as bread. It is supposed that coffee was introduced into Western Europe by the Venetians, who, in the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century, traded much with the Levantine countries, and, it is supposed, carried it to the city of San Marco about the year 1615. In 1671 it was publicly sold in the city of Marseilles.

The first London coffeehouse was opened by a Greek named Pasqua, in 1652, who was brought to England by a Turkish merchant named Edwards; and in 1660 the British legislature had laid the universal seal of taxation on this alimentary infusion, fourpence per gallon being charged upon it to the maker; and in three years subsequently coffeehouses were directed to be licensed.

Coffee plants will not reach maturity in climates where the mean temperature descends below 55 degrees of Fahrenheit; and they flourish best in dry soils and in shady situations. The trees begin to be productive in the third year of their growth, and the plantations present a most beautiful appearance when they are in bloom. To-day the flowers will be in embryo, and to-morrow they will have so expanded as to present the same aspect as that produced by a snow-storm. In Arabia, the cultivators of this plant do not gather the fruit, but place sheets below the tree, into which the ripe seeds drop when the tree is shaken. After a process of sun-drying, husking, and then sun-drying again, the beans are packed and exported. This plant is cultivated with great success in the West Indies, where the negroes collect the fruit in canvass bags, afterwards transferring it to baskets, and then spreading it in layers of six inches deep; in which state the pulp ferments during about three weeks, and gradually dries. Afterwards, the husks are separated from the seeds by a mill, which is worked by cattle.

The quantity of coffee used in Europe is estimated to greatly exceed twenty millions of pounds—five millions of which are consumed in France alone. Indeed this estimate must be considerably under the mark; for, since it was made, the reduction of duty upon coffee in England has tended to the rapid increase of this as an article of consumption. A few years ago, the French and Italians surpassed the British in the preparation of this beverage, but more recent years have seen the coffeehouses of our country equal the cafés of Paris in the quality of this delightful substitute for the cup of the inebriate.

COCOA.

Another article of a similar nature and use with coffee is cocoa, which is both a cheap and nutritious article of food, although it is not in so general requisition as coffee. The plant is of South American origin, where the seeds

were not only used for food, but also as money. The tree springs to the height of nearly twenty feet, spreading its branches, and bearing a foliage somewhat like the cherry. Its flowers, of a mixed red and yellow colour, spring from the wood of the large branches, and are succeeded by pods of an oval shape, which, from green, change to a pale yellow hue. A white sweet pulp, in which the numerous seeds repose, fills this pod, and the Indians, when travelling, extract it, and esteem it to be a very refreshing drink.

There are two varieties of the cocoa, in the islands of Trinidad and Grenada, which contain all the British plantations of this fruit; one sort of which is called Creole coffee, the other, which is vastly inferior in quality, bears the name of *forastero*, or foreign. The Creole bears fruit after five years' growth, the *forastero* in three; and so much was this tree esteemed in former times that liberty was granted, in Trinidad, to the slave who could plant and present a thousand of these plants to his master. In Grenada the plantations occupy beautiful situations among the mountains, where the cultivators can always work in the shade; and as they are free coloured people who now chiefly attend to the cultivation of this plant, the cocoa-groves can be visited with a sense of much pleasure and satisfaction. The cocoa-seeds are gathered in the months of June and December, at which latter season there is the most abundant yield. The semina are taken from the pods and piled in heaps upon clay shelves, where they generally ferment for forty-eight hours. They are then spread out in the sun to dry. When required for use, they are roasted until they can be separated from the outer husk, and then ground like coffee; or if it is to be converted into chocolate, it is bruised into a pulverised state, mixed with water, and worked with the hand into cakes, which are again pounded down, and flavoured with cinnamon and vanilla.

A heavy excise duty prevented the extensive introduction of this article into England prior to 1832. A reduction of the impost has, however, rendered its ingress more abundant. Cocoa is only half the price of coffee, is scarcely one-fifth so expensive as tea, and is much more nutritious than either. Still, however, the people of this country seem to have imbibed an inveterate love for its two predecessors, as it has not yet caused much diminution in the consumption of either.

BREAD-FRUIT.

Of all the wonderful articles of food which grow in the form of fruit, the bread-fruit is certainly the most wonderful and excellent. It grows upon a tree whose branches are of a tough and strong lignum, and whose umbrageous leaves cluster very densely on its boughs. The fruit is attached to a ligneous twig, like the apple, and attains to nearly a pound weight. In shape it resembles the chesnut, and is covered with a thick outer coat; it changes from green to yellow, and, when ripe, is sweet, soft, and very pleasant to the taste. The natives, in places where it grows, gather it during eight months in the year; for God, by a wise provision, causes the fruit to ripen in gradations during this period. It is eaten as bread, requiring only to be roasted until the outer rind is scorched, which being scraped off leaves a thin brown crust. Upon being cut up, the bread-fruit possesses all the appearance, flavour, and nutritive qualities of fine baked wheat, there being no seed in the inside to disturb the bread-like uniformity of the pulp.

The scientific men who accompanied Captain Cook were so loud in their praises of this fruit upon their return to England that the government were induced to fit out an expedition in order to collect plants, that they might be cultivated in the British colonies. Lieutenant Bligh conducted this expedition, which resulted in the mutiny of the 'Bounty,' after everything conducted to favour the idea that it would come to a successful issue. On the 3d of August, 1791, Captain Bligh resumed the command of a similar undertaking, and, having collected great numbers of young saplings, he distributed them in the British dependencies of St Vincent, Jamaica, and St Helena. This

plant has never come to anything like perfection, however; and as the negroes prefer the banana, which resembles it, and is much more easily cultivated, it is not likely to come into very general use in any of our colonies.

SCOTTISH LITERATURE.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

OF Robert Nicoll, a young and promising poet, cut off in his twenty-fourth year, we have already given a sketch in an early number (8) of the INSTRUCTOR. His warm love of liberty, his kind and gentle disposition, chastened and softened by the ordeal of poverty and suffering—his devotion to the cause of what he believed to be truth and justice—his ardent and determined prosecution of study—and his sympathies, which were strongly bound up in his poor and lowly order, marked him out for distinction. He was born in the year 1814, at Auchtergaven, in Perthshire; and having studied 'when care-untroubled mortals slept,' he fought his way through many difficulties and discouragements to the editorship of the 'Leeds Times.' Nicoll's poems are chiefly short expositions of Scottish manners or sentiments; and some of them are really touching and beautiful, but they do not reach so much as they promise. You see that the warm sympathetic soul which dictated these beautiful poems was only in its probation for a higher state of intellectual power, and you sigh, as you lay them down, to think what he might have been. Few men at the same early age have exemplified the integrity, dignity, and independence of Robert Nicoll. We esteem his political poems to be his happiest as they are his most ardent effusions. They are procreant with the warm, expansive sympathies of his young and glowing soul, and they have none of the bitterness of partisanship. He was also extremely happy in his illustrations of Scottish feelings and condition, as witness the following beautiful apostrophe to that book so prized in the cottages of Scotland's humble poor:

'THE HA' BIBLE.

Chief of the household gods
Which hallow Scotland's lowly cottage-homes!
While looking on thy signs
That speak, though dumb, deep thought upon me comes;
With glad yet solemn dreams my heart is stirr'd,
Like childhood's when it hears the carol of a bird!
The mountains old and hoar,
The chainless winds, the streams so pure and free,
The God-enamell'd flowers,
The waving forest, the eternal sea,
The eagle floating o'er the mountain's brow—
Are teachers all; but, oh, they are not such as thou!
Oh! I could worship thee!
Thou art a gift a God of love might give;
For love, and hope, and joy,
In thy Almighty-written pages live:
The slave who reads shall never crouch again,
For, mind-inspired by thee, he bursts his feeble chain!
God! unto thee I kneel,
And thank thee. Thou unto my native land—
Yea, to the outspread earth—
Hast stretch'd in love thy everlasting hand,
And thou hast given earth, and sea, and air—
Yea, all that heart can ask of good, and pure, and fair!
And, Father, thou hast spread
Before men's eyes this charter of the free,
That ALL thy book might read,
And justice love, and truth and liberty.
The gift was unto men—the giver God!
Thou slave! it stamps thee man—go, spurn thy weary load!
Thou doubly precious book,
Unto thy light what doth not Scotland owe
Thou teachest age to die,
And youth in truth unsullied up to grow.
In lowly homes a comforter art thou—
A sunbeam sent from God—an everlasting bow.
O'er thy broad, ample page
How many dim and aged eyes have pored!
How many hearts o'er thee
In silence deep and holy have adored!
How many mothers, by their infants' bed,
Thy holy, blessed, pure, child-loving words have read!
And o'er thee soft young hands
Have oft in truthful plighted love been join'd
And thou to wedded hearts
Hast been a bond—an altar of the mind.—
Above all kingly power or kingly law
May Scotland reverence aye the Bible of the ha'!

Nicoll may be emphatically said to have begun and ended his short but promising career with his eye fixed steadily upon a purpose. He had been forced to suffer those privations and passive endurance—

'Tortures, the poor alone can know,
The proud alone can feel;'

and he had devoted himself to the elevation of worth and true manhood over the arrogant assumptions of position. Like a young Vates he pointed to a bright future for humanity, and like a true man he strove to bring the 'good time' near. He fell, but he fell in a holy cause; and his name will be remembered with honour in future times, as much for the purpose to which he devoted his genius as for the warmth and geniality of his muse.

We have particularly referred to several of the minor poets and songsters who have thrown a halo over the western metropolis of Scotland, and we may now revert to our own romantic town, which has nursed a band of men who have prosecuted with great success the cultivation of Scottish song. The situation of Edinburgh, and the romantic and beautiful scenery which surrounds it; the alternations of hill, dale, river, and meadow; the sylvan retreats, and lochs embosomed in tall green reeds and drooping trees, that can be so quickly and easily reached, conduce to render it 'meet nurse for a poetic child.' If Rodger may be called a bard of the West, from the circumstance of his muse having been nursed in 'Clutha's proud city,' Hew Ainslie, author of several beautiful fugitive pieces, may be styled a songster of the East. He was born in the classic land of Burns, so fertile of poets, in 1792, but he removed to Edinburgh in 1809, where, after copying in the Register Office, and acting as amanuensis to Dugald Stewart, afterwards professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, he emigrated to America, and settled in Louisville. One of his happiest effusions is

'MY LAST SANG TO KATE REID.

I'll sing a sang to thee, Kate Reid,
It may touch a lonesome string;
I'll sing a sang to thee, Kate Reid,
Be't the last that e'er I sing, Kate Reid—
Be't the last that e'er I sing.
For I hae sung to thee, fair Kate,
When the young spring, like thyself',
Kythed bonnie on Roslin lea,
In Gourton's flowery dell, Kate Reid, &c.
And simmer eves hae seen us, Kate,
Thy genty hand in mine,
As, by our pleasant waterside,
I mix'd my heart wi' thine, Kate Reid, &c.
And harvest moons hae lighted us,
When in yon silent glen
Ye sat, my living idol, Kate—
Did I not worship then, Kate Reid? &c.
Hymns frae my heart hae sung o' thee
And trees by my auld hame,
That echoed to thy praises aft,
Stand graven wi' thy name, Kate Reid, &c.
Thrice seven lang years hae pass'd us, Kate,
Since thae braw days gae'd by;
Anither land's around me, Kate,
I see anither sky, Kate Reid, &c.
My sinmer hour is gane, Kate Reid,
The day begins to dow;
The spark hath left this e'e, Kate Reid,
The gloss hath left this brow, Kate Reid, &c.
Yet fresh as when I kiss'd thee last,
Still unto me ye seem;
Bright'ner o' mony a dreary day,
Ye've sweeten'd mony a dream, Kate Reid, &c.'

The above beautiful little poem is extracted from a work entitled 'Whistle Binkie,' edited by Alexander Rodger, and published by Mr David Robertson of Glasgow, which was begun in the year 1832, and extended through several series, being completed in 1846. The work in its completed state has a most aldermanic appearance, having evidently far outgrown its contemplated dimensions, while it cannot fail to impress on the beholder the idea of good cheer within. Perhaps it would be impossible to find the same combined amount of high talent in song-writing, in a work of modern date, and emanating from so many authors. Of course the merits of the pieces vary considerably, some exhibiting a fine

appreciation of pathos and much graphic power, while others possess less of that richness of melody and softness of sentiment which are so sympathetic with the poetic soul. All, however, are good productions, and, taken as a whole, are a brilliant illustration of that universality of the poetic taste which distinguishes Scotland. Amongst those which maintain the highest position in this garland of poesy we would be inclined to specify the productions of Mr James Ballantine of Edinburgh, whose poetry is marked by such a happy simplicity of diction and feeling, and at the same time with such a fullness of warm, gushing sympathy and 'sly, pawky humour,' as would have won him a more than national fame had he written half a century ago. He is the author also of the 'Gaberlunzie's Wallet' and the 'Miller of Deanhaugh,' two works upon Scottish men and manners, which he found time to write although conducting his regular profession of an ornamental and house painter. Mr Alexander MacLaggan's 'Evil e'e' is a most beautiful exposition of a popular Scottish superstition, which is not confined, however, to our island:

'An evil e'e hath look'd on thee,
My puir wee thing, at last;
The licht has left thy glance o' gleec,
Thy frame is fading fast.
Wha's frien's, wha's faes in this cauld wairld
Is e'en richt ill to learn;
But an evil e'e hath look'd on thee,
My bonnie, bonnie bairn.

Your tender buik I happit warm,
Wi' a' a mither's care,
I thought nae human heart could harm
A thing sae guid an' fair.
An' ye got aye my blessing when
I toid'd, your bread to earn;
But an evil e'e hath look'd on thee,
My bonnie, bonnie bairn.

The bloom upon thy bonnie face,
The sunlicht o' thy smiles,
How glad they made ilk certe place
How short the langsome miles!
For sin I left my mimmie's cot
Beside the brig o' Earn,
Oh, ours has been a chequer'd lot
My bonnie, bonnie bairn!

I can forgie my mither's pride,
Though driven frae my hame;
I can forgie my sister's spite—
Her heart mairn bear its blame;
I can forgie my brither's hard
And laughty heart o' ain—
But no the e'e that withers thee,
My bonnie, bonnie bairn.

I ken that deep in ae black breast
Lies hate to thee and me;
I ken wha bribed the crew that press'd
Thy father to the sea.
But, hush!—he'll soon be back again
Wi' faithfu' heart I learn,
To drive frae thee the evil e'e,
My bonnie, bonnie bairn.'

We may also specify the 'Howdie' of Mr William Ferguson, of Edinburgh, as a bold and happy picture of a Scottish feminine practitioner, and his songs as evincing a fine taste and ear. Several of the pieces from this volume have been translated into the German. In 'Whistle Binkie' are contributions from William Thom, the weaver poet of Inverury; from Robert Gilfillan, of Leith; Mr Vedder; and several others of perhaps less standing, whose fame has been considerably extended through this treasury of Scottish poetry, which has now become a standard work. This collection of 'chansons' may be said to be the last particular vehicle of Scottish poetry. The old bardic minstrelsy of our country, which hails its traditional origin from the dim mystic ages of Ossianic antiquity, and which flowed on like a gushing, swelling stream, until it sunk in the tide of serious gloom which the persecutions brought over Scotland, revived again in Allan Ramsay, attained its full fruition with Burns, Scott, and Hogg, and gradually decayed until now, when our chief rescripts of the muse are heard in fitful songs, borne on the wings of the transitive literary vehicles of the day. We said in a former paper that our literature, save as regarded poetry, ceased to become

particular after we ceased to be a singular people, and that the Scottish novel was a mixture of the vulgar Doric and the genteel English exotic.

In 1811, Mrs Brunton wrote a moral novel ('Self-Control'), which, from its construction and aim, may rank with Hannah More's 'Celebs.' This work is written with considerable talent, possesses an excellent moral, and may be said to be a sort of precursor to those pictures of Scottish life and manners which successively issued from the genius of Scott and Galt.

Of Galt it may be said that, exclusive of Scott, he was the most thoroughly Scottish of Scottish novelists, adapting the Scottish tongue to the exigencies of description, and portraying the national manners of former times with great truth and vigour. In his prejudices he was even more national than the 'great magician'; for while the latter has seen fit to caricature the spirit of our covenanting fathers, Galt has invested it with all the respect which he, as a painter of manners, could award it. Scottish literature may be said to have now merged into a complete identity with the literature of the English, and to differ in nothing save the place of its birth; yet to Scotland belongs the honour of first issuing that species of serials to which the INSTRUCTOR belongs. In 1830, Mr Moodie started the 'Cornucopia Britannica,' a large folio sheet, published weekly, consisting of essays, tales, poetry, and the other constituents of a journal of this nature. Subsequent publishers improved upon the form of the work, reducing it first to a quarto sheet, and then to octavo; but that to Mr Moodie Scotland is indebted for the establishment of such publications, there can be no doubt. Whatever mist may be cast around this fact in after ages, it can at present be substantiated by thousands, who have no pretensions to the questionable appellation of the 'oldest inhabitants.' Edinburgh is the only city in Scotland that we are aware of where weekly journals of this nature are now published, and we hope that the people of Scotland will never tolerate those sheets full of bombastic caricatures of human nature and poisonous morality which have sprung into being with the increased power of the steam-press, and which it is to be regretted are now so prevalent in London.

If Scotland may not now be considered to possess a national literature, she has no lack of literary taste and ability; and when the next great reaction takes place she will not be found lagging in the rear of literary progress.

That the idiomatic language of Scotland is rapidly becoming obsolete cannot be questioned. In what light this ought to be regarded will form a subject for consideration in an early number of our next volume.

THE ARMY OF THE CROSS.

THE soldiers of Emmanuel, on entering his service, receive the bounty of grace; their arms at the expense of the board of favour, and their clothing free, from the stores of a Redeemer's righteousness. They are drilled in the square of kindness, exercised in the ranks of obedience, and reviewed in the park of heavenly-mindedness. They take the field under the command of their king, the Prince of Peace, and fight the enemies of their souls on the banks of the River of Life. In coming up with the enemy, they deploy into line of duty, push forward advance parties of hatred to sin, and begin the attack with the sharpshooters of repentance. During the engagement, the Prince may be seen, at one time in the midst of his staff of ministers, observing the effect of each movement, taking his measures with precision, and giving his orders with calmness; at another he is in the thickest of the fight, leading on, and cheering forward his gallant troops, saying, 'To him that overcometh I will give power over the nations.' Again he may be seen rushing forward to a wavering brigade, crying, 'Be ye faithful unto death, and I will give you a crown of life;' and again he may be observed dashing towards a broken-spirited battalion of new recruits, which has been made to reel and waver by the enemy's grape and canister of evil passions. He orders them to lie down on the ground of

humility, and protect themselves by the manoeuvre of fasting. After giving them a few words of encouragement, he bounds away, and soon re-appears at the head of a squadron of Scriptural cavalry, who, dashing forward with their swords of truth and lances of promise, break through and cut the enemy to pieces. Under such a leader, and after a few such brilliant and successful charges, they drive the division of lust from its position, cut off the retreat to evil habits, put every one to the sword, and, pressing forward, attack sin in the citadel of the human heart. Immediately batteries are erected on the rising-grounds of perseverance; while the sharpshooters of repentance pour an incessant and well-directed fire in at the embrasures of conviction. Breaches being effected in the walls of unbelief by the artillery of prayer, the infantry of righteousness advance by the avenues of sanctification—storm the breach at the point of dissolution—carry the defences of Satan—enter the garrison of the human mind—and put every one of the enemy to the sword. Having finished the campaign of life, they retire by the pass of death, and enter the land of rest. The sword of war is laid aside for the palm of victory, and the cap of forage for the crown of glory. Being quartered in Heaven, they parade through the city of Paradise, walk on pavements of gold, and lodge in the barracks of bliss. The articles of war are these: You give your heart to the king—swear allegiance to his person—believe what he says, and perform what he commands—follow him wherever he goes—give no quarter to the enemy—and never turn your back on the field, nor fall out of the ranks, nor desert the service. King Emmanuel treats all who are not in uniform as enemies. All who have not the robe of a Redeemer's righteousness, and the under-garment of humility, are by him taken as prisoners of war—for they are rebels against his government. They have one of two alternatives to choose—either to enlist in his service, or be sent to the rear, until tried by court-martial on the day of retribution. Desert, then, from the enemy—from the practice of sin; join the ranks of believers—marshal yourself under the blood-stained banner of the Cross, that you may advance to honour and glory with the triumphant columns of Jehovah; for in his favour is life, and in his service is peace; and then, when you shall close your eyes in death,

'You will march up the heavenly street,
And ground your arms at Jesus' feet.'

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

The two elder sons of Time were the fair To-Day and the dark To-Morrow, and they both loved Virtue's noble daughter, the blue-eyed Duty; each seeking her for his bride. But Duty, won by the energy of To-Day, cared not for his younger brother, the dreamy To-Morrow. So she mated with the first-born, and Virtue, her loving mother, blessed their union. Then To-Morrow, moved by Envy, went sorrowing to his father, Time, and the greybeard folding him in his shadowy arms, drew his ill-gifted boy to his bosom, and thus consoled him:—'Grieve not, my child, that the greater vigour of thy brother hath found more favour than thyself in the eyes of the grave maiden, Duty—grieve not, for I will give unto thee for thy partner gay Folly, her whose laughing looks and merry mood hath won her countless followers, and whose realm is all the world. And as a dower, I decree that twice the third part of that which belongs to Duty and To-Day shall henceforth be set apart for Folly and To-Morrow.' But when even-handed Virtue heard the harsh resolve, indignant that what was rightfully her children's should be transferred to others, she ordained that the first-born of Folly and To-Morrow should dispossess them of their marriage portion.

And when the child was born they called it—PROCRASTINATION—the good genius that turned everything into gold.

JINGO-RING.

(For the Instructor.)

'Tis sweet to see the children stand
With smiling faces hand in hand;
Then, moving slow, begin to sing,
'Here we go round in Jingo-ring.'
And round they go in circle fair,
So full of glee, so free of care,
And still their blithesome voices sing,
'Here we go round in Jingo-ring.'

The earth has not more pure delight
Than those young girls with bosoms light,
As fondly link'd they move and sing
With cadence sweet, in Jingo-ring.

O! gaily glide and chant away,
Enjoy your happy, happy play,
Before the years a change shall bring,
And break the links of Jingo-ring.

By A FATHER.

TO OUR READERS.

In reply to the many communications we have received from our subscribers, suggesting the propriety of withdrawing the title and date from the top of each weekly number, we beg to inform our friends that with next number we will adopt the recommendation. This change has been urged upon us on the ground that the repetition of the title each week gives the work, when bound up in a volume, a detached and somewhat ephemeral appearance. It has also become necessary in consequence of the demand for the INSTRUCTOR in a complete form; and, indeed, there seems no reason why a work like the present, the contents of which, we hope, will be as valuable and readable in after times as on the day on which it is issued, should have prominently affixed to it a particular day, month, and year. Now that we have succeeded, we believe to the satisfaction of our readers, in getting the Portraits executed in a superior style, we trust the INSTRUCTOR will be found still more worthy of preservation; and it shall continue to be our aim to render it a suitable family companion not only to the present generation, but also to succeeding ones.

The Portraits given with the present volume, with the exception of the first, have all been engraved on steel. The second and third were transferred from the steel plate and printed from stone. This, although a decided improvement upon those in the last volume, still came short of our desires; and in order to redeem the pledge which we gave when the engravings were introduced, that we should endeavour to surmount all difficulties, we resolved upon printing from the steel plate. The three last (Tennyson, Cobbett, and Klopstock) have been executed in this manner, and we intend to continue the same method. Those of our readers who are aware of the time required for engraving on and printing from steel, will have an idea of the great additional expense incurred, and as this can only be met by a corresponding increase to our list of subscribers, we trust to all our present subscribers lending their assistance in bringing the INSTRUCTOR under the notice of their friends. The change which we have announced in the appearance of our sheet (which will nevertheless remain of precisely the same size of paper and type, while the space hitherto occupied by the title will make room for nearly a column more of letterpress) and the commencement of a new volume with our next number, afford a good starting-point to those who do not wish to provide themselves with the bygone portions of the work. Each of our friends could, without much inconvenience, add one or more to the list of our subscribers. This we respectfully solicit, and in return we pledge ourselves that neither labour nor expense will be spared to render the INSTRUCTOR worthy of their recommendation, and of the support of those under whose notice they may bring it.

Cloth Cases for the Sixth Volume, also Title-page and Index, are now ready, and may be had through any bookseller.





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